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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 1115 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 3, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXII. San Francisco, January 3, 1914 No. 1115

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

Will Power

President Wilson is receiving high praise for his strength of purpose. We are told that the Administration accomplishes things by reason of the President's will power. Strength of will is a thing greatly admired and ardently recommended. Men stand in open-mouthed admiration of mere strength of purpose. Their ideal hero is the man who knows what he wants and goes the straight way to get it. He is the type of man that accomplished most of the great things in the world's history, and that is probably why we think so much of the masterful impulse even though it be, as in many instances it is, nothing more than the obstinate, ungovernable self-sufficiency that would break a world to pieces to make a pedestal to stand on. History tells us of many fine men of remarkable rigidity and tenacity of purpose who worked unflinchingly in the cause of mankind, proof against disappointment, rebuff and failure, conquering all difficulties, but it also tells us of others renowned for their achievements whose greatness is to be admired at the prodigious distance at which time and space separate us from the consequences of their stupendous deeds. If we examine the matter closely we shall find that to love strong wills in the abstract is to prefer brute force to reason. Is it not more rational to admire the calm, serene will that does not dominate all the faculties—the will of the wise man of discreet indecision who may be harassed by doubts knowing there are two sides to most things? Every strong will causes more or less suffering. Its victories have their victims. We often encounter a narrow, well-meaning, meddlesome mind under the spur of a strong will, and from experience we know it is no pleasure to have a strong will exerted by an intelligence which we flatter ourselves is in no respect above our own when nevertheless it presumes to control us and tamper with our affairs. Singleness of aim is very frequently the result of intellectual deficiencies, of a contracted range of vision, and sometimes amazing is the meagreness of grounds for the irrevocable decisions of men of strong will. We have no fault to find with the individual who has a tacit understanding with himself that he will rise in the world, and who, fixing his thoughts beyond self-indulgence regards nothing as impracticable. If we do not admire him at least we are tolerant of the man who chooses his friends only with regard to their ability to help the main design. But the despotic will in public affairs, the will in high place that pursues its ends remorselessly and with ungovernable self-sufficiency, disdaining at once counsel, precedent and custom, is not a will to be celebrated or encouraged.

A Reversal of Sentiment

The people of the United States are beginning to realize that while their politicians have decreased the wealth of the rich they have not put any of it into the pockets of the poor. Indeed it seems that a perverse Providence has so ordered things that when we shrink the wealth of the rich we increase the indigence of the poor. The objection to this process is that while it merely hurts the rich man's purse it tortures the poor man's stomach. To be sure, in this country where the process has been religiously pursued there is this consolation,—that it has presumably improved the morals of trade. But now that we have satisfied our conscience it is important that we should devote some thought to material things and endeavor to reconcile business with the New Morality. This appears to be the sense of small business men throughout the country who have grown weary of punishing that iniquitous abstraction known as big business. There is a disposition manifest among them to let up on the railroads. Even shippers are inclined to be lenient, nay, generous. They have discovered that the country needs more railways and better railways. It appears that when the railways do not keep pace with the growth of the country the cultivation of the fields relaxes, the operation of the mines and mills halts and markets dwindle. Now the railroads have not been keeping pace with the growth of the country, the reason being that our politicians will not let them. Measured by the standard of the prices of commodities in general, and it is what things cost that determines the value of money, railway rates have actually decreased something like twenty-five per cent in the last decade. The prices of commodities in general rise and fall with the fluctuations in supply and demand, but the price of transportation, the only thing that railways sell, is held hard and fast under governmental regulation. All the while the wages of railway employees have been rising, and all the while the price of transportation has been falling. Naturally capital, which is not to be bound by artificial fetters, has been going where it can obtain the best security and the most satisfactory returns, and as a consequence the railways have not been able to expand in response to the demands of traffic. They have not even been able to keep up their rolling stock. Since 1900 the capital value of agriculture and manufacture has increased at three-fold the rate of the increase in railway capital. Prior to 1880 capital was expended in railway construction in greater proportion than it went into either agriculture or manufacture. In 1900 the capital value of the railways was about fifteen per cent greater than of manufactures and about half that of agriculture. In 1910 the capital value of railways was over twenty per cent less than that of manufactures and only one-third that of agriculture. These figures tell a vivid story and it is now being brought home to the Interstate Commerce Commission which can ascertain what becomes of every dollar of capital acquired by any railway company and what use is made of every dollar received by it from the sale of transportation. It is in the power of this commission to enable the railways to offer capital the assurance required, and judging from the popular pressure now being brought to bear as well as from the signs of the times indicating what is most expedient from the self-interest standpoint of our darling politicians they will do the right thing.

Rockefeller's Optimism

John D. Rockefeller tells us he is thankful at 74 to know that "a spirit has been awakened among men and nations to make the world grow better." What a heartening young optimist is our cheerful friend Midas of the Oil Trust! Like the glad, prophetic soul of the wide world he spends his halcyon days dreaming of blissful things to come. But where is this benign spirit that has come among men to lift the average of sublunary joy! Surely it is not to be found in our twentieth century sect of flagellants financed by Mr. Rockefeller, who make a ritual of lashing not themselves but all the rest of us. Is it the spirit financed by Andrew Carnegie and breathed around the world by Dr. Jordan of the mouthful of loud futilities? This is the spirit of peace among nations, but what of the spirit of bad will among men—the spirit of envy, distrust and hatred, fostered in the name of universal fellowship and equality? Since the days of Hesiod it has been a natural tendency to grumble at the age in which we happen to have been born, and though we strive to resist this tendency as much as possible we are occasionally enraptured by pictures of the dim past, such, for instance, as the picture drawn by Ernest Renan of the days when "Gubbio or Assisi saw the wedding cavalcade of its young lord file past," and "no one was jealous." In those days, as Renan tells us, "all shared the life of all; the poor man enjoyed the wealth of the rich, the monk the pleasures of the worldling, the worldling the prayers of the monk; for all, there was art, poetry, religion." Renan asks: "Can the cold considerations of the economist supply the place of all this?" A question this for some of our pundits and altruists to ponder. The

world has advanced some since the days when men took pleasure in the glory of their lords and masters. The world has been taught that it is possible for all to be well-bred, delicate, refined, virtuous people of leisure. But have we grown more civilized? Have we so perfected the arrangements of society that persons and property are sufficiently protected to maintain peace among them and to encourage them to renounce the vindication of their selfish interests, whether in the way of aggression or defence, by their individual strength and courage? Have we not merely inspired the peasants and artisans from Gubbio and Assisi with aspirations that cannot be gratified, and filled them with passions that make them unhappy? Looking about us today and beholding the black gulf of wretchedness in the midst of plethoric plenty into which thousands of idle, starving men have been plunged as a result of the "cold considerations" of economists and politicians we find it impossible to rejoice with the distinguished golf player of Cleveland now 74 years young. The international spirit of peace is fine, but the murderous spirit symbolized by the boatful of infernal machinery found on the shores of San Pablo bay, the spirit now rampant among the coal miners of Michigan is a spirit that restrains us in this solemnest of all ages from enthusing over the prospect of bryanizing the world.

Republicans United Says Cannon

That incorrigible old sinner the Hon. Joe Cannon is still regarded as a fount of wisdom by some of the newspaper correspondents in Washington. Whenever he returns to see how vastly good Progressives have improved on his system of bossing Congress the correspondents get hold of him and interview him, and always they are richly rewarded. For Joe Cannon is a charming old philosopher, keen of observation, and amiably cynical. He has lived long enough to know that the human race is born foolish and guided by knaves, but he takes it philosophically as becomes a philosopher, and expresses himself without heat but with vigor and intersperses his conversation with delightful homespun phrases and proverbs. Last week a correspondent interviewed the reverend statesman on the political outlook, and found him inclined to optimism. He is so sure the Republican party will come back that he doesn't think it necessary to hold any get-together meetings. "If the boys want to organize get-together clubs," said Joe, "I have no objection, but it will not help the Republicans of the country to get together for they are already all together at the mourners' bench convicted of their past folly. They are now united to fight the common enemy regardless of the basis of representation, Presidential primaries, referendum and recall, social justice and all other literary phrases." Joe Cannon has lived nearly four score years, seen the pendulum swing to and fro many times, and doubtless is convinced that he can catch the first adumbration of a reaction.

Cannon on Democratic Policies

Of one thing we may be certain,—that Uncle Joe is no academic forecaster. Nor is it to be suspected that he prognosticates from the psychology of the crowd, which to this old limb of Satan is probably to be classed with social justice among the literary phrases of the esoteric. No, Uncle Joe has been looking the country over, and that is why he is so confirmed in his optimism. If the state of the country makes him somewhat unhappy, it also makes him grateful to the Administration which reversed the lever, promising to improve business with a new tariff, subsequently trying to relieve embarrassment with currency legislation, and now preparing to revise the Sherman anti-trust law to clear away the consequences of the currency bill. "They will finally," he said, "follow the policy of the old doctor, who, not knowing what ailed the patient, concluded to throw him into fits because he was strong on fits." Cannon told the reporter how business and railroad and industrial stocks have been shrinking in the past twelve months, and the reporter observed, "But the Democrats are squeezing out the water." Cannon retorted: "I have read somewhere that ninety per cent of our bodies is water. Suppose the Democrats apply the squeezing process to the people; wouldn't we be the most insignificant pigmies on the face of the earth? It may be that some of this so-called water represented confidence in the future. I believe the President is asking us to have confidence in the ultimate benefit to be derived from his policies." Uncle Joe is of the opinion that the President and his associates are living in the ante-bellum age when cotton and tobacco were the principal articles of exchange. "They are ready," he says, "to boom cotton and protect tobacco while they sacrifice every other agricultural and manufactured product in the country. Perhaps they'll substitute tobacco for gold as a medium of exchange just as the settlers of Jamestown did." And so Uncle Joe doesn't enthuse about the Republican get-together movement, believing as he does that you can't stop the Republicans from getting together at the proper time. "You can't go out into the country districts of Illinois," he said, "and get up a political quarrel among Republicans no matter what they called themselves last year. They have dropped their quarrels and are all kicking together."

The People's Prayer

Reading between the lines of the Cannon interview one infers that Uncle Joe regards the get-together movement as premature owing to the prominence therein of weaklings inclined to compromise. "If they undertake," he says, "to make a platform in 1914 to be binding on the convention that will nominate the next President of the United States it will be love's labor lost. Judging from present sentiment as I hear it expressed the Republicans will be satisfied with a simple platform promising a return to protection and prosperity." The people everywhere according to Cannon are heartily disgusted with an Administration that has given the whole country rheumatism while gathering the spoils of office, picking up contributions from Chautauquas on the side, preaching new freedom and legislating old-fashioned free trade and new-fangled currency." While the Democratic statesmen are thus engaged according to Cannon the people "are praying 'How long, O Lord, how long,' as they read the President's essays on new freedom and Mr. Bryan's Chautauqua eulogies on the new peace, and business halts at home and anarchy is encouraged in a neighboring republic." And so we say Cannon is an optimist. He has faith in the people. He believes apparently that it is possible to kick the people into sensibility.

The High Cost of Living

Dean Albion W. Small of the University of Chicago has solved the problem of the high cost of living to his own satisfaction. Dean Small, we presume, is as high authority on economics as Dr. Jordan is on fur seals and war, and as Professor Tommy Reed is on the science of government. Dean Small discussed the problem of the high cost of living at the annual meeting of the American Economic Association, and the Associated Press sensible of the widespread demand for the lucubrations of college professors, wired half a column of the speech to all the newspapers attached to the service. Dean Small accounts for the high cost of living on a very simple theory. The theory is that if overhead charges were not exorbitant the cost of living would be lower. This is a mighty good theory. It is like saying that if rents were lower the tenant could reduce his prices. Dean Small utters the obvious in a very solemn manner. Of course Dean Small is right about the bearing of overhead charges on the cost of living, but he says that the capitalistic system is responsible. It has not occurred to him that the political system as repaired, renovated and regenerated in recent years by the garrulous and repetitious philolsophers who infest intellectually empty chattering places has had a very elevating effect on overhead charges. It is mighty hard to keep down overhead charges under a paternal system of government rich in socialistic ideas with a consuming passion for uplift and a zest for all the fads and fancies of an ancient science. Whatever increases taxes increases overhead charges, and taxes have been rising rapidly in the interest of humanity and out of concern for the pork barrel. The labor trust, which all college professors respect, by reducing the hours of labor and diminishing the capacity of factories has caused a great waste of money employed for overhead expenses and therefore in a very positive sense greatly increased overhead charges. A paternal government cannot very well reduce the cost of living while increasing the cost of production. The principle of the uplift is to pass the cost on to the consumer by making him pay the overhead charges.

Varied Types

CLVIII—PHIL HASTINGS

By Edward F. O'Day

The dictionary defines a press agent as "a person employed in a theatrical company to attend to newspaper advertising." But the dictionary is notoriously conservative. The dictionary is without enthusiasm. It does justice and no more to its multitudinous subjects. The dictionary is cold, niggardly, a very Gradgrind for facts; but it errs frequently by understatement. The dictionary definition of a press agent will not do. To say, for instance, that Phil Hastings is employed in a theatrical company to attend to newspaper advertising is to undervalue Phil and through him the whole noble army of press agents. Let us pay fitting honor to the craft which Phil Hastings adorns by disregarding what the dictionary says, and try to describe the functions of a press agent in a more generous spirit.

A press agent is one of the most fortunate beings in the world. A press agent can see any sort of theatrical performance from moving pictures to grand opera without paying for his seat. When the show is over the press agent has the freedom of the stage and the dressing rooms. No stage hand ever scowled at a press agent and lived to tell the tale. A press agent can call the most glittering star in the theatrical firmament by his or her first name, and get away with it. A press agent can tell you the real salary the actor gets, but he won't. He can tell you whether the actress is as sweet offstage as she is on, but again he won't. A press agent also enjoys the freedom of newspaper offices. He invades the glorious precincts of the local room—they must be glorious, for all the writers of newspaper fiction say they are—without telling his name and business to the office boy. A press agent is no more afraid of the office boy than he is of the managing editor, or of that still more terrifying functionary, the city editor. Indeed a press agent has the secret for winning the good will of every man, woman and child on the staff including the society editor who is a very haughty personage. All he has has to do is to write a pass for two good seats, and presto! he is warmed with smiles. Nobody in a newspaper office, or out of it for that matter, is ever too busy to talk with a press agent. His path through life is strewn with the roses of affection, and when he dies (but do press agents ever die?) the good will that made his career a holiday is passed along to his successor. Nobody has ever been known to say an unkind word of a press agent—that is, if it is liable to be repeated and reach his ears. Even the stern dramatic critic, that arbiter of theatrical causes, that all-powerful Rhadamanthus who passes irrevocable sentence with a few thumps of the typewriter, even this dread dignitary is nice to the press agent and condescends occasionally to bone him for a few extra tickets for his best girl or his aunt from the agricultural counties. Mingling with the great on terms of the easiest familiarity, holding the secrets of men and women into whose private lives the public is crazy to pry, swinging down the broad highway of existence in a silver-lined cloud of passes, privileged to flit at will from the workaday world to the fairy demesne of the theatre, the press agent is as happy as a king or a Rockefeller, though usually not quite so rich.

To this wonderful brotherhood Phil Hastings belongs. Like handsome, debonnair Gerald Dillon of the Orpheum and active, alert Ralph Pincus of the Columbia Phil has press-agented in San Francisco for a great many years. Before the days of these great men there were no press agents here worthy the name, and when their days are over (many years hence, we devoutly pray) their personalities will be embalmed in a reverent tradition.

To interview a press agent is much more difficult than to interview a dazzling star. Press agents are very busy men, and exceedingly modest. A press agent would rather get half a column of publicity for one of his players than a whole page for himself. When a press agent talks about this, that or the other star he is as voluble as a book agent and much more interestng and convincing. But when asked to talk about himself he gets tongue-tied. Extracting personal information from Phil Hastings turned out to be a heart-rending and brain-fagging labor.

H. Pierre Smith Photo

PHIL HASTINGS

By coaxing, cajoling and "jollying" I managed to pry out of Phil that when he left the University of California he wanted to be a newspaperman. He went to work for T. T. Williams on the Post, and I'll hazard the guess that he was a good reporter. But he didn't stay with the newspaper game very long. He got the song-writing habit, and this led him naturally to the theatre. He used to write the topical songs that you used to encore again and again at the old Tivoli. Once he mentioned a lottery company in one of these songs and the grateful agent made him a present of one hundred tickets. Phil gave away the only prize winner, which shows that a press agent is more generous than lucky. If this were not a veracious article, or if press agents were not sticklers for the truth, Phil and I might make it appear that that ticket captured the capital prize. It didn't. It won an approximation prize of a dollar and a quarter. So in this instance the inveterate press agent habit of giving away tickets did Phil very little harm.

From writing topical songs Phil advanced to adapting light opera from the French. That work of his you also applauded at the old Tivoli. And then he became a press agent, for concert artists at first. He was press agent for Paderewski whom he compliments as a very human artist; for Rosenthal whom he describes as a bully fellow; for Carreno whom he calls a dear; and for Emil Sauer who refused to receive newspapermen on his arrival in San Francisco with the result that there appeared this single line about him in the Examiner next morning: "E. Sauer, a pianist, is in San Francisco." When Sauer saw that he told Phil that he would gladly allow himself to be interviewed; but the newspapermen refused to see him, and Phil didn't blame them. Phil, like many other men about town, was a "super" when Patti sang "Martha" and "Il Trovatore" at the Grand Opera House; and he was afterwards press agent for one of her innumerable farewell appearances.

In the course of his press agenting career Phil has been press agent for old Morosco's, for the Alcazar, for the Orpheum and for the Chutes. At present he gives some of his press agenting ardor to the Savoy and the Tivoli, to say nothing of the Theatrical Managers' Association and other organizations.

"I have been press agent," Phil confesses, "for everything from burying a man alive to a Christmas tree.

"The man we buried alive was Ferdinand who claimed that he could suspend animation by stopping his heart from beating. He was an exponent of self-hypnosis and catalepsy. We buried him in a lot near the City Hall. There was an electric light over his face in the coffin and you could look down a tube and see that he was really there. He was to stay buried for six days and six nights, but he had not figured on this electric light. When he had been in his grave for a few hours he sent signals of distress to Omene, a dancer and magician who was watching at the tube, and a squad of police under Captain Conboy dug him out just before he was melted to death. I revived him with a flask of whiskey, and thereafter Ferdinand passed out of my life.

"I've been press agent for Chiquita, the smallest woman on earth; also for Henri Maurice Cannon, the largest man. I've been press agent for Joe Storm, the celebrated orang outang who was almost human. I was press agent for the lion tamer Adgie who had a wonderful Castilian accent for professional purposes but was really half-Indian and half-Jewess. And I was press agent for William F. Sapp, the ossified man who was about the size of a dumb-bell and kept himself 'paralyzed' as well as ossified on Chutes whiskey. You will observe that press agency is a very catholic game.

"Some people think that a press agent must be a disciple of Ananias, but they are wrong. I never lied to a city editor in my life. And I

(Continued on Page 20.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Perspective Impressions

Woodrow's Pass Christian goes Teddy's "Onward Christian" one better.

This is the Age of Compulsory Amusement. An Ohio insane asylum is installing movies.

The question is, Which do the people prefer—big business or soup kitchens?

Our notion of nothing to receive at New Year's is a comic postal card.

San Francisco is now the Mecca of those poetic sons of the road and gentlemen of leisure—the I. W. W.

In the Examiner was published the news that as Mayor Rolph was leaving the City Hall on the afternoon before Christmas he slipped a five-dollar piece into the hand of the elevator man. How hard it is for the politician to do surreptitious charity! There are times it appears when the Mayor's vigilant left hand knows precisely what his right hand is doing.

A good New Year's resolution is not to make any jokes about New Year's resolutions.

Thank heaven! the pest who says: "I trust Santa Claus was good to you" has exhausted himself.

It's well to give work to the hungry, but why must the idle be unionized at the expense of the taxpayers?

The New York Sun has dubbed our Governor "Hy." for the sake of brevity. When Jack Johnson the pugilist exclaimed the other day "I am invincible," the Sun observed: "Thinks he is Hy." Evidently the Sun hasn't been watching the vacillating course of the gentleman whose plans have been disturbed by the wild ass.

Mr. Hearst complains that President Wilson has dissolved a trust which was not in restraint of trade but for the benefit of trade. But Mr. Hearst is the most ardent of all proponents of government regulation and trust-busting.

Confess that you haven't read your Christmas gift books yet. And that when you begin it will be on a novel.

Two obstinate hold-overs: Last year's vices and last year's bills.

Christmas has gone, but a well filled stocking retains its power to please.

We're in favor of commuting Bostick's death sentence provided the man he murdered can be brought back to life.

Bill Bryan preached from a Florida pulpit last Sunday. The dispatch failed to state how much he charged.

Speaking of concerts Harper's Weekly asks: "What has become of our faculty of attention?" Our guess is that it's in the keeping of the Bryans, the Pinchots, the Roosevelts, the Lindseys, the Johnsons and all the rest of the shrieking brotherhood of flubdub.

Les Lacs, North Africa

By R. E. Fyffe

O great green lakes, your green lips flecked with foam;
What cavern under earth has spued you from its home,
What desert monster's joints have melted to form you,
O great green lakes.
Around, the shadowed hills, the arid land,
Slow-driven camels cross your broken shores of sand;
Your broken shores a-crumble under their soft tread,
O great green lakes.—
Upon the tufted scrub the nomad's douar,
Your brackish waters cannot rise to wash the floor
Where on his grass mat each man sits and fasts and waits,
O great green lakes.
Waits for the sun to set, and stain with light
With silver streaks your green, the calm of coming night,
Then will he singing rise, and eat, his prayers outworn
For Allah's grace.
What prayer for you, what curse has Heaven set
On your green wind-lashed waves, your sudden waste of wet;
For waters, like veiled women, hide their charmer's face
In desert lands.
To endless fury—endless sob and sigh,
No flaming sun at noon may kiss your poor tears dry,
This on the Night of Destiny the Voice decreed,
O great green lakes.

The People's Forum

Aked on Bible Translation

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: That industrious doctor of divinity and of laws, the Reverend Charles F. Aked, has been writing about a new version of the New Testament, the work of an Oxford scholar named Dr. Moffatt. Doctor Aked commends this new translation with the same warm language which he lavished recently on a new dictionary and on Paul Armstrong's eugenic melodrama, "The Escape." There is one curious statement in the article. Doctor Aked says that Doctor Moffatt "has no ecclasiastical prejudice to conciliate and no theological purpose to serve. He is a free man, and he has given us honest work." This seems to be one of those rare instances when Doctor Aked is not superficial. There seems to be more in this statement than appears on the surface. What was in Doctor Aked's mind when he wrote this? Was he reflecting on previous translators of the New Testament? Was he making a sly attack on the previous Authorized Versions which are the pride of the Protestant Church? Did the great men who made the King James version and the men who revised the King James version seek to conciliate ecclesiastical prejudice, to serve theological purposes? Were those men not free but bound? Did they give us not honest but dishonest work? Is the Bible which Doctor Aked used in common with other ministers a dishonest book? I have heard that statement made before, but never by any man of Doctor Aked's cloth. I have attributed it to bigotry or ignorance. Must I now say that Doctor Aked is either bigoted or ignorant? I should like to hear from other Protestant clergymen on this subject. Will some of them come to the defense of the Bible and its revered translators? Despite his degrees I don't think Doctor Aked is as profound a Biblical scholar as some other ministers here. He has attacked the Good Book by innuendo, and I should like to see it vindicated.

Very respectfully,
—Low Church.

The Beachey Spectacle

Editor Town Talk, Sir: What about Beachey, the aviator? And what about our Exposition directors? Haven't you anything to say about this business of grabbing money at the risk of human life. It strikes me as a pretty mean kind of business for men of the size our Fair directors are presumed to be. The conquest of the air has been achieved only in a measure, and the world is deeply interested in developments in the science of aviation, but not in the foolhardy exploits of men of the Beachey type. The airship has already taken great toll of human life. Scores of aviators have lost their lives in honest efforts to add to the sum of human knowledge, but Beachey is not doing anything for mankind. On the contrary he is appealing to the brutal passions of the mob. Thousands of people foregather in expectation of seeing him killed, and he is flirting with death under the auspices of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. This is ugly business, and if the Fair directors do not stop it the police authorities should interfere. They have arrested men for undertaking to dive off the Brooklyn bridge, and a man will not be permitted to risk his life over Niagara Falls. Why should Beachey be permitted to loop the loop in mid-air?

Respectfully,
A Citizen.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Voodooism in Cuba

The Cuban Government has started a campaign to exterminate Voodooism among the negroes of the island. Voodooism is the general name for all the African superstitious rites and wizardry brought by the negroes to this hemisphere; but the chief count against it just now is the murder of white children. Ten negroes are being tried in Havana for that crime which, it is said, has not been uncommon in recent years, as the blood of the white child figures in some of the more important work of Voodoo doctors. Voodooism used to be common in the islands of the South Atlantic coast, and one still hears occasionally of its practice in the marshes of Louisiana and the Mississippi where the negroes live in a state of savagery.

Crete Joined to Greece

For nearly a hundred years the little island of Crete was a bone of contention between Greece and Turkey. For the past twenty years Crete has been rebelling stubbornly against Turkish domination. Now Crete's dream has come true. Its union with Greece has been formally concluded. Crete is Hellenic and refused to be satisfied until it had been united to the Greek crown. Crete is important, not for its natural resources but for its position. With Crete a part of Greece, the Hellenes command the crossways of the Mediterranean and Aegean seas; they hold the key to the eastern Mediterranean; they boss the approach from the west to the Gulf of Salonica and to the Dardanelles; and they possess the magnificent Cretan harbor of Suda Bay within which the navies of Europe could come to rest. Greece is happy, and so is Crete.

The French Crisis

The recent fall of the Barthou ministry in France was an event of more than usual significance. It marked the triumph of the Socialist-Radicals over the men who are leading the movement known as "la France nouvelle." This movement is one of "apaisement" and toleration. It was started by the Poincare ministry, continued by that of Briand and has received great impetus of late. It is intensely patriotic, but its patriotism is not restricted to Frenchmen of any particular beliefs or unbeliefs. It is stoutly anti-clerical in politics, but it does not think that petty persecution is either just or expedient. The great enthusiasm with which the President was everywhere greeted in his recent tour over a large part of France showed how deeply the movement had penetrated the masses. The overthrow of the Barthou ministry is a temporary setback for this movement, and if they follow up their victory by winning the general elections to be held four months hence the broad and enlightened policy over which Frenchmen were beginning to rejoice may be discontinued.

The King of Albania

The King of the new State of Albania is Prince William Frederick Henry of Wied. His family is older than the families of some more important kings. It has been settled on the Rhine since the eleventh century at least. The new King is a good soldier and is popular in Berlin society. He is thirty-seven years old. Seven years ago he married a German princess by whom he has a daughter, four years old. He is a nephew of the Queen of Roumania. Whether he is to be congratulated on his kingship is doubtful, for Albania has a turbulent population of several discordant elements. He assumes the throne at a time when a neighbor king, the Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, is thinking seriously of abdicating.

A Case of Suttee

The practice of suttee was rendered illegal in India, despite fierce opposition, by a regulation of 1829 declaring that all who abetted suttee were "guilty of culpable homicide." The evil has been reduced to a minimum but not stamped out. A recent case has attracted considerable attention. A Brahman died in the Mainpuri district of Allahabad in June. He left a young widow who announced her intention to commit suttee, and would not listen to arguments used to dissuade her. The act of immolation on the funeral pyre was committed in the presence of about two thousand spectators. Five Brahmans who helped kindle the pyre and one of whom poured "ghi" or clarified butter over the woman, were arrested. The defense was that the pyre had been miraculously fired by the widow herself who was told that if there was any virtue in her act flames would burst forth. Two were sentenced to four years of rigorous imprisonment, and the other three to eighteen months each.

Three Tales

By Lord Dunsany

1—The Field

When one has seen Spring's blossom fall in London, and Summer appear and ripen and decay, as it does early in cities, and one is in London still; then at some moment or another the country places lift their flowery heads and call to one with an urgent, masterful clearness, upland behind upland in the twilight, like to some heavenly choir arising rank on rank to call a drunkard from his gambling-hell.

No volume of traffic can drown the sound of it, no lure of London can weaken its appeal. Having heard it, one's fancy is gone, and evermore departed, to some colored pebble a-gleam in a rural brook, and all that London can offer is swept from one's mind like some suddenly smitten metropolitan Goliath.

The call is from afar both in leagues and years, for the hills that call one are the hills that were, and their voices are the voices of long ago when the elf-kings still had horns.

I see them now, those hills of my infancy (for it is they that call) with their faces upturned to the purple twilight, and the faint diaphanous figures of the fairies peering out from under the bracken to see if evening is come. I do not see upon their regal summits those desirable mansions and highly desirable residences which have lately been built for gentlemen who would exchange customers for tenants.

When the hills called I used to go to them by road, riding a bicycle. If you go by train you miss the gradual approach, you do not cast off London like an old forgiven sin, nor pass by little villages on the way that surely have some rumor of the hills; nor, wondering if they are still the same, come at last upon the edge of their far-spread robes, and so on to their feet, and see far off their holy, welcoming faces. In the train you see them suddenly round a curve, and there they all are, sitting in the sun.

I imagine that as one penetrated out from some enormous forest of the tropics the wild beasts would become fewer, the gloom would lighten and the horror of the place would slowly lift. Yet as one emerges nearer to the edge of London, and nearer to the beautiful influence of the hills, the houses become uglier, the streets viler, the gloom deepens, the errors of civilization stand bare to the scorn of the fields.

Where ugliness reaches the height of its luxuriance, in the dense misery of the place, where one imagines the builder saying, "Here I culminate. Let us give thanks to Satan," there is a bridge of yellow brick, and through it, as through some gate of filigree silver opening on fairyland, one passes into the country.

To left and right, as far as one can see, stretches that monstrous city; before one are the fields like an old, old song.

There is a field there that is full of king-cups. A stream runs through it, and along the stream is a little wood of osiers. There I used often to rest at the stream's edge before my long journey to the hills.

There I used to forget London, street by street.

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Sometimes I picked a bunch of king-cups to show them to the hills.

I often came there. At first I noticed nothing about the field except its beauty and its peacefulness.

But the second time that I came I thought there was something ominous about the field.

Down there among the king-cups by the little shallow stream I felt that something terrible might happen in just such a place.

I did not stay long then, because I thought that too much time spent in London had brought on these morbid fancies, and I went on to the hills as fast as I could.

I stayed for some days in the country air, and when I came back I went to the field again to enjoy that peaceful spot before entering London. But there was still something ominous among the osiers.

A year elapsed before I went there again. I emerged from the shadow of London into the gleaming sun; the bright green grass and the king-cups were flaming in the light, and the little stream was singing a happy song. But the moment I stepped into the field my old uneasiness returned, and worse than before. It was as though the shadow was brooding there of some dreadful future thing, and a year had brought it nearer.

I reasoned that the exertion of bicycling might be bad for one, and that the moment one rested this uneasiness might result.

A little later I came back past the field by night, and the song of the stream in the hush attracted me down to it. And there the fancy came to me that it would be a terribly cold place to be in in the starlight, if for some reason one was hurt and could not get away.

I knew a man who was minutely acquainted with the past history of that locality, and him I asked if anything historical had ever happened in that field. When he pressed me for my reason in asking him this I said that the field had seemed to me such a good place to hold a pageant in. But he said that nothing of any interest had ever occurred there, nothing at all.

So it was from the future that the field's trouble came.

For three years off and on I made visits to the field, and every time more clearly it boded evil things, and my uneasiness grew more acute every time that I was lured to go and rest among the cool green grass under the beautiful osiers. Once to distract my thoughts I tried to gauge how fast the stream was trickling, but I found myself wondering if it flowed faster than blood.

I felt that it would be a terrible place to go mad in; one would hear voices.

At last I went to a poet whom I knew, and woke him from huge dreams and put before him the whole case of the field. He had not been out of London all that year, and he promised to come with me and look at the field and tell me what was going to happen there. It was late in July when we went. The pavement, the air, the houses and the dirt had been all baked dry by the summer, the weary traffic dragged on and on and on, and Sleep spreading her wings soared up and floated from London and went to walk beautifully in rural places.

When the poet saw the field he was delighted; the flowers were out in masses all along the stream; he went down to the little wood rejoicing. But by the side of the stream he stood and seemed very sad. Once or twice he looked up and down it mournfully; then he bent and looked at the king-cups, first one and then another, very closely and shaking his head.

For a long while he stood in silence, and all my old uneasiness returned and my bodings for the future.

And then I said, "What manner of field is it?"

And he shook his head sorrowfully.

"It is a battle-field," he said.

2—The Giant Poppy

I dreamt that I went back to the hills I knew, whence on a clear day you can see the walls of Ilion and the plains of Roncesvalles. There used to be woods along the tops of those hills with clearings in them where the moonlight fell, and there, when no one watched, the fairies danced.

But there were no woods when I went back, no fairies nor distant glimpse of Ilion or plains of Roncesvalles, only one giant poppy waved in the wind, and as it waved it hummed "Remember not." And by its oak-like stem a poet sat, dressed like a shepherd and playing an ancient tune softly upon a pipe. I asked him if the fairies had passed that way or anything olden.

He said: "The poppy has grown apace and is killing gods and fairies. Its fumes are suffocating the world, and its roots drain it of its beautiful strength." And I asked him why he sat on the hills I knew, playing an olden tune.

And he answered: "Because the tune is bad for the poppy, which would otherwise grow more swiftly; and because if the brotherhood of which I am one were to cease to pipe on the hills men would stray over the world and be lost or come to terrible ends. We think we have saved Agamemnon."

Then he fell to piping again that olden tune while the wind among the poppy's sleepy petals murmured "Remember not. Remember not."

3—Charon

Charon leaned forward and rowed. All things were one with his weariness.

It was not with him a matter of years or of centuries but of wide floods of time, and an old heaviness and a pain in the arms that had become for him part of the scheme that the gods had made and was of a piece with Eternity.

So grey were all things where he was that if any radiance lingered a moment among the dead, on the face of such a queen perhaps as Cleopatra, his eyes could not have perceived it.

It was strange that the dead nowadays were coming in such numbers. They were coming in thousands where they used to come in fifties.

It was neither Charon's duty nor his wont to ponder in his grey soul why these things might be. Charon leaned forward and rowed.

Then no one came for awhile. It was not usual for the gods to send no one down from Earth for such a space. But the gods knew best.

Then one man came alone. And the little shade sat shivering on a lonely bench and the great boat pushed off. Only one passenger; the gods knew best. And great and weary Charon rowed on and on beside the little, silent, shivering ghost.

And the sound of the river was like a mighty sigh that Grief in the beginning had sighed among her sisters, and that could not die like the echoes of human sorrow failing on earthly hills, and was as old as Time and the pain in Charon's arms.

Then the boat from the slow, grey river loomed up to the coast of Dis, and the little, silent shade still shivering stepped ashore, and Charon turned the boat to go wearily back to the world. Then the little shadow spoke, that had been a man.

"I am the last," he said.

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXVII—SAN FRANCISCO

By Howard V. Sutherland

(Howard V. Sutherland, the author of the following, is a newspaperman with a knack for making verses. He celebrated this city which used to be his home, in "Songs of a City," and has more recently brought out another volume of verse. His residence is in Denver.)

Heedless of what portentous years may hold,
I, the Pacific's darling, the delight
Of hurricane and sea-fog, of the bright
Broad orb of Hope, have heard sad stories told
Of ancient kingdoms of the days of old,
Cities of stone with symbols strange bedight,
O'er which the pitiless, destroying Night
Has pour'd her darkness and destruction roll'd.

The Past concerns not me. Today I stare,
Splendid and consequential, at the flare
Of ominous stars. I know what must be, must.
Beneath the wind-whipt Banner of the Bear
The laughter of my children wakes the air—
I fear not Time, nor its o'erpowering dust!

The Spectator

Nailing a Lie

Some interesting correspondence has come into my hands, which I am at liberty to publish. It is with reference to the recent debate between the Hon. J. M. Eshleman, President of the State Railroad Commission and Mr. William F. Herrin, Vice-President of the Southern Pacific Company. The correspondence was induced by a sceptical gentleman who for many years was active in the political affairs of this State, and who has played a prominent part in the business of guiding its destinies. This gentleman has kept an eye on our Governor and tab on his career, and he has come to view with distrust many of the things that are said and done by the Mumbo Jumbo of California Progressives. In a letter which I have received from my sceptical friend he quotes as follows from a speech made by Governor Johnson at the Palace Hotel on the occasion of the recent round-up of the faithful Bull Moose. Thus:

> "The change that has been wrought in three short years can in no way be better illustrated than by the contemplation of the recent trip of the Chief Counsel of the Southern Pacific Company to San Diego to discuss the detail of railroad legislation publicly with the President of the Railroad Commission. Just look at the picture three years ago, and that presented today. Three years ago in any matter the simple delivery of an order by this gentleman in the office of the Southern Pacific Company in San Francisco would have met with instant obedience. Today he journeys to San Diego begging that publicity shall be given to him in relation to his remarks, and presents publicly his address in argument upon a question of importance to his company."

My correspondent tells me that he did not believe that Mr. Herrin had been begging for publicity. So he wrote Mr. Herrin to inquire as to whether the Governor had spoken the truth.

Herrin's Reply

This is William F. Herrin's reply:

> Dear Sir: I received your letter and thank you for the same. Of course you are at liberty to make any statement you like concerning the matter you mention. As to my going to San Diego to beg that publicity should be given to me, you might ask Judge M. K. Harris, the President of the Bar Association, how I came to go there. It was not at my instance, but how can you expect the gentleman in question to trouble himself with the facts when he has been so long indulging entirely in fiction?
>
> Truly yours,
> Wm. F. Herrin.

Acting on the suggestion in the Herrin letter my correspondent wrote to Mr. Harris.

Harris Tells the Whole Story

This is the reply of the President of the Bar Association:

> Dear Sir: Your favor of the 13th inst., inquiring how Mr. W. F. Herrin came to make an address before the State Bar Association, in San Diego last month, is received; and in reply will say that it came about as follows:
>
> On the 7th of June the Executive Committee of the Bar Association met in San Francisco for the purpose of arranging a program for the convention to be held in San Diego in November, at which meeting it was unanimously decided to invite the Hon. J. M. Eshleman, President of the State Railroad Commission and the Hon. W. F. Herrin, Vice-President of the Southern Pacific Company to deliver addresses on the subject of the Control of Public Utilities by the Government, and in accordance with the direction of the committee, I, as President of the Association and as Chairman of the Committee, wrote to Mr. Herrin asking him to deliver the address. Mr. Herrin replied that he would like to accommodate us in the matter but could not give a definite answer until the first of October and that if we could wait until then he would let us know. A few days before the first of October I wrote to Mr. Herrin again, urging him to deliver the address, and received a reply that he would do so. In justice to Mr. Herrin, I think it proper to state, inasmuch as you have made the inquiry, that the matter of his delivering the address was wholly upon the initiative of the State Bar Association through its Executive Committee. I can furnish you the correspondence if desired, but hope that this will be sufficient.
>
> Very truly yours,
> M. K. Harris.

In his letter to me my correspondent says: "I hold no brief for Herrin. I am not now and never was in his employ or in that of the Southern Pacific Company. I feel kindly towards him, and always resent attacks upon my friends." The name of the correspondent is withheld not by reason of timidity on his part but from other motives which I regard as proper and sufficient.

Blacking the City's Eye

Some of our newspapers—the Examiner being the worst offender—are once more engaged in the popular pastime of giving this city a black eye. According to these chroniclers of fact and embroiderers of fancy, poor San Francisco is in the midst of a carnival of crime. We are told that

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the murderer, the burglar, the hold-up man and the pickpocket are preying on a community which the police are incompetent to protect. By the use of cartoons, scare-heads and blackface type the papers are inspiring citizens with terror for their lives and valuables and with distrust of the police. Incidentally they are informing all communities where San Francisco papers are read that this is not a safe city to live in or a desirable city to visit. The fact is that San Francisco is no worse off this winter than it has been during other winters. This is the time of year when criminals and dangerous tramps flock to the coast to escape the rigors of the weather in the East and Middle West. San Francisco is their principal objective point. The police are no more incompetent this winter than they were last summer. They are no more incompetent than they have been in other winters; they are probably at a higher state of efficiency than they have been for years past. They are dealing with a difficult situation to the best of their ability. But certain papers have a grudge to work out against the Chief of Police and they are seizing this means of wreaking their vengeance. They are blacking the city's eye, and actually aiding and abetting crime.

The Plight of Others

When Sheriff Hammell of Los Angeles came here for John Bostick he made the statement to Chief of Police White that on one night two weeks ago there were four hold-ups and eight burglaries in Pasadena. Imagine that! "A carnival of crime" in the little town de luxe where all men are holier than their neighbors and where nobody stays up late except for the purpose of devising a new reform! Almost incredible, but true. On one night recently there were four hold-ups and fourteen burglaries in the city of Stockton. A few nights ago the local police arrested two men who had committed seven burglaries in one night in the city of San Jose. They had the loot in their possession when arrested. These are cases taken at random. Los Angeles is having its share of crime. So are Portland and Seattle. But in all these cities the newspapers have no grudge against the Chief of Police; or else they are above blaming the police chief for conditions which they know to be beyond his control. In this city, however, there must always be a scapegoat. The city is being gravely injured in consequence.

The Crack Concessionaire

From the East have came many Exposition experts, men who know how money is to be made out of concessions. They were at Chicago, St. Louis, Jamestown, Buffalo and Portland, and they can tell you everything worth knowing about a Fair from how much the peanut privilege is worth to the average daily receipts of the restaraunt concession and the most popular side show. This expert knowledge is worth money and naturally it is the men possessed of it who have got hold of most of the concessions that have been sold by our Fair directors. But singularly enough the most desirable concessions have been obtained by a Californian with no experience, who made a study of the subject, and by getting in touch with experts familiarized himself with all the details of the business. This man is John M. Sullivan, a prominent easy-going member of the Olympic Club, who appears to have been suddenly transformed into a connoisseur of concessions. He has organized the American-Oriental Concessions Company to handle the concessions, and he now has associated with him Joseph Martin, manager of the National Ice and Cold Storage Company; Henry Ohlandt Jr., Louis Wolf of the Spalding Sporting Goods Company, Mr. Singleton, a Sacramento capitalist; and two Chinese merchants—Jim Wong and Lin Sing. Manager Sullivan is recognized as the crack concessionaire of the Exposition.

Some of His Concessions

The first concession obtained by Sullivan is the one known as the Oriental Village and also as the Streets of Caro. In this concession there will be sixty-five exhibitors of the products of the Orient, and of course by reason of its theatrical show features it will be as it always has been, the most popular of all concessions. At Chicago the receipts of this concession amounted to $1,500,000. Alongside of it at our Fair will be the Chinese Village and Pagoda, another of the Sullivan concessions, in which there will be one hundred exhibitors and a Chinese theatre. This will be a miniature Chinatown, surpassing in all respects anything of the kind ever seen at an International Exposition. At St. Louis there were five separate Oriental concessions. All these will be conducted in this city by the American-Oriental Concessions Company. And these are not all the good things that Sullivan got hold of while he was competing against the wise men of the East. He has turned over to the company the "soft drinks" privilege. He will dictate as to what mineral waters may be sold at the Fair and he will sell them; likewise as to apple cider, root beer and all other beverages dear to the heart of the Prohibition movement. Sullivan will be the apostle of Prohibition on the Fair grounds. Already Oregon is bidding for the exclusive apple cider privilege, but Sullivan is reluctant to shut out the Pajaro Valley of his own State.

The Greatest of Fairs

The American-Oriental Concessions Company has a few other concessions, and it is hard to say which is the best. All the ice cream soda fountains will be under the Sullivan management, and all the cafeterias, too. The cafeteria concession is pronounced as good as a gold mine. The indications are that Sullivan will emerge from the Panama-Pacific Exposition with a considerable fortune. From the history of Expositions it appears that he has not a losing concession, and the opinion of experts is that ours will be the greatest Exposition held, not only on account of the opening of the canal and the consequent world-wide interest that will be aroused, but also

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by reason of its surpassing beauty and many novel features. The people of San Francisco have not yet begun to apprehend the potentialities of this Fair which will last nearly a year, several months longer than either the Chicago or St. Louis Fairs. Traffic men are the only folks who are alive to the coming situation. They are wondering how they are to handle the traffic, and how the city will be able to handle the increased population. "Just think of it," said one of them to me the other day; "think of one single factor—the Navy. When all those ships arrive they will bring 150,000 men, and they will be as a drop in the bucket compared with the crowds tnat will come just to see the naval display. Then think of the conventions. There is one scheduled for every day in the year." But the traffic men may worry—not Magnate Sullivan. Other men with but one or two measly concessions have incorporated for more than a million dollars. Sullivan has incorporated for only $750,000, and being a loyal Californian he isn't going to let much of that stock go to those wise guys from the East.

The Ballinger Case Again

It will be a long time before the ghost of the Ballinger case is laid. Probably it will haunt Colonel Roosevelt as long as he continues in public life. Former President Taft declared that the attack on Secretary of the Interior Ballinger was "one of the most unscrupulous conspiracies for the defamation of character that history can show." With no particular desire to blow my own horn I may say that I was one of the first to take that view of it, and to lay the blame deserved on the shoulders of Roosevelt, Pinchot, Glavis and their minions. And now there comes from Seattle in support of this view the posthumous testimony of a man whose life was broken because he tried to tell the truth of the conspiracy. This man, as I learn from an article in the Town Crier of Seattle, was W. D. Hurlbert, a writer once employed by The Outlook, the Lyman Abbott paper of which Colonel Roosevelt is contributing editor. The Town Crier says that the last two years of Hurlbert's life "were embittered by the prejudice which prevented him from telling the truth; a man of unquestioned honesty and nationally recognized journalistic ability he found himself, during all that period, confronted by a barrier of powerful influences that virtually prevented him from earning a living at his profession, because he would not prostitute that profession and proclaim the falsehoods that would have brought him the means of livelihood."

Hurlbert's Statement

In two letters which the Town Crier makes public Hurlbert sketched his experiences in investigating the Alaska coal cases. Writing in May, 1913, Hurlbert said: "Two years ago next month, at my suggestion, The Outlook sent me to Alaska. I found conditions up there different from what I expected, and my views on some phases of the Alaska question have undergone a pretty radical change. At that time I was a Pinchot man, a Glavis man, and more or less of a Roosevelt man. Today I have no use for any of these three. . . . After I had been in Alaska for two or three months I wrote to the editors of The Outlook, told them I had found things different from my expectations, and suggested that, if they thought best, we cancel our arrangement and I return the money they had advanced for my expenses. This suggestion was declined, and four articles were printed. I have been told that they were the best and fairest articles on Alaska that have ever appeared, but, for myself, I have been much dissatisfied with them. When I wrote them I did not know the whole story of the coal-land controversy, and, to speak very frankly, I was not allowed to tell all that I did know." In other words Hurlbert was compelled by the editors of The Outlook to suppress facts which were damaging to Roosevelt, Pinchot, Glavis et al. Hurlbert tried to place his information before the American public through other journals, among them the Atlantic Monthly, but without success. "If I could spread broadcast all that I have learned," he wrote, "I am inclined to think it would be the end of the Progressive Party and of Colonel Roosevelt's career—that is, if anything more is needed to end them." It is to be hoped that his articles will be published. We have not yet heard the end of that Ballinger business.

Oscar Wilde's Son Engaged

Admirers of the genius of Oscar Wilde frequently express a quite natural curiosity about his two sons. What became of them after their mother's death and their father's imprisonment in Reading Gaol? As regards the younger of the boys this curiosity may now be satisfied. His engagement to a London girl has just been announced. This younger son goes by the name of Vyvyan B. Holland. It seems that he went through Cambridge, read for the bar and was called at Lincoln's Inn, but does not intend to practice. He will devote himself to literary work, and has already had some short stories published in London periodicals. Last July at a dinner party given by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree he met Miss Violet Craigie, and it was a case of love at first sight, we are assured. Miss Craigie has played small parts with Tree and also with Gertrude Elliott. She is the daughter of the late Lieutenant Edmund Warren Craigie, one of the original members of the famous Beefsteak Club. The best man at the wedding will be Robert Ross, the literary executor of Oscar Wilde.

Where Is the Other?

Oscar Wilde left two sons, Cyril who was born in 1885, and Vyvyan who was born the following year. They were given the names of the two esthetes whose dialogue constitutes the delightful "Decay of Lying" in "Intentions." I have seen it stated that Cyril embraced Catholicism, like his dying father, and studied for the priesthood; but I have no means of verifying this. Nor do I know whether he changed his name, as his brother has done. In that connection it would be interesting to know why Vyvyan Wilde took the name of Holland. Mrs. Oscar Wilde was Constance Lloyd before her marriage.

The Much-Abused Tango

The Kaiser won't have it, and the Bishop of Bar-le-Duc, where the conserve comes from says it's pernicious, and now Superior Judge Frank Dunne suggests to the feminine uplifters that they get out and stop it. Thus does denunciation pursue its downward course from court to courtroom. But while the war lord, the churchman and the jurist turn down their thumbs the giddy world shouts, "On with the tango! Let legs be unconfined!" Meanwhile Jean Richepin lectures on it before the French Academicians sprawled comfortably in their fauteuils, and the London Times solemnly declares that it is the expression of the Zeitgeist. Judge Dunne knows all about the Zeitgeist and all about the French Academy—at least so I am told by those who have heard him discourse in the luncheon hour at the Bohemian Club—so it is surprising that he should fly in the face of the esthetic mode. But perhaps 'twas an idle word. Mrs. Louis Hertz says Judge Dunne tangoes himself. I should doubt it if the word came from one less credible. I recall, however, that not long since I saw Judge Dunne remove a cigar from his mouth to facilitate almost uproarious laughter. Times change, and men change with them. Perhaps Judge Dunne has been taking lessons.

Mrs. Ertz' Defense

One of those who rushed to the defense of the tango when it was threatened by Judge Dunne was Mrs. Coleridge Ertz, whom I have heard spoken of as among the top-notch tangoists of our tea dances. She speaks therefore with authority. "The tango," says Mrs. Ertz, "is too hard work to be wicked. There is not enough time to think of anything but dancing it. It is too difficult to be a wicked affair." This is a cryptic utterance. It is not to be understood by those

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of us who are exoterics. What does the lady mean? Cannot hard work be wicked? And what would one of wicked inclination think of in connection with the tango if there were time? I do not profess to know. If I had a glimmer of suspicion of the hidden meaning of those words of Mrs. Ertz I should take refuge behind the Garter motto. A little more of this sort of discussion by tango experts and I shall be forced to confess myself a most unsophisticated fledgling.

A Bas Bar-le-Duc!

The Bishop of Bar-le-Duc, France, says the tango is pernicious.—News Item.

They may bar the tango in Bar-le-Duc,
But they're strong for it still at Brie;
And all through fragrant Camembert
They take it with their tea.
The Pope may deal it a Roman Punch;
But, light as a vol au vent,
It holds its own in old Champagne
And warms like a sauce piquant.
It quickens the taste for the feast of life
Like an anchovied hors d'oeuvre;
And there's no entree for the luckless wight
Who dances it not with verve.
The lads of Bouillon are in the soup
If its intricate steps they fear;
It's relished as much in Chutney as
In saucy Worchestershire.
The Bishop of Bar-le-Duc may strive
To bar it from the bill;
But morals are not conserved that way,
And the squabs will tango still!

Lindsey Swats The Bulletin

The editorial rooms of the Bulletin were blue with profanity last Monday morning when the editor read in the dispatches what Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver had to say about moving picture films that portray life in the underworld. The editor and Judge Lindsey belong to the same mutual admiration society of reformers, the one that manipulates an endless chain of logrolling which has among its links Gifford Pinchot, Frank Heney, Lincoln Steffens, Norman Hapgood and Billy Kent. These men have entered into a solemn compact to think along the same lines, to support one another in all things, never to disagree. Judge Lindsay has broken the compact. Not only that,—Judge Lindsey has found fault with the ways of his friend, the editor of the Bulletin, and intimates that he is a hypocrite. No wonder the editor belched profanity when he read of Lindsey's conversion to decency. When the Bulletin was publishing its disgusting pictures of the underworld some months ago the editor was felicitated by all his chums of the mutual admiration society, but now that the moving picture films are presenting the very same disgusting pictures Judge Lindsey roars his disapproval. "It is putting," he says, "these wicked, low and disgusting pictures of life within the reach of all for nothing but the money there is in it, regardless of the harm that is hourly being done to the youth who frequent the exhibitions." Of course Judge Lindsey would not attempt to discriminate motives, and what he says of the women who censor the films is doubtless to be applied to women who censor newspaper pictures. This is what he says: "I cannot understand how virtuous, respectable intelligent women of this city can be so blinded to the effect of these shows as to stand sponsor for them."

Water Wagon for Ten Years

A dapper young man with the elusive but unmistakable mark of New York upon him stood at the bar of the St. Francis with a party of San Franciscans the other day.

"What'll y'ave?" asked one of them in the curious language which is more popular and more widely spoken than Esperanto. The New Yorker asked for a glass of cider. When he was served he inspected the glass carefully.

"This is not hard cider?" he asked doubtfully.

He was assured that it was not and drank. He also explained. He is Harry Jennings and belongs to a rich New York family. He was a sophomore at Yale last year, but had to leave college when he was badly injured in a wreck on the New York, New Haven and Hartford. Incidentally he collected $15,000 from the railroad company. But before he left college he made a bet with his room mate, a youthful New York millionaire, that he could stay on the water wagon for ten years. The wager is for ten thousand dollars, which is not so bad a sum for college boys to hazard. The first of the ten years during which young Jennings must shun all liquor started one month ago, and Jennings says it has been easy riding—so far. The San Franciscans who heard about the bet regarded him with awe. Most of them are sure they couldn't win such a wager.

Exit the Night Hawk

Old John Dimmig, "Honest John" as his patrons used to call him, has stabled his nag for the last time. The famous hackman has surrendered to the taxicab, and his weather-beaten vehicle will be seen no more in Powell street. It was inevitable. The cab made a heart-breaking stand against the motor; the night hawk refused to retire before the chauffeur. But it looks as though the end has come. Who hires a hack these days, except for a funeral? Almost nobody. The prices are higher than taxi rates, and the pace is much too slow for this speeding age. One or two more of the oldtime cabbies still lag superfluous, but they are not earning their salt. The good old days of plenty have departed, and it's a long time now since any of these jarvies has been able to afford the luxury of a new beaver. Old Finney died before the business went to smash, but Dimmig lives to hear its last wheeze. It is the same elsewhere. The last street cab disappeared from K street in Sacramento last week. There was nothing doing. Tax-eaters drive in taxies nowadays when they do not board street cars. A far cry from the golden yesteryears when the hackman of Sacramento knew every millionaire in Northern California. What stories those old cabbies could tell if they would. But your cabman was always close-mouthed. Discretion was his greatest asset. The passing of Dimmig's cab recalls old memories. But why rake up the past? There is a new generation which knows nothing of the trouble that Dimmig passed through. It is just as well.

Bohemia's White Slave Drama

Tonight the white slave drama invades the Bohemian Club. The Christmas Jinks will include the presentation of "The Lure of the Traffic," described as "a melodrama of the social evil" by Charles K. Field and Porter Garnett. Field is known for his deft handling of humorous and satirical themes; it is not so generally recognized that Porter Garnett, when he doffs the "learned sock," can be as breezily slangy and as unaffectedly funny as the best of them. So the play tonight will doubtless "go big," though perhaps all its fun will not be free from the Rabelaisian element. The program describes it as "terrible, yet unavoidable, horrid, yet necessary." The cast includes such star amateur mummers as "Billy" Smith, Frank Moroney, "Dick" Hotaling, Charley Trowbridge, Clarence Ward, Austin Sperry, Frank Deering, Charley Dickman, Frank Mathieu and others.

Unappreciated Pictures

The Bohemian Club artists who participated in the recent exhibition sold an aggregate of three hundred dollars worth of paintings. One year ago they sold four thousand dollars worth. This is a startling dropping off, indeed. The pictures this season were not as good as those of a year ago, but the inferiority was not so great as to bear any relation to these selling figures. It was not in the ratio of three hundred to four thousand. The reason for this great slump must be found in the high cost of living or the high cost of frivolous amusement or some such economic factor. Not being strong on economics the Bohemian artists don't pretend to understand why so few bought their masterpieces.

"Tennis For Girls"

A. M. Robertson's latest publication is an attractive manual called "Tennis For Girls," the work of Miriam Hall. The book has been beautifully printed by the Philopolis Press and is copiously illustrated with photographs that explain the most important strokes. Miss Hall acknowledges her indebtedness to Marion Jones Farquhar, Dr. Sumner Hardy and Maurice McLoughlin for assistance in compiling the handbook. All that a feminine beginner needs to know about tennis is clearly and succinctly presented. It should prove a popular and valuable little book.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Precocious Set

Sets and sets—the gay set, the married set, the middle-aged set, the bridge set, and most fearful and wonderful of all, the nearly out young set. At a ball at the Fairmont some time ago the prettiest girl kept her youthful looking mother dancing attendance in the dressing-room, while Young Thing flattened down a wave of her shiny hair on just the spot where she wanted it. "Darling," said ma, "we must go now. Your father has been waiting for us now just three-quarters of an hour." "Oh, never mind, mamma, dear," said Young Thing. "Don't get nervous, papa is enjoying himself standing around looking at things in the hotel." All the married persons present smiled indulgently. They could see a picture of father prancing madly up and down outside waiting for his women folk to emerge for the festivities, which doubtless he had been dragged out to attend. A callow Fruitvale youth hearing his family discussing the Jack Spreckels separation, and doubtless wishing to join in the conversation said, after the others had praised Mrs. Spreckels' beauty and vivacity, "Oh, it is too bad! Married ten years and now that they are growing old to have this terrible trouble." My word! Those Spreckels youngsters! But the hardest blow was landed to Mrs. Will Taylor recently. Looking the acme of young matronly smartness and ready as she always is for a whirl in the latest dance maze, she dropped in to a coming-out dansant recently. One of the male infants asked for a dance. Smilingly she assented, and as she castle-walked about with him, the big child diplomatically remarked: "I presume, Mrs. Taylor, you find that the dances have changed a lot since you were young." Mrs. Taylor, having everything in the world, including youth, can afford to be good-natured, so she laughed gaily afterward and said, "It was a hard blow!"

The Jack Spreckels'

The pleasantest rumor that has been in circulation recently was to the effect that Jack Spreckels and his beautiful young wife had been reconciled. All who heard it sincerely hoped that it was true, and those who attended the Monday tea dance at the St. Francis were delighted to see the couple together and in the best of spirits. It looks therefore as if the misunderstanding is a thing of the past. That this is the situation may be inferred not only from their presence at the tea dance but also from the gratification privately expressed by certain of their most intimate friends to whom the news of the trouble came as a severe blow and who overlooked no means of bringing them together once more. Beneath a gay exterior Jack Spreckels is known by his friends to cherish a deep-seated affection and admiration for his wife, while his devotion to his children is wholehearted. I know of nothing that has given such general satisfaction as the news that Mrs. Spreckels and he have buried their differences.

Kathleen De Young Engaged

Friends have been expecting the announcement for some time, so the formal declaration of the engagement of Miss Kathleen De Young to Ferdinand Thieriot caused no surprise. It is regarded on all sides as an ideal match. Kathleen is the youngest but one of the De Young girls, and is possessed of that abundant charm which distinguishes her sisters, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin and Miss Phyllis. By no means the least of her charm is derived from her intellectual accomplishments. Ferdinand Thieriot is the nephew of Euugene De Sabla. He is one of the most popular young men in society, and was King of Pageantry at the last Mardi Gras, presiding gracefully with Mrs. Clement Tobin, his cousin. He has taken a good deal of interest in amateur aviation, too. Needless to say, he is being showered with congratulations on his luck in winning one of the sweetest girls in society.

Gathering for the Wedding

The McMullin clans are gathering for the marriage of Eliza McMullin and John Gallois next week, and the guest list will be principally made up of relatives. A few days ago the E. B. Perrins arrived from Arizona and joined Mrs. John McMullin, grandmother of the bride, at the St. Francis. Mrs. Perrin was Leila McMullin before her marriage to Dr. Perrin, whose daughter, Adele, was a great belle a dozen years ago, and as old as her charming step-mother when the latter was married. The Perrins have been living at Williams, Arizona, for several years. Lieutenant and Mrs. Earl Shipp will be here from Coronado. Mrs. Shipp is a cousin of the bride, her mother having also been a McMullin. Mrs. Hays, the bride's aunt, is here from the South. The groom's sister, Mrs. Horace Hill, who is in New York, and the bride's brother, John McMullin, who is studying at the Beaux Arts in Paris, will be the only missing member of the two families. However, both will be greeted on the honeymoon which is to be spent abroad.

A Lily Dinner

Five hundred dozen lilies of the valley adorned the table at the dinner Raphael Weill gave in honor of Miss McMullin. It was the prettiest affair ever given in the famous Red Room of the Bohemian Club. The field of delicate white lilies and the pretty youthful faces of the girls gathered about it made a charming picture. The lilies were not potted flowers, but were cut and set in squares of moss with fine grass. After the dinner they were gathered up and presented to the guests. There were no other decorations, and certainly no others were needed. The presentation to the guests of honor of Arthur Putnam's "Twilight" recently purchased by Mr. Weill was an interesting ceremony of the evening. It had been Mr. Weill's intention to add the bronze to the collection of his nephew, David Weill of Paris. But when the McMullin-Gallois betrothal was announced he made it his engagement present to the young people, whose parents and grandparents had been his friends for many years.

The Rug of Mirza

Mirza Ali Khan, Charge d'Affaires at the Persian legation in Washington, selected one of the wonderful rugs that cover the floors of the new A. B. Spreckels mansion. It is probably the most beautiful and costly rug in America. Certainly nothing like it has been seen in California. It is spread over one whole end of the big drawing room where the soft rich coloring is brought out by the ivory tints of walls and woodwork. The rug is so fine and exquisitely wrought with scenes of Persian life that it suggests a gobelin tapestry, and it seems a desecration to step on it. Mirza

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Ali Khan imported it from Persia where, at his order, experts selected it as the most beautiful to be found. The distinguished Persian diplomat was at the Spreckels house-warming. He has a son at school in Santa Barbara and the small boy has been spending Christmas vacation with his father. Madame Mirza Ali Kahn is an American woman of high culture.

Honoring the Burkes

Letters from the Emerald Isle tell of the many distinguished honors which have been showered upon Richard Burke and the bride he took shortly after returning to Ireland from his recent visit in San Francisco. The season's opening meet of the famous Tipperary Hounds was signalized by the ovation given to the bride and groom. As Master of the Hounds Richard Burke arrived at the tryst in the square of Fethard, mounted on a superb hunter while Mrs. Burke drove up in a pony trap. Their friends greeted them with cheers while the school children came out in a body to bid them welcome. There was another reception when they visited Cashel, with speeches from the most distinguished huntsmen. Other communities presented the happy couple with illuminated addresses and pieces of old Irish silver. One of the speakers declared that Mr. Burke led not only in the hunt but also in the affections of the people, and there is ample evidence that this is so.

The Cotillion Revived

At the Oyster dance the other night the cotillion was introduced and the younger set quite enjoyed it. It is possible to dance the german to the one-step, so it is not altogether going back to the past. There were favors and several of the old-fashioned figures that seemed quaint in this age of the tango and the castle walk. But as a popular dance the cotillion is nearly as dead as the minuet. The attempt to revive it two years ago was not a success. The Cunningham girls gave a cotillion but the favors were the principal attraction, and it was given up by one of the dancing clubs that tried to revive it. Elizabeth Oyster made her debut at the dansant, and two other dancing parties have been given for her, so very likely she wanted a novelty at the last affair which, by the way, was one of the jolliest evening dances of the winter, with plenty of the new steps, as well as the german.

A Young Folk Dansant

On Friday of last week Miss Edith Sneyd Kinnersly was hostess at a dansant at the Broadway home of her aunt, Mrs. William Hood. Mrs. W. J. Drennan and Miss Florence Bandmann assisted in receiving. Some of the guests were the Misses Ruth Welsh, Marie Hathaway, Margaret Stoney, Marie Louise Winslow, Blanche Murray, Evelyn Waller, Ruth Perkins, Lucille Johns and the Messrs. Albert Montgelas, Edward Harrison, Bowie Detrick, George Flint, Reuben Flint, Edward Bullard, Lester Kilgariff and Van Dyck Johns.

Christmas at the Cecil

Christmas at the Hotel Cecil was celebrated in the good, old-fashioned way, with eggnog in the morning, and in the evening a monster tree all a-sparkle with tinsel and iridescent lights. A row of stockings adorned the great open fireplace and the emptying of their contents amused the kiddies and the grown-ups alike. Following the distribution of the gifts there was a dance in the banquet hall, where all the new steps were put into practice. Recent arrivals at the Cecil include George L. Birkmaier and Miss Ethel Birkmaier of New York, M. T. Conklin of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chester, Mrs. Samuel Colt and Miss Eleanor C. Colt of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Emma E. Halsey, Mrs. B. G. Curtis, Mrs. E. Leffingwell, Mrs. E. N. Thompson, Mrs. O. V. Walker, Mrs. N. H. Morrow, F. G. Holden, T. V. Halsey and W. G. Davis.

Del Monte Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels arrived last Saturday night with their two daughters and son. They will remain over New Year's, a number of their friends coming down on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have been warmly welcomed by their many friends at Del Monte and it is hoped they will remain for an indefinite period. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Patton of Victoria, who have been there a month or more, will no doubt stay until the rainy weather in the North is over. Mr. Patton is an excellent golfer and spends the greater part of each day on the links. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Limman are making a long visit. They are charmed with the many beauties of the peninsula and with the splendid golf course. Mr. and Mrs. Limman are from Lima, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ellis of Haverhill, Mass., spent several days playing golf. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Strout of Seattle and Mr. Charles Strout of Philadelphia were guests over Xmas. Mr. Frederick S. Myrtle, Mrs. G. J. Bucknell and Mrs. Wm. Jardine of San Francisco were registered.

The Secret of Her Success

Apropos our recent remarks on dancing and dancing teachers in which it was said of Anita Peters that she possessed the rare gift of visualizing one's appearance on the dancing floor and the ability to correct awkward and glaring defects of appearance in her pupils, we learn that she has originated most of the classical dances that have been performed at many society functions during the past several years. This in a measure accounts for her popularity as a teacher of the modern ballroom dances, the tangos, hesitations, and one steps. The faculty of being able to see and correct dancing faults is naturally found in one who has so successfully created and presented classical dances.

Dancing Masters Here in 1915

Prof. Hinman, who is vice-president of the American National Association Masters of Dancing, states that the annual meeting is to be held in San Francisco in June, 1915. This is the oldest and largest association of dancing teachers in America. The membership consists of 175 representative teachers of every city in America as well as several eminent European teachers. This association was formed over thirty years ago in Boston. Prof. E. W. Masters of Boston was the first president, and Prof. James Bangert of Baltimore the first secretary, was succeeded by the late Robert Thuma of Pittsburgh, who wrote the book called "The Grace of Man." The last meeting was held at the Brunswick Hotel, Asbury Park, New York. The 1914 meeting will be held at the Statler Hotel in Cleveland in June.

A Banquet at Techau's

A most elaborate banquet was given at Techau Tavern last Saturday night by Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson to their employes, at which one hundred and one guests were present. Mr. Harry Holbrook, treasurer of the company, turned the meeting over to the management of the traveling salesmen of the company who officiated as speechmakers, toastmaster, etc. The banquet was an unqualified success and reflected great credit upon the management of the Tavern, whose high standard was maintained. On the same day the ladies who were present at the Tavern in the afternoon were presented with souvenir bottles of Parfum Mary Garden, in accordance with the custom long established at the Tavern of distributing desirable souvenirs every Saturday afternoon.

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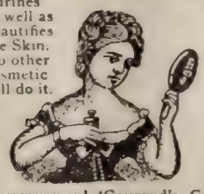

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"Little Women" Dramatized

By Edward F. O'Day

Before attending the performance of "Little Women" by the capable company at the Cort, I had the privilege of consulting Bulletin No. 12 of the San Francisco Centre of the Drama League of America. I had never received one of these bulletins before, which is not remarkable since my name is not enrolled in the Drama League. It goes without saying that I scanned Bulletin No. 12 with considerable curiosity. The Drama League was formed, I believe, to elevate a stage which refuses to elevate itself. The Drama League, if I am not mistaken, places its hall mark only on plays of artistic worth; or perhaps it would be better to say, only on plays which the moving spirits of the Drama League credit with artistic worth. The Drama League is setting its face against plays which sin against art. Having this conception of the work which the Drama League has appointed itself to do, I opened Bulletin No. 12 with interest. I found that two plays were therein recommended: "Widow by Proxy" and "Little Women." Ah! said I to myself, this is where I get a line on the Drama League! So I read carefully what Bulletin No. 12 had to say about "Little Women." It was there set down, among other things, that "the charm of the play is the charm of the book. The merit of the play is its fidelity to the book." Also that it is "a faithful dramatization of the story." It happens that I never read "Little Women." Everybody is supposed to have read it, I believe; but how often it happens that we neglect the books we are supposed to read! One who toiled through "Sanford and Merton" may be pardoned for having looked with distrust upon many other books recommended to children. If Emerson was right in saying that Bronson Alcott's greatest contribution to literature was Louisa Alcott, I have probably missed a great deal in skipping "Little Women." But I know not "Little Women," and so the words of Bulletin No. 12 of the San Francisco Centre of the Drama League of America gave me pause. If the merit of this play consists in its fidelity to the book, I asked myself, how am I who never read the book to derive my share of enjoyment from the play? That the play is "a faithful dramatization of the story" means nothing to me who have no familiarity with the story. Should not a play tell its own story to the man in the stalls? Can a play be a good play, a play of artistic worth, if the spectator must

MRS. FREDERICK ALLEN
Appearing this week at the Orpheum

supply certain missing links in its development by recollecting the story as developed in a book? Shakespeare was a great dramatizer of popular stories. Sometimes he got his central idea for a play from a story; at other times he lifted the story bodily. Thus he took a story from the Decameron to make "All's Well That Ends Well" and Coleridge tells us that he did not seek to improve on the story because the story was perfect. Yet anybody may enjoy "All's Well That Ends Well" without having read the story in Boccaccio. The merit of that play is not its fidelity to the Decameron story. Shakespeare took a great story and made it into a great play, a play of the highest artistic worth. When I went to see "Little Women" I found that I lacked the key which would unlock its charm. The merit which consists in fidelity to its original was no merit to me. I was an outsider. I sat through four acts of sweet and simple episodes very loosely strung together. There was no development of character, no building of scene on scene to make a dramatic climax; in a word, there was no drama as the student of the art understands that word. There was a spectacle which pleased those who were meeting old friends, the same sort of spectacle I saw two or three weeks ago when I went to see the moving pictures of "David Copperfield." I enjoyed seeing David and Betsy Trotwood and Micawber on the films because they were dearly loved characters. Many of those who went to the Cort enjoyed seeing Meg and Jo and Beth and Amy on the stage for the same reason. But to call "Little Women" a play is out of the question. And so I am surprised that the Drama League should recommend it to its members. If the function of the Drama League is to help dramatic art by encouraging theatregoers to patronize plays of artistic worth, how does it happen that "Little Women" receives its O. K.? Are we to conclude that the lights of the Drama League don't know the difference between mere entertainment and good drama? Or have I exaggerated the importance of their function? May it be that they do not profess to limit their approval to works of dramatic art? Are they in the field to tell timorous folk that such and such a play is innocuous? that it will not bring the blush to the cheek of innocence? Bless their hearts, if that is the purpose of the leaguers they are taking great pains to accomplish what every newspaper does more effectively and for a greater number of people. If the Drama League goes in for plays like "Little Women," its name should be changed. Why not call it the League for the Approval of Innocuous Theatrical Entertainment?

Some Reflections at the Alcazar

By Theodore Bonnet

No longer, we are told by the person who looks backward with an admiring regret, no longer is there such craftsmanship on the stage as was seen in the generations long gone when every theatre was an academy of acting, a training school of the histrionic art. A familiar lament of the hour is that parts are fitted to actors and that actors are chosen less for their skill in portrayal than for their physical adaptability to characters whom they may resemble. The art of the theatre is becoming a lost art, the croakers say, in proof whereof they cite the case of more than one actress endowed with many graces of person but no talent who winged her way in a single flight, in the first blush of her scenic career, to the central blue of the theatrical firmament. So it's O! for those bygone days of the stock company that was at home in either fantasy or farce, whose members might frolic tonight through a comedy of manners and the next night thrill an audience in the solemnest of Shakespearean tragedies. It was then that actors took a firm hold on their craft in its elements. The men and women of that bygone period learned how to lend every corporeal agency to the dramatist's purpose. Their slightest gesture carried you a long way in divination of the emotion that prompted it. They developed in all lines of character a finished technical cunning. The face was a plastic medium in which the slightest twitch of a muscle made everything radiantly clear. The principle that then obtained was the utter eradication of the actor's personal identity, and it was the highest praise to say that a man looked his part because it would be understood that he enriched the role with an infinitude of detail that attested at once the power of his imagination and the force of his art. But do we now utterly neglect the traditions of the stage and the principles of acting? Are there no training schools for mummers and mimes? These questions I resolved the other night at the Alcazar where I found Evelyn Vaughan, Bert Lytell and the other folks lately through with a Bernard Shaw drama eating their way right into the heart of a George Cohan musical tidbit. Holding down one of the seats some rows in the rear of me was Marie Dressler, enjoying the show as though she were at the first production of "The Man Who Owns Broadway" in his very own theatre. I am told she was emphatically skeptical when informed that it was a dramatic company that was disporting itself in the Cohan musical comedy. And what stranger would not be skeptical on seeing Bert Lytell dancing the tango with Myrtle Dingwall? If Mr. Crane can do it any better I am not sufficiently expert as a critic of the dance to perceive in what particular he excels. Here we have an actor who plays many parts in comedy drama, parts vastly dissimilar from the part of Sidney Lyons in "The Man Who Owns Broadway," and this part he plays in the manner and with all the colloquial quickness required for the Cohan type of sophisticated Broadway gallant. The whole company enters into the spirit of the piece with a zest that makes the performance glow with the radiant heat of life and delight. If Evelyn Vaughan is no comic opera prima donna, if she has not had sufficient vocal training to be able

to blend her registers, at least she has a voice of sweet quality, and I'd much rather hear her sing than listen to the so-called "thrushing" voice of more than one professional vocalist of recent memory. Now it occurred to me at the Alcazar that the lament as to the loss the stage is said to have suffered is not well-founded. The stock company that gives exercises in versatility is not a thing of the past. The country is full of stock companies, and they are graduating capable actors and actresses. If we think they are not as good as the stock companies of old it is because of the proverbial inability to appreciate what is present and the disposition to revere what is past. And then there is always this disadvantage which operates in restraint of appreciation of stock company talent—the disadvantage of familiarity. How often have we failed to recognize the ability of a stock-trained actor until after he left us and returned with a company from New York! Years ago, it was, to be exact, in the early eighties, we had a stock company in Bush street at the old California Theatre. It was not the Old California Stock Company of historic memory, of which John McCullough was a member, but the company that McKee Rankin organized and that perished of inanition. In this company were such men as Frank Mordaunt, Joseph Holland, Dan Harkins, Frederick De Belleville, George Osbourne and C. B. Bishop, and among the women were Mrs. McKee Rankin, Mabel Burt and Alma Stuart Stanley of "Cad the Tomboy" fame. This was a company of stars, all in their prime, but in those days folk looked backward with admiring regret to the period of the Old California Stock Company of the early seventies, which, by the way, is still talked of as though it has never been surpassed in theatrical history.

Gossip of the Theatre

Otis Skinner in "Kismet"

The Columbia will be dark next week, the musical production, "A Broadway Honeymoon," which was to have appeared, having closed its tour in Chicago. On Monday, January 12, the first presentation in the West of the great attraction, Otis Skinner in "Kismet," will take place at the Columbia. Klaw and Erlanger and Harrison Grey Fiske's production of "Kismet" brings forward Otis Skinner in a role requiring every style and quality of acting of which Mr. Skinner is master. Hajj, the beggar of Bagdad, runs the entire gamut of emotion in the course of the play, and the role could not possibly be played by an actor of less than the widest experience. Mr. Skinner has made it his masterpiece. Mail orders for the engagement will not be accepted unless accompanied by the necessary funds and self-addressed, stamped envelope. This precaution is made necessary by the hundreds of requests for seats and those who follow out the above will be given every attention in the matter of choice of seats. The advance sale of seats opens Tuesday, January 6.

"The Country Boy" at Alcazar

Next week Evelyn Vaughan, Bert Lytell and the clever Alcazar company will desert musical comedy to re-enter the field of straight drama. Their medium will be Edgar Selwyn's unusual comedy drama of country and New York life, "The Country Boy." It will be presented here for the first time at popular prices. Selwyn wrote it two years ago and it ran in New York for one solid year. Last season four companies presented it on the road, and now the Alcazar gets it hot off the griddle. "The Country Boy" is described as a play of real characters every one of which is a type. Pathos and humor mingle and each act is filled with surprises. Its appeal is a wide one. This fact, together with the high character of the production, makes it an attraction out of the ordinary. Adele Belgarde, Burt Wesner, J. Frank Burke, Kernan Cripps, Edmond F. Lowe, Jerome Storm, David W. Butler, Frank Wyman, S. A. Burton, Louise Brownell, Frances Carson and the other members of the company will all have congenial roles, and Stage Director Butler promises a production that will excel anything he has attempted in the past.

Great Illusionist at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces another splendid and novel bill with six new acts. A sensational and perplexing feature will be Horace Goldin, the Royal Illusionist who will present in three series the most stupendous exposition of magic ever witnessed on any stage. In the first, a review of conjuring from the fifteenth to the twentieth century, Goldin impersonates the famous conjurors Beautier de Koeta, Herr Blitzenstein, Robert Houdin, Fool-You-Too and Herman. In the second part he introduces his original twentieth-century marvels "The Human Projectile," "Living Shadows," "Magical Duckling Creation" and "The Musical Flight." For a finale he gives his latest and greatest creation, a pantomimic production "The Tiger God." Maude Muller, the American eccentric comedienne and the possessor of a splendid voice, and E. Stanley, a comedian of versatility who styles himself "The Pride of Piccadilly," will amuse with song and story. Those sterling actors Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Allen will appear in an amusing sketch "She Had to Tell Him." The Boudini Brothers are accordeon virtuosi. Joe Shriner and Doll Richards in "Bits of Nonsense" will sing, chat and dance. Hector, the calculating poodle, enjoys prominence with Tryon's Dogs. Next week will be the last of The Five Sullys, and Lillian Herlein in her singing novelty.

OTIS SKINNER
As "Hajj" the Beggar in "Kismet," coming to the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, January 12.

Bachaus, the Greeat Pianist

This Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium Manager Greenbaum will introduce to us Wilhelm Bachaus, a young piano virtuoso who has won the very highest encomiums from the critics of Europe and the East, and who is unquestionably the foremost of the younger artists. The program will include masterpieces by Brahms, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Chopin and others. The only evening concert is announced for next Thursday night, January 8, when Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, Schumann's "Papillons," the Paganini-Liszt "Campanella" and works by Mendelssohn and Chopin are on the list. For the farewell concert on Saturday afternoon, January 10, a particularly fine program has been arranged, the special features of which will be the rarely played "Wanderer Fantasie" by Schubert, a group of seven Chopin gems and works by Gluck-Saint-Saens, Rachmaninoff and Liszt.

"Little Women" Another Week

"Little Women," owing to its great success, will remain for a second week at the Cort. Extra matinees will be given Tuesday and Thursday, in addition to the regular ones of Wednesday and Saturday. Gaby Deslys returns to the Cort for a special engagement of one day on Sunday. A matinee and evening performance of "The Little Parisienne" will be given. This engagement is made possible through the fact that "Little Women" does not give Sunday performances.

"Antony and Cleopatra" at Savoy

Lovers of history, students of literature, photo-drama enthusiasts and all to whom art and beauty appeal will take peculiar interest in the announcement that George Kleine's latest triumph, the Cines photo-drama of "Antony and Cleopatra" will receive its first production anywhere at the Savoy next week. The Cines are the master producers of the world and state that in "Antony and Cleopatra" they have even eclipsed their achievements with "Quo Vadis." The scenes showing the Palace of Cleopatra, the landing of the Roman army in Egypt by moonlight and the triumphant return of Octavius to Rome are said to be marvels of beauty and realism hitherto unequaled in film productions. "Antony and Cleopatra" will be given twice daily, at half-past two in the afternoon and eight-thirty at night. The last performances of "Mutt and Jeff in Panama" will take place tomorrow afternoon and evening.

Bickel and Watson at Gaiety

The appearance tonight and hereafter in the Gaiety production, "The Girl at the Gate," of Bickel and Watson as chief fun-makers is being

looked forward to with the greatest enthusiasm among local playgoers. The announcement that these two comedians, generally known as the funniest duo in two hemispheres, had been secured by the Gaiety was received with joyous approval, and the enterprise of the management in inducing them to forego a thirty-two weeks' contract elsewhere shows that the enterprising policy of the O'Farrell street house is being maintained.

A Samson at Pantages

"Texas," a big husky college athlete with the strength of a Samson, will top the new bill at Pantages. The big fellow's specialty consists of smashing to kindling hardwood kitchen chairs, twisting gaspipes with his teeth and showing his prodigous strength in twenty different ways. For a finale "Texas" dangles eighteen persons from a platform suspended from his neck. Bothwell Browne's newest dance production called "The 1913 Tango Revue" will be the added feature. Browne still carries his score of dancing beauties which are always a feature of his spectacular specialties. The Six Musical Spillers in a rollicking song and dance act; Cole, Russell and Davis in a comedy offering called "Waiters Wanted"; the La Belles in comedy juggling; Seymour and Robinson in a riot of acrobatic fun entitled "The Minx and the Mixer"; and Al. Weston and Irene Young in a "Modern Flirtation" will round out the bill. The movies of current events taken expressly for Pantages will be a feature.

Trained Chimpanzee at Empress

Sullivan and Connsidine are sending a show to the Empress made up of seven great features. "A Night in a Police Station" and Prince Floro, a chimpanzee of remarkable intelligence, top the bill. "A Night in a Police Station" contains comedy, singing and dancing and introduces a bunch of pretty girls. Jerry O'Donnell is the comedian. "Prince Floro" is the largest chimpanzee in captivity. He smokes, plays pool, dances, rides bicycles and does various other stunts. A dainty and sprightly girl is Mary Dorr who does character impersonations. Arthur Geary, the Tasmanian tenor, will render ballads. The Morandinni Troupe of Australian gymnasts will perform hazardous feats. Exponents of darktown drollery are Sam Wilson and Rob Rich. Two other features and motion pictures add to the merit of the program.

The Next Symphony

After an interval of three weeks the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will next Monday commence active rehearsals for the concert at the Cort, Friday afternoon, January 9. Besides the beautiful symphony of Caesar Franck, repeated on account of the number of requests from delighted patrons of the first concert and the Rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay" of Henry Hadley, one of the most successful of his many compositions, the program gives young Kathleen Parlow her first opportunity as soloist with the orchestra.

Kathleen Parlow

Our own Kathleen Parlow will make her first appearance on the Pacific Coast since she left here a mere child Sunday afternoon, January 11, at the new and beautiful Native Sons Hall, conveniently located in Mason street near Geary, almost diagonally opposite the Columbia Theatre. Kathleen Parlow is the greatest of the women violinists and has appeared with the greatest symphony orchestras in the world. Three years ago she played ten times with the Boston Symphony Orchestra alone. At her first concert Miss Farlow, assisted by the eminent English accompanist, Charlton Kelthe, will play the "Concerto" by Tschaikowsky, the "Sonata" in E major by Handel and works by Goldmark, Mozart, Tartini-Kreisler, Chopin, Brahms-Joachim and Wieniawski.

Paderewski

Mail orders are now being accepted for the concert to be given at Dreamland Rink on Sunday afternoon, January 18, by Paderewski. This master is creating greater sensations than ever before and it has been an impossibility to find halls and auditoriums of sufficient capacity to accomodate the thousands who want to hear him. The Paderewski programs are always perfection and this one will be no exception. Manager Greenbaum desires to announce that this will be positively the only concert by Paderewski here this season and that the only other opportunity of hearing him will be at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland on Tuesday afternoon, January 20.

Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford

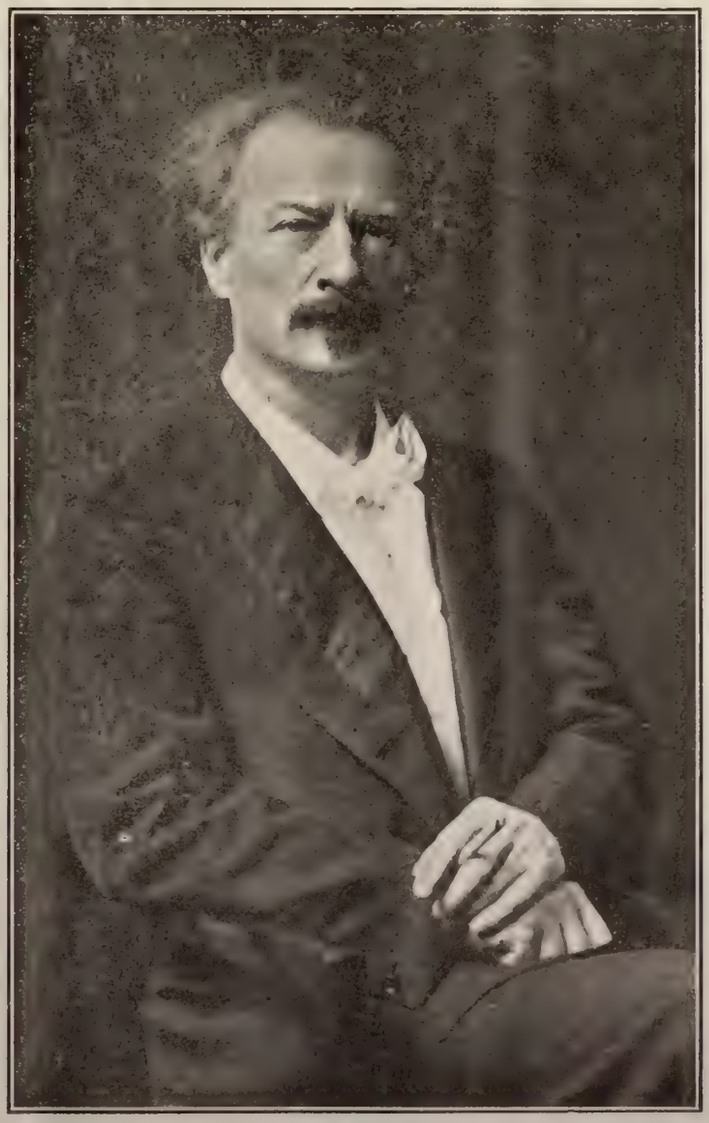
The next of the world famous vocal stars to appear here will be Clara Butt, the famous contralto, and Kennerley Rumford, the eminent baritone, who are now on the ocean en route from Australia and New Zealand, where they have had a record-breaking tour.

Pavlowa Coming

With a big company, including the pick of the dancers trained at the Marienski Institute, the national school of the Russian Empire, her own magnificent symphony orchestra of forty, several thousand gorgeous costumes and beautiful sets of scenerry designed and painted by the great artists, Leon Bakst, Boris Anisfeld and others, the incomparable Anna Pavlowa will again visit this city under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum and with her assisting star, M. Novikoff of the Imperial Opera House at Moscow, give a series of performances at the Valencia Theatre, the like of which have never before been witnessed in this country. With the stage mechanics, electricians, etc., there will be one hundred and ten people connected with the performances. The season will open Monday night, January 19, and last one week with matinees on Saturday and Sunday, January 24 and 25.

Miss Olmsted at Music Matinee

The program for this Saturday's matinee of music at Kohler and Chase Hall will be one of the most artistic ever given. The soloist will be Miss Anita Olmsted, soprano. This brilliant young vocalist is not a stranger to the concert goers of this city, for she has appeared with great success at several recitals of her own as well as before the prominent musical clubs. Miss Olmsted will sing songs by Thomas, Speaks, Cadman and D'Hardelot. The instrumental section of the program has also been chosen with much care, and the compositions represented on it will be interpreted on the Knabe Player Piano and on the Pipe Organ.



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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Wall Streets can come in out of the wet faster than any one else. The bears took shelter last week when they found the big operators buying and all the great national banks in New York ready to enter the system to be established by the new currency bill. It was a fine bull market that broadened as prices rose and swept everything before it. However, there was some heavy profit-taking toward the close of the week that gave the market a fair setback. Union Pacific was again the market leader though some other securities scored larger gains. Its annual report required time for digestion, but it stood close examination well and commission houses did more buying for the public than they have for some time, though the volume was not large. Stocks like New York Central, New Haven and American Telephone, which have been under pressure, went up with the rest. The strength in Steel was a surprise considering the pessimistic statements that have been given out by some of the officers of the independent companies. The strength of St. Paul and other Northwestern roads was more logical. The optimism of J. J. Hill made itself felt at last. A real boom in the market will not come until the public takes more interest. Sudden advances in price are usually checked quickly under conditions such as now exist because the public always wants to see whether the market can hold its gain. The bond market showed decided improvement and if this continues it will make a foundation for a substantial rise in stocks. From a technical standpoint the market has been acting well. It does not go back to its previous low points when it it receives a setback and we believe that the worst has been seen and advise the purchase of good stocks on any reaction.

Wheat—With a market within such narrow limits it is not to be expected there would be any great activity or speculative interest. The recent tendency to look for higher prices resulted in some enhancement in values early in the week, but as the buying was limited and the demand supplied by tired longs, a fair setback has occurred. From day to day come further indications of early action by the Canadian Government which will admit of marketing Canadian wheat in this country. This probably means that if the expectation is realized American mills will grind Canadian wheat, and if Europe wants wheat, our domestic wheat will be the wheat for export. While quite a good deal of the effect of such a change of conditions has probably already been discounted, it is possible that recent buyers may become discouraged when they realize that on an even basis Canadian wheat will be the premium wheat, while our domestic article will go to a discount.

Corn—The corn market could not stand up under the enormous run of corn to the Chicago market and prices for the futures lost about two cents while the cash article was in very poor demand and much lower. With practically no outlet in a shipping way supplies of corn which usually go forward for export at this season of the year are accumulating in quantity, and the deliveries on December contracts will be limited only by the ability of dryers to make corn of contract grade. A continued run of corn is anticipated, as much of the corn originally marketed in the Northwest, not being in demand for shipment, is being forwarded to Chicago. We believe that corn will have to go to a price where someone who wants to use it will be willing to buy it. Discounts under corn for future delivery are, meanwhile, widening from day to day.

Cotton—Liquidation of long contracts and hedging of spot cotton seems to have about run its course and after all futures sold slightly below the 12-cent level, the market has shown a fair reaction of about two dollars a bale. The advance was brought about by the scarcity of offerings and shorts being disposed to reduce the market showed a better tone and was of an encouraging nature, while conflicting advices from Liverpool were, on the whole, of a more favorable character. One cable stated that the market looks upon 6½ pence as the bottom. Southern spot markets ruled steadier, larger sales were noted, and advices from the interior were to the effect that holders are firm, that there is a surprisingly good demand and that money is easier. Receipts at the ports last week were large when compared with the arrivals last year and it is probable, owing to the large amount ginned up to December 13, that they will continue large for some time. As an offset to this feature, however, exports to Europe promise to be comparatively large in the near future, as the amount of cotton on shipboard awaiting to be shipped is again as much as last year. Shorts are of the opinion that the next census report on ginnings to January 1 will show as much if not more cotton ginned from December 13 to January 1 as was ginned during the corresponding period of last year, which was 468,000 bales. Moreover, they refer to the fact that the smallest quantity of cotton ginned, exclusive of linters, from December 13 to the close of the season since 1905 was 715,000 bales and that any excess of consequence over this total would prove that the crop had been underestimated. In the meantime the spot markets are holding steady and we believe the market for the time being will be a scalping affair, but consider cotton at 12 cents a good investment.

Perseverance will win in the long run, and will often win a lot of things that weren't worth the effort.

Notes from Coronado

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Young of San Francisco are at the Hotel del Coronado for quite a stay. Arthur H. Brander, who, for some time, has been in Los Angeles, returned to Coronado for the holiday season. Lieut. B. D. Foulois, U. S. A., and Mrs. Foulois are an addition to the young married set, Lieut. Foulois having been detailed to the School of Aviation at North Island. A delightful dinner was given to the officers of the U. S. S. "California" on Christmas night by the hotel management, the guests including Lieutenants Loftquist, Johnson, Bryan, Thompson, White, Skelton, Barbey and Parr, and the Misses Josephine and Natalie Campbell, Grace Gearin, Frances Bridges, Winifred Robinson, Doris Skinner White and Marjorie Dilworth. Later the party attended the Christmas ball. A charming entertainment by the hotel management was given to 510 children of Coronado on the afternoon of the 24th. Carols were sung and dances given by the children of the Montessori school. Each child was given a box of candy from the beautiful tree which stood in the center of the spacious ballroom. Before departing the little ones were served with ice cream and cake, making the afternoon a perfect one.

Mr. Property Owner

Have you not always some slight repair—stopped basin, broken window cord, or electric light won't work? We will assume all your repair expenses and bother for a small monthly rate. Our representative will call at your request.

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Assets	$55,644,983.27
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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

never perpetrated a fake. That is to say, hardly ever. There were one or two times in my cub days when I practiced harmless deceit. About '97 when Charley Shortridge had the Call, that paper went crazy on the subject of air ships and people who wanted to break into print began seeing airships everywhere. On behalf of the Chutes I 'planted' an airship out on the Corbett Road, and reporters not only from the Call but the other papers as well easily found plenty of people who had seen it descend from the sky—'drop from dizzy heights' was the favorite expression. So we moved it to the Chutes, and 'packed 'em in.'

"I may as well confess still another deceit of those sad, bad old days of mine. It was at the Alcazar before the days of 'The First Born' when John T. Sullivan was playing 'At Fort Bliss.' Business was bad, so to stimulate interest we got Sullivan to stab himself with a hatpin and pretend that he had been wounded by a too realistic opponent in the thrilling sabre duel at the end of the second act. Sullivan had the bad judgment to run the pin through a muscle in his arm, and he was bleeding like a stuck pig when Doctor Rottanzi was summoned from the audience to his dressing room. It made a good story for the papers, but Sullivan got a raging fever and had to stay in bed for three days. So we were properly punished for that deceit.

"Sometimes it is more important for a press agent to keep news out of the papers than to get it in. Disagreeable incidents take place behind the scenes as well as elsewhere, and it would be bad for the theatre if they were published. Here is a task for all that a press agent has of tact and delicacy.

"Of course it is not the press agent's function to influence the dramatic critic, although some traveling managers have that idea. When 'The Ringmaster' was playing at the Valencia the Shubert representative wanted to know if he could make sure of good reviews by ordering a hundred papers from each newspaper office! And when Carroll Johnson, playing at the Orpheum, was interviewed by Ashton Stevens, he wanted me to save him from any unpleasant references by ordering in advance one hundred copies of the Sunday Examiner! He specified though that I must get them at newsboy rates!

"Some actors blame the press agent if the dramatic criticisms are unfavorable. And I've heard actors make enough threats of murder to fill a cemetery with dramatic critics. If threats could slay, Ashton Stevens would be a muchly slaughtered critic.

"Perhaps more than any other man around the theatre the press agent sees the vanity of the player. Actors and actresses otherwise invulnerable have a positive weakness for publicity. But this is not confined to professional people. I have been press agent for many society benefits and I'm used to having haughty women say: 'Here is my picture if you must have it, but don't run it in the same issue with that impossible Mrs. Soandso.' The picture is usually ten years old, taken at the height of the subject's beauty.

"There is a fascination about the press agent's work," concluded Phil; "the fascination of constant change. In that it resembles newspaper work."

That shows how modest Phil is. Just imagine the modesty which compares a glorious being like a press agent with a poor worm of the press!

Some people seem to think they can't be bright without casting reflections.

MLLE. ANNA PAVLOWA
The greatest dancer in the world who comes to Valencia Theatre for week beginning January 19

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. PIERCE, Deceased—No. 13750 New Series. Dept. 10.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Martin J. Seid, executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of F. M. McAULIFFE, Esq., Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, Northeast corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

MARTIN J. SEID,
Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, January 3, 1914.
F. M. McAULIFFE,
Attorney for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near 4th. For the half year ending December 31, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1914.

H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier. 2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (Savings Department) 1068 Sutter St. For the half year ending December 31, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1914.

A. LEGALLET, President. 2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank,) 526 California street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission street, near 22nd; Richmond District Branch, cor. Clement street and 7th avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1914.

GEORGE TOURNY, Manager. 2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, southeast corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1913, a diivdend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1914. Dividends not called for will be added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest from January 1, 1914. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1914, will earn interest from January 1, 1914.

A. SBARBORO, President. 2

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME—No. 1577

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, that the undersigned, Henry MacVine, residing at 136 Palm avenue, San Francisco, California, is doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of "CHICAGO CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY."

Dated, December 9, 1913.

HENRY MACVINE.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 9th day of December, 1913, before me, J. J. Kerrigan, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared HENRY MACVINE, known to me to be the person described in and who subscribed the foregoing instrument, and duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 9, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By H. I. Porter, Deputy Clerk.
S. W. MOLKENBUHR, Attorney,
828 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-13-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF CORNELIUS RILEY, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,163; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PETER T. RILEY, JAMES RILEY, MARGARET RILEY, ELLEN RILEY LARKINS, JOHN O. RILEY, ELLEN CROSSEN, MARY BRENNAN, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to-wit, the estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 26th day of September, 1912, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State consisting wholly of real property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of personal property solely,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to-wit, on the 1st day of October, 1912, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. HYNES, ESQ., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made on the 15th day of October, 1912, appointed administrator of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased; that thereafter, to-wit, on the said 15th day of October, 1912, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force,

virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, Cornelius Riley, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased,

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to your petitioners.

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 6th day of November, 1913, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

NOW THEREFORE you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the court room thereof, in room 519, of the Temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every, all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid,

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable FRANK H. DUNNE, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of November, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON,
Deputy Clerk.

FELIX H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan,
Russ Building, 235 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 52,053; Dept. No. 10.

LAURA GARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-1-10

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO DETERMINE HEIRSHIP

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,449; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

CITATION

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To ALICE M. COWELL and ALEXANDER F. MORRISON, executors of the last will and testament of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, ALICE M. COWELL, THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, a corporation, FRANK TRALAGO, JOHN MINKEL, LAWRENCE MANEY, JAMES RIORDAN, FRITZ PALM, THOMAS BYRNE, F. A. LANCE, J. VALENTE, FRANK CALDERA, MARTIN RODEREIGUEZ, PAOLA MARAKI, JOE BENATE, BERNARDO RICCO, RUDOLPH LABISH, MANUEL S. CALDERA, JOE JUAREZ, PETER MARTELLI, and LILLIAN A. HOWARD, F. A. PALMER, HENRY WILLEY, C. S. PRICE, J. W. LINSCOTT and G. A. BOND, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and any and all other persons interested, or claiming any interest, in the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, whether known or unknown and whether named herein or not.

GREETING:

BY ORDER OF THIS COURT, You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Judge of this Court, at the court room of Department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 2nd day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why this Court should not ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, and all interests therein and to whom distribution should be made, and then and there to appear and exhibit to the above entitled Court your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate.

The name of said deceased was Ernest V. Cowell;

The names of the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased are Alexander F. Morrison and Alice M. Cowell;

The names of all persons who have appeared in the course of the administration of said estate up to the time of making the order for the issuance of this citation, claiming any interest in said estate are as follows: Alice M. Cowell, The Regents of the University of California, a corporation, Frank Tralago, John Minkel, Lawrence Maney, James Riordan, Fritz Palm, Thomas Byrne, F. A. Lance, J. Valente, Frank Caldera, Martin Rodereiguez, Paola Maraki, Joe Benate, Bernardo Ricco, Rudolph Labish, Manuel, S. Caldera, Joe Juarez, Peter Martelli, and Lillian A. Howard, F. A. Palmer, Henry Willey, C. S. Price, J. W. Linscott, and G. A. Bond, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell;

And the real estate of which said decedent died seized or possessed, so far as known, is described as follows:

REAL ESTATE

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

1. A parcel of land in the City of Oakland, commencing at a point on the westerly line of Linden Street, distant thereon 222 feet and 3 inches southerly from the southerly line of 21st Street; thence southerly along the said line of Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence westerly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet; thence northerly parallel with Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence easterly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 16, Block "B", Survey of the Northern Extension of Oakland.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Haywards, known as Lot. No. 13 of the "Lawrence Tract, Haywards, Alameda County, State of California," said lot being 50 feet by 100 feet.

IN THE COUNTY OF MARIN

Beginning at a stake driven in the southerly line of First Street in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, at a point 503 feet and 7 inches westerly from the northeasterly corner ot a lot conveyed by J. O. B. Short and Jacob Short to E. Schwiezen by deed dated March 9th, 1869, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of said County of Marin, in Volume "H" of Deeds, at page 225; thence southerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with the said First Street 150 feet; thence northerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet to the southerly line of the said First Street; and thence easterly along the southerly line of said First Street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 4, of Block No. 3, in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, as surveyed by Hiram Austin, Civil Engineer.

IN THE COUNTY OF MERCED

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19; the south half of the southwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and Lots 3 and 4 of section 28; the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of section 29; the north half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2 and lot 8 of the southeast quarter, all in section 30; the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 31; Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in the northwest quarter of section 32; and Swamp and Overflowed Land Surveys No. 34 in sections 29 and 30, containing 20-69/100 acres; No. 29 in sections 29 and 32, containing 47-26/100 acres, and Nos. 45, 87, 88, 376, and 378, in sections 28, 30 and 32—all in township 5 south, range 13 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of the Gabilan Creek, near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the Official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence north 14° west 13 chains along the boundary of the Rancho Los Vergeles to stake-V-No. 1 on the United States Official Survey of la Natividad Rancho; thence south 35° west 21.40 chains along the boundary of Natividad Rancho to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 56° east 17:50 chains to a stake in the bed of Gabilan Creek, marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 3° 15′ east 14.55 chains up Gabilan Creek to the place of beginning, containing 21.46 acres.

Being lot 1 of the partition of La Natividad Rancho made and entered on April 18th, 1865, on the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson, et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al., and being also a fractional portion of section 26, township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of Gabilan Creek near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence south 3° 15′ west 14.55 chains to a stake marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 56° west 17.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 35° west along the west line of Rancho La Natividad 14 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 56° east 25.06 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;" in the bed of Gabilan Creek; thence south 35° west 32.22 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 70° east, crossing the Gabilan Creek 24.32 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH;"; thence north 88° 45′ east 144.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; V; JH;" in the bed of the Gabilan Creek; thence north 8° 45′ west 8 chains to station No. 14 of the official map of the Rancho La Natividad; thence north 3° west 13 chains to station No. 15 of said map; thence north 36° west 8 chains to station No .16 of said map; thence north 53° 16′ west 17 chains to station No. 17 of said map; thence north 21° 16′ west 11 chains to station No. 18 of said map; thence north 8° 45′ east 8 chains to station No. 19 of said map; thence north 37° west 33 chains to station No. 20 of said map; thence north 18° west 25.50 chains to station No. 21 of said map; thence north 53° 15′ west 28.70 chains to station No. 22 of said map; thence south 57° 15′ west 19.40 chains to station No. 23 of said map; thence south 15° west 3.33 chains to station No. 24 of said map; thence south 65° 15′ west 27.37 chains to station No. 25 of said map; thence south 48° west 16 chains to station No. 26 of said map; thence south 50° 30′ west 20 chains to station No. 27 of said map; thence south 17° west 11 chains to station No. 28 of said map; being the place of beginning—containing 1363.80 acres.

Being Lot No. 2, as the same is delineated and so de signated on the Map of Commissioners to make partition of La Natividad Rancho in partition proceedings which were entered among the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al.; and being also fractional portions of sections 24, 25, 35 and 36 in township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.; and sections 30 and 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the Gabilan Creek where the northern line of the Gabilan Rancho and J. W. Patton's northern line on the Natividad Rancho join; thence running south 88° 45′ west to the southeasterly corner of the farm now or formerly owned by August Johnson; thence along a picket fence which is or was the eastern boundary of said Johnson's farm northerly to the land formerly owned by James Houston and later by Henry Cowell; thence along said Cowell's line north 88° 45′ east to the Gabilan Creek; thence along the middle of said Creek to the place of beginning, containing about 50 acres. Being a part of the Natividad Rancho and known as Lot 18 as per the County Map of the County of Monterey made by St. John Cox and Fehy in 1877, being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. BEGINNING at the most southern corner of the Los Vergeles Rancho in the center of Gabilan Creek, thence along the boundary line between said Rancho and the Rancho Cienega del Gabilan, north 45° east 14.78 chains to a post in the corner of Lot 2 of Natividad Rancho; thence leaving said Rancho boundary north 45° 30′ west 16.50 chains to a cottonwood tree 18 inches in diameter marked "LVI"; thence south 56° west 1.10 chains to the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek, from which a willow tree 10 inches in diameter bears north 56° east 10 links distant; thence meandering up the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek and along the boundary of said Rancho Los Vergeles southerly to the place of beginning, containing 11.10 acres. Being designated upon the map which accompanies the decree of the District Court of the Twentieth Judicial District of the State of California, entered on the 21st day of July, 1875, in the case of Arabella A. Stokes et al. vs. Josephine Winterburn et al., as Lot 6, the same being a portion of the Rancho Los Vergeles, and being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

1. Lots Nos. 1 and 2, of section 6, township 8 north, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

BEGINNING at the northeast corner of the Markley Ranch at a redwood stake set on the east bank of the Sacramento River, which stake is south 79° 45' west from an oak tree 2½ feet in diameter, standing at the southern extremity of the Half Way House buildings, and running thence north 79° 45' east 4.20 chains; thence south 71° 15' east 2.49 chains to the north side of an oak tree 18" in diameter (Blazed); thence south 69° 30' east 6.11 chains to an oak tree 8" in diameter (blazed); thence south 71° 15' east 9.61 chains to the end of an old ditch; thence south 74° 30' east 3.77 chains to back fence; thence north 2° 30' east along fence 10 chains to fence; thence south 2° 30' west 2.62 chains from south line of 10-acre tracts; thence north 50° west along fence 7.74 chains to corner; thence along fence south 86° west 5.29 chains to corner of board fence; thence north 89° west along board fence 12.17 chains to corner of fence on east side of road; thence south 79° 45' west at 0.67 chains on top of levee continue same course, in all 7.60 chains, to the Sacramento River; thence with the east bank of said River down stream to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being part of section 11, township 8 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southwesterly line of Main Street, distant thereon 137 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence northeasterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 694 and 703.

2. COMMENCING at the intersection of the northwesterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches to the northwesterly line of Mission Street; thence northeasterly along said line of Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

3. COMMENCINB at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon 97 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the intersection of said line of Spear Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 40 feet; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 40 feet; thence northeasterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the said southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

4. COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Clay Street with the easterly line of Sansome Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Clay Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence northerly parallel with Sansome Street 122 feet to the southerly line of Merchant Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Merchant Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the easterly line of Sansome Street; thence southerly along said easterly line of Sansome Street 122 feet to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 130, 131 and part of No. 132.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN JOAQUIN

1. BEGINNING at a point 8.65 chains west from the east boundary line, and 50 links north from the south boundary line of section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 31.85 chains; thence south 33.82 chains; thence north 88° 30' west 64.55 chains; thence north 15.35 chains; thence west 8 chains to the left bank of the Mokelumne River; thence along said left bank following its meanderings upstream to a point which would be intersected by a line running parallel with and 5.63 chains north from the township line between townships 4 and 5 north; thence east on said imagined line 16 chains; thence south 1.78 chains; thence east 50.40 chains; thence north 16.78 chains; thence east 36.86 chains to a post; thence south 20.13 chains to the point of beginning, containing 326.84 acres. Being portions of section 1, township 4 north, range 4 east; section 36, township 5 north, range 4 east; section 6, township 4 north, range 5 east; and section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, all M. D. B. & M.

2. All of those certain lots in the City of Stockton known and designated as Lots Nos. 5 and 8, and portions of Lots Nos. 1, 3, 7, 13 and 14, all in Block No. 64 east of Center Street, according to the map and survey of the said City of Stockton, commencing for the same at a point on the south line of Channel Street, in said City of Stockton, 75 feet easterly from the southeast corner of the intersection of Hunter Street and Channel Street; running thence easterly along the south line of Channel Street 85 feet; thence at right angles southerly 150 feet to the north line of said Lot 8; thence at right angles easterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the north line of Weber Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Weber Avenue 50 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the northwest corner of said Lot 8; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Lot 6 of said Block 64, 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet to the east line of said Hunter Street; thence at right angles northerly along said east line of Hunter Street 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 75 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet to the point of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the northwest corner of the tract assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence along the Coast north 20° 15' west 14.40 chains; thence north 74° west 11 chains; thence north 40° 15' west 10 chains; thence north 34° 15' west 20 chains; thence north 43° 45' west 25 chains; thence north 4° west 20 chains; thence leaving the Coast north 28° 30' east 101.78 chains; thence south 81° 15' east 30.90 chains; thence south 8° 30' east 30.17 chains; thence south 84° 35' east 190.65 chains to a point in the southeast boundary line of the official survey of said Rancho; thence on and along said line south 4° east 47.60 chains to the northeast corner of the tract assigned by the Referees aforesaid to Josefa de Haro Denniston; thence following the line of said tract north 84° 35' west 84 chains; thence south 25° 30' west 95 chains to the place of beginning; containing 1815.12 acres; said tract having been assigned to Augustine Guerrero by the Referees aforesaid and being marked No. 2 on the map of said partition. EXCEPTING all that parcel being a portion of the above described premises bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on a bluff on the Pacific Ocean, being the southwesterly corner of a tract of land now or formerly belonging to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence north 25° 30' east 62.86 chains; thence north 56° 15' west 38.93 chains to a stake in the line of fence; thence following said fence north 64° 30' west 0.76 chains; thence north 29° west 0.76 chains; thence north 23° 30' west 0.76 chains; thence north 16° west 0.76 chains; thence north 8° 30' west 3.72 chains; thence north 28° west 7.02 chains; thence north 36° 30' west 7.70 chains to the line of land now or formerly belonging to Victoriano Guerrero; thence following said line south 28° 30' west 45.27 chains to a stake on the bluff bank of the Pacific Ocean; thence following said bluff bank south 20° east 5.62 chains; thence south 4° west 2.27 chains; thence south 12° 15' east 4.54 chains; thence south 17° 45' east 5.65 chains; thence south 37° 45' east 1.75 chains; thence south 83° east 0.91 chains; thence 37° east 10.60 chains; thence south 54° 15' east 4.45 chains; thence south 46° east 4.55 chains; thence south 69° 45' east 3.03 chains; thence south 6° east 3.41 chains; thence south 37° 30' east 1.55 chains; thence south 4° 30' east 3.03 chains; thence south 19° 15' east 7 chains; thence south 41° 30' east 7.21 chains; thence south 61° east 3.85 chains; thence south 60° east 3.33 chains; thence south 87° 30' east 2.73 chains; thence south 63° east 4.55 chains; thence south 58° 45' east 3.03 chains; thence south 46° 30' east 3.48 chains; thence south 30° 20' east 9.17 chains to the point of beginning, containing 430.72 acres.

2. COMMENCING at the northwest corner of that portion of the Rancho El Corral del Tierre (Palomares) bordering on the Ocean, assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence south 25° 30' west 14.24 chains; thence south 64° 30' east 16.23 chains to Denniston Creek; thence north 10° 30' west 11 chains; thence north 22° west 2.55 chains; thence north 12° 15' east 3 chains; thence north 27° east 1.50 chains; thence north 13° 30' west 2.20 chains; thence north 84° 35' west 7 chains to the point of commencement, containing 16.92 acres.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the County Road forming the easterly boundary line of the large tract of land owned by Owen McMahon, deceased, at the time of his death, at the easterly corner of the tract of land conveyed to Elizabeth Owen McMahon by Elizabeth Catherine Hamlin, Ellen Maria Barry and Margaret Anna Lennon by deed dated February 25th, 1892, and running thence south 42° 36' west 35.15 chains; thence south 48° east 27.75 chains; thence north 42° 36' east 35 chains to the County Road; and thence along the County Road to the place of beginning, containing about 108 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.39 acres conveyed by Henry Cowell to W. D. K. Gibson for right of way purposes by deed dated November 27th, 1900, and recorded in Volume 88 of Deeds, at page 207, San Mateo County Records, and also a parcel of 1 acre conveyed by Henry Cowell to Giovanni Devincenzi, by deed dated November 11th, 1901, and recorded in Volume 93 of Deeds, at page 18, San Mateo County Records.

4. Lot No. 1 of section 21, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 26.14 acres.

5. BEGINNING on the bank of the Purissima Creek at the point where the line between fractional sections 15 and 16 intersects the same, thence running north between said fractional sections 5.64 chains to a gulch; thence down said gulch south 56° 15' east 2.80 chains to the bank of the Purissima Creek; thence down the Creek with its meanders south 60° 15' west 3.10 chains; thence south 60° 45' west 2.50 chains; to the place of beginning, containing about 1 acre, and being part of fractional section No. 15 in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. BEGINNING on the line between sections 16 and 21, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and at a point 16 chains east of the quarter section post in the road leading up the Creek; thence east on said line 14 chains to Purissima Creek; thence up the Creek with its meanders north 23° west 3 chains; thence north 40° 15' east 2 chains; thence north 25° 15' east 7.80 chains to the line between sections 15 and 16; thence along said line north 5.64 chains to Simmon's and Beckwith's corner; thence north 64° 15' west 0.95 chains to the road; thence along the road south 15° 20' east 2.80 chains; thence south 38° west 5 chains; thence south 18°30' west 5.50 chains; thence south 28° 30' west 6 chains; thence south 64° west 11 chains; thence south 60° west 5.15 chains to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres.

7. COMMENCING at a post 20 chains from the Coast Park, running thence south 17° 30' east 20 chains to the corner of Joseph E. Selleck's 40-acre tract; thence south 72° 30' west 24.16 chains to edge of Coast bank; thence along said bank in a southerly direction to a corner post; thence leaving Coast and running north 72° 30' east 54.94 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence north 72° 30' east 29.37 chains up a ridge to head of first gulch; thence south 45° east 10.45 chains down said gulch to Lobitos Creek to an alder tree 12" in diameter standing at the mouth of said gulch upon which tree there are three notches; thence up Lobitas Creek to mouth of Willow Gulch; thence north 30° west 33.44 chains to Selleck's corner; thence south 54° west 29.68 chains; thence south 72° 30' west 40.62 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence south 72° 30' west 34.15 chains to the point of beginning, containing 577 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.88 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company by deed dated September 22, 1905.

8. BEGINNING at a post on ridge standing in middle of Redwood Road of Bailard and Kinnerson, thence running north 31° 30' east 4.50 chains to a post; thence south 78° 30' east 8.25 chains; thence south 65° east 5.50 chains to Lobitas Creek to a redwood tree 48" in diameter, marked with 3 notches on right bank of said Creek; thence down said Creek south 48° west 3.75 chains; thence south 35° west 5.74 chains; thence south 48° west 6.50 chains to a redwood tree 24" in diameter standing on the right bank of the Creek at the mouth of the gulch; thence up the gulch north 57° west 9 chains; thence north 38° west 4.73 chains to a post; thence north 31° 30' east to the place of beginning, containing 19.50 acres, being a portion of the Rancho Canada Verdey Arroyo de las Purissima.

9. Lot No. 1, and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 8, and the fractional sections 16 and 17, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing together 935.92 acres; all that portion of Lot No. 1, of section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., situated north of the County Road leading from Purissima House up Purissima Creek and containing 2½ acres, more or less; Lot No. 2, in section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 20.91 acres.

EXCEPTING, however, from the foregoing lots or parcels of land the following lots or parcels:

(1) A parcel of 2.79 acres, being a portion of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to William Buzzell by deed dated April 13, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 39, San Mateo County Records.

(2) A parcel of 10 acres, being a portion of fractional section 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Patrick Flyn by deed dated October 17, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 148, San Mateo County Records.

(3) A parcel of 36.16 acres, being a part of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to W. A. Simmons and J. S. Blackwell by deed dated April 13, 1864 and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 425.

(4) The right to use and possess a certain spring of water conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Silas Hovious by deed dated October 12, 1861, and recorded in Volume 2 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 41, San Mateo County Records.

(5) A parcel of 50 acres, being a fractional portion of sections 16 and 17, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to George Duncan by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 497, San Mateo County Records.

(6) A parcel of 13.22 acres, being a fractional portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to R. H. Hatch, by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 108, San Mateo County Records.

(7) A parcel of 5 acres, being a portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to Silas Hovious by deed dated February 3, 1868, and recorded in Volume 8 of Deeds, at page 346, San Mateo County Records.

(8) A parcel of 5 acres, known as the "Cemetery Tract."

(9) A parcel of 5 acres, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated April 23, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 189, San Mateo County Records.

(10) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 518, San Mateo County Records.

(11) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to the trustees of the Purissima School District by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 520, San Mateo County Records.

(12) A parcel of 9.33 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company, by deed dated September 22, 1905.

10. The east portion of Lot No. 1, as per map of the I. de H. Denniston portion of the Rancho Corral de Tierra, containing about 12 acres of land.

IN THE COUNTY OF TEHAMA

BEGINNING at a point where the north line of the Wilson Tract intersects the slough or old channel of the Sacramento River, said line being known as the Bennett Line, thence following along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 15° 30' west 12.50 chains; thence north 24° 30' west 9.31 chains; thence north 29° 45' west 4.37 chains; thence north 14° 30' west 10.60 chains; thence north 28° 30' west 14.65 chains; thence north 27° 15' west 11.08 chains; thence north 32° 30' west 6.20 chains, from which an oak tree marked 68 and 69 bears south 40° west 0.60 chains distant; thence north 60° west 8.15 chains; thence south 77° west 5.30 chains; thence south 19° 30' east 2.53 chains; thence south 85° west 5.27 chains; thence south 50° 30' west 5.19 chains; thence north 88° 30' west 4.70 chains; thence north 46' west 7.36 chains; thence north 75° west 4.20 chains; thence north 49° west 8.96 chains to the present channel of the Sacramento River; thence following down and along the east bank of the Sacramento River by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

South 32° west 8.05 chains; thence south 74° 30' west 16.04 chains; thence south 11° 30' west 22.50 chains; thence south 24° east 9.52 chains; thence south 36° 30' east 3.92 chains; thence south 12° east 5.05 chains; thence south 32° 30' east 24.67 chains; thence south 66° east 22.72 chains; thence south 45°30' east 3.30 chains; thence south 33° east 8.06 chains; thence south 28° 30' east 3.35 chains; thence south 18° east 2.53 chains; thence south [illegible] east 2.75 chains, thence south 14° east 3.10 chains, thence south 1° west 2.56 chains; thence south 16° 30' east 2.54 chains; thence south 11° 30' east 3.15 chains; thence south 7° east 5.72 chains; thence south 9° 30' east 3.29 chains; thence south 3° 30' east 4.74 chains; thence south 11° 30' east 2.67 chains to the old channel of the Sacramento River; thence following up and along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 37° 30' east 2.22 chains; thence north 44° east 2.17 chains; thence north 44° east 1.94 chains; thence north 27° east 3.46 chains; htence north 29° east 2.51 chains; thence north 3° east 4.10 chains; thence north 33° west 1.83 chains; thence north 36° 15' east 29.25 chains; thence south 49° east 3.68 chains; thence north 41° east 7.39 chains; thence north 62° east 3.88 chains; thence north 8° 30' east 6.79 chains; thence north 17° east 4.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 589 acres, more or less, being part of the "Capay Rancho" known as "Snaden Island."

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 756 of the official surveys of the said County of Yolo, at a point a little north of west from the quarter section corner between sections 3 and 4, township 6 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.; thence south 77° [illegible] the upper line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756 20.54

chains to the back corner of Hester's 10-acre tract; thence south 13° west 2.50 chains; thence south 77° east 40 chains to a point on the west bank of the Sacramento River, 10 rods below the northeast corner of the said Swamp Land Survey No. 756, thence down the said river with its meanders south 10° 25′ west 4.64 chains; south 13° 25′ west 5.40 chains; south 30° 30′ west 12 chains; south 45° 10′ west 7.21 chains; thence leaving said river north 75° 30′ west 56.50 chains to the back line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756; thence north 19° 10′ east along said back line 28.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 167.55 acres of land.

2. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 361, 363, 897, and 985, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed lands of the County of Yolo, being portions of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. A fraction of 2.10 acres, beginning at a point at the inside base of the Sacramento River levee, about 30 feet north from the cross-levee, and running thence north 18° west, along the inside base of said levee, 151 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 216 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 49 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 980 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 80 feet; thence in a direct line to the place of beginning, being a portion of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The south half of section 9; the south half of section 10; the south half of section 12; all of section 13; the south half and the northeast quarter of section 15; all of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 19; all of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of section 22; all of section 23; all of section 24; the northwest quarter of section 28; and the northeast quarter of section 29;—all in township 8 north, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. The south half, and the northwest quarter of section 3; all of section 4; all of section 5; the northeast quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 6; the north half of section 8; the north half of section 9; the north half of section 10; and the northwest quarter of section 11;—all in township 9 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. The southeast quarter of section 31; the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section 32; the south half of section 33; and the southwest quarter of section 34; all in township 10 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

7. All of section 1; all of section 2; the east half of section 11; the north half of the south half; the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the south half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter, of section 12; and the north half of the northeast quarter of section 13; all in township 11 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

8. The west half of the northwest quarter of section 5; and the north half, and the west half of the southwest quarter of section 6; and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 7; all in township 11 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

9. All of section 25, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 118 acres; the south half, and the south half of the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 98 acres, of section 26; all of section 35; the south half, the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 104 acres, of section 36; all in township 12 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

10. All of sections 30 and 31, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 504 acres; and all of the west half of the west half of section 32, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 40 acres; all in township 12 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

1. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, designated as Lot 1, Loop and Meserve Tract, as per map recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, EXCEPTING that part included in the right of way of the Southern Pacific Company.

2. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, being part of the "Sycamore Tract," as shown o nthe map of the land partitioned by Loop and Meserve, recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 16 as shown on said Map, thence south along the west line of said Lot 16 and the prolongation thereof 25.92 chains; thence north 68° 45′ west 12 chains; thence north 15° east 21.78 chains; thence east 6 chains, more or less, to the place of beginning.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situate in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Lots Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, of the "O'Neil & Haley Tract," of the said City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. That portion of Swamp and Overflowed Land Survey No. 1158, described as beginning at the northwest corner of section 21, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence east 18.06 chains; thence south 65.55 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 21.62 chains to the west line of said section; thence north 53.65 chains to the place of beginning, containing 107.63 acres.

2. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as beginning at the northeast corner of section 20, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., running thence south 53.65 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 34.12 chains; thence north 59° 38′ west 13.31 chains to the center line of said section; thence north 28.21 chains; thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning, containing 162.53 acres.

3. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as the southeast quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The southwest quarter of section 16, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 337, 411, 1079, and 1160, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed Lands of the County of Yolo.

6. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1106, described as beginning at a point 16.19 chains north from the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 12.03 chains; thence north 22.21 chains; thence east 4.20 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 5.24 chains; thence south 76° east 5.16 chains; thence south 16.56 chains to the place of beginning, containing 23.59 acres.

7. Those parts of Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 333 and 277, described as beginning at a redwood post standing at the south corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 782, and situated south 43° 40′ west 41.50 chains from the Sacramento River; thence south 64° east 16.39 chains; thence south 69° east 38.67 chains; thence south 21° west 6.60 chains to the southeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 333; thence west 58.70 chains to the northeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 277; thence south 47.25 chains; thence west 13.75 chains; thence north 76° west 5.16 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 13.05 chains; thence north 59° west 5.83 chains; thence north 73° 15′ west 10.44 chains; thence south 71° 30′ west 6.33 chains; thence north 43° 40′ east 70.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing 254.32 acres.

8. Beginning at a point where the west boundary of Swamp Land Survey No. 627 is intersected by the section line dividing sections 21 and 28, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west about 90 chains to the southwest corner of section 20, same township and range; thence north about 75 chains to the back levee of Reclamation District No. 307; thence southeasterly along said levee about 115 chains to a point marking the northwest corner of said survey No. 627; thence south along the west boundary line of said survey to the place of beginning, containing about 425 acres, in Swamp Land Surveys No. 1041 and No. 1158.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

Lot Lettered "L", in Block 140, of Horton's Addition to the City of San Diego, according to the official map thereof.

All of the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA

1. A portion of that certain ranch known as the Rancho San Miguel or Rancho Arroyo de los Nueces y Golgones, the first tract being the south half of Lot 7, hill land, and containing 228 acres, and the second tract being the north two-thirds of Lot 8, hill land, containing 425.93 acres.

The following is a particular description of said tracts by metes and bounds as made on partition, for which reference is made to the map and plat of survey of partition of said Rancho now of record in the office of the County Clerk of Contra Costa County, viz.:

BEGINNING at station white oak tree marked S1-11 on the segregating line between the hill and valley lands of the San Miguel Rancho; thence north 62° 2′ east 92.16 chains to post AB; thence north 17.70 chains to post SM-23; thence south 45° west to post SM-24; thence north 48° 9′ west along the ranch boundary 93.70 chains to post TP-2; thence south 46° 45′ west 56.83 chains to post JP; thence south 68° east 6 chains to post SL-14; thence south 23° 30′ east 40.97 chains to post SL-13; thence south 67° 15′ east 10.72 chains to post SL-12; thence south 0° 45′ east 27.08 chains to the point of beginning, containing 653.93 acres, more or less.

2. That portion of the Rancho Monte del Diablo which is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at post SM-24, situated at the corner of the Rancho Monte del Diablo and San Miguel Rancho, thence north 45° east 8.85 chains to station post SM-23; thence north 6° west, leaving the Rancho boundary, 3.45 chains to station post No. 3P Co.; thence along the boundary of land now or formerly in controversy between Francisco Galindo and Josiah Sturges, north 44° 30′ west 74.90 chains to station post No. 2P Co.; and thence north 32° 45′ west 27.34 chains to station post D; thence leaving the lands in controversy above named, running south 77° 30′ west 3.59 chains to station post D-2; thence south 12° west 23.35 chains to station post TP2; thence along the boundary of the above named Ranchos south 48° 9′ east 93.70 chains to the point of beginning, containing 147.41 acres, more or less.

(The two parcels of land last above described, situated in the County of Contra Costa, are claimed by the Cowell Portland Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property, and all of the parcels of land hereinafter described are claimed by the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property.)

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF EL DORADO

1. The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8; the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 9; the southwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 20; the north half, the north half of the southwest quarter, the north half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; and the south half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22; all in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. A parcel of land in section 7, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of said section 7, and running diagonally across said quarter section along the line of a fence on land now or formerly owned by Mr. Morrison, until it intersects the quarter of quarter section line and adjoining Mr. Morrison's to the County Road; thence along the center of said road to the east line of section 7; thence along said line south to the place of beginning, containing 41-2/3 acres.

3. The Schwalm Marble Quarry Mine and Lime Kiln site, being Mineral Entry No. 723 in the Series of the United States Land Office in Sacramento, California, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 38, embracing a portion of section 8, in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Marble Valley Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California.

4. A parcel of land, being a portion of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21, and running thence due west 1320 feet to the northwest corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence due south 825 feet to the fence between the lands originally claimed by W. W. Faber and Hugh B. Taylor; thence northeasterly 1437 feet on the line of said division fence to a point on section line between sections 21 and 22, which said point is 264 feet due south from the northeast corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence 264 feet due north to the place of beginning.

5. The east half, the southwest quarter, and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 7; the northwest quarter of section 8; the east half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 18; the west half of section 29; and the east half o fthe northeast quarter of section 30; all in township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

6. The Blue Marble Quarry Mine, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 50, embracing a portion of section 7, township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Pilot Hill Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California, and containing 20.66 acres.

7. The southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF KERN

Section No. 23, in township 32 south, range 33 east, M. D. B. & M., with the exception of a strip of land 100 feet wide, lying equally on each side of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and excepted in deed of Southern Pacific Railroad Company to Henry Cowell, dated May 5, 1892, and recorded in Volume 53 of Deeds, page 298, Kern County Records.

IN THE COUNTY OF PLACER

The north half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 22, township 13 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

Lot 5, in the block or square bounded by "K" and "L", 28th and 29th Streets, in the City of Sacramento, as laid down upon the official map thereof.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Battery Street, distant thereon 40 feet southerly from the intersection of said easterly line of Battery Street with the southerly line of Filbert Street, thence southerly 80 feet along said easterly line of Battery Street; thence easterly parallel with Filbert Street 50 feet; thence northerly parallel with Battery Street 120 feet to the said southerly line of Filbert Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Filbert Street 25 feet; thence southerly parallel with Battery Street 40 feet; thence westerly parallel with Filbert Street 25 feet to the said easterly line of Battery Street and the place of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

1. Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot in the City of Santa Cruz heretofore conveyed by Henry Cowell to one Hamilton, said point being on the northwesterly line of the San Jose Road, thence north 29° 27′ east 9.09 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence north 14° 40′ east 16.39 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence south 75° 30′ west 20.30 chains; thence south 10° east0.19 chains to a post; thence south 70° 20′ east 8.74 chains; thence south 1.99 chains; thence south 33° east 1.47 chains; thence south 4° east crossing a brook 3.94 chains; thence south 1° east 6 chains; thence south 61° 15′ west 1.60 chains to a post at the northwest corner of the said Hamilton lot; thence south 60° 30′ east 3.375 chains to the point of beginning, containing 17.874 acres.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the City of Santa Cruz and described as follows:

Beginning at the junction of the northerly line of Mission Street with the westerly line of River Street at a spike from which the southeast corner of Mission and River Streets bears south 79° 29′ east 40.28 feet distant; thence north 3° 50′ east 130.33 feet along the westerly line of said River Street to an iron spike on the south side of an alley; thence north 87° 57′ west 54.83 feet along the southern line of said alley to the boundary of a lot now or formerly owned by Dr. Sargent; thence south 13° 52′ west 31.78 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 88° 44′ east 9.90 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 1° 49′ west 100 feet to an iron spike in the northerly line of said Mission Street; thence south 88° 44′ east 46.96 feet along the northerly line of said Mission Street to the point of beginning, being lot No. 22, in block No. 1, of the City of Santa Cruz, and a part of lot No. 18 of the same block.

3. The southwest quarter of section 8, township 10 south, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 160 acres.

All the undivided ON-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN BENITO

1. Lots 4, 5, 12, and 13, of section 28; the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10, the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 30, all in township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.; also the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32, township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. Lots 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, of section 14; and lot 4, of section 24; all in township 14 south, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Tres Pinos, bounded and described as follows:

A strip of land 100 feet wide, commencing on the easterly line of the station ground of the Southern Pacific Railroad 50 feet equally on each side of the said railroad as the same was formerly laid, thence running southeasterly 882.50 feet in its center line to the easterly line of Santa Ana Street, containing 2.02 acres of land, and being 897 feet on its northerly line and 869 feet on its southerly line, excepting the rights which one Charles Peck may have acquired to a small portion of said strip above described.

The railroad or motor road known as the Tres Pinos and Cienega Railroad, together with the roadbed, right of way, terminal facilities and rolling stock of the same.

WITNESS, the HON. THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 11th day of December, 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-27-9

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

His Hat In The Ring

Once more Governor Johnson will sacrifice his prepossessions on the altar of patriotism. In the interest of the people's peace of mind, and to put an end to perplexities among Progressives with aspirations budding and aspirations held in suspense, he has promulgated the glad news that he will again be the standard-bearer of his party in California. He is not to be weaned from the affection and solicitude of his fanatic followers. Yet he longs to return to the practice of his other profession. Hercules is sated with victories over crooks and hobgoblins, but he will not take Omphale's distaff and make of it a lyre. No, he will heed the Macedonian cry of "the men and women who have placed California in the lead of progressive States." He has heard "such a unanimous voice," in other words, we suppose, a voice so tremendously unanimous, a voice, perhaps, so uniquely unanimous, as to make him realize "the obligation to continue in political activity"; also, to forego his "cherished views," and "yield to those who hold the best interests of California even higher than their friendship." Not exactly in harmony with this exuberant rhetoric is what follows: "Very many, both progressives and others, have asked me to become a candidate for United States Senator, and if the candidacy on my part be necessary, and were I to consult my personal desires I should prefer this." Obviously the Governor was in a confused state of mind when he wrote his thrilling pronunciamento. His dearest wish is to retire, his personal desire is to become a Senator, he has been asked by many to run for the Senate, but nevertheless it is because of "such a unanimous voice" that he is going to run for Governor. From all of which we infer that that exasperating and irritating little marplot the Hon. Francis J. Heney is on our worthy Governor's nerves.

Political Priests of Humanity

Politicians, according to David Lloyd George, "are the priests of humanity." The New York Sun remarks that some of our kind "will look self-conscious when they hear that such a lofty mission has been attributed to them," adding: "For instance, unselfish and altruistic spirits like the Hon. Hiram Johnson and 'Battle Bob' La Follette." As to the rampageous taxeater of Wisconsin we cannot testify, but we have no hesitation in assuring the Sun that as a priest of humanity our Governor has been sensible of his ordination and conscious of his mission ever since, as a prosecutor of higher-ups, he accepted at once the wages of private counsel and the acclaim that is the just reward of a disinterested civic patriot. Only once has he failed to manifest his self-consciousness as a priest of humanity, and that was about two weeks ago when the army of the unemployed invaded the precincts of his home. On that occasion there was a manifest absence of self, and presumably it was not prearranged, though assuredly any good friend of the priest of humanity, informed of the approaching embarrassment, would have been remiss had he not made use of the telephone. The following day the priest of humanity was expected to appear at a meeting of the unemployed, but having no message for them he remained at home. Our Governor's priestly functions are performed at Sacramento. There he uplifts humanity. There his heart throbs for the masses, and there he invents means of ameliorating the condition of the needy. As the laborer is worthy of his hire, so also is the priest of humanity entitled to his leisure. And if there has been a lull in prosperity, the hungry unemployed have this reflection to solace them,—that the priests of humanity are improving the morals of business and making us all better and wiser men.

When the Governor Registered

An inspiring picture that on the third page of the Examiner last Saturday, the picture of our fearless, pure-of-heart Governor with uplifted hand, the right one, the one that hurled the pointed platitude at Armageddon. Our Governor posed for the Examiner photographer in the Registrar's office. He had just registered, but the photographer wanted a picture of him in the act of taking the oath which the Registrar administers before interrogating the applicant for registration, and so the amiable Chief Executive went through the performance, and the pose was excellent. His jaws set, his chin firm and aggressive, his expression grave, he looked the Registrar in the eye and never batted a lid. To phrase it picturesquely, the Governor pulled off this little stunt with all the solemnity of an owl. Our politicians are fine actors. They have to be to succeed. It behooves them to be impressive, to appeal to the imagination, for thus do they justify the pen and other portraits of them supplied by the hero-worshipers of the press. If they take themselves seriously have not the magazines and newspapers made it a duty? It would be a shock to the public if Governor Johnson for example failed to live up to the popular conception of him, the conception suggested by the newspapers. Consider this Examiner picture by way of illustration of the magnifying of trivialities and the manufacture of illusions for the greater glory of our politicians. Here is a quarter of a page filled with news from the Registrar's office,—news about what? News about a few politicians registering. As though the public cared a tinker's imprecation about such matters! We all know that job-chasers register, just as we all know that they vote and draw their salaries and hold meetings and pass resolutions. It was no extraordinary episode in Governor Johnson's life—his visit to the Registrar's office, but it was a solemn occasion for the Examiner reporter. We quote:

"What is your name?" demanded Registrar Zemansky.

"Hiram Warren Johnson."

"In what party do you wish to vote?"

"The Progressive party," with a grim smile.

How impressive it all was—to the reporter! But the photographer newspaper photographers are cynical chaps, always with a sense of humor,—and so we are quite sure the photographer laughed outright.

Inflaming the Unemployed

The problem of caring for the unemployed is now in a fair way to be solved. It would have been solved weeks ago had it not been for the progress that has been made here by that school of Socialism which teaches that it is the duty of the State to guarantee work to everybody and lend money to all who need it. We have lately observed the effect of that teaching on many poor men. In the vast army of unemployed are men under the impression that society owes them a living and that they must be taken care of. This delusion does a great deal of harm, for whatever may be the duty of society the Socialist conception has not yet been generally accepted. Indeed, unfortunately for the unemployed the majority are of the opinion that Socialism represents only an ideal which can never become a reality this side of the golden gates of Paradise. Now the views of the majority, however unreasonable, must prevail. Moreover they must be respected. Majorities are not only stubborn but cruel. Nobody can afford to offend and insult the majority of the people. The majority is resentful. It is easy to

alienate the sympathy of the majority. So it was very foolish and very wicked for Mr. J. Stitt Wilson to come over from Berkeley and tell the unemployed what they should "demand," and advise them that they should not assume the attitude of the supplicant or consider that what they received was in the nature of charity. Until society is reorganized on the principle that the successful and provident should and must share with the unsuccessful and the improvident whatever may be obtained as the result of ability and energy, it is both illogical and mischievous to advise starving men that they have only to demand certain rights and that non-compliance therewith is cruel injustice. When men are in need of food and shelter how wrong to mislead and inflame them! When men want bread indignant talk is a poor substitute. Indignation is a fine war-horse only when it is ridden by rationality, and J. Stitt Wilson is only a flamboyant purveyor of patter and flapdoodle. He accomplished nothing for the unemployed. But he did a great deal of mischief. He disseminated false notions and roused a spirit of bitterness that provoked resentment. Congenital loafers who would rather work their jaws than their hands, after hearing Wilson, started an agitation that gave people the impression that the unemployed were more deserving of rebuke than assistance. As a matter of fact there is a great deal of distress among industrious men and women in this city, and it is unfortunate that they should suffer for the mistakes of others. The situation from the beginning has been badly handled. It was a mistake for our city officials to undertake to relieve distress on a union-wage basis. There was no authority in law for this, but the city treasury is overflowing, and Mayor Rolph felt that the emergency justified him in becoming a philanthropist with taxpayers' money. As might have been supposed his generosity attracted widespread attention, and the brakebeams on all trains bound for San Francisco were soon congested with passengers. San Francisco became the Mecca of the I. W. W., and our population increased rapidly. When the halt was called it was not because the Mayor's conscience troubled him, or because of lack of funds as asserted, but because the union bosses who dictate municipal policies perceived that it was highly detrimental to the interests of the labor trust to supply the city with a superabundance of labor. The Mayor and his associates had been acting under the impression that they were vindicating their devotion to union principles, but when they learned their mistake they soon lost interest in the unemployed, and the problem on hand was turned over to private citizens who lost no time in adopting the only sensible course to pursue.

The Drama and Our Guides

The drama exists as a serious and important critic of life, and as such it is slowly coming to be recognized in this country. Here it has been too long regarded chiefly as a means of frivolous entertainment. This is one of the reasons why moving pictures have proved a powerful counter-attraction, and why Thalia, somewhat emaciated, is being nursed by private enthusiasts and connoisseurs of the Stage Society and the Drama League. People whose idea of a theatre is a place in which they may relax their intellectuals and have their curiosity stimulated by a plot however implausible may as easily be diverted by moving pictures as by men and women in a stupid play. The public are not as a body supremely gifted. They are not alert for the best or in the least capable of appreciating great work, but they may take to it if it has been recommended to them by people presumably competent to judge. So our private enthusiasts are doing some good work. They hope to educate the public, to create a taste for the works of genius, and such works may be enjoyed in several cities where small theatres are supported by private subscription. There are some gifted playwrights in Europe, but their plays are not often seen in Broadway or in any of the theatres controlled by the magnates of the Trust, the reason being that these plays do not appeal to an uncultivated popular palate that relishes Hall Caine or the author of "The High Road." Perhaps in time it will be otherwise. Meanwhile, however, it is somewhat discouraging to find the art of the drama misunderstood in the house of its friends. While our nurses of the drama are doing some good work it is evident that from lack of standards of taste and art they are not to be depended on as safe and sure guides. We find them, for example, recommending a play on account of its fidelity to a book of which it is a dramatization. Now what the stage is very much in need of today is the creative faculty. Our drama instead of mirroring the life of the times reflects the life that is pictured in the magazines and best-sellers. We have very little of originality in our drama, and the dramatized novel at best is not a successful form of art. The leisurely, diffused development of the novel does not lend itself to the sharper, more concentrated, more vivified movement which gives life to the stage-play. When the characters of a novel are stiffened into the conventional dramatic mould they lose whatever freedom and grace of outline they may have had. The only satisfactory way to dramatize a novel is to be unfaithful to it, to take its story as Shakespeare took all his stories and make them over for the stage. To do this effectively the playwright must have the creative faculty and his pictures must be those of his own dramatic vision. But the business of dramatizing novels is a potboiling business by which the theatre manager gets the benefit of the advertising the novel received, and so the writer of the play tries to be faithful to the novel. Playwrights from the days of the Elizabethan drama have not scrupled at lifting motives from novels, but while the masters of the craft, as has been said, were content to steal a hint and make a masterpiece, the journeyman sticking to his model produced nothing but a few scenes and a series of dialogues.

Decaying Italians

Doubtless the average man feels unspeakably abject in the presence of that terribly well-informed person the college professor. Anybody who has any idea of keeping up with the times must feel all the hope and self-confidence oozing out of him every time he hears a young oracle of a college faculty discussing anything from microbes to world movements. For a college professor whenever he talks implies that knowledge in half a dozen fields has escaped you. None but the college professor knows how long a book-shelf ought to be, what the proper course of summer reading, what nations are decaying and why. The man who can speak familiarly about the decay of a nation, as Dr. Jordan once talked of France, with an air of certainty conclusive of authority, is a mighty impressive personage. Dr. Jordan is a wonderful man, and so is Professor M. V. O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin who inveighed against the tango in Oakland the other day and informed his audience that "the essential reason of the decay of the Italian race is that the rising generation 'ripens too early.'" Not till Professor O'Shea had uttered himself did we have the slightest suspicion of the decadence of Italians. Indeed, we had been under the delusion that the Italians were once more coming to the front, full of energy and capable of high accomplishment. It was not long ago that we were admiring Italy's bold stand against the Turk. A few weeks ago we read that during the excitement of a tempestuous debate in the Italian Chamber of Deputies the news was whispered that the Mona Lisa had been recovered, and immediately riotous passions were assuaged and soft smiles played upon faces that but a moment before were corrugated with frowns. Italy in the hall of its representatives rejoiced that a great work of art had not been lost to the world. Yet the Italians, Professor O'Shea tells us, are a decaying race. If our House of Representatives made no sign at the news of the recovery of the Mona Lisa it was not because of a lack of sensibility but because our Champ Clarks have never been introduced to the lady, and therefore the coldness of Congress argues nothing. The Italians are decaying it appears because of premature maturity. Yet the youth of Italy have been maturing early from the earliest times. They matured early when Rome was on the road to greatness. They matured early before the days of the Medici and after; when commerce was the road to preferment as well as when Italians brought tales of chivarly to the highest perfection; before the decline of their military prestige in the period just preceding the war of the Neapolitan succession, and later when soldiers were formed instead of statesmen; again, when the campaign was fought in the cabinet instead of in the field. As a matter of fact there has been no great change in the climate of Italy. It has always been conducive to the ripening of fruit

as well as of children, and nowhere in the world has the human mind displayed its highest energies untired through so long a series of ages as in Italy. It was in Italy that the light of science shed its parting ray, and there also that it beamed forth again upon the world. We hate to think of Italy as a decaying nation. For we sympathize deeply in the fortunes of a country whose scholars opened to mankind the intellectual treasures of antiquity and manifested in many periods the highest intellectual power. Italy is to be pitied, but she still has sons to console her, men who seem to retain within their bosom the fire of ancient genius.

A Hapgood Epigram

Occasionally Editor Hapgood, pink-and-white prophet of the Progressives and successor to Editor Harvey in the affections of President Wilson, occasionally refutes an elaborate argument with an epigram. Thus, to a half column critical comment on the President's policies he profoundly retorts: "A country becomes great by carrying out greatly the ideals of its own time." Which reminds us that ideals have become more precious than meat and drink in a generation that laments sorely the high cost of living. Scattered over this broad land are cults of all sorts whose only excuse for existence is a passion for ideals which to them are nothing more than the garments they put on for formal occasions. Each cult, after its fashion, is akin to the cult of estheticism of which the sunflower was the symbol, and not less amusing. Our books and plays are the warehouses of ideals. The country is cursed with ideals, and taxpayers are growing poor putting up for ideals. We are beginning to realize what Carlyle meant when he warned us against ideals, "lest they accumulate and at last produce suffocation," and the more we see of our Hapgoods, Pinchots and Lindseys the more readily we take to the cynicism of the Strindberg plays which inform us that we have only to unveil a humbug to see an idealist creep out and defend it; only to disturb any social rubbish heap to see idealist crawl out like earthworms. We have an instinctive aversion to men that talk vehemently of ideals. Perhaps it is because their acts are almost invariably very different from their ideals. Ideals are not to be recommended to serious persons of good intentions. H. G. Wells tells us in one of his books that ideals are not the easiest possessions to have and manage, since they may rise to the level of serious inconveniences. And he warns us that unless one is careful with his ideals one may get hoist with one's own petard to a pitiful transitory height above humanity. Whether a country may become great, as Editor Hapgood says, by carrying out greatly the ideals of its time is a question not to be answered until we know what the ideals are. All ideals are not divine essences. There are vicious ideals, and there are ideals which politicians employ to deceive their constituencies. Wise men have thought less of ideals than of compromise between common sense and ideals. Rome had ideals in the days of Nero who so obviously incarnated them that the Senate gave him the title Father of the Country. He was adored by the people on account of his ideals; more ardently worshiped than ever was Roosevelt, and not without reason, for he gave the people more than platitudes; gave them tickets that were exchangeable not for bread or trivial sums but for gems, pictures, slaves and villas. Nero the idealist, who exclaimed as he died, "What an artist the world is to lose!" got drunk on popularity while Rome with its million inhabitants carried out greatly the ideals of the time. But let us look a Hapgood epigram in the teeth and ask ourselves, When is a country in "its own time?" Was the United States "in its own time" when there was pretty general acquiescence in slavery or later in the days of Lincoln?

After Reading Bergson

By Cloudesley Brereton

From the grey and grim bethels of science,
Swat, ugly and meanly designed,
With its triple unholy alliance
Of logic, mechanics and mind,
That pretends with a ruler and compass
To plot out the soul of mankind;

From such arabesques decahedral,
Sham symbols of life and its lore,
I return to the old-world cathedral,
That a new race of builders restore,
Where the starved soul may wonder and worship
The visions it harbored of yore.

Perspective Impressions

Goodbye, Koshie, ole dear! Close the door after you, and mind the step!

Social note: Governor Johnson had more New Year's callers than anybody else in town.

Wherever there is a crumpled rose leaf there also is the nucleus of a new reform movement.

"Man is sweetest when he's angry," says a Harvard professor. The reason doubtless why some, when enraged, ejaculate "O sugar!"

Isn't it about time in the interest of public decency to put the extinguisher on "Affinity" Earle?

We must have efficiency in the police department, says the Examiner. Meaning that the head of the department must be the Examiner's man.

Now that it has been discovered that there is a large percentage of alcohol in grape juice Dollar Bill Bryan will probably take to Peruna which has potentialities in the jag line not to be despised.

So there's more alcohol in grape juice than in beer! That's probably why some Prohibitionists love it.

Having had more practice a president emeritus can make a bigger fool of himself than an ordinary university president.

A friend of the President is going to Asia Minor to dig for the wealth of Croesus. Why doesn't Chautauqua Bill get leave of absence and accompany him?

Politicians are asking what would happen to the Progressive party if Roosevelt were swallowed by an anaconda in South America. Nothing would happen if, as we have reason to believe, the Colonel would disagree with the anaconda.

Wearing a slit skirt is tantamount to a breach of the peace in Middleboro, Mass. Which argues that the people of this New England village have as little control of a certain passion as the negroes of the South or the Oakland preacher who said that a woman going upstairs on an Oakland boat was enough to tempt a saint.

A Berkeley savant thinks the jelly fish has a soul. Well, we know many a human jelly fish.

Having reduced the world's literature to a five-foot shelf, Dr. Eliot is now engaged in circumscribing the Almighty.

Lloyd George says politicians are the priests of humanity. But when Lecky spoke of priestesses of humanity he was not referring to suffragettes.

"What is really needed," says Mr. Hearst, "is a National Incorporation Act." The objection to the things that are really needed is that when we get them they make us need so many other things.

Some ironical humorist in Paris interviewed Sara Bernhardt on the growing indisposition of young folks to marry. And the lady whose son doesn't know his father suggested the revival of the manners of her youth when young folk were not allowed to mingle freely. The interview was cabled to the Hearst papers, and published Monday in the Examiner, which evidently didn't see the joke.

Varied Types

CLIX—A. P. GIANNINI

By Edward F. O'Day

The college professor is one of the delights of American life. None adds more to our natural gaiety than he. He is that most irresistible of humorists, the side-splitter who takes himself seriously. Follow his antics, and you are never at a loss for merriment. Read what he says, and you will never have the blues.

Occasionally, however, the college professor says something which it would be wrong not to take seriously. Thus it became necessary to take David Starr Jordan seriously when he reflected on the French nation. Thus again, a certain Professor M. V. O'Shea, head of the educafional department of the University of Wisconsin, must be taken seriously when he reflects on the Italians. There are liberties which the funniest of unconscious mirth-provokers cannot be allowed to take.

Professor O'Shea—by the way, he is the man who recently advocated the teaching of slang in the public schools—addressed the California Teachers' Association in session at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, last week. In the course of his address he said this:

"The essential reason for the decay of the Italian race is that it has not known how to keep the rising generation plastic, docile, simple and teachable. It is allowed to ripen too soon. This is the type of civilization this country should deny itself."

Here are some prètty broad statements. In the first place Professor O'Shea sets it down as an established fact, not open to question, that the Italian race is decadent. In the second place the professor makes the statement that the United States should deny itself Italian civilization; in other words, that Italians should be excluded. The reason he gives for the decay of the Italian race, the "essential reason" as he calls it with true pedagogical dogmatism, may be disregarded. That or any other reason is idle if the Italian race is not decadent.

Casting about for an Italian to interview about Professor O'Shea's curious statements, I thought of A. P. Giannini, the banker. Giannini is a native of California, born of Italian parents. His position in this community is such that none can question his right to speak with authority on the subject. When I showed him Professor O'Shea's statement he laughed.

"For a decadent race," he said, "the Italians seem to have done a good deal for California. They reclaimed four thousand odd acres of waste land in San Bernardino County, transforming them into the largest vineyard in the United States. I refer to the Italian Vineyard Company of which Secondo Guasti is president and in which over a million dollars is invested. Three Italians, Sbarboro, Fontana and Rossi, started the Italian-Swiss Colony, reclaiming waste lands in Sonoma and Madera Counties. One of the largest estates in California, consisting of grain, bean and orchard lands, the Schiappapietra Estate of Ventura, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles Counties, is handled by an Italian, Giovanni Ferro. John Lagomarsino, the banker, is one of the largest land owners in Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties. N. Bonfilio, the president of a bank in Los Angeles, is on the directorate of some of the biggest business enterprises in Southern California. These are names taken at random. All over the State you will find Italians prominent in business. In the older towns of the State especially you will find that the best holdings and the best business property belong to Italians. Does this look like decadence? Does this indicate the necessity of California denying herself 'Italian civilization'?

"Look at the situation here in San Francisco. This city has the best Italian Colony in the United States. The reason is, perhaps, that at the time this Italian Colony was founded it required initiative, thought, foresight to come so far. The Italian pioneers, like the pioneers of other races, were sturdy, strong of will, big of brain, men of capacity and endurance. There are about forty thousand Italians here. Are they decadent? Are they undesirable citizens? Are they incapable of keeping the rising generation 'plastic, docile, simple and teachable'? They support four Italian banks with aggregate resources of thirty millions. They are among our biggest and most

Terkelson and Henry photo.
A. P. GIANNINI.

successful merchants. An Italian, M. J. Fontana, founded the canning business out of which grew the California Fruit Canners Association. The L. Scatena Company is the largest commission house on the Pacific Coast. The Agenzia Fugazi conducted by two native sons of California is one of the oldest and biggest steamship agencies in the country. Another Italian, J. Di Giorgio, controls the marketing in New York of sixty-three per cent of our deciduous and citrus fruits. He's a national figure. And so it goes in many other lines of endeavor.

"Take our bank, the Bank of Italy. It is nine years old. Not so long ago most of its directors belonged to the 'rising generation' of Italians which worries Professor O'Shea. There are nine native born Californians among the Italians on the board of directors. There are the two Fugazis, James and Samuel; there is Dr. Bacigalupi; there is Dr. Caglieri; there is Charles Grondona; there is N. A. Pellerano; there are my two brothers and myself. I sincerely trust that Professor O'Shea will not brand any of us with the stigma of decadence.

"Go into the schools and inquire how the young Italian or the Italian-American stands in his studies. Whether it be in the public schools, in the universities or colleges, he has a way of standing at the head or near the head of the class, this youngster that Professor O'Shea says is not 'docile' and 'teachable'. I don't have to give you the names of the young Italian doctors, dentists and lawyers who are rising to the top of their professions here. Are they decadent? And in the arts, how about our Italian musicians and painters? Is there any sign of decadence there?

"There is, I believe, a relation between decadence and race suicide. You don't find race suicide among our Italians. According to Statistician Leslie of the State Bureau of Vital Statistics, the most rapidly growing nationality in California is the Italian. Between the last two federal censuses the Italian-born inhabitants increased 179 per cent. How often do you find an Italian family in which there are less than four or five children? Is that a sign of decadence?

"But perhaps Professor O'Shea finds decadence in Italy. I am unable to find it there, however. If California is progressive, it is only following the example of Italy where they have had workingmen's compensation for quite a while. And as for unionism, even the farm laborers in Italy have their unions. They have government ownership of railroads, municipal ownership of street car lines, and all life insurance is controlled by the government. In the last ten years Italy has seen a wonderful advance in education and in the wages of labor. The war in Tripoli did not indicate national decadence. No greater achievements in sanitation, transport and commissary were ever recorded than the achievements of Italy during that war. The American Consul at Tripoli told me when I was there that no commissariat in the world had ever been handled so well. Automobiles were used for the distribution of food and the transportation of the wounded. Aeroplanes were used with success in engagement after engagement. Moving pictures of the families of the soldiers were taken in all parts of Italy and shown to the various regiments for a Christmas treat. Do these things point to decadence?

"Do the achievements of Marconi point that way? Or of the great composers, literary men and poets of the present day? Or of surgeons and physicians like Durante, Murri, Bacelli, Marchiafava, Mazzoni and Bastianelli, the late Pierpont Morgan's physician? Is that race decadent which produces a Leo XIII, a Pius X, a Rampolla?

"Speaking very plainly, I am of the opinion that this Professor O'Shea doesn't know what he is talking about. He has slandered one of the greatest races without the slightest basis of fact. He belongs to that dangerous class of men whose position assures them a ready hearing and who do not hesitate to speak of things about which they know less than nothing. Such men do a great deal of harm, and they deserve to be eliminated from public life. Men like Professor O'Shea are a greater menace to American civilization than the Italians ever will be. Such men as this professor are not 'plastic,' 'docile' or 'teachable' because they assume to know it all; but in a certain uncomplimentary sense they may be described as 'simple'."

The People's Forum

Our Holly Rollers

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I read with a great deal of interest that correspondence relating to the Herrin-Eshleman debate printed in Town Talk last week. That was the first I knew of the Governor's pointing with pride to the star achievement of his administration—the driving of Herrin into the open—an achievement that wasn't an achievement at all. Mr. Herrin says it's fiction. But admitting that Governor Johnson did make it advisable for the railroad chief to seek publicity, what else has he to point to? Is that the principal thing he has done for the people of the State? Does he think the people will be satisfied with that and consider that it more than offsets the increase of taxation and the State highway whole sections of which were washed away in the recent storm? What about the Board of Control? The Governor used to point with pride to the noble deeds of that body. We were told that it was saving the State vast sums of money. Nevertheless taxes are higher. I have heard it said that for every dollar saved another taxeater was put on the payroll. Wonder if that's true! There is one thing to be said about the Administration—it's morals are impeccable. And this is a most remarkable paradox, that notwithstanding the apparent unmorality of individual Progressives, when taken together they are as pure as the driven snow. Look them over and consider some recent instances of self-revelation and then marvel at the purity obtained by the simple process of throwing them together.

Yours truly,

—L. M. T.

Mayor Rolph and the Red Men

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I see Mayor Rolph is going to join the Red Men. The news fills me with delight. Bully for Mission Jim! Not that I belong to the order myself. I don't belong to any order or organization Mayor Rolph belongs to except the Chamber of Commerce, and believe me! Jim isn't very popular there. But I am tickled to know the Mayor is going to be a Red Man. The Red Men are the busy boys who entertain us when we have street parades. They strip to the waist and paint their flesh with a copper-colored paint, adding a few black strokes to the face for the sake of fierceness. They wear feathers in their hair, leather breeches and moccasins. They go prancing along the street, flourishing their tomahawks and smacking their open mouths so as to produce hollow cries. They are the cut-ups of every procession. Dignity they toss to the winds on such occasions. And when the parade is over you may see them wending homeward, foot-sore, hoarse but very happy. Won't it be great to see Mayor Rolph cavorting with these jolly lads? Can't you see the picture? Are you not eager for a parade so that you may realize the scene? And maybe the movie men won't follow His Honor as he dances along! You're a merry Injun, Mission Jim, and you're in your element at last!

Sincerely,

—Mercator.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Won't Have the Tango

M. Larreta, the Argentine Minister at Paris, will not allow the Argentine tango to be danced at the legation. When an orchestra played a tango air at the legation recently he put the musicians out. He says that the tango is only danced in the disreputable houses and low taverns of Buenos Ayres, and is on all fours with the Apache dance of Paris. He admits that the Parisians have modified and refined it, but justifies his condemnation not only of the dance but of the music as well by stating that the very tango air brings to his mind "ideas really too shocking." He thinks that it is a passing craze such as the cakewalk was, and that it will have a short life in Europe, being unsuited to the European temperament.

The Heart of London Sold

What one of the British papers aptly calls "the heart of London" has been sold by the Duke of Bedford to a Member of Parliament named Mallaby-Deeley. The holdings transferred consist of the Duke's Covent Garden estates comprising twenty-six streets and seven hundred and fifty buildings. The consideration is not known, but guesses range all the way from twenty-five to one hundred million dollars. The sale is explained in some quarters as being due to the fear of Lloyd-Georgeism. Large landowners regard the Government's land policy with apprehension. Apparently the buyer of this huge estate does not share this fear.

Movies of Lawmakers

A Paris moving picture firm has just signed a contract with the French Government under which it receives the sole right to take motion pictures in the Chamber of Deputies. A special clause forbids the firm to take pictures of any "scenes" that may occur. So if one honorable monsieur calls another honorable monsieur a pig and challenges him to a duel, the incident will not be recorded. The members welcome the innovation, for they see a chance to convince their constituents of their parliamentary activity. It is foreseen that every member will be at his desk, buried in work, whenever the movie man starts turning the crank. And it is expected that everybody will want the speaker's eye at such times. Some way of giving all a chance at the centre of the stage will undoubtedly be devised.

Italian Emigrants

In the immigration bill now before Congress there is a clause providing for American health officers on Italian emigrant ships. Italy takes exception to this as a breach of international law and a limitation of Italian sovereignty. An almost identical law was passed by the Argentine two years ago. Italy met the act by deflecting emigration from the Argentine to the United States, and the result was that the Argentine repealed the law after a year. It is expected that if the clause stays in the bill, Italy will take the same course with us. But more likely, the clause will be stricken out.

Moscow's Silent Club

A new club has been started in Moscow, and its principal house rule imposes complete silence on all members while they are within its rooms. The club is luxuriously furnished, and is supplied with billiard, chess and card games. But all intercourse must be carried on by gesture, and the man who speaks is fined. The rule applies in the dining room and bar as elsewhere. It is suspected that certain Moscow gentlemen conceived the idea of this club when they were tormented beyond endurance by the bores they met in their other clubs. Members of all clubs are divided into two classes, the bores and the bored. In Moscow they have taken heroic measures to exclude the former. All members of the new silent club will bore themselves only.

Anti-Church Agitation

Agitation against the established religion in Germany continues unabated. An organization has been formed, and is issuing inflammatory proclamations calling for wholesale desertions from the State church, which is offensively called the "State and Police Church." A number of well known freethinkers approve the propaganda, but although it was started by the Socialists, the Social-Democratic party has issued a statement disavowing official connection with the "creedless" organization. The imperial family has been doing as much as possible to check the movement, but so far without appreciable success.

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXVIII—ONLY A WOMAN'S FACE

By Daniel O'Connell

[illegible]

[illegible]

The Spectator

"Lay" Says Johnson

[illegible]

Dagmar Not Johnson

[illegible]

On the Trail of a Murderer

[illegible]

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has had the stain of blood on his soul for sixteen years.

A Murder for Revenge

The hunt for the slayer of Reno Hutchinson led to the unearthing of evidence of the other murder committed several years before. This evidence, I am told, is circumstantial but strong. At any rate is was sufficient to warrant the extradition from this city to Portland of the man charged with doing the actual slaying. Not long ago a Detective Doyle from Portland presented at Sacramento extradition papers wherein a man named Cooley employed in a local brewery was charged with a murder committed in Portland some sixteen years ago, just before this Cooley came to San Francisco to live. The extradition papers were honored, and Cooley has been taken back to Portland to stand trial. The man whom Cooley is charged with killing had previously killed the brother of a prominent citizen in another northern city, and in the course of the proceedings Detective Doyle made the statement that this man paid Cooley five hundred dollars as a fee for killing his brother's slayer, the obvious motive being revenge. It was a case of blood for blood. Cooley protests his innocence. He denies that any man paid him to commit that murder; he denies having committed it at all. I am told that Detective Doyle made the further statement that there was no particular desire to send Cooley to the gallows; it was the instigator of the murder, the man who hired Cooley, that justice was after.

A Murder to Hide Guilt

As I have said, the evidence which led to the extradition of Cooley was discovered in the course of the quest for the killer of Reno Hutchinson. In the Hutchinson case, I believe, there is not the same amount of evidence. The story runs, however, that the man in question had charge of certain funds of the Y. M. C. A. and that he embezzled them. It is said that Reno Hutchinson as an officer of the Y. M. C. A. became possessed of the evidence of his guilt, and that he was on his way from Portland to the city where the man lives, carrying with him conclusive evidence of the man's guilt, when he was slain, supposedly by highwaymen. But the people who have been trying all these years to bring Hutchinson's murderer to justice declare, according to Detective Doyle, that the embezzler, in fear of exposure and punishment, hired gunmen to kill Hutchinson and possess themselves of the evidence on his person. Certain confidential employes of the man are supposed to have put Hutchinson's relatives on the right trail after they had been discharged from their positions. The trackers of Hutchinson's slayer never dreamed that they would unearth evidence of a second murder instigated by the same man. But they claim that they have done so, and if they can make good their claim the Pacific Coast is in for one of the biggest crime sensations of many years. The moral of this story is the age-old truth that murder will out.

Hearst for Senator?

When Governor Glynn of New York appointed Mrs. William Randolph Hearst a Panama-Pacific Fair Commissioner, the wise ones of New York politics thought they saw the first indication of an alliance which will once more bring W. R. Hearst before the people of the Empire State as a candidate for office. It is being said with some positiveness that Glynn and Hearst have an understanding in accordance with which Glynn will go before the voters as a candidate to succeed himself while Hearst will propose himself as a candidate for the seat in the United States Senate now occupied by his dearest enemy, Elihu Root. The fact that Mayor-elect John Purroy Mitchel called at the Hearst home for a "conference" on Christmas Eve is cited as showing how "close up" our William is in New York municipal politics. If the program sketched out by the political guessers is correct, Hearst will be accused of making terms with Tammany, but I suppose his answer will be that the tiger is now a docile "milk fed" beast with no harm in him.

Our Costly Example

When it became known in Portland that San Francisco was putting the unemployed to work at three dollars a day, the unemployed of Portland paraded the streets with banners announcing, "Give us work at union wages, or we'll give you hell." It was hardly a modest request and a terrifying alternative. Some of Portland's city officials were inclined to follow San Francisco's example by unionizing the unemployed and paying them a premium for their arrogance. In other words we, in our folly, set our neighbor city a costly example. But out folly died as so many other follies do, from lack of funds. Whereupon Portland profited by our experience, and took steps to handle the problem in a more sensible way.

The Conspirators of Chinatown

The arrest of Jim Wong, a capitalist of Chinatown, is one of the episodes of the moving drama of the Chinese quarter that show how alert the heathen is to turn a moral law of the Christian to the immoral purpose of the idol-worshiper. Jim Wong is one of the representatives of big business in Chinatown. There was keen rivalry in Chinatown for the Chinese Village concession of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and Jim Wong out-manoeuvred all his competing countrymen, some of whom immediately proceeded in the artless Chinese way to design plots for the upsetting of his plans. They began pulling wires

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that stretched all the way from Pekin to Washington, but all in vain. Jim Wong had some pull with the officials of the new Chinese Republic, and he beat his enemies at their own game. Happy over his triumphs, he was about to start for China on business relating to the concession when he was arrested under the White Slave law on the charge that he was the owner of houses rented for immoral purposes in Chinatown. An alien owning a house in which prostitutes are employed may be deported, and so the conviction of Jim Wong might mean the loss of his concession. But Jim Wong is a mighty smart Chinaman, and his friends are confident that he will prove himself above reproach. Incidentally they are saying that somebody connected with the Immigration Service is yielding unconsciously to very wicked influences.

Our Purified Chinatown

It would be interesting to learn through what moral agency the federal machinery was set in motion for the discomfiture of Jim Wong. Perhaps we might learn that some cunning white men have been co-operating with the wily Chinese. There may be some curious motives behind this arrest. Perhaps motives of a political nature may be discovered. Who knows? Chinatown is a hotbed of conspiracy and intrigue, and white men play a prominent part in every scene of the moving drama. White men as well as Chinese were disappointed when Jim Wong got the concession. What are their relations with some of President Wilson's subordinates? I think it would be worth while to penetrate deep into this business. Who is it that is eager to make Chinatown more moral than all the rest of the city? Even now Chinatown is horribly free from vice. Such is the power of the press that the lid is on Chinatown, and the Chinese gamblers are doing all their gambling in Oakland. Our newspapers are not clamoring for the lid in Oakland. The good preachers of Oakland are not roaring against the Chinese gamblers. Oakland is glad to harbor the Chinese who were driven out of our Chinatown, and there is nobody across the bay worrying about the danger of contamination. Yet Oakland is a very moral community, and it doesn't let hypocrisy go so far as to interfere with business.

A Drama Of Real Life

It is a far cry from Dublin to San Francisco, too far even for wireless apparatus, and so when an Abbey Theatre audience cried for the author of a new comedy one night some weeks ago Seumas O'Brien didn't so much as cock an ear. Seumas O'Brien, be it understood, a wandering Bohemian artist, now sojourning in San Francisco, is the author of the comedy that made the hit in Dublin. Here he was trying to interest folks in his sculptures when far away in the famous Abbey Theatre his little comedy "Duty" was splitting the sides of a first-night audience. Not the slightest inkling had he of the success of his play. "At the close of the play," says the Freeman's Journal of December 17, "the applause was great and the author was loudly called for. Mr. Sinclair came forward, and expressed his regret that that gentleman was at present in San Francisco, but that they would gladly let him know the success which his piece had achieved." Here is drama of itself. Think of this young artist wandering over the world in quest of recognition, coming to San Francisco and finding it not, and think then of his genius being discovered in his own home and in his own country, and he far away among strangers in a strange

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If such clothes as we sell cost more, there might be a reason why some would be compelled to be content with the best they could afford, but our kind of clothing is no higher in the beginning and surely cheaper in the end, because ultimate satisfaction is what determines the value of a suit.

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‡Koenig Albert ..... Jan. 27
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land wholly unaware of his good fortune. Does any playwright want better material for a drama?

High Praise From the Critics

It is no small tribute to a man's genius that his play has received the approval of a first-night audience in the Abbey Theatre of Dublin. This is the theatre of the Irish Renaissance, the theatre the world has come to know about through the writings of George Moore, Lady Gregory and William Butler Yeats. It was in the Abbey Theatre that Synge won recognition. The critics of London look up to the playwrights of the Abbey Theatre, and cultured folk are proud to know them. When Yeats came to San Francisco the Hon. James D. Phelan entertained him at the Bohemian Club, but when Seumas O'Brien dropped into town, though he had letters from the literary men of Dublin, there was nobody to give him a reception. Town Talk took occasion to interview him, and the Monitor has published some of his sketches, but it is chiefly as a sculptor he has tried to make his way. As he has not made much stir in the circles that burn incense to lions I am more than delighted to tell of his success in Dublin. The Irish Times says of his play: "It gained at once a second place beside 'The Eloquent Dempsey' and 'Mixed Marriages' and the other plays which have made the reputation of the Abbey players." Speaking of the performance the Irish Daily Independent says: "The ludicrous incidents are far too excruciatingly funny for words." According to the Freeman's Journal, "The audience had the delightful and somewhat rare experience of witnessing a new play about which there cannot well be any difference of opinion, because it instantly captured attention and kept everybody delighted by its genuine humor."

"The Lure of the Traffic"

The Bohemian Club's white slave play, produced last Saturday night at the Christmas Jinks, was good but too long. Six acts and nineteen scenes! That was too much for the audience, and too much for at least one of the players. Poor Charley Dillon who played Officer Toole collapsed in the midst of the performance and has been in the hospital ever since. While Charles K. Field supplied the plot of "The Lure of the Traffic," Porter Garnett did the actual writing, and a good job he made of it. The melodrama tells the story of a dire plot hatched by one Wynott Othurs, a San Francisco business man, to make a white slave of an innocent country girl named Bohemia. The white slaver follows the approved methods of melodramatic villains. He has a mortgage on the farm of Bohemia's parents, and lures them to the city. But his plot is foiled at every turn by Philip Goodfellow, Bohemia's rustic lover, and in the end Othurs is cured of his criminality by a blow on the head which removes a clot from his brain and Bohemia becomes the bride of Philip. In his machinations Wynott Othurs has the assistance of Mme. Necessity described as the proprietess of a house of shame, and Loreley Montrio, "a fascinating rag, afterwards a street walker." The humor, as may be imagined, is rather rough, but there is some very good satire.

Poking Fun at Bohemia

Garnett pokes a good deal of fun at the club. He describes the new club at Post and Taylor as "a beautiful Class E residence" and the lounging room "is handsomely finished in Mississippi gum, chewed into shape by contract prison labor among the dismal swamps." The men who kick at everything in the club are made fun of, and the black-balling proclivities of the board of directors are broadly caricatured. There is this about club entertainments: "Do you know that one al fresco entertainment alone last August cost me a full $10,000? I'm just a plain businessman, and as a business proposition these entertainments are overdone. I notice that unless I give some sort of an entertainment nobody comes to see me any more except a few of father's friends who like to drop in for a quiet game of dominoes now and then." This is hitting the nail on the head, if we may believe the plaints of some Bohemians. The luxury of the millionaires in Bohemian Grove is also satirized. Music, art, literature and the drama are symbolized by four friends of the heroine Bohemia. They are snubbed all through the play, but "Drammah" manages to keep herself in the limelight. It looks as though Garnett set out to show that the real Bohemian spirit was almost dead in the club. I wonder if any of the millionaire businessmen of the club saw any hint of their own personalities in Wynott Othurs, the persecutor of Bohemia?

Livernash Bobs Up

The inflammatory de Nivernais, born Livernash, long quenched, blazed out like a beacon light down the peninsula the other day. A bloated capitalist now, with property to be enhanced by good roads, he demands that the highway down the peninsula be built on the east side of the railroad track. Colonel Loveland, John A. Britton, George Holberton and hundreds of other public spirited citizens have long been agitating in favor of a road on the west side, not to improve anybody's property but to avoid a crossing. They obtained rights of way in the neighborhood of Redwood to ensure the building of a straight road on one side of the railroad. But now comes the inflammatory de Nivernais or Livernash in a terrible fury and with his bad manners, charging that the Southern Pacific is behind the project and accusing a citizen of Redwood of having been seduced by the octopus. It used to be a terrible thing to have Livernash point the finger of accusation at you, but that was when he was the salaried agent of a powerful newspaper and a professional agitator for organized labor. When he moved into the nobility by changing his name he lost his vogue and the virulence of his venom.

The Busy Book Agent

The book agent has been exceedingly busy among the new Democratic federal office holders. Drop in to see any of the new job-holders, and it's ten to one you'll find evidence of the book agent's energy in the revolving book case in the private office. This evidence consists of a very handsome five-volume edition of Woodrow Wilson's History of the American People. The new

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appointees were hardly seated comfortably in their swivel chairs before the book agent descended upon them. In their gratitude for landing the big offices they hadn't the heart to turn him down, so it was an easy matter to sign them up for the set, price twenty-five dollars payable in monthly installments. Perhaps some of the new officials feared that if they turned the book agent down Woodrow would hear of it. By the way, you won't find many of the pages cut.

Tom Griffin's Defi

So far the only Democrat who has announced his intention of struggling for the toga with James D. Phelan is Tom Griffin of Modesto. Griffin announced his candidacy the other day, but the Democracy refused to grow excited over the news. So Tom racked his brains for further means of attracting attention. He is preparing to hurl defiance at James D. He has told his friends that he purposes to challenge Phelan to a tour of the State in joint debate; and if Phelan ignores this challenge, he will insist that our millionaire speak from the same platform with him throughout the campaign. I am afraid that James D. will prefer to make his fight "solus and alone." Griffin will run as the friend of the laboring classes. He is proud of the fact that he introduced the women's eight hour bill in the Legislature. I believe he was for La Follette in the last presidential campaign, and he is a great admirer of Governor Johnson.

Intoxicated Poultry

Clifford Cook came down from his ranch in Mendocino the other day and told a story which his uncle Leonidas Scoofey swears by the eternal is true. It seems that the hens on the Cook ranch had been suffering from hook worm or some other complaint which diminished their energy to such an extent that instead of laying they just "lay around." This condition of affairs worried the Italian who had charge of the poultry and he cast about for a remedy. Somebody told him that wine was an excellent tonic for incapacitated hens, so he went to a neighboring winery and purchased a few gallons of that ruddy beverage frequently designated "car paint." This he administered to the hens in generous doses, and the hens, nothing loth, showed themselves ready topers. But a few hours later when the Italian made the rounds to observe the improvement, he was horrified. The hens were all laid out with their feet pointing to heaven. Filled with remorse he rushed to Cliff Cook, explained that he had murdered the hens, and offered to resign. Cliff investigated and found that the hens were not dead—simply dead drunk. As the effects of their vinous potations wore off they struggled to their feet and went reeling about the barn yard. A day later they were sober again, and none the worse for their debauch. So the Italian was induced to remain in charge of them, but the barn yard has become "dry" territory.

Children as a Salary Basis

Corporations are not always soulless, despite the reiterated asseverations of those who live by baiting them. I hear a story from Oakland which may be placed in evidence as proof that the head of a big business may sometimes be an exceedingly kind-hearted and considerate man. There is a man named Harris in the city across the bay who for years has been the agent of a big eastern insurance company. Recently he was called to the headquarters of the company to attend the annual meeting of the board of directors. Much to his surprise the president of the company informed him that his services had been so satisfactory that the board had decided to make him vice-president.

"It only remains to fix your salary," said the president.

Harris was silent, but plainly delighted.

"How many children have you?" asked the president.

"Ten," answered Harris.

"Well," said the president, "I guess ten thousand dollars a year will be about right."

The guide, in referring to the Egyptian pyramids, remarked:

"It took hundreds of years to build them."

"Then it was a Government job, eh?" replied the wealthy contractor.

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ASSETS

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate		$ 6,031,879.58
Real Estate, Bank Buildings, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults		783,647.07
Time Loans (Collateral and Personal)		1,500,362.15
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit		38,681.56
Other Assets		42,766.84
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds	$2,406,706.41	
Demand Loans (Collateral and Personal)	2,750,543.20	
CASH	2,328,324.80	7,485,574.41
		$15,882,911.61

LIABILITIES

Capital Paid Up	$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	330,359.73
Dividends Unpaid	37,598.00
Letters of Credit	38,681.56
DEPOSITS	14,226,242.32
	$15,882,911.61

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco:

A. P. GIANNINI and A. PEDRINI, being each separately, duly sworn, each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is Vice-President and Manager, and that said A. Pedrini is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of our own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI,
A. PEDRINI.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1913.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public

The Story of Our Growth

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Assets.

December 31, 1904	$285,436.97	DECEMBER 31, 1910	$6,539,861.47
December 31, 1905	$1,021,290.80	DECEMBER 31, 1911	$8,379,347.02
DECEMBER 31, 1906	$1,899,947.28	DECEMBER 31, 1912	$11,228,814.56
DECEMBER 31, 1907	$2,221,347.35	DECEMBER 31, 1913,	$15,882,911.61
December 31, 1908	$2,574,004.01		
December 31, 1909	$3,817,217.70		

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS—42,738

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Savings Deposits made on or before January 10th will earn interest from January 1st

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Their Slenderness Tested

The slenderness of Mrs. Lansing Kellogg that has been the amazement of her friends this winter was tried and proved the other day when she appeared in a moleskin coat caught in a draped effect about the hips. Only a long lithe figure could have stood it and Mrs. Kellogg triumphed. She wore with it a blue cloth skirt and a small blue velvet hat and looked very attractive out for an airing with her faithful bull terrier. Another successful test of slenderness was made by Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton lunching at the St. Francis in a soft tan velvet with a broad band of fox fur bordering the draped skirt. A few years ago Mrs. Dutton wouldn't have attempted it. But Carlsbad did wonders of reducing for her and she came home from Paris this year as girlishly slim as a debutante.

Marie Whiting's Illness

The younger set has been saddened by the illness of pretty little Marie Whiting who is in a very critical condition at her home in Berkeley. A few days ago her life was despaired of and though she has shown a slight improvement since then, there are grave fears for her recovery. Miss Whiting is the petite and fascinating granddaughter of the house of Afong, her mother having been Etta Afong who married Admiral Whiting. Since his retirement the family home has been in Berkeley. Marie is a piquant little beauty with more than a hint of her Oriental ancestry in the slant of her dark eyes and her olive skin. She is one of the most popular belles of the very young set and is considered one of the star tango dancers of the St. Francis thes dansants.

The Tea Dances Compared

There are interesting distinction between the St. Francis thes dansants and those at the Palace. Both are enthusiastically attended by all our smartest society people, at both the music is inspiring and the dancing a joy for dancers and spectators alike. If it looks as though the Palace parties are more inclusive, yet they have a more independent social atmosphere. There is more formality at the St. Francis parties, but it is not overpowering. The Burlingame set led by Mrs. Walter Martin goes in for a good time and has it. But an atmosphere of strained uncertainty surrounds some. None of this at the Palace. Especially interesting are the differences in costuming. Elaborate effects are the rule at the St. Francis where a simple tailor suit was once barred. But the same women who appear as French fashion plates on Friday will wear cloth suits and simple blouses the next day at the Palace. There are a few elaborate costumes in the Court, but even Mrs. Sharon who is in constant communication with the Rue de la Paix, wears comparatively simple afternoon gowns. The Misses Morrison of San Jose were gorgeously arrayed the other day. To one of the sisters whose costume was a study in brown and tan, belongs the distinction of wearing the largest hat of the the dansant season. It was of brown velvet, quite broad, and carried to a remarkable height with tan plumes. She carrried it most gracefully and it couldn't have been as heavy as it looked.

At the Tea Dance

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, just home from abroad, was one of a family party at the St. Francis dansant the other day. She was very handsome in black with a black velvet tam-o-shanter hat. With her was her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Taylor of Boston, who accompanied her to San Francisco and who held a court of her own, attended by her old friends. Mrs. Taylor was Daisy Van Ness, daughter of the Tom Van Nesses and sister of Mrs. Will Denman. She used to be a popular member of the set that included Mrs. Latham McMullin (Mollie Thomas), Mrs. Harry Poett (Genevieve Carolan) and Mrs. Charlie Baldwin (Virginia Hobart). Also in the party was Mrs. Denman's sister-in-law, Mrs. Cheatham, wife of Major Cheatham, who is here from Honolulu. She is the former May Denman. It puzzled some of their friends to figure out the relationship of Mrs. Pillsbury and Mrs. Cheatham. Mrs. Pillsbury has brought home from Paris the fashion of standing lace collars with her gowns. They are not quite so high as the Medici collars, and are very effective on dignified types. At the "Apres le theatre dansant" recently, she wore an odd costume of black satin veiled with cream chiffon and with a bodice and wired minaret effect of yellow lace. The high collar across the back was of yellow lace.

Miss De Young's Marriage

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Kathleen De Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. De Young, to Ferdinand Thieriot will take place on the evening of Wednesday, January 28. The wedding ceremony will be performed by Archbishop Riordan at the De Young home in California street in the presence of the immediate family and a few close friends. Miss Phyllis De Young, sister of the bride-to-be, will be maid of honor.

Here's Another!

I met Otto Irving Wise about noon last Saturday and there was an expression of uncertainty not to say gloom on his face. I asked him what had gone wrong.

"Nothing," he replied. "It's only this. I promised my wife that I would accompany her to the 'the dansant' this afternoon, and so far I have not been able to think of a plausible excuse for staying away."

Immediately I remonstrated. Why not go? If he had never been before he'd enjoy the novelty of the affair. Finding that Wise did not take my intrusion upon his private affairs in an unkindly spirit I went further. I advised him, not only to attend but to dance with Mrs. Wise and whatever friends of hers were present.

"That is to say," I added, "if you can do the new dances."

The lawyer colored. He had a guilty air.

"I have been taking lessons in the tango, the one-step and the hesitation," he confessed.

Captain and Mrs. Powers Here

Captain and Mrs. Thomas Powers are spending a leave in San Francisco, on their way to a Southwestern post. While stationed in Manila Captain Powers was at work on a new novel. He is one of the literary lights of the army, dividing honors with Captain Harry Howland. A former story of the Philippines made a great success. The Powers are being entertained by their friends the Fenwicks and members of the Masten clan. Mrs. Powers was Mrs. Jane Ewell Masten. Her sudden romantic marriage to the young officer after a brief courtship was an event of three years ago and they have been in Manila since then.

Nance No Lioness

Nance O'Neil came to town the other day, and immediately journeyed to Del Monte for a few days' rest before appearing at the Orpheum. I wonder whether any attempts will be made to lionize the handsome actress during her stay here? I doubt whether any such attempts will prove successful. Nance is no drawing room lioness; she has no inclination to "roar like a sucking dove" for the edification of those who pursue stage stars. I recall the discomfiture of the good Oakland women who tried to lionize her after she made her first success on the stage. They called on her one afternoon, and her maid received them. Miss O'Neil was in her boudoir, but the door was open, and the callers could hear the conversation.

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Write for booklet, rates, etc., to

DAVID B. PLUMER, General Manager.

"Mrs. This, Mrs. That and Miss Soandso," said the maid.

"What do they want?" asked Nance in that deep voice of hers.

"To see you," said the maid.

"Tell them to go to hell!"

"The Hatpin Brigade"

Have you heard of it, this Hatpin Brigade? It is also known as the Puncture Squad, and it was organized recently by the nurses of St. Luke's Hospital. For some time past the pretty nurses have been annoyed by hoodlums. When they are off duty in the evening the girls make parties and go to the moving picture shows in the neighborhood. On leaving and returning to the hospital they have to pass along an alleyway, and the hoodlums waylaid them there and tried to hug and kiss them. The girls found protection in numbers, but not sufficient protection. So they have organized what is known as the Hatpin Brigade or Puncture Squad. They all carry hatpins, and the first hoodlum who "gets fresh" will be repelled by a jab that will probably cure him of his amorous propensity. As the nurses are all skilled in the use of the hypodermic needle, it goes without saying that they will jab with accuracy and effect. I should advise the Mission hoodlums to beware the Puncture Squad.

Del Monte Notes

The New Year Golf Tournament at Del Monte turned out to be a great success, notwithstanding the discouraging weather of the last few days of the old year, for New Year's Day was bright and sunshiny. The holiday spirit prevailed all through the tournament and everyone had a most enjoyable time. Mr. Tisdale was the winner in the men's first division and Miss Alice Warner in the ladies.' Among those prominent in business and social circles in and about the Bay Cities who came down for the tournament were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Clark of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Armsby and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. Martin and family, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Eastland, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothchild, Mrs. K. Maddox, Gordon Armsby, Harry and Prescott Scott, Chas. T. Crocker, Geo. W. Nickel, I. O. Upham and P. W. Selby. Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Towne and Mrs. Towne's sister Miss Josephine Johnson of Oakland are at Del Monte over the tournament.

Innovations at Hotel Green

The management of Hotel Green, Pasadena, has provided a number of new attractions the present season which will still further advance the popularity of the hotel. The lobby of the East Wing has been converted into a Palm Room with a fountain in the center, affording a most pleasing and restful retreat. Another feature which affords pleasure and entertainment to guests is Sig. Pereira's string sextette. Concerts are given daily from 4 to 5, and 7 to 9 p. m. The manager, David B. Plumer, is to be congratulated on having provided an Assembly Room for the especial use of Canadian guests. This feature was installed on account of the greatly increased patronage the hotel enjoys from the various provinces. Daily papers from leading cities of the Dominion are on file. Hotel Green was opened this year on December 1 and will remain open until the first of May. The atmosphere, environment, appointments and service are all that could be desired.

MAURICE and FLORENCE WALTON

The world's most popular ball room dancers who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

At Hotel del Coronado

Among those who welcomed the New Year at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl of San Mateo who had as their supper guests in the grill Duc and Duchesse de Richelieu. Mrs. Parker Symes entertained in her supper party Mrs. Sands Forman, J. D. Spreckels and Miss Josephine Smith who on the twenty-first inst. will become the bride of Lieutenant-Commander Freeman, U. S. N. Arthur J. Brander who has for some time been in Los Angeles spent the holidays at Coronado and was the supper guest of the James Binghams Jr. The dance of the early evening was most attractive and later some three hundred of those present repaired to the grill and Casino where 1914 was welcomed in true California spirit.

Pacific Grove Notes

Registering at the Pacific Grove Hotel from San Francisco and the Bay Cities during the week were Miss E. Blanchard, W. F. Forsee, K. B. Edwards, F. L. Beck, C. R. Burroughs, F. Lingohr, Misses Ada G. and Ida M. Hammond, Frank R. Bridges, F. L. Hatch and Edith Sutson. W. T. Hislop of Cleveland is making his annual trip to the Peninsula. Miss Margery Aikens of Venture is a guest.

Thoughfulness at Tavern

The ever increasing demand for the various toilet preparations from the laboratories of the Aubrey Sisters of New York has led the management of Techau Tavern frequently to select one or another of these popular cosmetics for presentation to lady patrons as an expression of appreciation. Both the Beautifier and the Greaseless Face Cream have proved as attractive as any souvenir yet presented and they will be presented from time to time on Saturday afternoons. It should not be forgotten that these souvenirs are typical of the thoughtfulness which is characteristic of the Tavern management and which extends to every detail of the service.

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Sell and knit to order the PFISTER QUALITY Underwear, Bathing Suits, Athletic Suits, Sweaters, Jerseys, Shaker and Jumbo Knit Coat Sweaters and RUFF NECK COATS.
Come and See

Antony and Cleopatra

By Edward F. O'Day

I went to the Savoy the other night to see the moving pictures of "Antony and Cleopatra." I went with the liveliest anticipation; as who should not, going to witness that overpowering tragedy of ambition conquered by love and love crowned by death?

I went to see Mark Antony, that Mark Antony who had struck the lean and wrinkl'd Cassius and the mad Brutus ended; who with his sword quartered the world and o'er green Neptune's back with ships made cities; in whose name lay a moiety of the world; whose face, to Cleopatra, was as the heavens, whose legs bestrid the ocean, whose rear'd arm crested the world, whose voice was propertied as all the tuned spheres, but when he meant to quail and shake the orb, he was as rattling thunder; in whose bounty there was no winter; whose delights were dolphin-like and showed his back above the element they lived in; in whose livery walked crowns and crownets while realms and islands were as plates dropped from his pocket. I went to see that Antony whom Cleopatra called her lord of lords, her man of men, her noblest of men, the crown, the demi-Atlas of the earth, the arm and burgonet of men; that Antony who became the amorous surfeiter, the ne'er-lust-wearied Antony; who slept day out of countenance and made night light with drinking; who mocked the midnight bell and burned the night with torches; whom poisoned hours bound up from his own knowledge; who became the ruin of Cleopatra's magic and for her kiss'd away kingdoms and provinces; who gave a kingdom for a mirth, until his goodly eyes that o'er the files and musters of the wars had glow'd like plated Mars, now bent, now turned the office and devotion of their view upon a tawny front, and his captain's front which in the scuffles of great fights had burst the buckles on his breast, now reneged all temper and was become the bellows and the fan to cool a gypsy's lust; the triple pillar of the world transform'd into a strumpet's fool.

And I went to see Cleopatra with Phoebus' amorous pinches black; a morsel for a monarch; whom when Pompey beheld, he would stand and make his eyes grow in her brow; the royal wench who made great Caesar lay his sword to bed; who, when she first met Mark Antony, pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus; whose person beggared description; who o'er-pictured that Venus where we see the fancy outwork nature; whom age could not wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety; who, while other women cloy the appetites they feed, made hungry where most she satisfied; whom vilest things became, so that the holy priests blessed her when she was riggish. I went to see that Cleopatra whom everything became, to chide, to laugh, to weep; whose every passion fully strove to make itself in her fair and admired; whose passions were made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. That Cleopatra whom Antony called his enchanting queen, his dearest queen, his most sweet queen, his precious queen, his serpent of old Nile, his Thetis, the armourer of his heart, his great fairy, his nightingale, his spell; but who, though the charms of love softened her lips, was also salt Cleopatra; whose craft was joined with beauty, lust with both; Cleopatra who proved so false that Anthony also called her foul Egyptian, triple-turn'd trull, false soul of Egypt, a boggler ever, a morsel cold upon dead Caesar's trencher, a fragment of Cneius Pompey's; that Cleopatra eternity was in whose lips and eyes, bliss in her brows' bent; whose beck might from the bidding of the gods command Mark Antony; whose eye beck'd forth his wars and call'd them home; whose bosom was his crownet, his chief end but the edge of whose affection nick'd his captainship when half to half the world was opposed.

I saw it all at the Savoy, and it was good, very good; but, as may be guessed from the foregoing rhapsody, after seeing George Kleine's splendid pictures, I went home and reread Shakespeare's play. May the films have the same good effect on you!

Gossip of the Theatre

"The Gentlemanly Gorilla"

This is not, as one might suppose, a gorilla with the instincts, or even with the external marks of a gentleman. It is not a gorilla at all. It is a man with a gorilla's strength of teeth, toughness of muscle and hardness of head. He hides his identity under the name of "Texas," but lifts the veil so far as to admit from the stage of Pantages that twenty-two years ago he sold newspapers at Lotta's Fountain. If there are any more newsboys like him at Lotta's Fountain or elsewhere, one had better be careful not to offend them. "Texas" bends an iron pipe with his teeth as easily as you would crack an almond with yours. He splits planks over his head without mussing his hair. And he does any number of other feats of the same extraordinary sort. To watch "Texas" is not the pleasantest thing in the world if you let your mind dwell on splinters and other dangers, but he's a wonder just the same. "Texas" is the billtopper of a good show. There's a sextet of dusky musicians who do the "Miserere" to ragtime and pound "The Pineapple Rag" out of the xylophone until you can't make your feet behave. There is a dance number arranged by Bothwell Browne with ballets, classic posturing and a "tango waltz." The classic dancer doesn't wear much of anything and scores accordingly. There's a clever young woman named Irene Young who sings well, laughs better than she sings, dances better than she laughs and kisses her partner even better than she dances. And there are moving pictures of the New Year's battle wherein Gunboat Smith bombarded the white hope out of Arthur Pelkey. To the uninitiated it looks as though the referee worked harder than either of the wallopers, for they were an affectionate pair and it took a lot of strength to pry them from their frequent embraces.

—E. F. O'Day.

KATHLEEN PARLOW

A California girl who has developed into a world celebrated violinist, will appear at Native Sons Hall, Sunday afternoon, January 11, and Saturday afternoon, January 17, and at the Cort Theatre Thursday afternoon, Jan. 15.

Magic and Drama at the Orpheum

Though Horace Goldin consumes a great deal of time at the Orpheum this week it is hardly enough to enable him to unload his capacious bag of tricks. Goldin is a presidigitateur with an enormous repertory. He has so many things to do that to do them all within the allotted time he keeps himself under forced draft. But perhaps this is what may be called "part of the game." You don't always know what Goldin is going to do. You see chiefly what he has done. The pleasure of watching in the vain hope of detecting the means is denied you by Goldin. He is more of an illusionist than a prestidigitateur, depending as he does chiefly on his elaborate apparatus. But it is good entertainment that Goldin gives us. Some of it is at once bewildering and beautiful. There are so many clever people and diverting stunts at the Orpheum this week, that it is somewhat more difficult than it usually is to achieve distinction. But one need have no hesitation in crediting Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Allen with this triumph. Mr. Allen scores twice; first as a playwright, then as an actor. He is the author of a breezy little comedy, compact of humor and droll sentimentality. In the play he is Jim Maxwell, a wealthy middle-aged plunger, who marries a poor girl. The girl was to have married an old man for his money at the behest of her mother, but Maxwell raised the bid. The play opens in the Maxwells' hotel apartment a few hours after the marriage. The young wife is in a melancholy mood. She has contempt for the man who bought her, but she soon learns that he bought her to save her, and is willing to set her free. The play shows us the gradual awakening of affection in the heart of the bride. The story is skilfully handled and the little drama is played most effectively. There is more art in this little play written by a vaude-

ville actor than is to be found in the works of some of our most successful playwrights.

—Theodore Bonnet

A Master Pianist

Wilhelm Bachaus played himself into the confidence of local connoisseurs of the piano at one sitting. Not many of those connoisseurs were present at the opening concert last Sunday at Scottish Rite Hall, but those that took a chance were well repaid for the hazard. If Bachaus is somewhat less famous than some pianists we have met it is not because he is lacking in any of the essentials of virtuosity. He is a master musician; not only a pianist of facile technique, but an interpreter with true poetic insight and temperament. In the opening number, the Brahms G Minor Rhapsodie, he revealed himself as a pianist of the first rank. He is at once passionate and human, and he has the divine knack of giving to sound his mood and coloring. At the same time he aims more at fidelity than display. To Chopin he gives all the composer's breadth and all his daintiness, making you realize the nervous heart-beats and the feverish violence. Beethoven he play with sympathy. In Strauss the execution was exhilarating and tremendous. Bachaus is a man worth hearing.

—Robert McT.

"Madame X" at Alcazar

The successful ten weeks' engagement of Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell at the Alcazar will come to a close on Sunday night, January 18. For their closing week which begins Monday, the management of the Alcazar used a unique system for the choice of the play. The patrons of the theatre were requested to vote for whatever play they wished to see their favorites in for their last week and, in consequence of this arrangement, hundreds of letters found their way into the Alcazar's box office. Out of every ten requests the great drama of mother love, "Madame X" by Alexander Bisson, figured from seven to nine times, so the management chose this marvelous play as the farewell vehicle for the two stars. It will be remembered that "Madame X" was played by Miss Vaughan and Mr. Lytell at the Alcazar during the week of November 10, and at that time it made history for the popular pair, as well as for the playhouse. It played to capacity audiences at each performance and many were unable to gain admission. As soon as the votes were counted last week, arrangements were made for the revival beginning on Monday night. The cast will be identical with the one that played the drama a few weeks ago.

Farewell Bachaus Concert

The last concert of Wilhelm Bachaus will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday afternoon with the following brilliant program: Caprice on Airs from Gluck's "Alceste," Saint-Saens; the "Wanderer Fantasie," Schubert; "Prelude," Rachmaninoff; a group of seven Chopin gems; the rarely played "Ballade" by Liszt; the same composer's "Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 2"; and transcription of Schumann's "Liebeslied."

Kathleen Parlow

Kathleen Parlow, the gifted young violinist who has established her right to a place in the very front rank of the virtuosi regardless of sex, will give her first concert at Native Sons Hall in Mason street just above Geary this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. Assisted by Charlton Keith, pianist, Miss Parlow will play the "Concerto" by Tschaikowsky; "Sonata" in E major, Handel; "Air," Goldmark; "Menuett," Mozart; "Variations on a theme of Corelli," Tartini-Kreisler; and numbers by Wieniawski, Brahms-Joachim and Chopin. Next Thursday afternoon a special concert will be given at the Cort at 3:15 p. m. for the benefit of the building fund of the First Congregational Church when the "Concerto" in D minor by Vieuxtemps; "Chaconne," Bach; "Prelude and Allegro," Kreisler-Pugnani; and works by Hubay, Sarasate and Debussy will be played. Miss Par-

MARGARET ILLINGTON
Who will be seen Sunday night, January 11, at the Cort in Bayard Veiller's great play, "Within the Law."

OTIS SKINNER
As "Hajj," the Beggar of Bagdad" in "Kismet" at the Columbia Theater for two weeks beginning Monday night, January 12.

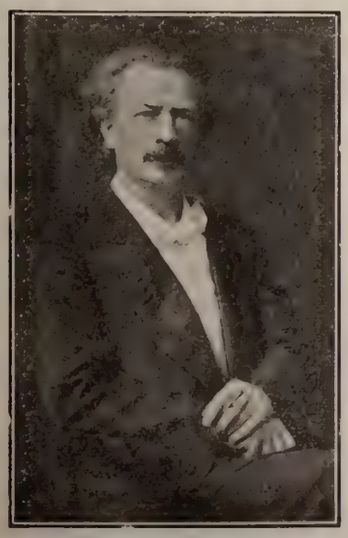
low's final program will be given at Native Sons Hall on Saturday afternoon, January 17.

Paderewski

Ignaz Jan Paderewski, the most interesting and important figure among the pianists since the days of Liszt, is again playing with all his old time charm and the critics say "there is but one Paderewski and he still reigns supreme." Manager Greenbaum announces that there will be positively but one concert given here, and the date is Sunday afternoon, January 18, at Dreamland Rink. The program will be a colossal one, for the artist will play two complete Sonatas, the Opus 109 by Beethoven and the B flat minor by Chopin with its glorious Funeral March. Then there will be Schumann's fantastic "Carnival," the Bach-Liszt "Prelude and Fugue" in A minor, a Chopin "Mazurka" and "Nocturn" and Liszt's two Etudes "La Campanella" and "Waldesrauschen." The sale of seats will open Wednesday morning at the usual music stores and mail orders should be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum. There will be 1500 unreserved seats sold at one dollar. In Oakland Paderewski will be at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday afternoon, January 20, at 3:15 p. m., playing an entirely different program. Some of the features will be Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata as only Paderewski can play it, the "Liebestod" from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," the Liszt transcription of "The Erl King" and a dozen other great works. For this concert seats will be ready at Ye Liberty in Oakland next Thursday.

Pavlowa Ballet Season

The big special train bearing the greatest of all dancers Anna Pavlowa and her company of one hundred including M. Novikoff, principal dancer of the Imperial Opera at Moscow, thirty-six of the stars of the St. Petersburg Ballet and a complete symphony orchestra under the baton of Theodore Stier, a wardrobe of three thousand costumes and innumerable sets of artistic scenery, is approaching the West after a triumphant series of performances at the Metropolitan, Montreal, Boston and Chicago Opera Houses. The season guaranteed us by Manager Greenbaum will open at the Valencia for one week on Monday night, January 19, with matinees on Saturday and Sunday, January 24 and 25. The big stage at the Valencia is the only one in the city that can accommodate this enormous series of productions. Monday night the program will consist of a series of ten dances including the celebrated "Chopin Fantasie," the dramatic ballet "Orientale" and a series of divertisements concluding with the famous "Bacchanale." Tuesday night: the Spanish Ballet "Paquita," "Les Preludes" with music by Liszt and divertisements. Wednesday night: "The Magic Flute," "Invitation to the Dance" with music by Weber and divertisements. Thursday night: Military Ballet, "Soiree de Danse" and divertisements. Friday night: "Giselle" ballet in two acts and divertisements. Saturday matinee: "The Magic Flute," "Paquita" and divertisements. Saturday night: "Orientale," "Preludes" and divertisements. Special request program for the Sunday matinee. The box office will open Tuesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order payable to Will. L. Greenbaum. No more than ten seats to any one person will be sold, excepting to theatre parties arranged for in person by people known to the management.



PADEREWSKI

Most noted pianist in the world, will appear at Dreamland on Sunday afternoon, January 18, and at Ye Liberty, Oakland, Tuesday afternoon, January 20.

The Symphony Concerts

The second series of Friday afternoon symphony concerts by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort began this Friday afternoon. The list of assisting artists engaged for the coming series of symphony concerts include: Kathleen Parlow, violinist; Corinne Frada, a child-pianist of exceptional talent; Josef Hofmann, pianist; Fritz Kreisler, violinist; and Jean Gerardy, 'cellist. Among the novelties to be performed are: Hadley, Rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay;" Chadwick, "Symphonic Sketches;" Debussy, "The Sea Pictures;" Strauss, Symphonic Poem, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks;" Sibelius, Symphonic Poem, "Swan of Tuonela."

Canoe Girls at Empress

A bill that is a prize winner will be seen next week at the Empress. Headline honors go to "The Canoe Girls," Joe Maxwell's stunning musical revue. It is a dashing and colorful little piece with Nina Collins and Bert Gardner and a bevy of dainty girls in sprightly dances and clever songs written especially for this production. The most laughable act of its kind is Merian's Swiss Canine Company, who present a comedy, "A Spoiled Honeymoon." The act is a European importation and is said to be the best dog act in vaudeville. Lester Bernard and Earl Lloyd, two character comedians, will present "Mr. Cohen from Newark." They sing, dance and talk. A popular comedian is Ernest Dupille who has a good voice and fine songs and stories. A novel and unusual act is offered by Aldro and Mitchell, grotesque aerial gymnasts. Phosma, the Goddess of Light, will present a surprise act, and O'Connor and Mayo will introduce monologue and saxaphone eccentricities. Motion pictures will complete the bill.

The Gaiety Show's Success

The introduction of new business, new songs and new comedians has given a new lease of life to "The Girl at the Gate" at the Gaiety, and in consequence business has increased in the same measure as popular appreciation of the efforts to make this a thoroughly entertaining show. Much of this emphatic commendation on the part of the public is undoubtedly due to Bickel and Watson whose comedy work in the piece is the signal for an outbreak of mirth which never lets

MLLE. ANNA PAVLOWA AND HER DANCING PARTNER, M. NOVIKOFF

In one of their charming divertisements. Pavlowa and the Imperial Russian dancers will be at the Valencia Theatre for one week starting Monday night, January 19.

up until these unique laughtermakers disappear temporarily from view. San Franciscans won't have so very much longer to enjoy the performances of their favorite comedienne, Irene Franklin, for the course of "The Girl at the Gate" will steer her away from O'Farrell street very shortly, so that those who have not yet heard Miss Franklin's new numbers will be well advised if they go before it is too late. The Gaiety's new production starring Marie Dressler is well on its way to completion, and though no definite date has yet been announced for its opening the probabilities are that it will take place some time during the present month.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS

Star of "Thor, Lord of the Jungles," at the Tivoli.

Circus Films at Tivoli

There is a fascination about a circus and all that pertains to circus life, and in "Thor, Lord of the Jungles" which will be seen at the Tivoli for the week commencing Sunday, the spectator will be taken back to the days of his childhood and given every thrill that goes with the advent of the big white tents. The gripping story takes place on two continents, sweeping from the jungles of wildest Africa to city life and the crowds that go with the three rings. It is a big sentimental story of adventures with savage beasts and strange men, the trapping of a huge African lion being only one of the stirring incidents. "Thor" is the name of the lion and his affection for Gene Brant, the daughter of an African farmer who leaves her native land to

(Continued on Page 20.)

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America's Most Popular Comedienne

IRENE FRANKLIN

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Supported by 60 Comedians, Singers and Dancers in the Musical Merriment

"THE GIRL AT THE GATE"

Another $2.00 Worth for $1.00

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CORT

Leading Theatre

Ellis and Market

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Last Time Saturday Night, "Little Women."

Beginning Saturday Night, January 11

Arch Selwyn Presents

MARGARET ILLINGTON

In Bayard Veiller's Globe-Girdling Success

"WITHIN THE LAW"

Nights and Saturday Matinee, $2 to 50 cents; "Pop." Wednesday Matinee.

THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 11th at 2:30

and

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 17th

NATIVE SONS HALL

Mason St. above Geary

SPECIAL CONCERT THURSDAY AFTERNOON JANUARY 15th, 3:15

CORT THEATER

Benefit Building Fund First Congregational Church

Tickets, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's.

Baldwin Piano Used

PADEREWSKI

ONE CONCERT ONLY

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 18th at

DREAMLAND

Prices, $2.50, $2.00 and $1.50. 1500 Unreserved Seats, $1.00

Box Offices open as above next Wednesday. Mail orders to Will. L. Greenbaum either office.

IN OAKLAND

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 20th

YE LIBERTY

Box Offices opens next Thursday, January 15th

Steinway Piano

PAVLOWA

Assisted by M. NOVIKOFF and the IMPERIAL RUSSIAN BALLET and SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. 100 People

VALENCIA THEATER

ONE WEEK, COMMENCING MONDAY JANUARY 19th

MATINEES Saturday and Sunday

Orchestra, $3.00. Dress Circle, $3.00, $2.00

Balcony, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00

Box office opens TUESDAY at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s where mail orders should be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum.

Coming CLARA BUTT and KENNERLEY RUMFORD

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.

Phone Franklin 150.

TWO WEEKS, BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY 12th

MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS

Klaw and Erlanger Present

OTIS

SKINNER

(By Arrangement with Charles Frohman)

In "An Arabian Night"

KISMET

By Edward Knoblauch

Produced and Managed by Harrison Grey Fiske

Prices, Evenings and Saturday Matinees, 25c to $2.

Prices, Wednesday Matinees, 25c to $1.50

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Sentiment continued to grow more optimistic in Wall street last week when it became clear the banks of the whole country were pleased with the currency bill. The only thing the pessimists have found to say since President Wilson signed the bill is the expression of fear that the administration will not make a wise choice when the members of the Federal Reserve Board are named. Another factor causing a better feeling in the stock market was the willingness of the large railroads and industrial corporations to treat with the Department of Justice and thus avoid more anti-trust litigation, after the manner of the treaty of peace made by the Department with the American Telephone and Telegraph. Railroad officials and the retired president of one of the largest railroads even welcomed the suggestion that the Federal Government shall exercise control over all issues of securities and over the expenditures of gross revenues, should these be increased by addition to freight rates in force at present. Never before have corporation interests expressed so much willingness to submit to Government inspection and direction. This change of position is the logical outcome of Government regulation of transportation rates accompanied by practical regulation of wages through Federal arbitration boards. Much will depend upon the attitude of the public towards the stock market after January disbursements, if interest and dividends amounting to more than a quarter of a billion dollars are made. All the trading of late has been done by the professionals and a few great capitalists. If the public begins to buy on slight recessions the market will become broad and healthy. When the new currency bill is put in operation it will improve the market for high class securities because it will tend to lower the rates charged by the banks and money lenders in the south and west. We believe stocks should be bought at this level and that the next move will be higher.

Wheat—The wheat market the past week has been narrow, and while there was some loss in price, the trade has not at all been active and the market seems inclined to rally from extreme depressions, needing apparently some substantial support by industries whenever the local trade or general news exerts too bearish an influence on values. The general news during the week seemed rather to favor lower prices. The weather map was considered favorable inasmuch as snow fell quite generally over the winter wheat belt. Heretofore the weather has been unseasonably warm throughout the winter wheat States and a good deal of wheat had grown to such proportions that the farmers were afraid it would joint and be killed out by the winter weather. What we need now is seasonable winter weather and aside from the possibilities of more than the usual amount of insect damage, the prospects are exceedingly favorable. It is, however, well to consider the movement of wheat the world over, and also the present stocks rather than the new crop outlook. The total receipts at the primary markets since July 1 show that they have handled about 40,000,000 bushels less than for the same period last year and this notwithstanding the Government's estimate of a yield 30,000,000 bushels larger than last year. Our advices indicate that the spring wheat has been marketed closer than usual and in the spring we will undoubtedly face a very strong demand without any big surpluses in any direction.

Corn—There doesn't seem to be any let-up in the run of corn to primary markets and those who were loud in their predictions of 80 cent corn are up against a peculiar situation. Cash corn has been a drug on the market and is now selling at such a large discount under the May option that figuring it from the legitimate standpoint it makes the May option look high at 67 cents. There seems to be no outlet for this commodity. The east and the export demand usually take care of the big run of corn at this season of the year. There is no export demand and Argentine continues to furnish the east with corn at prices much below that at which it can be delivered from Chicago. The Argentine crop outlook is the best on record at this season of the year and is having its effect on the Liverpool market. There is a bottom to this market somewhere but as long as receipts continue heavy prices will have to go to a level where the buyers will take the actual stuff.

Cotton—It has been a see-saw market in cotton the past week and the twelve-cent level seemed to pivot. Notices to the extent of about 50,000 bales passed amongst the trade early in the week and coupled with reports of several large failures in the cotton goods line affected the market unfavorably. Of late there has been a falling off in exports to Europe. Shorts are making much of this falling off in the demand for export, claiming it will continue to run behind last year during the remainder of the season owing to the less favorable conditions in India compared with last season. Another unfavorable feature is the claim which seems to be well founded, that the south on December 13 had about 425,000 bales more cotton to market than it had on the corresponding date a year ago, even though ginnings after that date be no larger than they were after December 13 of last year. The only hope of the market at the moment is for the trade and export demand to improve, or for the ginnings to fall off compared with returns made after this time last year. Until more is known of the probable size of the crop buying on breaks and selling on the bulges is in order.

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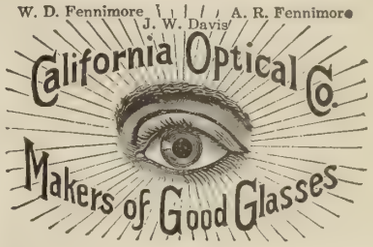

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Stage

(Continued from Page 18)

follow a circus owner to America, is wonderfully displayed in a series of thrilling adventures. Kathlyn Williams, the favorite motion picture actress, will play Gene and the other principal roles will be enacted by well-known artists. A supplementary picture of exceptional interest will be "A Waif of the Plains," a drama of frontier life in three reels, while a Keystone comedy will give variety to the bill. "The Third Degree," the filmatization of Charles Klein's great play of the same name, will be shown at the Tivoli for the last times this Saturday evening.

Maurice at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have as headline attractions Maurice and Florence Walton, the world's most popular ball room dancers who were the rage of Paris, London and New York; also the distinguished actress Nance O'Neil and her company in the one-act play "In Self Defense or The Second Ash Tray," by Gaston Mervale. Miss O'Neil's engagement will be for one week only. Maurice and Walton will include in their program Valse Classique, Argentine "Tango," Hesitation Waltz and Maurice Walk. Bert Fitzgibbon, the original Daffy Dill, will give the audience fifteen minutes of enjoyment. Martin E. Johnson, the only white man to make the entire voyage of the South Sea Islands with Jack London in his little 45-foot yacht "The Snark" will show his own motion pictures of life in the far-off and little known South Pacific Islands. Daisy Leon, the little prima donna, erstwhile a Gus Edwards child and more recently with Clifton Crawford in "The Three Twins," "The Sweetest Girl in Paris" and other musical comedy hits, will contribute a fascinating turn in which her sweet voice plays a charming part. Roberto, the famous European juggler, with the assistance of Bea Verera, an excellent vocalist, will give an entertaining performance. Next week will be the last of Maude Muller and Ed Stanley and also of Horace Goldin in his series of illusions.

Classic Films at Savoy

George Kleine's latest production, the Cines photo-drama, "Antony and Cleopatra," has created a sensation at the Savoy and will commence the second week of a successful engagement Monday afternoon. Matinees are given daily at half past two, with evening performances at eight-thirty. The delightful incidental music given by Hans Koenig and his picked musicians makes the entertainment doubly pleasing.

"Kismet" at Columbia

"Kismet," the famous "Arabian Nights" play by Edward Knoblauch that was the theatrical sensation of London three seasons ago and has had phenomenal success in America during the past two years, will be presented, with Otis Skinner in the role of Hajj the Beggar, at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night, January 12. Klaw and Erlanger and Harrison Grey Fiske who joined forces in making this production, have assembled a company numbering one hundred persons, including the dancers and supernumeraries, and have mounted the play in lavish fashion. Mr. Fiske personally staged the production and his achievement has been called the "final word" in stagecraft. Mr. Knoblauch drew his inspiration for the play from Sir Richard Burton's translation of "The Arabian Nights," though he does not follow any particular story. Among the other well known players in the large company are George Gaul, Willard Webster, Owen Meech, Richard Scott, Daniel Jarrett, Charles Newsom, William Lorenz, Harry Sothern, Harold Skinner, Ernest Leeman, Merle Maddern, Grace Hampton, Genevieve Dolara, Rosa Caotes and Nannie Palmer. Curtain, evenings, 8 o'clock sharp. At the Wednesday and Saturday matinees, 2 o'clock sharp.

Margaret Illington in "Within the Law"

On Sunday evening the Cort offers one of the most impressive attractions of the season, Margaret Illington in Bayard Veiller's gripping play, "Within the Law" which is the sensation of the year in New York and London. "Within the Law" tells a realistic story of a good girl's struggle in the underworld. Miss Illington appears to fine advantage. The cast is one of the most carefully selected and evenly balanced gathered in many seasons, and the elaborate scenic production is in keeping with the standard of artistic excellence attained by the New York and London productions. "Little Women" will be seen for the last time this Saturday night.

A Thriller at Pantages

Peter Taylor, the youngest and most daring animal trainer in the world, with his eight ferocious jungle lions, tops the new bill at Pantages. In Portland last week he was compelled to drop the curtain on the act as the lions lay before the doors of the cage and could not be persuaded to allow Taylor to enter. Old circus men claim that the young trainer is placing his life in jeopardy every time he endeavors to make the lions perform. Another "thriller" is the "Great Arnensen" whose specialty is defying the laws of gravitation. He does stunts on a high tight wire, but his big bit is sliding down a cable from the gallery to the stage using his head for the death dip. The Tony Cornetta trio consisting of a "wop," Hebrew and "kid," will present a ripping comedy act. The Poshay brothers, whistlers and imitators, Roland Carter and company in a jail travesty, Hetty Urma called the "American Vesta Tilley," and the popular current event "movies" will round out the bill.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. PIERCE, Deceased. No. 157. New Series. Dept. 10.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Martin J. Seid, executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of F. M. McAULIFFE, Esq., Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, Northeast corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

MARTIN J. SEID,
Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, January 3 1914
F. M. McAULIFFE,
Attorney for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF CORNELIUS RILEY, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,163; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PETER T. RILEY, JAMES RILEY, MARGARET RILEY, ELLEN RILEY LARKINS, JOHN O. RILEY, ELLEN CROSSEN, MARY BRENNAN, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to-wit, the estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 26th day of September, 1912, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State consisting wholly of real property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of personal property solely,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to-wit, on the 1st day of October, 1912, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. HYNES, ESQ., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made on the 15th day of October, 1912, appointed administrator of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased; that thereafter, to-wit, on the said 15th day of October, 1912, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force,

virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, Cornelius Riley, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased,

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to your petitioners.

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 6th day of November, 1913, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

NOW THEREFORE you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the court room thereof, in room 519, of the Temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every, all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid,

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable FRANK H. DUNNE, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of November, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON,
Deputy Clerk.

FELIX H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan,
Russ Building, 235 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-15-10

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME—No. 1577

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, that the undersigned, Henry MacVine, residing at 136 Palm avenue, San Francisco, California, is doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of "CHICAGO CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY."

Dated, December 9, 1913.

HENRY MACVINE.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 9th day of December, 1913, before me, J. J. Kerrigan, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared HENRY MACVINE, known to me to be the person described in and who subscribed the foregoing instrument, and duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 9, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By H. I. Porter, Deputy Clerk.

S. W. MOLKENBUHR, Attorney,
828 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-13-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO DETERMINE HEIRSHIP

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,449; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

CITATION

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To ALICE M. COWELL and ALEXANDER F. MORRISON, executors of the last will and testament of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, ALICE M. COWELL, THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, a corporation, FRANK TRALAGO, JOHN MINKEL, LAWRENCE MANEY, JAMES RIORDAN, FRITZ PALM, THOMAS BYRNE, F. A. LANCE, J. VALENTE, FRANK CALDERA, MARTIN RODEREIGUEZ, PAOLA MARAKI, JOE BENATE, BERNARDO RICCO, RUDOLPH LABISH, MANUEL S. CALDERA, JOE JUAREZ, PETER MARTELLI, and LILLIAN A. HOWARD, F. A. PALMER, HENRY WILLEY, C. S. PRICE, J. W. LINSCOTT and G. A. BOND, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and any and all other persons interested, or claiming any interest, in the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, whether known or unknown and whether named herein or not.

GREETING:

BY ORDER OF THIS COURT, You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Judge of this Court, at the court room of Department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 2nd day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why this Court should not ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, and all interests therein and to whom distribution should be made, and then and there to appear and exhibit to the above entitled Court your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate.

The name of said deceased was Ernest V. Cowell;

The names of the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased are Alexander F. Morrison and Alice M. Cowell;

The names of all persons who have appeared in the course of the administration of said estate up to the time of making the order for the issuance of this citation, claiming any interest in said estate are as follows: Alice M. Cowell, The Regents of the University of California, a corporation, Frank Tralago, John Minkel, Lawrence Maney, James Riordan, Fritz Palm, Thomas Byrne, F. A. Lance, J. Valente, Frank Caldera, Martin Rodereiguez, Paola Maraki, Joe Benate, Bernardo Ricco, Rudolph Labish, Manuel, S. Caldera, Joe Juarez, Peter Martelli, and Lillian A. Howard, F. A. Palmer, Henry Willey, C. S. Price, J. W. Linscott, and G. A. Bond, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell;

And the real estate of which said decedent died seized or possessed, so far as known, is described as follows:

REAL ESTATE

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

1. A parcel of land in the City of Oakland, commencing at a point on the westerly line of Linden Street, distant thereon 222 feet and 3 inches southerly from the southerly line of 21st Street; thence southerly along the said line of Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence westerly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet; thence northerly parallel with Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence easterly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 16, Block "B", Survey of the Northern Extension of Oakland.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Haywards, known as Lot. No. 13 of the "Lawrence Tract, Haywards, Alameda County, State of California," said lot being 50 feet by 100 feet.

IN THE COUNTY OF MARIN

Beginning at a stake driven in the southerly line of First Street in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, at a point 503 feet and 7 inches westerly from the northeasterly corner of a lot conveyed by J. O. B. Short and Jacob Short to E. Schwiezen by deed dated March 9th, 1869, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of said County of Marin, in Volume "H" of Deeds, at page 225; thence southerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with the said First Street 150 feet; thence northerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet to the southerly line of the said First Street; and thence easterly along the southerly line of said First Street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 4, of Block No. 3, in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, as surveyed by Hiram Austin, Civil Engineer.

IN THE COUNTY OF MERCED

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19; the south half of the southwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and Lots 3 and 4 of section 28; the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of section 29; the north half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2 and lot 8 of the southeast quarter, all in section 30; the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 31; Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in the northwest quarter of section 32; and Swamp and Overflowed Land Surveys No. 34 in sections 29 and 30, containing 20-69/100 acres; No. 29 in sections 29 and 32, containing 47-26/100 acres, and Nos. 45, 87, 88, 376, and 378, in sections 28, 30 and 32—all in township 5 south, range 13 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of the Gabilan Creek, near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the Official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence north 14° west 13 chains along the boundary of the Rancho Los Vergeles to stake-V-No. 1 on the United States Official Survey of la Natividad Rancho; thence south 35° west 21.40 chains along the boundary of Natividad Rancho to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 56° east 17:50 chains to a stake in the bed of Gabilan Creek, marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 3° 15′ east 14.55 chains up Gabilan Creek to the place of beginning, containing 21.46 acres.

Being lot 1 of the partition of La Natividad Rancho made and entered on April 18th, 1865, on the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson, et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al., and being also a fractional portion of section 26, township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of Gabilan Creek near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence south 3° 15′ west 14.55 chains to a stake marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 56° west 17.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 35° west along the west line of Rancho La Natividad 14 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 56° east 25.06 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;" in the bed of Gabilan Creek; thence south 35° west 32.22 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 70° east, crossing the Gabilan Creek 24.32 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH;"; thence north 88° 45′ east 144.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; V; JH;" in the bed of the Gabilan Creek; thence north 8° 45′ west 8 chains to station No. 14 of the official map of the Rancho La Natividad; thence north 3° west 13 chains to station No. 15 of said map; thence north 36° west 8 chains to station No .16 of said map; thence north 53° 16′ west 17 chains to station No. 17 of said map; thence north 21° 16′ west 11 chains to station No. 18 of said map; thence north 8° 45′ east 8 chains to station No. 19 of said map; thence north 37° west 33 chains to station No. 20 of said map; thence north 18° west 25.50 chains to station No. 21 of said map; thence north 53° 15′ west. 28.70 chains to station No. 22 of said map; thence south 57° 15′ west 19.40 chains to station No. 23 of said map; thence south 15° west 3.33 chains to station No. 24 of said map; thence south 65° 15′ west 27.37 chains to station No. 25 of said map; thence south 48° west 16 chains to station No. 26 of said map; thence south 50° 30′ west 20 chains to station No. 27 of said map; thence south 17° west 11 chains to station No. 28 of said map; being the place of beginning—containing 1363.80 acres.

Being Lot No. 2, as the same is delineated and so de signated on the Map of Commissioners to make partition of La Natividad Rancho in partition proceedings which were entered among the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al.; and being also fractional portions of sections 24, 25, 35 and 36 in township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.; and sections 30 and 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the Gabilan Creek where the northern line of the Gabilan Rancho and J. W. Patton's northern line on the Natividad Rancho join; thence running south 88° 45′ west to the southeasterly corner of the farm now or formerly owned by August Johnson; thence along a picket fence which is or was the eastern boundary of said Johnson's farm northerly to the land formerly owned by James Houston and later by Henry Cowell; thence along said Cowell's line north 88° 45′ east to the Gabilan Creek; thence along the middle of said Creek to the place of beginning, containing about 50 acres. Being a part of the Natividad Rancho and known as Lot 18 as per the County Map of the County of Monterey made by St. John Cox and Fehy in 1877, being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. BEGINNING at the most southern corner of the Los Vergeles Rancho in the center of Gabilan Creek, thence along the boundary line between said Rancho and the Rancho Cienega del Gabilan, north 45° east 14.78 chains to a post in the corner of Lot 2 of Natividad Rancho; thence leaving said Rancho boundary north 45° 30′ west 16.50 chains to a cottonwood tree 18 inches in diameter marked "LVI"; thence south 56° west 1.10 chains to the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek, from which a willow tree 10 inches in diameter bears north 56° east 10 links distant; thence meandering up the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek and along the boundary of said Rancho Los Vergeles southerly to the place of beginning, containing 11.10 acres. Being designated upon the map which accompanies the decree of the District Court of the Twentieth Judicial District of the State of California, entered on the 21st day of July, 1875, in the case of Arabella A. Stokes et al. vs. Josephine Winterburn et al., as Lot 6, the same being a portion of the Rancho Los Vergeles, and being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

1. Lots Nos. 1 and 2, of section 6, township 8 north, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at the northeast corner of the Merkley Ranch at a redwood stake set on the east bank of the Sacramento River, which stake is south 79° 45′ west from an oak tree 2½ feet in diameter, standing at the southern extremity of the Half Way House buildings, and running thence north 79° 45′ east 4.20 chains; thence south 71° 15′ east 2.49 chains to the north side of an oak tree 18″ in diameter (Blazed); thence south 69° 30′ east 6.11 chains to an oak tree 8″ in diameter (blazed); thence south 71° 15′ east 9.61 chains to the end of an old ditch; thence south 74° 30′ east 3.77 chains to back fence; thence north 2° 30′ east along fence 10 chains to fence; thence south 2° 30′ west 2.62 chains from south line of 10-acre tracts; thence north 50° west along fence 7.74 chains to corner; thence along fence south 86° west 5.29 chains to corner of board fence; thence north 89° west along board fence 12.17 chains to corner of fence on east side of road; thence south 79° 45′ west at 0.67 chains on top of levee continue same course, in all 7.60 chains, to the Sacramento River; thence with the east bank of said River down stream to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being part of section 11, township 8 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southwesterly line of Main Street, distant thereon 137 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence northeasterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 694 and 703.

2. COMMENCING at the intersection of the northwesterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches to the northwesterly line of Mission Street; thence northeasterly along said line of Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

3. COMMENCINB at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon 97 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the intersection of said line of Spear Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 40 feet; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 40 feet; thence northeasterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the said southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

4. COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Clay Street with the easterly line of Sansome Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Clay Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence northerly parallel with Sansome Street 122 feet to the southerly line of Merchant Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Merchant Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the easterly line of Sansome Street; thence southerly along said easterly line of Sansome Street 122 feet to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 130, 131 and part of No. 132.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN JOAQUIN

1. BEGINNING at a point 8.65 chains west from the east boundary line, and 50 links north from the south boundary line of section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 31.85 chains; thence south 33.82 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 64.55 chains; thence north 15.35 chains; thence west 8 chains to the left bank of the Mokelumne River; thence along said left bank following its meanderings upstream to a point which would be intersected by a line running parallel with and 5.63 chains north from the township line between townships 4 and 5 north; thence east on said imagined line 16 chains; thence south 1.78 chains; thence east 50.40 chains; thence north 16.78 chains; thence east 36.86 chains to a post; thence south 20.13 chains to the point of beginning, containing 326.84 acres. Being portions of section 1, township 4 north, range 4 east; section 36, township 5 north, range 4 east; section 6, township 4 north, range 5 east; and section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, all M. D. B. & M.

2. All of those certain lots in the City of Stockton known and designated as Lots Nos. 5 and 8, and portions of Lots Nos. 1, 3, 7, 13 and 14, all in Block No. 64 east of Center Street, according to the map and survey of the said City of Stockton, commencing for the same at a point on the south line of Channel Street, in said City of Stockton, 75 feet easterly from the southeast corner of the intersection of Hunter Street and Channel Street; running thence easterly along the south line of Channel Street 85 feet; thence at right angles southerly 150 feet to the north line of said Lot 8; thence at right angles easterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the north line of Weber Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Weber Avenue 50 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the northwest corner of said Lot 8; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Lot 6 of said Block 64, 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet to the east line of said Hunter Street; thence at right angles northerly along said east line of Hunter Street 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 75 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet to the point of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the northwest corner of the tract assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence along the Coast north 20° 15′ west 14.40 chains; thence north 71° west 11 chains; thence north 40° 15′ west 10 chains; thence north 34° 15′ west 20 chains; thence north 43° 45′ west 25 chains; thence north 4° west 20 chains; thence leaving the Coast north 28° 30′ east 101.78 chains; thence south 81° 15′ east 30.90 chains; thence south 8° 30′ east 30.17 chains; thence south 84° 35′ east 190.65 chains to a point in the southeast boundary line of the official survey of said Rancho; thence on and along said line south 4° east 47.60 chains to the northeast corner of the tract assigned by the Referees aforesaid to Josefa de Haro Denniston; thence following the line of said tract north 84° 35′ west 84 chains; thence south 25° 30′ west 95 chains to the place of beginning; containing 1815.12 acres; said tract having been assigned to Augustine Guerrero by the Referees aforesaid and being marked No. 2 on the map of said partition. EXCEPTING all that parcel being a portion of the above described premises bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on a bluff on the Pacific Ocean, being the southwesterly corner of a tract of land now or formerly belonging to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence north 25° 30′ east 62.86 chains; thence north 56° 15′ west 38.93 chains to a stake in the line of fence; thence following said fence north 64° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 29° west 0.76 chains; thence north 23° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 16° west 0.76 chains; thence north 8° 30′ west 3.72 chains; thence north 28° west 7.02 chains; thence north 36° 30′ west 7.70 chains to the line of land now or formerly belonging to Victoriano Guerrero; thence following said line south 28° 30′ west 45.27 chains to a stake on the bluff bank of the Pacific Ocean; thence following said bluff bank south 20° east 5.62 chains; thence south 4° west 2.27 chains; thence south 12° 15′ east 4.54 chains; thence south 17° 45′ east 5.65 chains; thence south 37° 45′ east 1.75 chains; thence south 83° east 0.91 chains; thence 37° east 10.60 chains; thence south 54° 15′ east 4.45 chains; thence south 46° east 4.55 chains; thence south 69° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 6° east 3.41 chains; thence south 37° 30′ east 1.55 chains; thence south 4° 30′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 19° 15′ east 7 chains; thence south 41° 30′ east 7.21 chains; thence south 61° east 3.85 chains; thence south 60° east 3.33 chains; thence south 87° 30′ east 2.73 chains; thence south 63° east 4.55 chains; thence south 58° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 46° 30′ east 3.48 chains; thence south 30° 20′ east 9.17 chains to the point of beginning, containing 430.72 acres.

2. COMMENCING at the northwest corner of that portion of the Rancho El Corral del Tierre (Palomares) bordering on the Ocean, assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence south 25° 30′ west 14.24 chains; thence south 64° 30′ east 16.23 chains to Denniston Creek; thence north 10° 30′ west 11 chains; thence north 22° west 2.55 chains; thence north 12° 15′ east 3 chains; thence north 27° east 1.50 chains; thence north 13° 30′ west 2.20 chains; thence north 84° 35′ west 7 chains to the point of commencement, containing 16.92 acres.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the County Road forming the easterly boundary line of the large tract of land owned by Owen McMahon, deceased, at the time of his death, at the easterly corner of the tract of land conveyed to Elizabeth Owen McMahon by Elizabeth Catherine Hamlin, Ellen Maria Barry and Margaret Anna Lennon by deed dated February 25th, 1892, and running thence south 42° 36′ west 35.15 chains; thence south 48° east 27.75 chains; thence north 42° 36′ east 35 chains to the County Road; and thence along the County Road to the place of beginning, containing about 108 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.39 acres conveyed by Henry Cowell to W. D. K. Gibson for right of way purposes by deed dated November 27th, 1900, and recorded in Volume 88 of Deeds, at page 207, San Mateo County Records, and also a parcel of 1 acre conveyed by Henry Cowell to Giovanni Devincenzi, by deed dated November 11th, 1901, and recorded in Volume 93 of Deeds, at page 18, San Mateo County Records.

4. Lot No. 1 of section 21, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 26.14 acres.

5. BEGINNING on the bank of the Purissima Creek at the point where the line between fractional sections 15 and 16 intersects the same, thence running north between said fractional sections 5.64 chains to a gulch; thence down said gulch south 56° 15′ east 2.80 chains to the bank of the Purissima Creek; thence down the Creek with its meanders south 60° 15′ west 3.10 chains; thence south 60° 45′ west 2.50 chains; to the place of beginning, containing about 1 acre, and being part of fractional section No. 15 in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. BEGINNING on the line between sections 16 and 21, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and at a point 16 chains east of the quarter section post in the road leading up the Creek; thence east on said line 14 chains to Purissima Creek; thence up the Creek with its meanders north 23° west 3 chains; thence north 40° 15′ east 2 chains; thence north 25° 15′ east 7.80 chains to the line between sections 15 and 16; thence along said line north 5.64 chains to Simmon's and Beckwith's corner; thence north 64° 15′ west 0.95 chains to the road; thence along the road south 15° 20′ east 2.80 chains; thence south 38° west 5 chains; thence south 18°30′ west 5.50 chains; thence south 28° 30′ west 6 chains; thence south 64° west 11 chains; thence south 60° west 5.15 chains to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres.

7. COMMENCING at a post 20 chains from the Coast Bank, running thence south 17° 30′ east 20 chains to the corner of Joseph E. Selleck's 40-acre tract; thence south 72° 30′ west 24.16 chains to edge of Coast bank; thence along said bank in a southerly direction to a corner post; thence leaving Coast and running north 72° 30′ east 54.84 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence north 72° 30′ east 29.37 chains up a ridge to head of first gulch; thence south 45° east 10.45 chains down said gulch to Lobitas Creek to an alder tree 12″ in diameter standing at the mouth of said gulch upon which tree there are three notches; thence up Lobitas Creek to mouth of Willow Gulch; thence north 30° west 33.44 chains to Selleck's corner; thence south 54° west 29.68 chains; thence south 72° 30′ west 40.62 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence south 72° 30′ west 34.15 chains to the point of beginning, containing 577 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.88 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company by deed dated September 22, 1905.

8. BEGINNING at a post on ridge standing in middle of Redwood Road of Bailord and Kinnerson, thence running north 31° 30′ east 4.50 chains to a post; thence south 78° 30′ east 8.25 chains; thence south 65° east 5.50 chains to Lobitas Creek to a redwood tree 48″ in diameter, marked with 3 notches on right bank of said Creek; thence down said Creek south 48° west 3.75 chains; thence south 35° west 5.74 chains; thence south 48° west 6.50 chains to a redwood tree 24″ in diameter standing on the right bank of the Creek at the mouth of the gulch; thence up the gulch north 57° west 9 chains; thence north 38° west 4.73 chains to a post; thence north 31° 30′ east to the place of beginning, containing 19.50 acres, being a portion of the Rancho Canada Verdey Arroyo de las Purissima.

9. Lot No. 1, and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 8, and the fractional sections 16 and 17, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing together 935.92 acres; all that portion of Lot No. 1, of section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., situated north of the County Road leading from Purissima House up Purissima Creek and containing 2½ acres, more or less; Lot No. 2, in section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 20.91 acres.

EXCEPTING, however, from the foregoing lots or parcels of land the following lots or parcels:

(1) A parcel of 2.79 acres, being a portion of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to William Buzzell by deed dated April 13, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 39, San Mateo County Records.

(2) A parcel of 10 acres, being a portion of fractional section 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Patrick Flyn by deed dated October 17, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 148, San Mateo County Records.

(3) A parcel of 36.16 acres, being a part of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to W. A. Simmons and J. S. Blackwell by deed dated April 13, 1864 and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 425.

(4) The right to use and possess a certain spring of water conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Silas Hovious by deed dated October 12, 1861, and recorded in Volume 2 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 41, San Mateo County Records.

(5) A parcel of 50 acres, being a fractional portion of sections 16 and 17, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to George Duncan by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 497, San Mateo County Records.

(6) A parcel of 13.22 acres, being a fractional portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to R. H. Hatch, by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 108, San Mateo County Records.

(7) A parcel of 5 acres, being a portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to Silas Hovious by deed dated February 3, 1868, and recorded in Volume 8 of Deeds, at page 346, San Mateo County Records.

(8) A parcel of 5 acres, known as the "Cemetery Tract."

(9) A parcel of 5 acres, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated April 23, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 189, San Mateo County Records.

(10) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 518, San Mateo County Records.

(11) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to the trustees of the Purissima School District by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 520, San Mateo County Records.

(12) A parcel of 9.33 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company, by deed dated September 22, 1905.

10. The east portion of Lot No. 1, as per map of the J. de H. Denniston portion of the Rancho Corral de Tierra, containing about 12 acres of land.

IN THE COUNTY OF TEHAMA

BEGINNING at a point where the north line of the Wilson Tract intersects the slough or old channel of the Sacramento River, said line being known as the Bennet Line, thence following along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 15° 30′ west 12.50 chains; thence north 24° 30′ west 9.31 chains; thence north 29° 45′ west 4.37 chains; thence north 14° 30′ west 10.60 chains; thence north 28° 30′ west 14.65 chains; thence north 27° 15′ west 11.08 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 6.20 chains, from which an oak tree marked 68 and 69 bears south 40° west 0.60 chains distant; thence north 60° west 8.15 chains; thence south 77° west 5.30 chains; thence south 19° 30′ east 2.53 chains; thence south 85° west 5.27 chains; thence south 50° 30′ west 5.19 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 4.70 chains; thence north 46′ west 7.36 chains; thence north 75° west 4.20 chains; thence north 49° west 8.96 chains to the present channel of the Sacramento River; thence following down and along the east bank of the Sacramento River by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

South 32° west 8.05 chains; thence south 74° 30′ west 16.04 chains; thence south 11° 30′ west 22.50 chains; thence south 24° east 9.52 chains; thence south 36° 30′ east 3.92 chains; thence south 12° east 5.05 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 24.67 chains; thence south 66° east 22.72 chains; thence south 45°30′ east 3.30 chains; thence south 33° east 8.06 chains; thence south 28° 30′ east 3.35 chains; thence south 18° east 2.53 chains; thence south 35° 30′ east 2.75 chains; thence south 14° east 3.10 chains; thence south 1° west 2.56 chains; thence south 16° 30′ east 2.54 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 3.15 chains; thence south 7° east 5.72 chains; thence south 9° 30′ east 3.29 chains; thence south 3° 30′ east 4.74 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 2.67 chains to the old channel of the Sacramento River; thence following up and along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 37° 30′ east 2.22 chains; thence north 44° east 2.17 chains; thence north 44° east 1.94 chains; thence north 27° east 3.46 chains; htence north 29° east 2.51 chains; thence north 3° east 4.10 chains; thence north 33° west 1.83 chains; thence north 36° 15′ east 29.25 chains; thence south 49° east 3.68 chains; thence north 41° east 7.39 chains; thence north 62° east 3.88 chains; thence north 8° 30′ east 6.79 chains; thence north 17° east 4.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 589 acres, more or less, being part of the "Capay Rancho" known as "Snaden Island."

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 756 of the official surveys of the said County of Yolo, at a point a little north of west from the quarter section corner between sections 3 and 4, township 6 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., thence south 77° east along the upper line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 755 20.54

chains to the back corner of Hester's 10-acre tract; thence south 13° west 2.50 chains; thence south 77° east 40 chains to a point on the west bank of the Sacramento River, 10 rods below the northeast corner of the said Swamp Land Survey No. 756, thence down the said river with its meanders south 10° 25′ west 4.64 chains; south 13° 25′ west 5.40 chains; south 30° 30′ west 12 chains; south 45° 10′ west 7.21 chains; thence leaving said river north 75° 30′ west 56.50 chains to the back line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756; thence north 19° 10′ east along said back line 28.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 167.55 acres of land.

2. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 361, 363, 897, and 985, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed lands of the County of Yolo, being portions of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. A fraction of 2.10 acres, beginning at a point at the inside base of the Sacramento River levee, about 30 feet north from the cross-levee, and running thence north 18° west, along the inside base of said levee, 151 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 216 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 59 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 980 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 80 feet; thence in a direct line to the place of beginning, being a portion of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The south half of section 9; the south half of section 10; the south half of section 12; all of section 13; the south half and the northeast quarter of section 15; all of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 19; all of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of section 22; all of section 23; all of section 24; the northwest quarter of section 28; and the northeast quarter of section 29;—all in township 8 north, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. The south half, and the northwest quarter of section 3; all of section 4; all of section 5; the northeast quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 6; the north half of section 8; the north half of section 9; the north half of section 10; and the northwest quarter of section 11;—all in township 9 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. The southeast quarter of section 31; the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section 32; the south half of section 33; and the southwest quarter of section 34; all in township 10 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

7. All of section 1; all of section 2; the east half of section 11; the north half of the south half; the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the south half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter, of section 12; and the north half of the northeast quarter of section 13; all in township 11 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

8. The west half of the northwest quarter of section 5; and the north half, and the west half of the southwest quarter of section 6; and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 7; all in township 11 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

9. All of section 25, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 118 acres; the south half, and the south half of the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 98 acres, of section 26; all of section 35; the south half, the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 104 acres, of section 36; all in township 12 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

10. All of sections 30 and 31, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 504 acres; and all of the west half of the west half of section 32, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 40 acres; all in township 12 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

1. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, designated as Lot 1, Loop and Meserve Tract, as per map recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, EXCEPTING that part included in the right of way of the Southern Pacific Company.

2. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, being part of the "Sycamore Tract," as shown o nthe map of the land partitioned by Loop and Meserve, recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 16 as shown on said Map, thence south along the west line of said Lot 16 and the prolongation thereof 25.92 chains; thence north 68° 45′ west 12 chains; thence north 15° east 21.78 chains; thence east 6 chains, more or less, to the place of beginning.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situate in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Lots Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, of the "O'Neil & Haley Tract," of the said City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. That portion of Swamp and Overflowed Land Survey No. 1158, described as beginning at the northwest corner of section 21, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence east 18.06 chains; thence south 65.55 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 21.62 chains to the west line of said section; thence north 53.65 chains to the place of beginning, containing 107.63 acres.

2. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as beginning at the northeast corner of section 20, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., running thence south 53.65 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 34.12 chains; thence north 59° 38′ west 13.31 chains to the center line of said section; thence north 28.21 chains; thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning, containing 162.53 acres.

3. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as the southeast quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The southwest quarter of section 16, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 337, 411, 1079, and 1160, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed Lands of the County of Yolo.

6. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1106, described as beginning at a point 16.19 chains north from the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 12.03 chains; thence north 22.21 chains; thence east 4.20 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 5.24 chains; thence south 76° east 5.16 chains; thence south 16.56 chains to the place of beginning, containing 23.59 acres.

7. Those parts of Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 333 and 277, described as beginning at a redwood post standing at the south corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 782, and situated south 43° 40′ west 41.50 chains from the Sacramento River; thence south 64° east 16.39 chains; thence south 69° east 38.67 chains; thence south 21° west 6.00 chains to the southeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 333; thence west 58.70 chains to the northeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 277; thence south 47.25 chains; thence west 13.75 chains; thence north 76° west 5.16 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 13.05 chains; thence north 59° west 5.83 chains; thence north 73° 15′ west 10.44 chains; thence south 71° 30′ west 6.33 chains; thence north 43° 40′ east 70.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing 254.32 acres.

8. Beginning at a point where the west boundary of Swamp Land Survey No. 627 is intersected by the section line dividing sections 21 and 28, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west about 90 chains to the southwest corner of section 20, same township and range; thence north about 75 chains to the back levee of Reclamation District No. 307; thence southeasterly along said levee about 115 chains to a point marking the northwest corner of said survey No. 627; thence south along the west boundary line of said survey to the place of beginning, containing about 425 acres, in Swamp Land Surveys No. 1041 and No. 1158.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

Lot Lettered "L", in Block 140, of Horton's Addition to the City of San Diego, according to the official map thereof.

All of the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA

1. A portion of that certain ranch known as the Rancho San Miguel or Rancho Arroyo de los Nueces y Golgones, the first tract being the south half of Lot 7, hill land, and containing 228 acres, and the second tract being the north two-thirds of Lot 8, hill land, containing 425.93 acres.

The following is a particular description of said tracts by metes and bounds as made on partition, for which reference is made to the map and plat of survey of partition of said Rancho now of record in the office of the County Clerk of Contra Costa County, viz.:

BEGINNING at station white oak tree marked S1-11 on the segregating line between the hill and valley lands of the San Miguel Rancho; thence north 62° 2′ east 92.16 chains to post AB; thence north 17.70 chains to post SM-23; thence south 45° west to post SM-24; thence north 48° 9′ west along the ranch boundary 93.70 chains to post TP-2; thence south 46° 45′ west 56.83 chains to post J1; thence south 68° east 6 chains to post SL-14; thence south 23° 30′ east 40.97 chains to post SL-13; thence south 67° 15′ east 10.72 chains to post SL-12; thence south 0° 45′ east 27.08 chains to the point of beginning, containing 653.93 acres, more or less.

2. That portion of the Rancho Monte del Diablo which is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at post SM-24, situated at the corner of the Rancho Monte del Diablo and San Miguel Rancho, thence north 45° east 8.85 chains to station post SM-23; thence north 6° west, leaving the Rancho boundary, 3.45 chains to station post No. 3P Co.; thence along the boundary of land now or formerly in controversy between Francisco Galindo and Josiah Sturges, north 44° 30′ west 74.90 chains to station post No. 2P Co.; and thence north 32° 45′ west 27.34 chains to station post D; thence leaving the lands in controversy above named, running south 77° 30′ west 3.59 chains to station post D-2; thence south 12° west 23.35 chains to station post TP2; thence along the boundary of the above named Ranchos south 48° 9′ east 93.70 chains to the point of beginning, containing 147.41 acres, more or less.

(The two parcels of land last above described, situated in the County of Contra Costa, are claimed by the Cowell Portland Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property, and all of the parcels of land hereinafter described are claimed by the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property.)

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF EL DORADO

1. The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8; the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 9; the southwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 20; the north half, the north half of the southwest quarter, the north half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; and the south half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22; all in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. A parcel of land in section 7, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of said section 7, and running diagonally across said quarter section along the line of a fence on land now or formerly owned by Mr. Morrison, until it intersects the quarter of quarter section line and adjoining Mr. Morrison's to the County Road; thence along the center of said road to the east line of section 7; thence along said line south to the place of beginning, containing 41-2/3 acres.

3. The Schwalm Marble Quarry Mine and Lime Kiln site, being Mineral Entry No. 723 in the Series of the United States Land Office in Sacramento, California, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 38, embracing a portion of section 8, in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Marble Valley Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California.

4. A parcel of land, being a portion of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21, and running thence due west 1320 feet to the northwest corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence due south 825 feet to the fence between the lands originally claimed by W. W. Faber and Hugh B. Taylor; thence northeasterly 1437 feet on the line of said division fence to a point on section line between sections 21 and 22, which said point is 264 feet due south from the northeast corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence 264 feet due north to the place of beginning.

5. The east half, the southwest quarter, and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 7; the northwest quarter of section 8; the east half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 18; the west half of section 29; and the east half o fthe northeast quarter of section 30; all in township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

6. The Blue Marble Quarry Mine, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 50, embracing a portion of section 7, township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Pilot Hill Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California, and containing 20.66 acres.

7. The southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF KERN

Section No. 23, in township 32 south, range 33 east, M. D. B. & M., with the exception of a strip of land 100 feet wide, lying equally on each side of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and excepted in deed of Southern Pacific Railroad Company to Henry Cowell, dated May 5, 1892, and recorded in Volume 53 of Deeds, page 298, Kern County Records.

IN THE COUNTY OF PLACER

The north half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 22, township 13 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

Lot 5, in the block or square bounded by "K" and "L", 28th and 29th Streets, in the City of Sacramento, as laid down upon the official map thereof.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Battery Street, distant thereon 40 feet southerly from the intersection of said easterly line of Battery Street with the southerly line of Filbert Street, thence southerly 80 feet along said easterly line of Battery Street; thence easterly parallel with Filbert Street 50 feet; thence northerly parallel with Battery Street 120 feet to the said southerly line of Filbert Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Filbert Street 25 feet; thence southerly parallel with Battery Street 40 feet; thence westerly parallel with Filbert Street 25 feet to the said easterly line of Battery Street and the place of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

1. Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot in the City of Santa Cruz heretofore conveyed by Henry Cowell to one Hamilton, said point being on the northwesterly line of the San Jose Road, thence north 29° 27′ east 9.09 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence north 14° 40′ east 16.39 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence south 75° 30′ west 20.30 chains; thence south 10° east0.19 chains to a post; thence south 70° 20′ east 8.74 chains; thence south 1.99 chains; thence south 33° east 1.47 chains; thence south 4° east crossing a brook 3.94 chains; thence south 1° east 6 chains; thence south 61° 15′ west 1.60 chains to a post at the northwest corner of the said Hamilton lot; thence south 60° 30′ east 3.375 chains to the point of beginning, containing 17.874 acres.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the City of Santa Cruz and described as follows:

Beginning at the junction of the northerly line of Mission Street with the westerly line of River Street at a spike from which the southeast corner of Mission and River Streets bears south 79° 29′ east 40.28 feet distant; thence north 3° 50′ east 130.33 feet along the westerly line of said River Street to an iron spike on the south side of an alley; thence north 87° 57′ west 54.83 feet along the southern line of said alley to the boundary of a lot now or formerly owned by Dr. Sargent; thence south 13° 52′ west 31.78 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 88° 44′ east 9.90 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 1° 49′ west 100 feet to an iron spike in the northerly line of said Mission Street; thence south 88° 44′ east 46.96 feet along the northerly line of said Mission Street to the point of beginning, being lot No. 22, in block No. 1, of the City of Santa Cruz, and a part of lot No. 18 of the same block.

3. The southwest quarter of section 8, township 10 south, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 160 acres.

All the undivided ON-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN BENITO

1. Lots 4, 5, 12, and 13, of section 28; the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10, the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 30, all in township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.; also the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32, township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. Lots 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, of section 14; and lot 4, of section 24; all in township 14 south, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Tres Pinos, bounded and described as follows:

A strip of land 100 feet wide, commencing on the easterly line of the station ground of the Southern Pacific Railroad 50 feet equally on each side of the said railroad as the same was formerly laid, thence running southeasterly 882.50 feet in its center line to the easterly line of Santa Ana Street, containing 2.02 acres of land, and being 897 feet on its northerly line and 869 feet on its southerly line, excepting the rights which one Charles Peck may have acquired to a small portion of said strip above described.

The railroad or motor road known as the Tres Pinos and Cienega Railroad, together with the roadbed, right of way, terminal facilities and rolling stock of the same.

WITNESS, the HON. THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 11th day of December, 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON
Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners.
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-27-9

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1913

ASSETS

1—**Bonds of the United States** ($5,050,000.00), of the State of California and Cities and Counties thereof ($5,867,275.00), of the State of New York ($951,000.00), the actual value of which is $12,398,440.52

2—**Cash in Vault:** U. S. Gold & Silver Coin $2,778,507.92
Checks ..... 30,723.56 — 2,809,231.48

3—**Miscellaneous Bonds** ($5,408,000.00), the actual value of which is 5,419,229.33

$20,626,901.33

They are:
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" ($340,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($213,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($30,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($120,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" ($728,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" ($400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($20,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($6,000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland & San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($5,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" ($1,400,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" ($535,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent bonds" ($50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent bonds" (101,000.00).

4—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is 34,041,389.89

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon and Nevada. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is 484,780.00

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) **Real Estate** situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($1,936,214.49), and in the County of Santa Clara ($12,647.44), in this State, the actual value of which is 1,948,861.93

(b) **The Land and Building** in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is 983,288.50

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—**Interest on Loans and Bonds**—Uncollected and accrued 213,580.10

TOTAL ASSETS **$58,298,801.75**

LIABILITIES

1—**Said Corporation owes Deposits** amounting to and the actual value of which is $54,474,351.04
(Number of Depositors, 85,185
Average Amount of Deposits, $639.48)

2—**Contingent Fund**—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds ..... $ 213,580.10

3—**Reserve Fund,** actual value ..... 3,610,870.61 — 3,824,450.71

TOTAL LIABILITIES **$58,298,801.75**

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By CHARLES MAYO, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

CHARLES MAYO and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

CHARLES MAYO, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1914.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 1117 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 17, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIII. San Francisco, January 17, 1914 No. 1117

SCENE FROM "KISMET"

The great Arabian Nights Play in which Otis Skinner is appearing at the Columbia Theatre. The second and final week of the San Francisco engagement begins next Monday night.

TOWN TALK

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Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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The Political Situation

Registration reports now being received from several States are not justifying the views of our uplifters of the press. It appears that they are taking for granted that the country is committed to progressive politics. Of the possibility of a reaction they are not at all apprehensive. One might suppose that they had never heard of the inevitability of reaction. A stranger from Mars dropped into the midst of them might be led to believe that our radicals had won at least twenty consecutive victories, and that the passion for change was as intense today as when the Colonel began trimming his sails to the popular breeze. They are as self-satisfied and complacent as were the Puritans of England when chanting the psalms of David on the eve of the Restoration. Yet the Progressives have suffered many an overthrow since the defeat of the Republicans at Armageddon. Here in California the Progressives are approaching the close of their first term in office, and though this is their stronghold one must be purblind not to perceive that their sun is about to set. Surely the news from the Registrar's office is not conducive to a sanguine state of mind on the part of the Governor and his henchmen. They are now in possession of the political machine, in control of the patronage of the State. The Republicans are hardly organized. They have no whipper-in. Yet, with tax-eaters crowding into registration offices to make a showing they are unable to overcome the Republican lead. What means this apathy among the erstwhile enthusiasts of a fresh and virile party that came spontaneously into being to redeem the pillars of State? Have they so soon lost interest in the great and precious principles embodied in the platform on which Governor Johnson sits in his curule chair? Of one thing we may be assured, and it is this,—that in the coming campaign Governor Johnson will not have the same stimulating effect on the imagination and the emotions that he had in the midst of the hysteria of other days. He has grown less picturesque, and as the octopus is dead, there is no sensational crusade to lead. Besides the "outs" of other days are now the "ins" and will be fighting mainly for their jobs. For whatever has gone wrong Governor Johnson is responsible, and all the pens of his press bureau will not be able to convince us that invariably he did right. Even now we see that his citadel is not regarded as impregnable. There is Colonel Fredericks who stands ready to tackle the Progressive champion in a scrimmage for the Governorship, and the Colonel is a resident of Los Angeles, the city of all others to which Governor Johnson looks for support and enthusiasm. Between Johnson and Fredericks one issue would be clearly defined. There also is Mayor Mott of Oakland, who, though formerly for Johnson is now for the G. O. P. Mott keeps his eye on the weathercock in Alameda County and forecasters respect his judgment.

Now For Another Victory

When our city officials were in Washington throwing more good money after the bad previously spent there and in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley we observed that the inevitable result of a victory would be a law suit. The suit has been begun, and the attorney for the irrigationists now says that San Francisco will never get a drop of water out of the Tuolumne river. We are of the opinion that he speaks the truth. Also, we are of the opinion that our politicians believe that he speaks the truth. It is incredible that San Francisco which has a sufficient supply of water near by will ever be permitted to rob arid lands one hundred and sixty miles away of water needed for irrigation. According to the army engineers who investigated the matter it is possible to get from the Coast Range mountains 131,000,000 gallons of water daily, more than three times the present supply, and sufficient for a city of thirteen hundred thousand inhabitants. The army engineers have also reported that from all available sources contiguous to the bay counties may be developed a supply of 233,000,000 million gallons daily, or enough for a population of two and a quarter millions. It appears too that if we began work in Hetch-Hetchy at once we could not get water from the valley within five years. With these facts our politicians are familiar. The facts are embodied in official reports. But the public has never been informed. The public has been studiously kept in ignorance of the truth that it might rejoice over the series of victories gained in Washington and never ponder the folly of paying two million dollars for water rights on no better guarantee than a permit from Jimmy Garfield. All that has been done with reference to Hetch-Hetchy in the last ten years has been done to prevent exposure of the asininity of the Hon. James D. Phelan and a few other politicians. Now the Chronicle suggests that probably the suit of the irrigationists will stop work on Hetch-Hetchy "pending the decision of this case some years hence," and that "meanwhile we shall be able to develop our nearby supply." Probably not. With millions to spend, will our politicians neglect their opportunities? The Chronicle is under the impression that the millennium is here.

Barbarization and Refinement

Fourteen years ago Herbert Spencer was lamenting the recrudescence of barbaric ambitions, ideas and sentiments and the unceasing culture of blood-thirst. On all sides of him, in every sphere of human activity, he saw evidences of the re-barbarization of mankind. Not only in the field of sports but in the field of religion there was going on a diffusion of sentiments of violence. The Salvation Army had its War Cry with the motto "Blood and Fire" conspicuous on the title-page; the elements of military science were taught in schools; sports that had once been forbidden on account of their brutality were reappearing. Thus on every side ideas and feelings appropriate to peaceful life were being replaced by those appropriate to fighting life. The old philosopher was deeply concerned about the future of mankind. He saw nothing ahead but re-barbarization. Spencer has been only a few years dead. Consider the change in social sentiment that has taken place since he passed away. If the War Cry still lives we now have as an offset the Christian Science Monitor, a paper with a prodigious circulation that never publishes anything that might induce a melancholy mood. None of the tragedy of life is ever reflected in the columns of this paper. It shuts out many of the stern realities of existence. Death is never mentioned. Not even the list of persons lost in the Titanic disaster was printed in this model journal. The Christian Scientists are reviving, unconsciously perhaps, the philosophy of the Epicureans which David Hume made the subject of ridicule in one of his charming essays. It was the scheme of the Epicureans to produce what Hume described as an "artificial happiness." He wondered why none of them claimed the reward Xerxes promised to him who should invent a new pleasure for the Persian court. "Away!" exclaimed the British skeptic, "with these vain pretences of making ourselves happy within ourselves, of feasting on our own thoughts." If the Epicureans failed, the Christian Scientists, who have improved somewhat on the old Pagan philosophy by infusing into it certain Christian ideals, have done some good to some people and have wrought a great change in the sentiment of a very large circle. Christian Science has caused reaction from the re-barbarization that occasioned the protest of Herbert Spencer. It is perhaps to Christian Science we should attribute the cult of the humanitarians and all those softening influences that find expression in movements for refining all the dross out of human nature and making us more like angels than human beings. There is no longer any sign of re-barbarization. We are speeding in the other direction. We are intolerant of everything ugly. We are for making everything beautiful, even the interior of the penitentiary. Our objection to pain is so strong that we would put a stop to vivisection and halt the wheels of

science. The effect of the new attitude on literature and art is obvious. Magazines will not publish stories that tug at the heart-strings or that give readers a thrill of horror. A play with a tragic ending throws a theatre manager into panic. Now it is a question how far we should go in the direction of what we used to regard as effeminacy. After all life is very real and very earnest, and it is only by experience that we can learn to bear the trouble to which man is born as the sparks fly upward. There is such a thing as over-refinement and it is quite as bad as barbarization.

Slaves To Their Machines

Nothing better illustrates the change that has taken place since Spencer's day than the growing solicitude for the toilers of the cities. The business of ameliorating the lot of the working man is engaging the attention of many philanthropists. Much solid good may result, as undoubtedly there is much room for improvement. There is too much grinding of the faces of the poor, too many children and adults are suffering indescribable misery in the workshops of the land, but in this as in other fields of praiseworthy humane endeavor the imagination is trying to do the work of reason and cant is retarding the efforts of common sense. At a recent meeting of the American Association for Labor Legislation it was reported that the men who work twelve hours in the iron, steel, cement and other industries are little better than slaves to their machines. "The twelve-hour worker," it was said, "has no time for recreation or for the wife and children to whom he is a dull stranger. By his children he is seen less frequently than their school teacher." All this may be sadly true, but is it only the mechanic who is a dull stranger to his home and little better than a slave? How many of us put in more than twelve hours a day at the dull routine of our business? How many prosperous business men spend more time with their children than their children spend at school? Is not the average doctor more of a slave to his patients than the average mechanic is to his machine? What are twelve hours a day to the lawyer engaged in an arduous trial? Who gets more of refreshing sleep, the mechanic or the man who is having a struggle to pay the wages, or the brain-worker in any profession? Some day perhaps we shall all have more time for play if we can keep going in the struggle for existence long enough, but the probability is that before the eight-hour day becomes universal it will first cease for a time to be enjoyed by anybody but the politician. There is bound to come a readjustment of things in all lines of industry, and more than likely it will be in accordance with what appear to be natural laws rather than in deference to the feelings of our canting sentimentalists.

A Campaign Against the Demon

An important Constitutional amendment is to be voted on this year. It is the proposition to make the whole State dry; to kill off the viticultural interests, put all our brewery plants out of business, make hop-growing a futile occupation; in short to shackle the Demon and kill off some of our leading industries. We do not think the State has yet attained that high degree of insanity which must be reached before our Prohibition friends can be thoroughly satisfied and gratified. But the allied sinful interests are not likely to sit idly by and let the people vindicate their common sense. Confidence in the intelligence of the dear people is not what it used to be. Gradually it has been dawning on men of affairs that the twelve men in a box whose mental processes and verdict remind us of the imperfection of human justice are truly representative of the body of the people. So we presume it will probably be deemed advisable to give the people a few facts and figures that they may be able to apprehend what the effect of complete Prohibition would be on all and singular. Doubtless a lot of money will be spent in this campaign. For the Prohibitionists have a prodigious fund. Prohibition all over the country is financed by the Rockefellers, which accounts for the incessant activity of its propagandists most of whom are professional agitators. Men of this type have found California a most profitable field since the spirit of the initiative and referendum came into vogue. And men of this type will keep the State in a ferment unless something is done to discourage the employment of our election machinery. Would it not be well to go further in our emulation of the ancient Republics by borrowing the principle by which Democracy was bridled in Greece? Though we have adopted most every principle known to the ancients we have not yet made sufficient progress to recognize the one principle that was deemed absolutely essential to the stability of democratic government—the principle of the indictment under which the author of a law that seemed good in theory but that proved bad in practice was prosecuted as we now prosecute criminals. Busybodies aching for reforms were cautious in those days. Something to give busybodies pause is what we badly need. There is nothing to deter or prevent anybody from starting a referendum election in California. Nothing is required but a petition and a certain number of signatures. Eastern capital poured out by a multi-millionaire to coddle the Almighty through the prayers of the ascetic elect is now in California waiting to be spent to carry a Constitutional amendment that would ruin hundreds of men, put thousands out of work, destroy great industries, and as a result greatly increase the tax-rate of the State. At first glance the proposition seems ridiculous, but wouldn't it be well to hold somebody responsible not only for laws that prove mischievous but for propositions that are rejected by a certain percentage of the electorate? Surely a Democracy is entitled to protection from fanatics. It is hardly fair to tax the public for the try-out of a private hobby. The wild ass of Democracy running without a bridle bears a strong resemblance to a bull in a china shop. Why not a referendum on a proposition to tax every man a dollar who signs a referendum petition? Surely a man with a consuming passion for regenerating mankind will not think it a hardship to put up a dollar to find out how many other imbeciles are enjoying the boon of self-government.

The Frothing Aked

"We are within sight of a great miscarriage of justice," says the Rev. Charles F. Aked. And in sight of the awful spectacle the reverend gentleman has lashed himself into a great lather. It appears that "prostituted to the basest uses" are the initiative and referendum, heaven-sent devices, to free government not less sacred than were the ape and the ibis in the days of the Ptolemies. Isn't it awful? And are we not right in suggesting that something should be done about the referendum? "Forgers and perjurers have seized upon the newest instruments of government," says Dr. Aked. "And the scoundrels are to go unpunished." Dr. Aked's facility of temper is in this instance more manifest than usual because the forgers and perjurers have held up his pet measure, the redlight abatement law. Forgers and perjurers, according to Dr. Aked, are forcing the people to vote on this proposition. Were it not for the forgers and perjurers we should not have to vote on it. The law made by the Legislature would now be in operation. "What are you going to do about it?" Dr. Aked demands at the top of his voice. You are not going to do anything about it. Whether Dr. Aked's dithyrambic hortatoriness leaves you cold or not you will do nothing about it; and for two reasons: first, because Dr. Aked is mistaken; secondly, because the referendum being a benign instrument is presumably harmless. Dr. Aked is mistaken in his notion that if the names that were forged to the petitions were stricken off the petitions would lack the requisite number of genuine signatures. Evidently the gentleman has been misled. Most of his lather has been squandered. Further, Dr. Aked is mistaken in charging the District Attorney with neglect of duty. Although there are fictitious signatures on the petitions it is not the duty of the District Attorney to have anybody indicted for forgery. The fault is not with the District Attorney but with the authors of the referendum law. Under this law it is not forgery to write a name that doesn't belong to you on a referendum petition. It is perjury to swear to the genuineness of all the signatures on a petition bearing fictitious signatures, but it appears that the fictitious signatures were written in after the petitions had been sworn to. So nobody is guilty of perjury. Now, doubtless it would be easy to procure indictments, but it is not the duty of the District Attorney to start the machinery of the criminal law merely for the purpose of seeing it go. He must have hope of convicting somebody before putting the county to the expense of wholesale criminal prosecutions. Hence the apparent apathy that caused Dr. Aked to frothe at the mouth.

Of course we are able to sympathize with him in his righteous rage against the bad men who put more signatures on the petitions than were necessary, but we are sorry to see him writhing in labor with nothing to bring forth but a mass of misstatements. "The purpose of democracy," he exclaims, "is being thwarted." The purpose of democracy isn't being thwarted. The purpose of democracy is to give ear to vox populi. The referendum is the people's megaphone. If he is really a Democrat why should he object to the use of the referendum? If to get the requisite number of names it was necessary, as Dr. Aked thinks, to forge a few, the sin is pardonable on the democratic theory that expediency is preferable to principle when the purpose is to promote the interest of democracy. Dr. Aked's principal objection to submitting the redlight abatement law to a plebiscite is that for several months the law will be "the subject of controversy throughout the State," and that "Churches and clubs, newspapers and parties and all citizens everywhere will be compelled to discuss this question." This is what political partisanship does to a minister of the gospel! A thorough-paced stickler for his prejudices, blind to everything but that which menaces his hobby, we find him in one breath raging over the probable thwarting of democracy and in the next lamenting that there is to be widespread public discussion of a public question. The very bulwark of democracy according to Jefferson was freedom of discussion; nothing could go seriously wrong in his opinion if all questions of public policy were the subject of general controversy. But here we have an apostle of democracy who regards public discussion as abominable. An enlightened man is Dr. Aked, and it would pain him to be pronounced a typical bigot, but how are we to account for the apparent irrationality of the man; the narrowness that creeps into his lucubrations exposing him to the contempt of his intelligent readers? Read Hazlitt's essay "On the Spirit of Partisanship," and see how accurately he describes the effect of a certain contemptible spirit and those creatures of temperament and sympathy who suffer their feeling to get the better of their principles when their principles are not the "stuff o' the conscience." Hazlitt will remind you of this furious preacher who, though he spends half his time talking about prostitution and prostitutes, is terribly worried over the prospect of a protracted public discussion of his pet theme.

Song of The Dog Named Quoodle

By Gilbert K. Chesterton

They haven't got no noses,
The fallen sons of Eve.
Even the smell of roses
Is not what they supposes,
But more than mind discloses,
And more than men believe.

They haven't got no noses,
They cannot even tell
When door and darkness closes
The park old Gluck encloses,
Where even the Law of Moses
Will let you steal a smell.

The brilliant smell of water,
The brave smell of a stone,
The smell of dew and thunder,
And old bones buried under
Are things in which they blunder
And err, if left alone.

The wind from winter forests,
The scene of scentless flowers,
The breath of bride's adorning,
The smell of snare and warning,
The smell of Sunday morning,
God gave to us for ours.

And Quoodle here discloses
All things that Quoodle can;
They haven't got no noses,
They haven't got no noses,
And goodness only knowses
The Noselessness of Man.

Perspective Impressions

When a woman is able to be wholly woman she longs for no distraction.

Isn't it time for the unemployed to realize that the new tariff has reduced the high cost of living?

Pickpockets are taking a renewed interest in their profession since they learned about the pockets women are wearing in their stockings.

The Stockton Mail complains that white men are gambling in Stockton "under the very eyes of the police." The Mail must be mistaken. There is no sinning outside of San Francisco.

Wasn't it a moral snobbishness that prompted the expurgation of the tango as danced by the plain people of Argentine to render it fit and feasible for the rag dancers of America?

If President Wilson appoints former President Taft chief justice of the United States Supreme Court on the retirement of Chief Justice White, will former President Roosevelt move to make it unanimous?

Tango on the brain plus water on the knee equals social distinction.

"Women are poor losers," says Mrs. Frank Deering. Wonder if she means at bridge.

The controversy between Father Ricard and the astronomers who oppose him seems to be a case of Result versus Theory.

A snake bite is an "industrial hazard" in Washington. Topers in dry towns now have two excellent reasons for getting bitten.

Paris decrees that women shall show more of their legs and less of their faces. We hear no masculine protests.

It is rumored that when Starr Jordan learned Ide Wheeler had been chumming with the Kaiser and Kitchener, he mourned as for a lost soul.

How quickly our burning questions consume themselves! The Eugenists appear to have concluded that each of us should be left to his own stupidity.

Says the Examiner: "Congratulatory telegrams are pouring in on the Governor." Every taxeater has a lively sense of favors to come.

Why all these anti-tango tantrums? As it hasn't come to stay why not treat it as an agreeable guest?

Headline: "Dublin mob carries Agitator Larkin on their shoulders." Wonder how long it will be before they stone him!

The less women wear the more they eat, says a University of Pennsylvania pundit. Perhaps if Mother Eve had donned the fig leaf earlier she wouldn't have eaten the apple.

Thousands of Republicans are known to be in favor of Johnson for another term, but their political devotion is not sufficiently strong to persuade them to leave their old party.—The Examiner.

Let us have the names of about twenty, please, that we may look them over and see how prominent they are.

Varied Types

CLX—JAMES T. TURNER

By Edward F. O'Day

Reader, do you know the Fresno Beer Hall in Fresno? Right next to Uncle Ike's? Down by the Southern Pacific depot? Well, if you don't know it, the loss is yours as well as the proprietors', for the beer they draw there is sharp and cool and Fresno's is at times a thirsty climate. If you know it, you may know also the gentlemanly proprietors, serious-looking Fred Dahnken with the spectacles and Jim Turner with the keen blue eyes and the luxuriant hair. Let me tell you that there never were two more popular saloon keepers in the metropolis of the raisin belt.

You haven't seen Fred Dahnken and Jim Turner in the Fresno Beer Hall for some time? Right you are! They own it still, and it's doing very well, thank you! but its gentlemanly proprietors haven't been giving it much personal attention for some time. If Fresno went dry (as it has threatened to do off and on), and the Fresno Beer Hall went out of business, Fred and Jim wouldn't turn a hair. They'd mourn it for old times' sake and because it proved the foundation of their fortunes, but in a pecuniary sense they'd never miss it.

For Fred and Jim have been making fortunes during the last few years in the moving picture business. A little over two years ago a financial transaction connected with moving picture interests took Jim Turner to New York. He was offered a sum of money, a sum that staggered him, for certain interests he and Fred controlled, and he wired Fred to find out what to do. Fred was right back at him with this:

"Accept. More money than you and I can spend."

Perhaps it was, but Turner and Dahnken have kept on coining money ever since.

A few weeks ago we were all shocked to learn that "Doc" Leahy had leased the magnificent new Tivoli to moving picture people. When we got over the shock we were curious to know who were the people that figured on filling the Tivoli's two thousand seats all day and all night long with moving picture audiences. The answer was, Turner and Dahnken. But who are they? I went and asked Turner about himself and Fred.

Fred Dahnken and Jim Turner were born in the little town of Antioch. They played together as kids; they were chums at school; they were sworn pals as young men; they are partners now. From youth to manhood they shared every enterprise. Fred has had fifty cents of every dollar Jim ever made, and vice versa.

"And we've never had a row," says Jim.

"No," laughs Fred, "we have never quarreled."

Fred Dahnken is a little older than Jim Turner. He was out of school first, and when Jim got his diploma, Fred was running the Arlington Hotel at Antioch. Fred took Jim in as clerk. But pretty soon it was evident that there wasn't work enough for both of them.

"Jim," said Fred, "why not look around for a business of some sort?"

"All right, Fred," said Jim, "and when I get started I'll take you in."

Jim found the chance he was looking for in Fresno. He got the Fresno Beer Hall, right next to Uncle Ike's down by the Southern Pacific depot. And he took Fred in. They did very nicely, for as I said before, the beer they drew was sharp and cool and there is thirst in the very air of Fresno. But they were not satisfied to plod. They knew Peter Bacigalupi and were aware that he had made a fortune out of the penny arcade business. So they opened a penny arcade in Fresno. They did a fine business for three months, but after that not so many pennies tinkled into the slots, so they packed up their machines and went to Portland for the Fair. Their experience may yield a valuable hint for would-be 1915 purveyors.

"The penny arcades on the Fair grounds lost money," says Jim Turner, "but we got a place down town and made a lot of money." They had

JAMES T. TURNER

been in Portland a year when our big Fire took place.

"Before the fire was out," says Jim Turner, "we had a penny arcade started on Fillmore street between Eddy and Ellis."

They stayed at that for a year and a half, doing well at first and not so well later on. They cast about for the reason. They found it in the moving picture shows that were just beginning to attract people. So they turned their penny arcade into a moving picture show.

"We stored $17,000 worth of penny arcade machines," says Jim Turner, "and they're in storage still. I was offered $200 for them the other day, and I guess that's all they're worth. The penny arcade is a thing of the past. The moving picture killed it."

That first moving picture house did so well that pretty soon Turner and Dahnken opened another in the Arcade Building a block down Fillmore street. Then they started a film exchange. There were three film exchanges in San Francisco already, Miles Brothers, the Novelty and the Clapham, but Turner and Dahnken thought there was room for one more. There was.

"We were more successful than the others," says Turner, "because we kept on opening moving picture houses of our own. We built up a fine business."

They opened the Globe in the Mission, and two movie houses in Market street, the leases of which they afterwards sold to Alexander Pantages when he wanted to build a vaudeville theatre in San Francisco.

A little over two years ago the nine big film manufacturing concerns of the country, the Pathe, the Essanay, the Biograph, the Lubin, the Kalem, the Vitagraph, the Edison, the Melie and George Kleine, got together and formed the General Film Company, popularly known as "the film trust." That meant the doom of all the little film exchanges throughout the country. Turner and Dahnken realized that a bit more quickly than most others engaged in the business. Turner went to New York and sold out. That was the time he got the staggering offer of a sum which Fred Dahnken said was "more money than you and I can spend." I asked Turner how much it was. "A fortune," he replied. I have heard that the General Film Company paid them $250,000.

At the present time Turner and Dahnken have ten moving picture theatres: two in Berkeley, one in Richmond, one in Oakland, one in Alameda, one in Fresno, one in Sacramento, one in San Jose, the Globe in the Mission and—their particular pride—the Tivoli. Their San Jose investment for lot and building is $110,000; and they are preparing to build their own theatres in Sacramento and Richmond. They entertain about 25,000 people a day.

"The moving picture business is in its infancy," says Turner. "It is just entering the big production stage. The day of the short film has about come. People want to see big productions like 'Quo Vadis' or 'The Third Degree' in a big roomy comfortable theatre where there is plenty of air. What chance has the legitimate theatre against us? We give a better production for less money. There is only so much money to be spent on amusement, and more and more of it is being spent in the moving picture theatres. The best proof is that they are prosperous while the houses of legitimate drama are complaining of bad business. No wonder we turned people away from the big Tivoli at every production of 'The Third Degree.' The film play costs twenty cents, while you had to pay a dollar and a half to see the play. Another thing: Supper in a cafe has come to be part of theatregoing. If you take a lady to the theatre she expects supper afterwards. But you don't think of going to supper from a moving picture show. And mind you, people come to the Tivoli films in their limousines."

Finally Jim Turner gave me his recipe for success in the moving picture business:

"We give as much as we can for the money; we supply good music and first class entertainment; and we try to have the best equipment possible."

I take it that recipe also accounts for the success of the Fresno Beer Hall down in the thirsty metropolis of the raisin belt.

An Auto Princess

By Henry Kistemaeckers (from the French)

One afternoon about five o'clock, the chief notables of Branton were standing in a group on the square discussing the topics of the day, when the loud blast of a horn sounded from the gates of the city and died away under the arches of the plane trees. Man, in his instinct of destruction, always wants to kill something. Having killed several reputations, the notables of Branton were now trying to kill time, a very delicate operation to perform well, and which requires an imagination ever on the alert, especially in a small town. In such a place it is necessary to have the art of taking up the most trivial items, and talking about them without saying anything. Thus the trumpet blast was quickly seized upon by the Count d'Estagnon, counselor-general and mayor, who exclaimed:

"Another of those dirty machines that have crushed our chickens, our dogs, and our children under their wheels!"

To which the sub-prefect, who differed in political opinion with the count, replied rather piquantly and characteristically:

"Our children, our dogs and our chickens!"

As a matter of fact, they agreed with each other. Everybody added something to the conversation, and in a few minutes, the subject of the automobile was exhausted. A moment of silence ensued, and then the auto, heralded by another trumpet-blast, passed majestically through the square. The muffled sound of its four cylinders was like the rustling of silk. Flying swiftly along, proud, elegant and smiling, was the loveliest daughter of Eve, that one could imagine, a small, graceful figure, with eyes of pale turquoise and a mop of golden hair crowned by a three-cornered hat of leghorn straw. By her side sat a negro chauffeur in livery, who held himself erect and immovable, in an attitude that was correct.

"The deuce! She is simply it!" exclaimed the Count d'Estagnon, who was a connoisseur.

"What a beautiful creature!" said the sub-prefect, more democratically. A rich proprietor, M. Tokay, not wishing to express himself with the enthusiasm of his friends, quietly made a remark about the automobile.

"What wonderful progress has been made in the automobile!"

"There is no odor about them now!" said one.

"No noise!" said another.

"And then, they are pretty to look at!"

"After all, when they are handled by sensible people—"

"Ah, she has just stopped the machinery—"

"They don't say 'stop the machinery,' they say 'put on the brake.'"

"Well, anyway, she slowed down to let old Poulpot cross the street."

"She looks to me a little fast, eh?"

"Not at all!" retorted the count sharply.

He was a connoisseur. No one ever attempted to contradict him, but he bore his honors modestly. He was seldom at fault in his judgments, and he felt no great surprise when he learned that evening that the charming unknown had alighted at the Grand Hotel and was registered there under the name of the Princess Astier-Roqueplan.

"I was not mistaken," remarked the count with a knowing smile.

The next day he found that his duties as mayor, made it necessary for him to see M. Pix, the proprietor of the Grand Hotel and a municipal councilor, in order to discuss an urgent administrative matter. They talked very little. The count, who suddenly pretended to be greatly interested in automobiling, asked to be shown to the coach-house, in order that he might examine more closely the princess' car. He was surprised to find there the sub-prefect, who was trying to read the name of the manufacturer, and both were astonished, a few minutes later to see M. Tokay, who, like themselves, had suddenly become interested in out-door sports.

The three talked together, M. Pix taking part, but the conversation was somewhat strained. It soon became evident to M. Pix, whose occupation as a hotel-keeper had made him observant, that each of these gentlemen was waiting impatiently for the departure of the other two. They waited so long that they were at last obliged to invite each other to breakfast at the hotel. While they were nibbling their radishes, the princess passed by them like a breath of spring, exquisite and beautiful.

The Countess d'Estagnon had warts on her nose, the sub-prefect was a bachelor, and M. Tokay was almost a widower. The three men breakfasting near this unknown beautiful woman felt deeply moved. They were more than delighted when they learned that the princess had said nothing about going away. She had given M. Pix to understand that she was so charmed with the remarkably beautiful country surrounding Branton that she would probably remain there some days.

Count d'Estagnon was the first to acknowledge to himself that he was the victim of love at first sight; but the princess with the hauteur she had shown ever since her appearance on the square, remained unapproachable. She responded very coldly to the cordial salutes of the sub-prefect, the mayor and M. Tokay. The three men had bowed to the ground.

Never did one of them appear at the Grand Hotel that the others, mysteriously aware of the fact at once, did not put in an appearance under some pretext or other. At last, they did not even invent pretexts for being there. It was open war. They preferred that.

Just at this time M. d'Estagnon conceived a brilliant idea. On the cushions of the automobile, he spied a marked catalogue, consulted it, and the same evening, five minutes before the closing of the telegraph office the employee received a telegram which read as follows:

Autos Filentrombe,
Paris.

At any price send me immediately a 24 horse-power, high speed machine. Check follows. Send chauffeur with auto.

Count d'Estagnon, Mayor.

Three days later, the car and the chauffeur appeared. M. Tokay and the sub-prefect were completely upset. Each was shrewd enough, however, to guess that the telegraph must have played an important role in this startling development, and with the assistance of a young lady telegrapher, who had a good memory, two despatches identical with that of the mayor, were soon flying toward Paris.

But the Count d'Estagnon was three days ahead of his rivals. He had fooled them. Wherever the car of the princess passed that of the mayor could be seen in close pursuit.

One day, far out in the country, the unknown fair one suddenly stopped her car, alighted and approached the count, who had just stopped his own machine.

"Well, monsieur, what does all this manoeuvering mean?" she inquired.

"Madame," answered M. d'Estagnon, pale but determined, "this manoeuvering means that I love you madly!"

"Really?" The princess smiled in a peculiar way. "Well, monsieur, I am going to give you a great surprise. I am not indifferent to you."

Monsieur d'Estagnon, notwithstanding his determined audacity, almost fainted.

"But," continued the unknown, enigmatically, "I warn you that you must have patience, infinite patience!"

"I could wait a year, ten years, if necessary," answered the count, enthusiastically.

"No," replied the young woman, smiling again, "let us be more precise and leave our next meeting to chance. Let us not agree upon ten years, nor ten months. It will be— Wait, I have a charming idea, because it is full of the unexpected, and the unexpected is the torch bearer of hope. It will be, sir, if you wish it—when we see running about at Branton ten automobiles like ours, of the same manufacture and the same horse-power."

She smiled again, made a slight curtsy, returned to her automobile, and fled away like a mirage that disappears in the desert.

"On the word of a d'Estagnon, it will not be tomorrow, but it will be very soon!"

With an energy that he had never known before, the count began to canvass among his friends, striving to get them to buy the famous Filentrombe automobile. He took all his neighbors for long rides in his own car.

Divining that he must have some secret purpose in all this, the sub-prefect and M. Tokay, who had just purchased automobiles from the same manufacturer, believed it would be to their advantage to follow his example and so well did they work, that a month later, the tenth twenty-four horse-power machine was duly delivered at the railroad station of the town.

That afternoon, at half-past three, a colored man, clad in splendid livery, left at the residences of the Count d'Estagnon, M. Tokay and the sub-prefect delicately tinted cards upon which were engraved the following words: P. P. C.

Miss Mary Smith,
Alias—Princess Astier-Roqueplan,
General Agent of the Filentrombe
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Many thanks.

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXIX—SUNSET AT THE BEACH

By Joaquin Miller

(This beautiful description of sunset on the ocean beach is taken from Joaquin Miller's long poem "A Song of Creation." It comprises the opening stanzas of Canto III of that remarkable poem.)

White sea-gulls glistened in the sun—
Ten thousand if a single one—
And every sea-dove knew his mate.
Far, far at sea, the Farallones
Sent up a million plaintive moans
From sea-breasts moaning love, or hate.
The sun sank weary, flushed and worn,
The warm sea-winds sank tattered, torn,
The sun and sea lay welded, wed;
The day lay crouched upon the deep
Half closed, as eyes half closed in sleep,
Half closed, as some good book half read.

The sea was as an opal sea
Inlaid with scintillating light,
Yet close about and left and right
The sea lay banked and bossed in night,
As black as ever night may be.

The sundown sea all sudden then
Lay argent, pallid, white as death.
As when some great thing dies; as when
A god gasps in one final breath
And heaves full length his somber bed.
The sundown sea now shone, mobile,
Translucent, flaming, molten steel,
Red, green, then tenfold more than red,
And then of every hue, a hint
Of doubloons spilling from the mint,
Alternate, changing, manifold,
Yet melting, minting all to gold.

The Spectator

Why the Governor Quit

Wherever there is politics there is intrigue, and wherever there is political intrigue there are fine Italian hands as cunning as those that made history in the days of the Medici, and there are minds as cunning as those whose subtle practices inspired some of the interesting chapters of the Comedie Humaine. So one should not be incredulous when one hears some of the strange stories which are whispered in hotel corridors and club corners. We have politicians by no means inexpert in intrigue, as we must admit, those of us who have kept track of the backing and filling, the crimination and recrimination which have given a touch of human interest to affairs in the Progressive Sanhedrim. One of the most interesting of these stories is by way of explanation of Governor Johnson's backward dip in his hesitation waltz, out of the Senatorial contest. The supposition is that the Governor was manoeuvered out of the contest by his pet aversion the Hon. Francis J. Heney. Not so, say the gossips of our political sewing-circles. The story that they tell is a story of intrigue on the part of that charming young millionaire bachelor the Hon. James D. Phelan. It was Phelan they say who brought argument to bear that convinced the Governor of the advisability of staying where he is.

Interlocked Politics

What precisely was the nature of the arguments that brought conviction to the mind of the Governor I have not been told. But I have heard a lot of conjectures, and from the Governor's friends I have heard severe criticism of some of the leading lights of his political cabinet. The suspicion is prevalent that the Governor was betrayed; that is, that he was urged out of the fight not in his own interest but in the interest of Mr. Phelan. I am told that on the very day on which the Charley Wheeler committee called on the Governor to beg him to run for the Senate he received a visit from another conference committee loaded with arguments in favor of his running for Governor. Who the members of this latter committee were I am not told. When I asked who they were my attention was called to the fact that some of Mr. Phelan's closest friends are among Governor Johnson's advisers. Then it was pointed out to me that through Secretary Tumulty Mr. Phelan's candidacy has the approval of the Administration at Washington and that the Administration at Washington has some of Governor Johnson's friends on the government payroll. This is not to be denied. The principal of the interlocked boards of directors is very strong in the politics of State and nation. And there is nobody more alert in availing himself of an advantageous principle than the Hon. James D. Phelan. But the question is, Was Governor Johnson double-crossed or did he get out with his eyes open?

He's a Jolly Good Spender

There is another story. It is to the effect that the State machine in the event of Heney's winning at the primary will throw its strength to Mr. Phelan. Whatever the truth it is certain that the master of political intrigue has been busy since his return from Europe. I am told that he is to make this the fight of his life, and that somebody (name unknown) will spend a fortune to help the gentleman reach the goal of his lifelong ambition. Of course Mr. Phelan will be a liberal spender himself from now on. This he may be without violating the purity of election law. What money he spends banqueting Native Sons need not be charged up to election expenses, for playing the host is the genial young millionaire's favorite pastime. Even though he should buy Father Ricard the telescope so much desired he would not have to put the sixty thousand among the items in his report of expenses. I am told that he is likely to do this very thing wholly in the interest of science. And it would be a natural thing for him to do as he is a graduate of a Jesuit college and loyal to his alma mater. Hitherto he has spent much money for art's sake, and it was but the other day that he bought one of Mrs. Wilson's pictures. So why not a telescope for the padre of the rains?

New York Claims Sterling

California is about to lose her foremost poet. George Sterling whom Joaquin Miller called "the starriest of all stars" and whose "Testimony of the Suns" and "Wine of Wizardry" are known wherever poetry is appreciated in the English-speaking world, has exhausted the inspiration of Carmel-by-the-Sea and will henceforth make his home in the metropolis of the East. In March Sterling goes from our State which William Butler Yeats called "the modern Greece" to New York which George Sylvester Viereck dubbed "the modern Niniveh." It was inevitable. The East calls Californian writers with a voice not to be denied. New York is the market place of American literature, and the dealer in wares of the intellect must hie him thither sooner or later. At last the call has come to Sterling, and he answers it with a gladness not unmixed with sorrow. Carmel will miss him sorely, for he is Carmel's greatest lion. The Bohemian and Fam-

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ily clubs will miss him sorely too, for his pen has been dipped in star dust to make some of their finest grove dramas. But our loss will be the gain of literature, for Sterling will undoubtedly enter upon a period of greater productivity when he becomes properly oriented in New York.

Not an Idle Poet

Sterling was accused recently of being an idle poet. The charge seems baseless in the light of his recent accomplishments. Within a few months he has written and sold fourteen short stories and twenty poems. That is a very respectable showing for "an idle poet." But there is more behind. Before Sterling leaves California a new book of poems will be well on its way to publication. Porter Garnett is even now engaged on a decoration for the cover of the volume which will be brought out by that never-to-be-discouraged friend of California literature, Aleck Robertson. And Sterling is writing a "Farm Play" to be produced by the Family Club at its annual "Flight" in the Family Farm this summer. Cass Downing, another Family man, is to write the music for this little drama which is expected to eclipse all other efforts of the club's writers and composers. When the new book and the "Farm Play" have been attended to Sterling will turn his face toward the East. "I've been at Carmel for eight years," he says, "and it's time I got out of the rut."

A Quick Change

When Charlie Field and Dick Hotaling were bidden to the Adolph Spreckels housewarming they were told that it was to be a costume party and were asked to attire themselves accordingly. Having had experience before of costume parties where only a few go to the trouble of wearing costumes, these two Bohemians put their caution to work. They made inquiries and were assured that this was to be a really truly costume affair. So Field appeared in the marble hall of the new Spreckels mansion attired in the garb of one of his Vermont ancestors, while Hotaling went as a ballet dancer. One glance sufficed to show them that out of forty-five distinguished guests all but half a dozen were in faultless evening dress; so they incontinently "beat it," returning almost before their absence was noted, clothed in conventional black and white.

And a Quicker Muse

Meanwhile Field had poured his overwrought mind into verse, and when Toastmaster Shortridge called on him he recited the following in explanation of his action, pretending that the lines were Kipling's (and incidentally nobody challenged them):

If monkeys were monkeys always,
  Swinging from tree to tree
And never evolving surely
  Into humanity,
There never would be any question
  Of social savoir faire,
For no one despises a monkey
  When all are monkeys there!

That pioneer comedian
  He chattered and leapt and ran
Until, by the law of the ages,
  He one day turned into a man,
Yet sometimes, on winter evenings
  When the starlit air is mild,
His mind slips back down the racial track,
  That starts in the jungle wild,

And he dreams that again he's playing
  In the place where his life began,
Till all of a sudden he gazes
  Into the eyes of a man,
And he drops, like a brute, before them,
  By the rule of the human stare,
For we all must be men together
  As we all were monkeys there!

Uncle Sam's Chief Witness

To a casual observer it would seem that Uncle Sam might present a more respectable figure by halting the trial of the Western Fuel officials long enough to attend to the case of David Powers. It must strike any casual observer as hardly consistent with the principles of justice or of decency for the Government of the United States to put a rascal of the Powers' stripe on the witness stand in open court to besmirch the character of such a man as R. P. Schwerin and of high officials of the navy whose honesty has never been questioned. Think of decent men being called upon to defend themselves against the aspersions of an opium smuggler who, to escape impeachment as a witness, has to return to the witness stand to say that having refreshed his memory he was able to recall what previously he denied remembering, though it was the very motive of his activity as an agent of the prosecution! Fancy Powers forgetting he had been told that he would be rewarded by the Government in the event of the conviction of the defendants and that the reward had been variously estimated from $7,000 to $50,000!

The Case of Walter McCreery

Competency like morals may be a matter of geography. So at least one infers from the case of Walter McCreery. Walter McCreery is competent to manage his affairs in England, but is incompetent to manage them in California. He is his own master in England but has a guardian at this end of the world. This would make for little inconvenience if McCreery elected to live

THE ADOLPH SPRECKELS HOUSEWARMING
Showing the distinguished guests who attended the first formal dinner given in the magnificent mansion recently completed for Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Spreckels.

in England. But despite the fact that he has a comfortable seat at Bilton Park, Rugby, he wants to live in California; not for sentimental reasons or because California is the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers, but because his estate is here. This is his base of supplies. In England where he is competent, McCreery is hard up for money; there is plenty of money for him here but he can only touch it through the mediation of a guardian. Hence the importance of convincing the California courts that he is just as competent in California as he is in England. And McCreery is in the midst of a legal battle to accomplish this.

His Authorities

McCreery made no particular resistance when the California courts declared him incompetent and placed him under the care of Henry McPike. Perhaps he didn't realize the seriousness of the situation. But he realized his plight a little later when he was practically placed under duress on his San Benito ranch. It must be said that for one legally incompetent he acted with unusual vigor and energy. He got up and left the land of his incompetence and wasn't heard of again until he had reached the land of his competence, England. There again he displayed considerable initiative. He placed himself under the observation of some of the greatest authorities on mental diseases that England possesses. The most celebrated of these is Dr. Charles Arthur Mercier who has written books like "Criminal Responsibility" and "Conduct and its Disorders" which are relied upon by alienists everywhere. Dr. Mercier declares that McCreery is of sound mind. So does Sir Thomas Barlow who has a list of titles as long as your arm. He is a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order, Physician Extraordinary to King George, late Physician Extraordinary to Queen Victoria and her Majesty's Household and a whole lot of other things almost as impressive. Then there is Dr. Robert Percy Smith, another alienist of note, who says there is nothing wrong with McCreery. McCreery is now on his way back to California to see if the courts here cannot be induced to restore him to competency, and it is quite likely that one of these big guns will follow him here to testify.

The Teamsters' Modest Demands

Cal Ewing needs a few tons of superior loam for the diamond of the new baseball park, and there is a place in San Mateo County where he can get it. But will he get it? That, as Kipling has discontinued saying, is another story. Ewing made arrangements to have the work cars of the United Railroads haul the loam to a certain block of McAllister street and lay it down there for teamsters to handle. But when the Teamsters' Union heard of this arrangement they filed a protest. Nothing doing, declared the Teamsters' Union. The United Railroads shall not enter into competition with union workingmen! The United Railroads may haul that loam as far as the county line, but from the county line to the ball park it must be handled by members of our union. If the teamsters have their way, it will be an expensive way for Cal Ewing. It will cost him $11,000 to accede to this demand. In other words, the hauling of the loam will cost just $11,000 less if the United Railroads bring it to McAllister street. And Ewing says he cannot afford to pay $11,000 just to win the good will of unionism. The matter is still in controversy, and there may be some sort of compromise. But if the Teamsters' Union persists in its demand the ball park will probably go without that special loam and the ball players, to quote Ewing's expression, will have a "bum outfield."

Those White Slave Films

Doctor Aked doesn't want public discussion of the Redlight Abatement Law, but he can't keep his busy pen away from the subject of white slavery. He was invited to be present when the local board of censors passed on the film called "The Inside of the White Slave Traffic." The censors banned this movie, much to the indignation of Doctor Aked who approved it. In the midst of two columns of indignation poured forth in the Examiner Wednesday morning Doctor Aked became personal, referring to "a self-important, fussy little man who loudly announced that the play was 'rotten' and that the censors were unanimous in condemning it." This refers to Elias Hecht, the president of the board of

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censors, a gentleman whose cultivated mind has been broadened by much travel. The other members of the board are William P. Wobber, the stationery man, James M. Webster, a real estate dealer, Corporal Peter Peshon of the police department and Miss Mary Ashe Miller, the talented special writer on the Call and Post. I am told that these five condemned the film without a moment's hesitation; also that they had received a special letter from the National Board of Censorship notifying them that this body had banned the film and that it had been withdrawn from exhibition in New York. I am told also by one who saw the picture that a young man desirous of embarking on the career of a white slaver could in no way learn the methods of the craft with greater facility than by studying "The Inside of

EDNA SHOWALTER
"The Girl of the Golden Voice" who will be heard next week at the Orpheum.

the White Slave Traffic." This is the picture for the suppression of which Doctor Aked scolds the censors and calls San Francisco stupid, incidentally insulting a substantial citizen who does not happen to agree with him.

Gifts at the Tavern

So much interest and appreciation have been shown in the various cosmetics of the Aubrey Sisters through their distribution as souvenirs at Techau Tavern, that it has been decided to place on exhibition at this cafe a full assortment of the products of their New York laboratories. This exhibition will be installed in the near future and it will be to the interest of all ladies who appreciate the finest quality of toilet preparations to attend. In the meantime the Aubrey Sisters' Beautifier and Greaseless Face Cream will be presented to the ladies who are present at the Tavern on Saturday afternoons.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The de Young Girls

Miss Kathleen de Young, when she becomes Mrs. Thieriot, will have a charming home on Pacific avenue near the Presidio gate. The happy bridegroom is furnishing it exquisitely for his pretty bride. One cannot help being interested in any home prepared for a de Young girl to preside over, these young ladies have such sweet, lovable personalities. In speaking of them to a prominent American archbishop the reverend mother of Sacre Coeur convent in Paris which they all attended said:

"The de Young girls? They were the loveliest Americans we ever had with us. During the years of their attendance I never heard a complaint of them or from them."

They have been specially fortunate in a home life atmosphere filled with love and free from artificiality. Their father has given them full measure of paternal devotion and their mother, admired and esteemed for many graces, accomplishments and good deeds, is chiefly worthy of praise for the beautiful way she has reared her children. For a great many years Mrs. de Young was the most active social hostess in San Francisco. Her forte was capturing visiting lions and lionesses, and in giving most brilliant affairs after the capture. Of our local elite only those would be invited to meet them who were most clever or most beautiful. Hence it was at the de Young affairs that foreign and eastern notables got their best impressions of California society.

A Naive Aspiration

On one occasion, a dinner given to some celebrities, Miss Helen Walker, now Mrs. Frederick Henshaw, was a guest, for she was at the time our "prettiest girl." Indeed, in blonde girlish pulchritude she has never had an equal here except her predecessor, that startling beauty Aileen Ivers, sister of Mrs. William G. Irwin. This particular dinner was a gorgeous affair and all the little de Youngs were at the table. Afterwards some of the girls who were not there asked her to describe the celebrities and the dinner. Her sparkling blue eyes danced joyously as she said:

"I've made up my mind that when I'm married I shall have eight children so I can bring them up exactly like the de Young children."

In some cases example is more efficacious than precept—at least to inspire good intentions.

When London Lost

Jack London has a reputation for winning most of his bets. Also, his novels have been translated into many languages, "including the Scandinavian," and thereby hangs a tale. It is London's habit to pass some such translation of one of his books to a friend, with the remark, "If you can read it you may have it." Recently, with a sense of entire security, he handed a Danish translation of "Before Adam" to Mrs. Adolph Spreckels. Mrs. Spreckels still has the book, London being unaware that her great-great grandfather, the Marquis le Normand de Bretteville, was an emigre of the French revolution, and was knighted by the king of Denmark. What is more to the purpose, Mrs. Spreckels has visited the numerous estates and castles of his descendants, and is familiar with the Danish tongue. But London says he would never have guessed it.

Marion and George?

Miss Marion Newhall and George Nickel were guests of the Templeton Crockers at the theater the other night and their box rivaled the stage in interest for the audience. Both Mrs. Crocker and Miss Newhall are tall and striking and both are noted for their gorgeous costumes. But it was the devotion of George Nickel to the dashing Miss Newhall that was most interesting. He arranged her wraps for her and seemed happy to be in the radius of her charm. The rumors of an engagement soon to be announced may be well founded. However Marion Newhall has turned down more suitors than any girl in her set and not until she wears a ring and formally acknowledges her betrothal will her friends believe she is captured at last.

Delaware Neilsen Here

The arrival of Delaware Neilsen was an event of the week. He has joined Mrs. Neilsen at the Fairmont, and will assist her at the reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins. Mrs. Neilsen has invited all the pillars of society to greet her charming daughter-in-law. The latter's sister Miss Josephine Oliver of Kentucky, will also be present. Miss Oliver has the same Southern accent that makes her sister's speech so attractive and she is very charming besides and has had no end of attention at Burlingame where she has been visiting the Elkins. The de Guignes entertained for her as well as others. "Billy" Neilsen's visit will be a brief one as his interests in Philadelphia will soon necessitate his return. Mrs. Neilsen, however, will remain at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Travis' Song

I told some weeks ago what a fine impression one of Mrs. W. E. Travis' waltz songs made when played by Stark's orchestra in the tea room of the St. Francis. The wife of our taxicab magnate now makes her appearance in all the dignity of publication. She has just brought out a portfolio of six songs for which she wrote both words and music. On the title page the authorship of these compositions is credited to Lawrence Zenda, that being the pen name under which Mrs. Travis sees fit to hide her identity from the general public. There is no harm, I think, in thus "exposing" her. Mrs. Travis comes naturally by her talents, for before her marriage she was Rosaliene Reed, the daughter of Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, one of California's representative literary women. Mrs. Travis' songs are calculated to awaken tender emotions. The sorrow for what might have been, soft and wistful yearning, the sacrifices and resignations of love—in brief, the sweet tragedies of thought, give the inspiration for her lyrics and the music she twines them with. There is no doubt that these songs will have a wide appeal, and Mrs. Travis is to be congratulated on her work.

The Palace Dansant

The Dansant in the beautiful Court of the Palace Hotel this Saturday afternoon promises a surprise in the introduction to San Francisco of the justly celebrated dancers, M. Moszkowsky and Mme. Agnes Mahr who will exemplify many of the intricacies of the Russian School. They will appear on the floor at 4:45 and 5:45 p. m. The Dansant will be continued through the dinner hour so that guests and other diners may enjoy the pastime if they so desire.

Notes from Del Monte

The weather at Del Monte has been beautiful and the golf links have been well patronized,

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many new golfers having arrived from the Northwest and East. Mr. and Mrs. Walker of Spokane arrived in their car Monday and will remain until the latter part of the month before going further south. Two distinguished visitors during the week were Sir Hugh Munroe and his daughter Miss Morna Munroe from Scotland. Sir Hugh was very much interested in the Del Monte grounds, especially in the great variety of coniferous trees, he having a great many varieties on his own estate in Scotland. They sailed for Japan. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourne have been at Del Monte for several days.

At the Cecil

In honor of Capt. John A. Lockwood, U. S. A., retired, Capt. and Mrs. L. B. Simonds entertained at dinner at the Cecil on Tuesday evening. Besides the guest of honor there were seated at their table Miss Angela Morrison, Miss Winifred Morrison of San Jose and Ensign John Culin, U. S. N. Capt. and Mrs. Simonds have taken apartments at the Cecil for the winter. Judge and Mrs. Frederick Henshaw were at the Cecil during the past week, the guests of Mrs. Henshaw's mother, Mrs. O. V. Walker of Redwood who is wintering at the Cecil. Granville Redmond, the artist whose pictures have so many admirers in San Francisco and elsewhere, has taken apartments at the Cecil during a season in town. Mrs. J. W. Cline, widow of a mining engineer who for ten years was prominently identified with mining interests in Mexico, is registered at the Cecil from her home in Mexico City.

Notes from Coronado

Hydroplaning has been added to the sports at Coronado and each morning sees some guest making a trip. Among those who enjoyed a flight recently was Miss Margaret Weldon of Chicago and San Francisco. With her brother Theo she also gave some beautiful exhibition dancing of the Brazilian tango during her stay at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Bliss Jr. of Lake Tahoe are at the hotel for their annual visit. W. B. Huston who played on the Coronado polo team last year is again at the hotel and may be joined later by Mrs. Huston. J. Friedlander is one of the recent arrivals from San Francisco. From the other side of the bay are Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Moore of Berkeley and Mrs. F. H. Stebbins of Oakland. Duc and Duchesse de Richelieu, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gearin and Miss Grace Gearin of Portland were of a party who made the trip to the Coronado Islands recently in the new hotel launch "Glorietta," as the guests of the management.

A CORNER OF ONE OF THE SPACIOUS VERANDAS
HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

Pacific Grove Notes

Mrs. H. M. Bacon of Berkeley has had as her guest at Pacific Grove Hotel her aunt Miss E. W. Bacon of Philadelphia, and rain or shine, every day of their stay found them out of doors enjoying some part of the peninsula. W. B. Hotchkiss, a prominent banker and fruit grower of Applegate, was there with his mother Mrs. D. T. Hotchkiss and his sister Mrs. F. K. Alexander.

Classic Decorations at Tait's

Those who appreciate the unique and beautiful will be well repaid for a visit to the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. There can be seen one of the most pleasing creations of the decorator's art. It is a replica of Festival Hall of the Temple of Arbaces, from the Last Days of Pompeii. One senses immediately the atmosphere of the grandeur and beauty of the days of Pompeii, and the attention is held not only by the exquisite beauty and harmony, but by an unusualness as well. These decorations, when finished, will without doubt be the finest and most elaborate ever attempted.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Back to Bagdad

This is the day of reaction against the so-called psychological drama. We have been too long following the large adventures of the soul. It is the adventures of the body that appeal now as in the long ago when all the world was young. Away, then, with the play that sweats with purpose, the intellectual drama with a message and a problem, and bring on the play of primeval valor and passion in the raw! Or let us have the flavor of old romance as it is given to us in "Kismet." How refreshing to get away from the women of Ibsen, the prototypes of most of the females of the species in our modern drama, pathological studies of freakish mentality and morbid cravings, and meet in the flesh one of those entrancing damsels of old Bagdad that we used to read about in Burton's "Thousand Nights"! Who has not been thrilled by the darling wanton with the coral lips, the neck like a tower of ivory and the gazelle-like eyes—the one that perfumed herself in preparation for the gay intrigue with an ounce of benzoin ointment. She bobs up every little while in the old tales to enchant the hero whom she has seen through her veil at a distance and for whom she has formed a quick and passionate attachment. She has returned to us in "Kismet," this voluptuous woman, and in the flesh she is precisely what she was pictured in Burton's fascinating pages. And so it is with everything else in this spectacular play. The author Edward Knoblauch has translated to the stage the quintessence of all the aromas that ravished the senses in the very citadel of old romance. He has given us a very beautiful play, one that fixes the attention like the gong of an ambulance. A play of fancy, of intrigue, of adventure, it takes you at once into a tangle of events and captures both the eye and the ear with its picturesque detail. The author shows himself a master of construction. Though his plot is involved it is the surest of hands that holds the strings, and it is all instantly comprehensible to every member of a miscellaneous crowd. A play of hatred and revenge is "Kismet" with a touch of the picaresque, and packed tight with adventure, but its dramatic interest is not a bit more potent than the charm of its long series of colorful pictures. Scenically it is the biggest production that San Francisco has had in a long time, and it is presented by an excellent company. Otis Skinner plays the part of Hajj the beggar with a show of great animal spirits and apparently finds much pleasure in his creation. A man of mobile temperament, quick as flame, the role calls for all his manifold resources of expression and he is never found wanting.

—Theodore Bonnet.

A Melodrama Full of Punches

The play with a punch is the theatrical thing of the moment, and the playwright who gets a thumping punch into his play reaps a fortune. Bayard Veiller knew this when he wrote "Within the Law," but he set himself to improve the situation. If one punch makes a play, he argued, a lot of punches can't mar it; so here goes for all the punches I can land! He is justified by the result. "Within the Law" is as full of punches as a white hope's boxing glove, and "Within the Law" is an overwhelming success with theatre-goers. Every act has its knockout punch and a number of minor punches. And with what zest the players deliver them! At the end of the first act, with only one arm free (the other is handcuffed) Margaret Illington lands a bully punch on the proprietor of the department store. But it is a love-tap compared to the solar plexus she delivers at the end of the second act. Everybody gets in a punch in the third act, the most admired being that negotiated by the burglar with a Maxim silencer. And the fourth act is so crammed with punches that even the Marquis of Queensbury and "Bill" Naughton couldn't count them all. Speaking of Maxim silencers, there is none on Margaret Illington's voice. She ends the first three acts with punching speeches uttered at the top of her voice in the most approved manner of the good old-fashioned players we used to applaud at Morosco's and the Central. This is as it should be, for Bayard Veiller wrote "Within the Law" at the top of his voice, thereby setting it apart from more quietly effective melodramas like "Leah Kleschna," "The Deep Purple" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Miss Illington scores; there can be no doubt of that. The audience loves it all, and every punch is rewarded with tumultuous applause.

—Edward F. O'Day.

OUKRIANSKY and BERGE

Two of the solo dancers with Pavlowa in the special divertisement "The Serpent and the Bird." Pavlowa and the Russian Ballet will be at the Valencia Theatre all next week.

In Vaudeville

After seeing Maurice and his partner Florence Walton dance at the Orpheum one feels like felicitating the Cranes on their early arrival in San Francisco. Though the Cranes are satisfying in the ball-room they have not the technique to give so delightful a performance as that which is given by the pair now stimulating interest in the tango and other dances. The tango as danced by Maurice and Miss Walton is a little more expressive and emotional than the tango we have hitherto known. And Maurice has widened the range of the modern dance, enriched its characteristics and given a hint to some of the possibilities of an art which in this polite day and generation is somewhat limited and narrow. Miss Walton is a graceful dancer full of finesse and with a subtle attractiveness about her that escapes definition. One of the very interesting features of this week's bill is Martin Johnson's travelogues. Martin Johnson was first mate of Jack London's Snark, and he proved himself according to London a man of nerve and grit. He has a very interesting collection of pictures to illustrate his description of the trip through the South Pacific Islands. California's premier actress Nance O'Neil made her appearance at the Orpheum Sunday in a one-act play obviously intended to be poignantly dramatic, but with all her art Miss O'Neil was unable to induce her audience to take it seriously. Of late the Orpheum has been giving us some very good drama of a most unpretentious character. The Nance O'Neil play is the other way round. It is pretentious drama but very poor dramaturgy. A dipsomaniac husband with a passion for real snakes comes home unexpectedly with a new one in a jar, interrupting his wife who is entertaining her lover. Exit lover into an adjoining room. Suspicious husband throws the snake into the room. Husband has heart disease and falls. He is presumably dead. Wife opens door and sees lover lying down; also presumably dead. Wife goes crazy. Husband gets up and staggers out of room. Just as you are expecting a Romeo-and-Juliet ending lover gets up and finds lady distraught, apparently out of her mind. He talks to her, and while she is behaving like Ophelia, thud is heard, meaning that husband dies for good off stage. Then in deference to the insistent demand for a happy ending wife recovers her mind and is smiling in her lover's arms as curtain goes down. Now it is pretty hard to relax your intellectuals sufficiently to wallow in this kind of drama. A neighbor remarked Sunday afternoon that he would like to re-write the play. I would suggest to leave it as it is, make it frankly burlesque and let Bert Fitzgibbon play the whole piece. Bert Fitzgibbon is the daffy-dill boy at the Orpheum. He is a whole show in himself.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Andrew Mack in "Tom Moore"

Andrew Mack, the premiere interpreter of Irish drama in America, will begin a limited starring engagement at the Alcazar Monday night, supported by the regular members of the Alcazar company and five specially engaged artists. Mr. Mack has been brought to the coast by Belasco and Mayer who thereby remove him from his position as chief feature of the Lillian Russell All-Star Vaudeville Festival in which he has been receiving the highest salary ever paid to a male vaudeville artist of American birth and training. Mr. Mack's opening play will be the beautiful romance of Ireland's foremost poet, "Tom Moore," written especially for him by Theodore Burt Sayre. His impersonation of the irresistible Celtic bard is one of the most captivating performances in modern comedy, and has become justly renowned. Besides being an actor of the highest talent, Andrew Mack is a singer of world-wide renown. His sweet, sympathetic voice is clear as a crystal and in "Tom Moore" it will be heard to excellent advantage in "Evelyn's Bower," "Love's Young Dream," "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms" and the "Last

Rose of Summer." Besides these four gems Mr. Mack will sing two of his own compositions, "Mack's School Games" and "The Story of the Rose." J. Frank Burke, A. Burt Wesner, Kernan Cripps, Jerome Storm, Edmond S. Lowe, Ralph Bell, David W. Butler, Frank Wyman, S. A. Burton, Adele Belgarde, Louise Brownell, Mona Morgan and the other clever and capable members of the Alcazar players will be in Mr. Mack's support. Added to these will be Louise Hamilton who will make her first appearance as Mr. Mack's leading lady and who is described as an Irish beauty of the recognized type, Annie Mack Berlein, America's foremost portrayer of Irish character parts, Edward McCormick, B. T. Henderson and W. J. Townsend. Stage Director Butler has been busying himself for several weeks past perfecting the scenic embellishments for the productions of the Irish plays and in "Tom Moore" he will show some stage setting and effects that have never been equalled for their rare beauty and charm.

Mrs. Rees in Music Matinee

The feature of this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler and Chase Hall will be the solos of Mrs. Richard Rees, soprano. Mrs. Rees has an enviable artistic reputation on the Pacific Coast. The compositions selected for Mrs. Rees' interpretation are well suited to her delightful style of vocalism. The instrumental part of the program has again been arranged so as to include several fine representative works of musical literature. As usual these compositions will be rendered on the Knabe Player Piano and on the Pipe Organ.

The Next Symphony

Dvorak, Chadwick, Debussy and Mendelssohn with Corinne Frada, pianist to assist Conductor Hadley and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in an exposition of the beauties set forth in the Mendelssohn Concerto for pianoforte and grand orchestra, make next Friday afternoon's program at the Cort one of great musical value. Miss Corinne Frada, the soloist Friday afternoon, is but thirteen years of age and has the distinction of being the youngest artist to appear with the orchestra. That the music committee made no mistake in engaging Miss Frada was proven conclusively at Miss Frada's rehearsal with the orchestra last Monday morning; the young pianist being the recipient of approval from the entire orchestra. The Mendelssohn Concerto is wonderfully suited to the sincere and unostentatious Frada personality and has great appeal to all lovers of music. Seats for the concert will go on sale next Monday at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Co., Kohler and Chase and the Cort Theatre.

Mermaids at Empress

The most pretentious aquatic novelty ever offered in vaudeville and one that has won unstinted praise will be the chief attraction at the Empress next week when six beautifully formed diving girls called "The Six Diving Nymphs" will appear. These youthful mermaids disport in a huge tank containing approximately 15,000 gallons of water. Aside from a number of artistic poses, the act consists of fancy diving, high diving and swimming stunts, displaying their agility as well as their forms. The Three Yoscarys are silent gymnastic comedians. Different in all its essential details both as to originality and execution is the musical turn offered by Whyte, Pelzer and Whyte. Orville Reeder is an accomplished pianist. A charming mixture of drama and dance is the novel act of George Herman and Marion Shirley called "The Mysterious Masquerader." James MacDonald is the Irish Wit. Lane and Houghton, rural comedians in "The Village Schoolmaster," round out the bill.

The Pavlowa Season

Monday night at the Valencia Theatre will be like the opening of the grand opera season, for the incomparable Pavlowa with Novikoff and her magnificent Imperial Russian Ballet Company and symphony orchestra numbering over one hundred people with the gorgeous costumes from the Imperial Russian Opera Houses and the gorgeous scenic creations of Leon Bakst and Boris Anisfeld will start a week's engagement including matinees on Friday and Saturday. The program will be changed every night as the organization has a very large repertoire. On Monday night the bill will consist of the dramatic episode called "L'Orientale," the "Suite de Chopin" consisting of ten numbers to Chopin music and a series of sensational divertisements. Tuesday night's offering will be entirely different and will include the ballet "Paquita" by Petipa and Delvedez and "Les Preludes," a futuristic ballet with Liszt's music and scenery by Anisfeld of St. Petersburg. Every program is a gala one and the outlook is for the most brilliant season of entertainment of the highest form. A slight idea of the elaborateness of the performances may be gained from the fact that it takes no less than thirty stage mechanics to handle the scenery, lighting and other effects. The entire orchestra travels with Pavlowa. The box office will be maintained at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s throughout the week, and Mr. Greenbaum will pay special attention to out of town orders.

Paderewski

Paderewski gives his one and only concert in this city at the Cort this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. The program will be a colossal one including the Sonata Opus 109 by Beethoven and the Chopin Sonata with the superb Funeral March, Schumann's always interesting "Carnevale" and works by Chopin and Liszt. This will probably be the very last appearance of Paderewski in this city as hereafter he intends to remain in Europe. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and on Sunday the office will be open at the Cort after ten o'clock. Next Tuesday afternoon at 3:15 p. m. Paderewski will give an entirely different program at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland. Hundreds will cross from San Francisco to hear this concert, for again the program will be an exceptional one including the "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven and a dozen other important works, among them Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsodie" No. 2 and the "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde." For this event seats are now obtainable at the box office of Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland.

Parlow-Bachaus Farewell

This Saturday afternoon at Native Sons Hall the violinist Kathleen Parlow and the piano virtuoso Wilhelm Bachaus will unite forces and give a program of violin and piano literature such as has been rarely heard. The prices of seats

SCENE FROM "TOM MOORE"
In which Andrew Mack will appear next week at the Alcazar Theatre.

will not be advanced. The two artists will play the Sonata in C minor by Grieg and the solo numbers will be as follows: Miss Parlow, Concerto in D major, Paganini, Andante, Lalo, "Tambourin Chinois," Kreisler and "Polonaise" A major, Wieniawski; and Mr. Bachaus will offer the "Variations on a theme by Paganini," Brahms, "Impromptu" Opus 142, Schubert, "Bohemian Dance," Smetana and "Etude en forme de Valse," Saint-Saens. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's and at Native Sons Hall on Saturday after one o'clock.

Clara Butt

News has been received that Clara Butt, the famous contralto, has sailed from Australia after several delays on account of a coal strike. The artist will arrive in this city about January 28 and will be heard in several concerts before leaving for her tour of the East.

Frank Keenan at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces another splendid and novel program for next week. Frank Keenan, the famous American character actor and a capable little company, will appear in Willard Mack's one act play 'Vindication" which enables Mr. Keenan in the role of a Confederate Colonel and a veteran of the civil war to present one of those lifelike portraits he has the power to create at will. Fred Lindsay, Australian Bushman, adapts sensational feats of swordsmanship to the stock whip. Edna Showalter, late prima donna of the New York Metropolitan Opera House company and a coloratura of great range and sweetness, will sing favorite operatic selections. Albert Von Tilzer whose name is a household word as a composer of popular songs, will with the assistance of Dorothy Nord sing a number of the songs he has made so famous. Sharp and Turek will impersonate the city negro and also indulge in song and dance. Next week will be the last of Bert Fitzgibbon and Martin Johnson's Travelogues. It will also conclude the engagement of Maurice and Florence Walton who will present the Brazilian Maxixe, the Skating Waltz, the Tango and the Eccentric One Step.

Third Week of Cleopatra Films

George Kleine's glorious production of the Cines Photo-Drama, "Antony and Cleopatra" will enter upon its third and last week at the Savoy Monday. Matinees are given daily at half past two, with evening performances at eight-thirty, and the incidental music furnished by Hans Koenig and his associates is delightful and appropriate. "The Traffic in Souls," a motion picture that is the reigning sensation of New York, where it has been packing Belasco's Republic Theatre for several months, will follow.

Another Week of "Kismet"

"Kismet," Edward Knoblauch's drama acted by Otis Skinner and a company of more than a hundred players, will be seen again next week at the Columbia. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday.

Shiloh Film at Tivoli

A motion picture of unusual interest is "The Battle of Shiloh" which will be shown for the first time in this city at the Tivoli next week. The story in four reels is one of love and war and is full of historical personages, including Generals Grant and Johnson. Tom Winston, despite his sister Ellen, an ardent Confederate, acquires a commission in the Federal army. Frank Carey has entered the Confederate service, though his sister Ethel denounces him as a traitor. The girls become Secret Service agents of the North and South. Tom is with Grant and Frank with Johnson and the movements of the armies bring them home. Tom has with him Don, a dog which used to carry messages between his master and Ethel. Ellen acquires valuable secrets which she communicates to Frank, and the leak being discovered, it is thought that some officer is a traitor. Tom watches his sister and observes that she uses her fan in such a manner as alternately to conceal and expose the flame of a candle in the dots and dashes of the Morse code. Frank is making notes of the information flashed when Tom overpowers him and, taking his notes, allows him to escape. Awaiting an opportunity to examine and destroy the documents, Tom puts them in his pocket. The battle of Shiloh has begun and Tom is given an important despatch, but is pursued and badly wounded. Unable to go on, Tom gives the despatch to the dog Don, telling him to carry it to Ethel. From that time on the events grow more and more exciting and the end of the story is thrilling and satisfying. Comedy films will vary the program.

Great Composer at Pantages

Brahm Van Den Berg, a celebrated Vienese pianist-composer, heads the new bill of eight acts at Pantages next week. One of the New York dailies dubbed him the "Hero of Three Weeks." He has been associated with Calve,

SCENE FROM "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"
The Kleine photo-drama which is making such a hit at the Savoy Theatre.

MARGARET ILLINGTON
Who has scored a triumph in Bayard Veiller's great play "Within the Law" at the Cort Theatre.

Gadski, Saint-Saens and other immortals. "The Bells of Shandon," a fragrant playlet from Erin's Isle with a stage setting of 1800 will be presented by Charlie Reilly and his company. Reilly enacts the role of rollicking Rory Moore, a Kerry minstrel. He will sing a number of sweet old Irish ballads. The Eight Berlin Madcaps display some wonderful acrobatic dancing. McNab and La France have a slapstick "nigger" act full of nonsense. Dainty Rena Arnond with quick changes and songs; the Alpha Sextet in a repertoire from ragtime to grand opera; and the aerial Lafayettes, tumblers on the double trapeze will complete the bill.

Added Features at Gaiety

Irene Franklin departs this Saturday night from the Gaiety in order to resume engagements in

MLLE. ANNA PAVLOWA
Who heads her star company of Russian dancers at the Valencia Theatre all next week.

vaudeville temporarily interrupted by her appearance in "The Girl at the Gate." The Gaiety management announces that the coming week will be the last of the run at that house of the vehicle in which Miss Franklin has been starring. This does not mean that the piece will be weakened, for Miss Franklin was an added attraction and as she did not play a part in the production itself, her absence will in no wise affect it during the remainder of its run. The principal fun makers now in "The Girl at the Gate" are Bickel and Watson, but the management has seen to it

(Continued on Page 20.)

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In "An Arabian Night"
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SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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CORT, FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 3 P. M.
Soloist—Corinne
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(Pianist)
Program Includes: Dvorak Overture, "Nature," Mendelssohn Concerto for Pianoforte No. 1, G Minor, Chadwick "Symphonic Sketches," Debussy (Three Orchestral Sketches), "The Sea."
TICKETS, 75c to $2.00; Box, Loge Seats, $3.00. Seats on sale Monday at Box Offices Sherman, Clay, Kohler & Chase and Cort Theatre.

EMPRESS

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Direction Sullivan & Considine Sid Grauman, Manager
SPLASHING VAUDEVILLE
The Most Pretentious Aquatic Novelty in Vaudeville
the Stunning and Statuesque
6 DIVING NYMPHS 6
In a Huge Tank
A Trio of Travesty Singers
WHYTE, PELZER AND WHYTE
Fifteen Minutes of Musical Nonsense
OTHER ATTRACTIONS
Refined Vaudeville 8—Big S. & C. Acts Weekly—8

Savoy

McALLISTER ST. Near Market
PLAYHOUSE BEAUTIFUL
MATINEE DAILY AT 2:30
Mr. George Kleine's Glorious Photo-Drama,
ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA
EVERY EVENING AT 8:30
All Seats Reserved—25c and 50c
Note: "ANTONY and CLEOPATRA" will only be seen at the Savoy Theatre in San Francisco.
Monday, January 26th "THE TRAFFIC IN SOULS"

Orpheum

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
PERFECT VAUDEVILLE
FRANK KEENAN, the American Actor and his Company in "Vindication" by Willard Mack; FRED LINDSAY, Famous Australian Bushman and Stock Whip Expert; EDNA SHOWALTER, "The Girl of the Golden Voice"; ALBERT VON TILZER, American Popular Song Writer and DOROTHY NORD; SHARP & TUREK, the Chocolate Dandies; BERT FITZGIBBON, the Original Daffy Dill; MARTIN JOHNSON'S TRAVELOGUES; WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS; Last Week of MAURICE and FLORENCE WALTON, World's Most Popular Ball Room Dancers. New Program.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

TIVOLI

EDDY STREET NEAR MARKET
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Saturday—Last Times of "Thor, Lord of the Jungles"
One Week, Starting Sunday
THE
BATTLE OF SHILOH
A Story of Love and War
Matinee, 10c; Evenings, 10c and 20c
Continuous, 12 M. to 11 P. M., Daily

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Week Commencing Monday Night, January 19th
Matinees, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
Engagement Extraordinary of America's Foremost Irish Actor
ANDREW MACK
Supported by the ALCAZAR PLAYERS in the Beautiful Romantic Irish Play
"TOM MOORE"
Hear Mack Sing The Gems of Ireland
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c

PANTAGES THEATRE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON
BRAHM Van Den BERG
(Noted Pianist Composer)
The Man That Made "Three Weeks" Famous
8 MERRY MADCAPS
Vaudeville's Daintiest Acrobats
CHARLIE REILLEY & CO.
"The Bells of Shandon"
5 OTHER ACTS

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Early in the week traders were inclined to be bearish and sold the leading issues in which speculation has been most active during the recent advance, and this caused several important stocks such as Reading to decline while many minor industrials scored good gains. Business may improve and yet the stock market lag behind. General trade is often brisk when money commands fairly high rates of interest. Manufacturers and merchants push sales more energetically when high rates of interest are eating up profits and if this consuming demand is sufficient to force increased production business becomes good in spite of the handicap of high discount rates. Easy money of itself does not make trade active, though it induces professionals to speculate in stocks. Money was certainly cheap enough when domestic trade was at its worst in the nineties. But the interest that money commands always fixes the price of the best bonds and to a less extent of the best stocks. All over the world the demand for money will be insistent. The British colonies and the leading republics of South America are in the market for large loans with which to finance improvements of all kinds. In the United States almost every railroad needs money to buy rolling stock and make permanent additions and improvements to right of way. Many States and municipalities are in a similar position. The recent decline in Canadian Pacific was due solely to its relatively high price and low income yield. Foreign holders were disappointed at the size of the last "melon" and did not care to subscribe for the new note issue. The stock consequently went down until it approached a 5 per cent level. Reading is now dearer than Canadian Pacific because its present dividend rate yields a smaller percentage on its current price. The stock has been bolstered up for years by the hope that the company will "cut a melon" and some announcement of the kind is looked for in the near future. Steel was strong and active and it is said that the worst has been seen in the steel trade. Already orders are coming in quite freely and mills that have been shut down are now reopening. Sentiment is more optimistic generally and with a little more confidence by the outsider prices will advance materially.

Wheat—There was very little action in the wheat market last week. All the traders seemed to be in the corn pit and wheat was neglected. Considering the weakness in corn and oats the wheat market, however, gave a good account of itself and while prices were off a shade it was mostly due to the lack of trade rather than the news. The market at present seems to be in a waiting mood and as yet there seems to be nothing in sight to awaken it one way or the other. News generally, however, has been on the constructive side of the market. Receipts are showing a big falling-off when compared with last year and the export clearances show that America is furnishing almost half of the world's weekly shipments. The Argentine news seems to have about run its course and the trade are now satisfied that Argentine will have only about 75 millions for export but financial conditions at the moment are bad in Argentine and this may give us a heavy run of wheat to market in the near future which would no doubt count against the price. There seems to be more concern over our own winter wheat belt as we have had as yet no cold weather to speak of and the ground is bare of snow. Should the weather turn extremely cold without any snow covering this would give us a quick advance. The trade would welcome anything in the way of news that would get the market out of its present rut and any crop scare would start the outsider to buying wheat. We believe wheat at this level is worth the money and any change will mean the enhancement of values in our estimation.

Corn—Under ordinary conditions it is bad policy to continue bearish after a break of nearly 10 cents a bushel, but conditions this year are very unusual, and we cannot but feel that prices have not yet reached a sufficiently low level to justify purchases. The consumptive demand for corn is, if any thing, worse than it has been, and Argentine corn continues to be offered to correspond with our decline. New Argentine corn is said to be offered at 61 cents in Liverpool. None but industrial buyers in this country are willing to take the risk of buying new Argentine corn on account of fear of poor condition. Cargoes of it now arriving are of excellent quality and are being absorbed by the consuming trade. The Southwest is supplied partially by the Argentine offerings and partly by their earlier purchases at higher figures, and much of the corn at southwest markets is held in anticipation of a southern demand, rather than to fill shipping sales. We still feel that prices must work to a lower level.

Cotton—There was very little in the cotton market early in the week, the trade awaiting the ginning figures that were published on Friday at the opening. The amount ginned was 13,333,000 bales compared with 12,907,000 bales a year ago. Following the issuance of the estimates on the quantity of cotton ginned to January 1 it was pointed out that ginnings for the last period this year were 366,000 bales less than for the previous period, whereas last season the decrease for the same period was only 116,000 bales, which shows a relative decrease compared with one year ago of 250,000 bales. Bulls claim that these figures indicate exhaustion, and that after January 1 of this year ginnings, exclusive of linters will not exceed 250,000 bales compared with 582,000 bales last year which with linters, etc., would make a commercial crop of about 14,300,000 bales. These contentions had the effect of advancing prices about $2 per bale and the advance held up to the close of the week. Shorts however point out that in the big crop year of 1911-12 ginnings from December 13 to January 1 fell off 408,000 bales compared to the ginnings of the previous period, which was greater than the falling off of 366,000 bales this year for the corresponding period, and that after January 1 of that year 1,236,000 bales were ginned, exclusive of linters, etc. The future course of the market therefore will depend a great deal on whether or not the small crop people are correct in their ideas as to the size of this year's yield. If the ginnings fall off after January 1 compared with last year's returns, higher prices are probable unless the situation in Wall street should become worse. On the other hand if ginnings should continue to exceed those of last year during the remainder of the ginning period, the commercial crop would probably exceed 14,660,000 bales and the market would decline further.

Mr. Property Owner

Have you not always some slight repair—stopped basin, broken window cord, or electric light won't work? We will assume all your repair expenses and bother for a small monthly rate. Our representative will call at your request.

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December 31, 1913

Assets	$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
Number of Depositors	64,639

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Stage

(Continued from Page 18.)

that the final ten performances of the piece will outshine in attractiveness any of their predecessors. Two stunning new acts have been engaged for this week. First there are the Marvelous Millers whose dancing abilities are unsurpassed. They make their bow at Sunday's matinee performance, and at the same time Bert Howard and Effie Lawrence will join the Gaiety company in their comedy and singing specialties. The Gaiety will be "dark" Sunday the 25th, and will re-open on Monday week with what is confidently expected to be the sensation thus far of its career—no less than the starring of that great comedienne Marie Dressler in her new musical revue "The Merry Gambol" with a company of seventy.

Another Week of "Within the Law"

The success of Margaret Illington in "Within the Law" at the Cort has been such that the advance sale for the second and final week which begins Sunday evening, augurs that capacity houses will continue to be the rule.

Sothern and Marlowe Coming

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Cort on Monday evening, January 26. They will be seen in their repertoire of seven Shakesperean plays, and Mr. Sothern will appear at each Wednesday matinee as Francois Villon in Justin Huntley McCarthy's romantic play "If I Were King." Miss Marlowe will appear in all of the Shakesperean plays, but not in Mr. McCarthy's drama. Sothern and Marlowe have brought an enormous equipment for the presentation of the eight plays of their repertoire, necessitating a special train of eleven cars. The repertoire for the first week is as follows: Monday night, "Taming of the Shrew"; Tuesday night, "Much Ado About Nothing"; Wednesday matinee, "If I Were King"; Wednesday night, "Twelfth Night"; Thursday night, "The Merchant of Venice"; Friday night, "Romeo and Juliet"; Saturday matinee, "As You Like It"; Saturday night, "Hamlet." The repertoire for the second week is: Monday night, "Much Ado About Nothing"; Tuesday night, "Romeo and Juliet"; Wednesday matinee, "If I Were King"; Wednesday night, "Taming of the Shrew"; Thursday night, "Twelfth Night"; Friday night, "Hamlet"; Saturday matinee, "As You Like It"; Saturday night, "Merchant of Venice."

The surest tonic to sharpen an appetite is the absence of the price of a meal.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature from the Press of the Pacific Coast

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAURICE HAYES, Deceased. No. 15,132, Department 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Maurice Hayes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, 901-905 Hearst Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Maurice Hayes, deceased.

CATHERINE TIETJEN,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

PAUL T. FRATESSA, Attorney for Executrix,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORA CATHERINE STONE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within nine (9) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Minnie F. Goodwin at the office of Stafford and Stafford, H. I. Stafford, Rooms 504-518 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased.

MINNIE F. GOODWIN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Dora Catherine Stone, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

STAFFORD and STAFFORD,
H. I. STAFFORD, ROLAND BECSEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
504-518 Grant Bldg., 1095 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. PIERCE, Deceased—No. 15736 New Series; Dept. 10.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Martin J. Seid, executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of F. M. McAULIFFE, Esq., Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, Northeast corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

MARTIN J. SEID,
Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, January 3 1914

F. M. McAULIFFE,
Attorney for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF CORNELIUS RILEY, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,163; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PETER T. RILEY, JAMES RILEY, MARGARET RILEY, ELLEN RILEY LARKINS, JOHN O. RILEY, ELLEN CROSSEN, MARY BRENNAN, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to-wit, the estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 26th day of September, 1912, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State consisting wholly of real property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of personal property solely,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to-wit, on the 1st day of October, 1912, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. HYNES, ESQ., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made on the 15th day of October, 1912, appointed administrator of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased; that thereafter, to-wit, on the said 15th day of October, 1912, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force,

ALPHA SEXTETTE
From ragtime to opera at Pantages.

virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, Cornelius Riley, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased,

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to your petitioners.

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 6th day of November, 1913, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

NOW THEREFORE you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the court room thereof, in room 519, of the Temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every, all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid,

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable FRANK H. DUNNE, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of November, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON,
Deputy Clerk.

FELIX H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan,
Russ Building, 235 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-15-10

ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,859; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET RYAN, Deceased.

BRIDGET KILKENNY, as Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Margaret Ryan, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 16th day of February, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department number Ten, probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell all the real estate of the said decedent as set forth and described in said petition to which reference is hereby had and made.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, January 8, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attorneys for Petitioner,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO DETERMINE HEIRSHIP

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,449; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

CITATION

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To ALICE M. COWELL and ALEXANDER F. MORRISON, executors of the last will and testament of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, ALICE M. COWELL, THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, a corporation, FRANK TRALAGO, JOHN MINKEL, LAWRENCE MANEY, JAMES RIORDAN, FRITZ PALM, THOMAS BYRNE, F. A. LANCE, J. VALENTE, FRANK CALDERA, MARTIN RODEREIGUEZ, PAOLA MARAKI, JOE BENATE, BERNARDO RICCO, RUDOLPH LABISH, MANUEL S. CALDERA, JOE JUAREZ, PETER MARTELLI, and LILLIAN A. HOWARD, F. A. PALMER, HENRY WILLEY, C. S. PRICE, J. W. LINSCOTT and G. A. BOND, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and any and all other persons interested, or claiming any interest, in the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, whether known or unknown and whether named herein or not.

GREETING:

BY ORDER OF THIS COURT, You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Judge of this Court, at the court room of Department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 2nd day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why this Court should not ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, and all interests therein and to whom distribution should be made, and then and there to appear and exhibit to the above entitled Court your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate.

The name of said deceased was Ernest V. Cowell;

The names of the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased are Alexander F. Morrison and Alice M. Cowell;

The names of all persons who have appeared in the course of the administration of said estate up to the time of making the order for the issuance of this citation, claiming any interest in said estate are as follows: Alice M. Cowell, The Regents of the University of California, a corporation, Frank Tralago, John Minkel, Lawrence Maney, James Riordan, Fritz Palm, Thomas Byrne, F. A. Lance, J. Valente, Frank Caldera, Martin Rodereiguez, Paola Maraki, Joe Benate, Bernardo Ricco, Rudolph Labish, Manuel S. Caldera, Joe Juarez, Peter Martelli, and Lillian A. Howard, F. A. Palmer, Henry Willey, C. S. Price, J. W. Linscott, and G. A. Bond, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell;

And the real estate of which said decedent died seized or possessed, so far as known, is described as follows:

REAL ESTATE

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

1. A parcel of land in the City of Oakland, commencing at a point on the westerly line of Linden Street, distant thereon 222 feet and 3 inches southerly from the southerly line of 21st Street; thence southerly along the said line of Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence westerly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet; thence northerly parallel with Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence easterly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 16, Block "B", Survey of the Northern Extension of Oakland.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Haywards, known as Lot. No. 13 of the "Lawrence Tract, Haywards, Alameda County, State of California," said lot being 50 feet by 100 feet.

IN THE COUNTY OF MARIN

Beginning at a stake driven in the southerly line of First Street in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, at a point 503 feet and 7 inches westerly from the northeasterly corner of a lot conveyed by J. O. B. Short and Jacob Short to E. Schwiezen by deed dated March 9th, 1869, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of said County of Marin, in Volume "H" of Deeds, at page 225; thence southerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with the said First Street 150 feet; thence northerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet to the southerly line of the said First Street; and thence easterly along the southerly line of said First Street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 4, of Block No. 3, in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, as surveyed by Hiram Austin, Civil Engineer.

IN THE COUNTY OF MERCED

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19; the south half of the southwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and Lots 3 and 4 of section 28; the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of section 29; the north half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2 and lot 8 of the southeast quarter, all in section 30; the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 31; Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in the northwest quarter of section 32; and Swamp and Overflowed Land Surveys No. 34 in sections 29 and 30, containing 20-69/100 acres; No. 29 in sections 29 and 32, containing 47-26/100 acres, and Nos. 45, 87, 88, 376, and 378, in sections 28, 30 and 32—all in township 5 south, range 13 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of the Gabilan Creek, near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the Official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence north 14° west 13 chains along the boundary of the Rancho Los Vergeles to stake-V-No. 1 on the United States Official Survey of la Natividad Rancho; thence south 35° west 21.40 chains along the boundary of Natividad Rancho to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 56° east 17:50 chains to a stake in the bed of Gabilan Creek, marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 3° 15′ east 14.55 chains up Gabilan Creek to the place of beginning, containing 21.46 acres.

Being lot 1 of the partition of La Natividad Rancho made and entered on April 18th, 1865, on the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson, et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al., and being also a fractional portion of section 26, township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of Gabilan Creek near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence south 3° 15′ west 14.55 chains to a stake marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 56° west 17.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 35° west along the west line of Rancho La Natividad 14 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 56° east 25.06 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;" in the bed of Gabilan Creek; thence south 35° west 32.22 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 70° east, crossing the Gabilan Creek 24.32 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH;"; thence north 88° 45′ east 144.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; V; JH;" in the bed of the Gabilan Creek; thence north 8° 45 west 8 chains to station No. 14 of the official map of the Rancho La Natividad; thence north 3° west 13 chains to station No. 15 of said map; thence north 36° west 8 chains to station No .16 of said map; thence north 53° 16′ west 17 chains to station No. 17 of said map; thence north 21° 16′ west 11 chains to station No. 18 of said map; thence north 8° 45′ east 8 chains to station No. 19 of said map; thence north 37° west 33 chains to station No. 20 of said map; thence north 18° west 25.50 chains to station No. 21 of said map; thence north 53° 15′ west 28.70 chains to station No. 22 of said map; thence south 57° 15′ west 19.40 chains to station No. 23 of said map; thence south 15° west 3.33 chains to station No. 24 of said map; thence south 65° 15′ west 27.37 chains to station No. 25 of said map; thence south 48° west 16 chains to station No. 26 of said map; thence south 50° 30′ west 20 chains to station No. 27 of said map; thence south 17° west 11 chains to station No. 28 of said map; being the place of beginning—containing 1363.80 acres.

Being Lot No. 2, as the same is delineated and so de signated on the Map of Commissioners to make partition of La Natividad Rancho in partition proceedings which were entered among the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al.; and being also fractional portions of sections 24, 25, 35 and 36 in township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.; and sections 30 and 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the Gabilan Creek where the northern line of the Gabilan Rancho and J. W. Patton's northern line on the Natividad Rancho join; thence running south 88° 45′ west to the southeasterly corner of the farm now or formerly owned by August Johnson; thence along a picket fence which is or was the eastern boundary of said Johnson's farm northerly to the land formerly owned by James Houston and later by Henry Cowell; thence along said Cowell's line north 88° 45′ east to the Gabilan Creek; thence along the middle of said Creek to the place of beginning, containing about 50 acres. Being a part of the Natividad Rancho and known as Lot 18 as per the County Map of the County of Monterey made by St. John Cox and Fehy in 1877, being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. BEGINNING at the most southern corner of the Los Vergeles Rancho in the center of Gabilan Creek, thence along the boundary line between said Rancho and the Rancho Cienega del Gabilan, north 45° east 14.78 chains to a post in the corner of Lot 2 of Natividad Rancho; thence leaving said Rancho boundary north 45° 30′ west 16.50 chains to a cottonwood tree 18 inches in diameter marked "LVI"; thence south 56° west 1.10 chains to the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek, from which a willow tree 10 inches in diameter bears north 56° east 10 links distant; thence meandering up the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek and along the boundary of said Rancho Los Vergeles southerly to the place of beginning, containing 11.10 acres. Being designated upon the map which accompanies the decree of the District Court of the Twentieth Judicial District of the State of California, entered on the 21st day of July, 1875, in the case of Arabella A. Stokes et al. vs. Josephine Winterburn et al., as Lot 6, the same being a portion of the Rancho Los Vergeles, and being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

1. Lots Nos. 1 and 2, of section 6, township 8 north, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at the northeast corner of the Merkley Ranch at a redwood stake set on the east bank of the Sacramento River, which stake is south 79° 45′ west from an oak tree 2½ feet in diameter, standing at the southern extremity of the Half Way House buildings, and running thence north 79° 45′ east 4.20 chains; thence south 71° 15′ east 2.49 chains to the north side of an oak tree 18″ in diameter (Blazed); thence south 69° 30′ east 6.11 chains to an oak tree 8″ in diameter (blazed); thence south 71° 15′ east 9.61 chains to the end of an old ditch; thence south 74° 30′ east 3.77 chains to back fence; thence north 2° 30′ east along fence 10 chains to fence; thence south 2° 30′ west 2.62 chains from south line of 10-acre tracts; thence north 50° west along fence 7.74 chains to corner; thence along fence south 86° west 5.29 chains to corner of board fence; thence north 89° west along board fence 12.17 chains to corner of fence on east side of road; thence south 79° 45′ west at 0.67 chains on top of levee continue same course, in all 7.60 chains, to the Sacramento River; thence with the east bank of said River down stream to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being part of section 11, township 8 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southwesterly line of Main Street, distant thereon 137 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence southesaterly parallel with Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence northeasterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 694 and 703.

2. COMMENCING at the intersection of the northwesterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches to the northwesterly line of Mission Street; thence northeasterly along said line of Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

3. COMMENCINB at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon 97 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the intersection of said line of Spear Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 40 feet; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 40 feet; thence northeasterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the said southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

4. COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Clay Street with the easterly line of Sansome Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Clay Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence northerly parallel with Sansome Street 122 feet to the southerly line of Merchant Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Merchant Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the easterly line of Sansome Street; thence southerly along said easterly line of Sansome Street 122 feet to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 130, 131 and part of No. 132.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN JOAQUIN

1. BEGINNING at a point 8.65 chains west from the east boundary line, and 50 links north from the south boundary line of section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 31.85 chains; thence south 33.82 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 64.55 chains; thence north 15.35 chains; thence west 8 chains to the left bank of the Mokelumne River; thence along said left bank following its meanderings upstream to a point which would be intersected by a line running parallel with and 5.63 chains north from the township line between townships 4 and 5 north; thence east on said imagined line 16 chains; thence south 1.78 chains; thence east 50.40 chains; thence north 16.78 chains; thence east 36.86 chains to a post; thence south 20.13 chains to the point of beginning, containing 326.84 acres. Being portions of section 1, township 4 north, range 4 east; section 36, township 5 north, range 4 east; section 6, township 4 north, range 5 east; and section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, all M. D. B. & M.

2. All of those certain lots in the City of Stockton known and designated as Lots Nos. 5 and 8, and portions of Lots Nos. 1, 3, 7, 13 and 14, all in Block No. 64 east of Center Street, according to the map and survey of the said City of Stockton, commencing for the same at a point on the south line of Channel Street, in said City of Stockton, 75 feet easterly from the southeast corner of the intersection of Hunter Street and Channel Street; running thence easterly along the south line of Channel Street 85 feet; thence at right angles southerly 150 feet to the north line of said Lot 8; thence at right angles easterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the north line of Weber Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Weber Avenue 50 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the northwest corner of said Lot 8; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Lot 6 of said Block 64, 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet to the east line of said Hunter Street; thence at right angles northerly along said east line of Hunter Street 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 75 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet to the point of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the northwest corner of the tract assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence along the Coast north 20° 15′ west 14.40 chains; thence north 74° west 11 chains; thence north 40° 15′ west 10 chains; thence north 34° 15′ west 20 chains; thence north 43° 45′ west 25 chains; thence north 4° west 20 chains; thence leaving the Coast north 28° 30′ east 101.78 chains; thence south 81° 15′ east 30.90 chains; thence south 8° 20′ east 30.17 chains; thence south 84° 35′ east 190.65 chains to a point in the southeast boundary line of the official survey of said Rancho; thence on and along said line south 4° east 47.60 chains to the northeast corner of the tract assigned by the Referees aforesaid to Josefa de Haro Denniston; thence following the line of said tract north 84° 35′ west 84 chains; thence south 25° 30′ west 95 chains to the place of beginning; containing 1815.12 acres; said tract having been assigned to Augustine Guerrero by the Referees aforesaid and being marked No. 2 on the map of said partition. EXCEPTING all that parcel being a portion of the above described premises bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on a bluff on the Pacific Ocean, being the southwesterly corner of a tract of land now or formerly belonging to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence north 25° 30′ east 62.86 chains; thence north 56° 15′ west 38.93 chains to a stake in the line of fence; thence following said fence north 64° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 29° west 0.76 chains; thence north 23° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 16° west 0.76 chains; thence north 8° 30′ west 3.72 chains; thence north 28° west 7.02 chains; thence north 36° 30′ west 7.70 chains to the line of land now or formerly belonging to Victoriano Guerrero; thence following said line south 28° 30′ west 45.27 chains to a stake on the bluff bank of the Pacific Ocean; thence following said bluff bank south 20° east 5.62 chains; thence south 4° west 2.27 chains; thence south 12° 15′ east 4.54 chains; thence south 17° 45′ east 5.65 chains; thence south 37° 45′ east 1.75 chains; thence south 83° east 0.91 chains; thence 37° east 10.60 chains; thence south 54° 15′ east 4.45 chains; thence south 46° east 4.55 chains; thence south 69° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 6° east 3.41 chains; thence south 37° 30′ east 1.55 chains; thence south 4° 30′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 19° 15′ east 7 chains; thence south 41° 30′ east 7.21 chains; thence south 61° east 3.85 chains; thence south 60° east 3.33 chains; thence south 87° 30′ east 2.73 chains; thence south 63° east 4.55 chains; thence south 58° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 46° 30′ east 3.48 chains; thence south 30° 20′ east 9.17 chains to the point of beginning, containing 430.72 acres.

2. COMMENCING at the northwest corner of that portion of the Rancho El Corral del Tierre (Palomares) bordering on the Ocean, assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence south 25° 30′ west 14.24 chains; thence south 64° 30′ east 16,23 chains to Denniston Creek; thence north 10° 30′ west 11 chains; thence north 22° west 2.55 chains; thence north 12° 15′ east 3 chains; thence north 27° east 1.50 chains; thence north 13° 30′ west 2.20 chains; thence north 84° 35′ west 7 chains to the point of commencement, containing 16.92 acres.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the County Road forming the easterly boundary line of the large tract of land owned by Owen McMahon, deceased, at the time of his death, at the easterly corner of the tract of land conveyed to Elizabeth Owen McMahon by Elizabeth Catherine Hamlin, Ellen Maria Barry and Margaret Anna Lennon by deed dated February 25th, 1892, and running thence south 42° 36′ west 35.15 chains; thence south 48° east 27.75 chains; thence north 42° 36′ east 35 chains to the County Road; and thence along the County Road to the place of beginning, containing about 108 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.39 acres conveyed by Henry Cowell to W. D. K. Gibson for right of way purposes by deed dated November 27th, 1900, and recorded in Volume 88 of Deeds, at page 207, San Mateo County Records, and also a parcel of 1 acre conveyed by Henry Cowell to Giovanni Devincenzi, by deed dated November 11th, 1901, and recorded in Volume 93 of Deeds, at page 18, San Mateo County Records.

4. Lot No. 1 of section 21, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 26.14 acres.

5. BEGINNING on the bank of the Purissima Creek at the point where the line between fractional sections 15 and 16 intersects the same, thence running north between said fractional sections 5.64 chains to a gulch; thence down said gulch south 56° 15′ east 2.80 chains to the bank of the Purissima Creek; thence down the Creek with its meanders south 60° 15′ west 3.10 chains; thence south 60° 45′ west 2.50 chains; to the place of beginning, containing about 1 acre, and being part of fractional section No. 15 in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. BEGINNING on the line between sections 16 and 21, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and at a point 16 chains east of the quarter section post in the road leading up the Creek; thence east on said line 14 chains to Purissima Creek; thence up the Creek with its meanders north 23° west 3 chains; thence north 40° 15′ east 2 chains; thence north 25° 15′ east 7.80 chains to the line between sections 15 and 16; thence along said line north 5.64 chains to Simmon's and Beckwith's corner; thence north 64° 15′ west 0.95 chains to the road; thence along the road south 15° 20′ east 2.80 chains; thence south 38° west 5 chains; thence south 18°30′ west 5.50 chains; thence south 28° 30′ west 6 chains; thence south 64° west 11 chains; thence south 60° west 5.15 chains to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres.

7. COMMENCING at a post 20 chains from the Coast Bank, running thence south 17° 30′ east 20 chains to the corner of Joseph E. Selleck's 40-acre tract; thence south 72° 30′ west 24.16 chains to edge of Coast bank; thence along said bank in a southerly direction to a corner post; thence leaving Coast and running north 72° 30′ east 54.84 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence north 72° 30′ east 29.37 chains up a ridge to head of first gulch; thence south 45° east 10.45 chains down said gulch to Lobitas Creek to an alder tree 12″ in diameter standing at the mouth of said gulch upon which tree there are three notches; thence up Lobitas Creek to mouth of Willow Gulch; thence north 30° west 33.44 chains to Selleck's corner; thence south 54° west 29.68 chains; thence south 72° 30′ west 40.62 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence south 72° 30′ west 34.15 chains to the point of beginning, containing 577 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.88 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company by deed dated September 22, 1905.

8. BEGINNING at a post on ridge standing in middle of Redwood Road of Bailord and Kinnerson, thence running north 31° 30′ east 4.50 chains to a post; thence south 78° 30′ east 8.25 chains; thence south 65° east 5.50 chains to Lobitas Creek to a redwood tree 48″ in diameter, marked with 3 notches, on right bank of said Creek; thence down said Creek south 48° west 3.75 chains; thence south 35° west 5.74 chains; thence south 48° west 6.50 chains to a redwood tree 24″ in diameter standing on the right bank of the Creek at the mouth of the gulch; thence up the gulch north 57° west 9 chains; thence north 38° west 4.73 chains to a post; thence north 31° 30′ east to the place of beginning, containing 19.50 acres, being a portion of the Rancho Canada Verdey Arroyo de las Purissima.

9. Lot No. 1, and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 8, and the fractional sections 16 and 17, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing together 935.92 acres; all that portion of Lot No. 1, of section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., situated north of the County Road leading from Purissima House up Purissima Creek and containing 2½ acres, more or less; Lot No. 2, in section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 20.91 acres.

EXCEPTING, however, from the foregoing lots or parcels of land the following lots or parcels:

(1) A parcel of 2.79 acres, being a portion of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to William Buzzell by deed dated April 13, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 39, San Mateo County Records.

(2) A parcel of 10 acres, being a portion of fractional section 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Patrick Flyn by deed dated October 17, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 148, San Mateo County Records.

(3) A parcel of 36.16 acres, being a part of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to W. A. Simmons and J. S. Blackwell by deed dated April 13, 1864 and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 425.

(4) The right to use and possess a certain spring of water conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Silas Hovious by deed dated October 12, 1861, and recorded in Volume 2 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 41, San Mateo County Records.

(5) A parcel of 50 acres, being a fractional portion of sections 16 and 17, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to George Duncan by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 497, San Mateo County Records.

(6) A parcel of 13.22 acres, being a fractional portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to R. H. Hatch, by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 108, San Mateo County Records.

(7) A parcel of 5 acres, being a portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to Silas Hovious by deed dated February 3, 1868, and recorded in Volume 8 of Deeds, at page 346, San Mateo County Records.

(8) A parcel of 5 acres, known as the "Cemetery Tract."

(9) A parcel of 5 acres, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated April 23, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 189, San Mateo County Records.

(10) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 518, San Mateo County Records.

(11) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to the trustees of the Purissima School District by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 520, San Mateo County Records.

(12) A parcel of 9.33 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company, by deed dated September 22, 1905.

10. The east portion of Lot No. 1, as per map of the J. de H. Denniston portion of the Rancho Corral de Tierra, containing about 12 acres of land.

IN THE COUNTY OF TEHAMA

BEGINNING at a point where the north line of the Wilson Tract intersects the slough or old channel of the Sacramento River, said line being known as the Bennet Line, thence following along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 15° 30′ west 12.50 chains; thence north 24° 30′ west 9.31 chains; thence north 29° 45′ west 4.37 chains; thence north 14° 30′ west 10.60 chains; thence north 28° 30′ west 14.65 chains; thence north 27° 15′ west 11.08 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 6.20 chains, from which an oak tree marked 68 and 69 bears south 40° west 0.60 chains distant; thence north 60° west 8.15 chains; thence south 77° west 5.30 chains; thence south 19° 30′ east 2.53 chains; thence south 85° west 5.27 chains; thence south 50° 30′ west 5.19 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 4.70 chains; thence north 46′ west 7.36 chains; thence north 75° west 4.20 chains; thence north 49° west 8.96 chains to the present channel of the Sacramento River; thence following down and along the east bank of the Sacramento River by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

South 32° west 8.05 chains; thence south 74° 30′ west 16.04 chains; thence south 11° 30′ west 22.50 chains; thence south 24° east 9.52 chains; thence south 36° 30′ east 3.92 chains; thence south 12° east 5.05 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 24.67 chains; thence south 66° east 22.72 chains; thence south 45°30′ east 3.30 chains; thence south 33° east 8.06 chains; thence south 28° 30′ east 3.35 chains; thence south 18° east 2.53 chains; thence south 35° 30′ east 2.75 chains; thence south 14° east 3.10 chains; thence south 1° west 2.56 chains; thence south 16° 30′ east 2.54 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 3.15 chains; thence south 7° east 5.72 chains; thence south 9° 30′ east 3.29 chains; thence south 3° 30′ east 4.74 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 2.67 chains to the old channel of the Sacramento River; thence following up and along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 37° 30′ east 2.22 chains; thence north 44° east 2.17 chains; thence north 44° east 1.94 chains; thence north 27° east 3.46 chains; htence north 29° east 2.51 chains; thence north 3° east 4.10 chains; thence north 33° west 1.83 chains; thence north 36° 15′ east 29.25 chains; thence south 49° east 3.68 chains; thence north 41° east 7.39 chains; thence north 62° east 3.88 chains; thence north 8° 30′ east 6.79 chains; thence north 17° east 4.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 589 acres, more or less, being part of the "Capay Rancho" known as "Snaden Island."

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 756 of the official surveys of the said County of Yolo, at a point a little north of west from the quarter section corner between sections 3 and 4, township 6 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., thence south 77° east along the upper line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756 20.54

chains to the back corner of Hester's 10-acre tract; thence south 13° west 2.50 chains; thence south 77° east 40 chains to a point on the west bank of the Sacramento River, 10 rods below the northeast corner of the said Swamp Land Survey No. 756, thence down the said river with its meanders south 10° 25′ west 4.64 chains; south 13° 25′ west 5.40 chains; south 30° 30′ west 12 chains; south 45° 10′ west 7.21 chains; thence leaving said river north 75° 30′ west 56.50 chains to the back line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756; thence north 19° 10′ east along said back line 28.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 167.55 acres of land.

2. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 361, 363, 897, and 985, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed lands of the County of Yolo, being portions of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. A fraction of 2.10 acres, beginning at a point at the inside base of the Sacramento River levee, about 30 feet north from the cross-levee, and running thence north 18° west, along the inside base of said levee, 151 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 216 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 49 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 980 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 80 feet; thence in a direct line to the place of beginning, being a portion of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The south half of section 9; the south half of section 10; the south half of section 12; all of section 13; the south half and the northeast quarter of section 15; all of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 19; all of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of section 22; all of section 23; all of section 24; the northwest quarter of section 28; and the northeast quarter of section 29;—all in township 8 north, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. The south half, and the northwest quarter of section 3; all of section 4; all of section 5; the northeast quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 6; the north half of section 8; the north half of section 9; the north half of section 10; and the northwest quarter of section 11;—all in township 9 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. The southeast quarter of section 31; the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section 32; the south half of section 33; and the southwest quarter of section 34; all in township 10 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

7. All of section 1; all of section 2; the east half of section 11; the north half of the south half; the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the south half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter, of section 12; and the north half of the northeast quarter of section 13; all in township 11 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

8. The west half of the northwest quarter of section 5; and the north half, and the west half of the southwest quarter of section 6; and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 7; all in township 11 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

9. All of section 25, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 118 acres; the south half, and the south half of the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 98 acres, of section 26; all of section 35; the south half, the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 104 acres, of section 36; all in township 12 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

10. All of sections 30 and 31, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 504 acres; and all of the west half of the west half of section 32, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 40 acres; all in township 12 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

1. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, designated as Lot 1, Loop and Meserve Tract, as per map recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, EXCEPTING that part included in the right of way of the Southern Pacific Company.

2. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, being part of the "Sycamore Tract," as shown o nthe map of the land partitioned by Loop and Meserve, recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 16 as shown on said Map, thence south along the west line of said Lot 16 and the prolongation thereof 25.92 chains; thence north 68° 45′ west 12 chains; thence north 15° east 21.78 chains; thence east 6 chains, more or less, to the place of beginning.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situate in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Lots Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, of the "O'Neil & Haley Tract," of the said City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. That portion of Swamp and Overflowed Land Survey No. 1158, described as beginning at the northwest corner of section 21, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence east 18.06 chains; thence south 65.55 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 21.62 chains to the west line of said section; thence north 53.65 chains to the place of beginning, containing 107.63 acres.

2. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as beginning at the northeast corner of section 20, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., running thence south 53.65 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 34.12 chains; thence north 59° 38′ west 13.31 chains to the center line of said section; thence north 28.21 chains; thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning, containing 162.53 acres.

3. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as the southeast quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The southwest quarter of section 16, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 337, 411, 1079, and 1160, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed Lands of the County of Yolo.

6. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1106, described as beginning at a point 16.19 chains north from the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 12.03 chains; thence north 22.21 chains; thence east 4.20 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 5.24 chains; thence south 76° east 5.16 chains; thence south 16.56 chains to the place of beginning, containing 23.59 acres.

7. Those parts of Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 333 and 277, described as beginning at a redwood post standing at the south corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 782, and situated south 43° 40′ west 41.50 chains from the Sacramento River; thence south 64° east 16.39 chains; thence south 69° east 38.67 chains; thence south 21° west 6.60 chains to the southeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 333; thence west 58.70 chains to the northeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 277; thence south 47.25 chains; thence west 13.75 chains; thence north 76° west 5.16 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 13.05 chains; thence north 59° west 5.83 chains; thence north 73° 15′ west 10.44 chains; thence south 71° 30′ west 6.33 chains; thence north 43° 40′ east 70.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing 254.32 acres.

8. Beginning at a point where the west boundary of Swamp Land Survey No. 627 is intersected by the section line dividing sections 21 and 28, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west about 90 chains to the southwest corner of section 20, same township and range; thence north about 75 chains to the back levee of Reclamation District No. 307; thence southeasterly along said levee about 115 chains to a point marking the northwest corner of said survey No. 627; thence south along the west boundary line of said survey to the place of beginning, containing about 425 acres, in Swamp Land Surveys No. 1041 and No. 1158.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

Lot Lettered "L", in Block 140, of Horton's Addition to the City of San Diego, according to the official map thereof.

All of the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA

1. A portion of that certain ranch known as the Rancho San Miguel or Rancho Arroyo de los Nueces y Golgones, the first tract being the south half of Lot 7, hill land, and containing 228 acres, and the second tract being the north two-thirds of Lot 8, hill land, containing 425.93 acres.

The following is a particular description of said tracts by metes and bounds as made on partition, for which reference is made to the map and plat of survey of partition of said Rancho now of record in the office of the County Clerk of Contra Costa County, viz.:

BEGINNING at station white oak tree marked S1-11 on the segregating line between the hill and valley lands of the San Miguel Rancho; thence north 62° 2′ east 92.16 chains to post AB; thence north 17.70 chains to post SM-23; thence south 45° west to post SM-24; thence north 48° 9′ west along the ranch boundary 93.70 chains to post TP-2; thence south 46° 45′ west 56.83 chains to post JP; thence south 68° east 6 chains to post SL-14; thence south 23° 30′ east 40.97 chains to post SL-13; thence south 67° 15′ east 10.72 chains to post SL-12; thence south 0° 45′ east 27.08 chains to the point of beginning, containing 653.93 acres, more or less.

2. That portion of the Rancho Monte del Diablo which is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at post SM-24, situated at the corner of the Rancho Monte del Diablo and San Miguel Rancho, thence north 45° east 8.85 chains to station post SM-23; thence north 6° west, leaving the Rancho boundary, 3.45 chains to station post No. 3P Co.; thence along the boundary of land now or formerly in controversy between Francisco Galindo and Josiah Sturges, north 44° 30′ west 74.90 chains to station post No. 2P Co.; and thence north 32° 45′ west 27.34 chains to station post D; thence leaving the lands in controversy above named, running south 77° 30′ west 3.59 chains to station post D-2; thence south 12° west 23.35 chains to station post TP2; thence along the boundary of the above named Ranchos south 48° 9′ east 93.70 chains to the point of beginning, containing 147.41 acres, more or less.

(The two parcels of land last above described, situated in the County of Contra Costa, are claimed by the Cowell Portland Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property, and all of the parcels of land hereinafter described are claimed by the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property.)

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF EL DORADO

1. The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8; the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 9; the southwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 20; the north half, the north half of the southwest quarter, the north half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; and the south half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22; all in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. A parcel of land in section 7, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of said section 7, and running diagonally across said quarter section along the line of a fence on land now or formerly owned by Mr. Morrison, until it intersects the quarter of quarter section line and adjoining Mr. Morrison's to the County Road; thence along the center of said road to the east line of section 7; thence along said line south to the place of beginning, containing 41-2/3 acres.

3. The Schwalm Marble Quarry Mine and Lime Kiln site, being Mineral Entry No. 723 in the Series of the United States Land Office in Sacramento, California, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 38, embracing a portion of section 8, in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Marble Valley Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California.

4. A parcel of land, being a portion of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21, and running thence due west 1320 feet to the northwest corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence due south 825 feet to the fence between the lands originally claimed by W. W. Faber and Hugh B. Taylor; thence northeasterly 1437 feet on the line of said division fence to a point on section line between sections 21 and 22, which said point is 264 feet due south from the northeast corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence 264 feet due north to the place of beginning.

5. The east half, the southwest quarter, and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 7; the northwest quarter of section 8; the east half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 18; the west half of section 29; and the east half o fthe northeast quarter of section 30; all in township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

6. The Blue Marble Quarry Mine, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 50, embracing a portion of section 7, township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Pilot Hill Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California, and containing 20.66 acres.

7. The southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF KERN

Section No. 23, in township 32 south, range 33 east, M. D. B. & M., with the exception of a strip of land 100 feet wide, lying equally on each side of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and excepted in deed of Southern Pacific Railroad Company to Henry Cowell, dated May 5, 1892, and recorded in Volume 53 of Deeds, page 298, Kern County Records.

IN THE COUNTY OF PLACER

The north half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 22, township 13 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

Lot 5, in the block or square bounded by "K" and "L", 28th and 29th Streets, in the City of Sacramento, as laid down upon the official map thereof.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Battery Street, distant thereon 40 feet southerly from the intersection of said easterly line of Battery Street with the southerly line of Filbert Street, thence southerly 80 feet along said easterly line of Battery Street; thence easterly parallel with Filbert Street 50 feet; thence northerly parallel with Battery Street 120 feet to the said southerly line of Filbert Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Filbert Street 25 feet; thence southerly parallel with Battery Street 40 feet; thence westerly parallel with Filbert Street 25 feet to the said easterly line of Battery Street and the place of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

1. Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot in the City of Santa Cruz heretofore conveyed by Henry Cowell to one Hamilton, said point being on the northwesterly line of the San Jose Road, thence north 29° 27′ east 9.09 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence north 14° 40′ east 16.39 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence south 75° 30′ west 20.30 chains; thence south 10° east0.19 chains to a post; thence south 70° 20′ east 8.74 chains; thence south 1.99 chains; thence south 33° east 1.47 chains; thence south 4° east crossing a brook 3.94 chains; thence south 1° east 6 chains; thence south 61° 15′ west 1.60 chains to a post at the northwest corner of the said Hamilton lot; thence south 60° 30′ east 3.375 chains to the point of beginning, containing 17.874 acres.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the City of Santa Cruz and described as follows:

Beginning at the junction of the northerly line of Mission Street with the westerly line of River Street at a spike from which the southeast corner of Mission and River Streets bears south 79° 29′ east 40.28 feet distant; thence north 3° 50′ east 130.33 feet along the westerly line of said River Street to an iron spike on the south side of an alley; thence north 87° 57′ west 54.83 feet along the southern line of said alley to the boundary of a lot now or formerly owned by Dr. Sargent; thence south 13° 52′ west 31.78 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 88° 44′ east 9.90 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 1° 49′ west 100 feet to an iron spike in the northerly line of said Mission Street; thence south 88° 44′ east 46.96 feet along the northerly line of said Mission Street to the point of beginning, being lot No. 22, in block No. 1, of the City of Santa Cruz, and a part of lot No. 18 of the same block.

3. The southwest quarter of section 8, township 10 south, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 160 acres.

All the undivided ON-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN BENITO

1. Lots 4, 5, 12, and 13, of section 28; the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10, the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 30, all in township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.; also the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32, township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. Lots 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, of section 14; and lot 4, of section 24; all in township 14 south, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Tres Pinos, bounded and described as follows:

A strip of land 100 feet wide, commencing on the easterly line of the station ground of the Southern Pacific Railroad 50 feet equally on each side of the said railroad as the same was formerly laid, thence running southeasterly 882.50 feet in its center line to the easterly line of Santa Ana Street, containing 2.02 acres of land, and being 897 feet on its northerly line and 869 feet on its southerly line, excepting the rights which one Charles Peck may have acquired to a small portion of said strip above described.

The railroad or motor road known as the Tres Pinos and Cienega Railroad, together with the roadbed, right of way, terminal facilities and rolling stock of the same.

WITNESS, the HON. THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 11th day of December, 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-27-9

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 1118 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 24, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

JANUARY 1, 1914

WESTERN STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FULLY PAID CASH CAPITAL
$1,000,000.00

San Francisco, Cal.

Warren R. Porter
President

OPERATIONS DURING THE YEAR 1913

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2785 POLICIES

representing

$5,575,763

of insurance, on which the first premiums have been paid to the Company in cash. The Company now has

5486 POLICIES

in force, representing

$12,064,528

of paid-for insurance, being a ***gain*** for the year of

$2,679,978

THE Company now has admitted assets of

$1,605,812.11

which represents a ***gain*** during 1913, in admitted assets of

$144,019.70

The total Premium Income in 1913 was

$465,190.34

This shows a ***gain,*** over 1912, of

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During 1913 the Company's earned interest income from invested assets increased to

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The Company's Total Income During 1913 was $570,178.60

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIII. San Francisco, January 24, 1914 No. 1118

CAROLYN THOMSON and GEORGE O'DONNELL

In a scene from "Adele," the century's most notable musical offering at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Sunday, Jan. 25.

TOWN TALK

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The Good and the Clever

What's wrong with the world is a question that many learned philosophers have been trying to answer of late. Some of them have made valuable contributions to literature, but most of them have bored us with their long chains of reasoning and their complicated processes of metaphysical analysis by which they have proved chiefly that they have taken a comprehensive view of the whole of a tedious subject. The systematic treatise may be all right as a medium for delivering truth, but the learning of erudite philosophers never impresses us so much as the unsystematic wisdom drawn by acute minds either from personal experience or keen observation. The old fables, the satires of Horace, the proverbs of Solomon—these are the forms through which wisdom is best conveyed. Similarly effective are epigrammatic verses such as the following written the other day by an Eton school boy:

If only the good were clever,
And only the clever were good,
The world would be better than ever
We thought it possibly could.
But, alas, it is seldom or never
These two hit it off as they should;
The good are so harsh to the clever
The clever so rude to the good.

The author of these verses has compressed a great deal of wisdom into a few lines. If he hasn't answered the question What's wrong with the world? at least he has thrown out a pretty strong hint for folks in this corner of the terraqueous sphere.

Lest We Forget

Some weeks have passed since Mayor Rolph returned from the East to be thrilled by the acclaim of a glad citizenry. Since his return he has told us nothing of the result of his inquiries in New York and other cities respecting opera houses maintained on a subscription basis. We remember that when he left Washington after a glorious victory over corporation minions and nature fakers the press despatches informed us that before returning to San Francisco he would acquaint himself with the details of the various schemes by which opera houses are supported by private subscription. Naturally we are all curious as to the valuable information that he picked up in his travels. Thus far he has vouchsafed us none of it. On his return he found that the opera house project which he knocked on the head just before leaving San Francisco was as dead as a door nail. There had been some talk of keeping it alive. Mayor Rolph himself hoped that it would not be abandoned. His idea was that the public spirited citizens behind it would play into his hands; that is that they would make certain concessions by which it would appear that he had been actuated by concern for the public weal and especially by a deep feeling for the rights of the plain people. But the men who had offered to build an opera house for the city were not at all in sympathy with the Mayor's political designs. They understood the situation at once. Though the Mayor's veto was astounding, it was not unexpected. Once a warm proponent of the project, a change came over his spirit, and it was adumbrated in the Bulletin, the paper that reflects all the meannesses of a little cabal that has something of the pertinacity of an industrious ant. It is notorious that Mayor Rolph is under the delusion that this cabal voices the sentiments of a powerful institution, and that if you want to know how he is going to act in any important matter you must watch the Bulletin. The opera house projectors received intimation from the Bulletin that Mayor Rolph would veto the ordinance which he once heartily approved, and though it was hard to believe he would go so far as the tool of a contemptible cabal the veto was not a surprise.

The Immortal Jim

The Rolph veto did not cause such a shock to the community as might have been expected. This being the day of class distinction, whatever is done seemingly to rebuke the rich receives some applause. Now the Rolph veto was in the nature of a rebuke, so it was not resented as much as it was applauded. To the men who conceived the idea of adding to the beauty of the civic center and dedicating a noble edifice to one of the fine arts, was imputed the silly motive of enhancing their social prestige, and the credulous man in the street gave ear and applauded the veto. How easy it is to suggestionize the mob! Men who but the day before were looking forward to the fruition of a great civic enterprise; who, indeed, had voted for a civic center, one of the beauties of which was to be this very opera house; men who had rejoiced in the prospect, now approved the action that rendered the consummation impossible. There was enough, however, of intelligent censure to compel in Mayor Rolph something of poignant rumination. No one better than Mayor Rolph himself appreciates the loss this city has suffered by his veto or the utter absurdity of his objections to the ordinance. There was more than a trace of compunction of conscience in his message from Washington to the effect that he was going to New York to devote a little time to study of the opera house question. Now that the whole scheme has been abandoned in disgust well does he realize what the true feeling of this community ought to be toward the Hon. James Rolph. And though he need not be apprehensive of an immediate expression of that feeling, neither should he be so preposterously optimistic as to consider the probability of the mean little part he has played being forever forgotten. While the civic center remains incomplete Jim Rolph will be remembered. And if ever posterity should deem it advisable in the interest of civic patriotism to re-vitalize tradition there will be the vacant lot on which to hold a public ceremony with a burning effigy as the piece de resistance.

Short Replies To Rowell

Contrary to widespread belief the Fresno Republican is not always as dull as its editor. Occasionally there is to be found a patch of vivid relief in its pallid pages. For fortunately that learned attorney of Fresno, Mr. Frank Short, has easy access to the columns of the Republican, and at brief intervals with the sword of satire in his hand he rescues the paper from the dungeon of stupidity. Now Frank Short and Editor Chester Rowell are men as far apart as the poles in all the principles of human conduct as well as in all known processes of thought. How comes it then that with the Pecksniff of journalism on the tripod Frank Short is able to break into print? The explanation is easy. Rowell's position in journalism is analogous to his position in politics. Presumably a man of independence, in reality his servility is that of the eunuch of the harem. Frank Short is one of the stockholders of the Republican, and his "copy" Rowell takes just as he takes "program." And thus it happens that what you read on one page of the Republican you find the subject of ridicule on another. Rowell runs along for weeks platitudinizing on the performances and prospects of the Progressive party, and then Frank Short takes up his pen and points out the flubdubbery of the Rowell farrago. Of course he refrains from personal allusion, save to the extent of observing that he is replying to editorials in the Republican. But he doesn't refrain from using the columns of the paper to mock Rowell's good friend Governor Johnson. This he did one day last week in an article that crackled with epigrams and that presented a very careful and convincing analysis of the political situation. In this article the Progressive party is described as a party "strong for purely atmospheric things such as social justice, moral standards and Onward Christian Soldier sentiments." As a result of Progressive government in California, says Short, we have had "an unprecedented flood of wholly pernicious, purely meddlesome, office-creating, tax-exacting, industry-hampering legislation that is beginning to bear its legitimate fruit." Affirming that we have had some good legislation in California he adds, "It is a matter of pride and boast in some quarters that we have had all of the other kind now known to all the other countries of the world." Further, he says: "It may be that California

can stand it, but there is no well informed business or professional man that does not himself know of needed industries that would be in course of development sufficient to afford employment for all of the unemployed labor that could be had if totally useless restrictions, burdens, interferences and charges were lifted from legitimate development." All this is interesting reading especially when we find it in the Fresno Republican, one of the most ardent as well as one of the dullest organs of the sacrosanct Administration at Sacramento.

Some Tango Reflections

One-half of the world is dancing, and the other half is talking about it. In time there will be fewer talking and more dancing, for the more anything is talked about the larger grows the circle of curiosity that must be gratified. When folks grow weary of the tango and turn to some new form of distraction it will not be on account of the strictures of our moral guides no matter how just those strictures may be. The objection to the tango is precisely the objection which a distinguished London divine recently launched against the contemporary British theatre—that it appeals to the sensual appetite; and the same answer may be made to the critics of the tango that Bernard Shaw made in behalf of the theatre. Shaw said that the function of the theatre was to gratify the sensual appetite, adding that when people feel like gratifying their spiritual thirst they go not to the theatre but to church. The tango is not in the nature of spiritual recreation or intellectual exercise. Always the ballroom has been recognized as Cupid's camping ground. Rarely, except among brutal and superstitious savages, has the spirit of dance music been anything but the rapture of love. If ever in modern times dancing was at all innocuous it was only in the eighteenth century when men in perruques and women in frills and flounces with pompous dignity performed those solemnly stupid gavottes, sarabandes and allemandes that were even more soporific than the nineteenth century quadrille. The function of dance music has been amorous ever since Weber composed his "Invitation to the Dance"; and especially so since Johann Strauss in his waltz music with its subtle and insidious rhythms and harmonies translated all the moods of love into the language of tones. The tango, by the way, is not to be compared to the waltz as a stimulant to amorous emotion. The tango may be so danced as to express lewdness, and then it is indecent, but the waltz in its very rhythms gives utterance to the whole gamut of dreamy, laughing and ardent passion. If the essential difference between the two dances is not well recognized, not even by many dancers, it is because of a lack of esthetic sensibility, and there is no end of that. The "voluptuous waltz," as Byron called it, was more furiously condemned when it was first the rage than ever the tango has been, and the criticism was from persons extremely sensitive to music. They spoke of "the abominations of the waltz" as though they were discussing a revival of the rites of Dionysus and Astarte. The question was gravely asked, "Can a woman waltz virtuously?" Gail Hamilton, a writer of some prominence in his day, wrote of the waltz as "a thing in its nature so unclean that it cannot be washed." Yet we are pleased to think that our grandmothers, stately dames, had a passion for the waltz that was supersensual, like Dante's love for Beatrice. And who knows but that it was. At least they danced the waltz discreetly in their own homes, with their own friends, and what they drank was really tea. Now as to the grandmothers of posterity, who dance the tango in public, we are able to speak of a very limited number. What we read of some of them and of the tango in its variety, we must confess, provokes to mild astonishment. Here, for instance, is an article in that chaste and dignified journal the London Nation, which tells us that the tango has several hundred steps and describes a dance in which "the forms became indistinguishably intermingled," reminding the writer "of the ancient myth that in the beginning men and women were in reality one flesh." To this Britisher the whole scene was one "of mock vitality, the most vital of emotions being consciously stimulated to a comfortable and vapid movement like water brought daily to the boil for afternoon tea." A dance that reminds persons of dreadful ancient myths is certainly some dance.

Hearst Dissents

"Don't palter with the trust question," says the Hon. William Randolph Hearst. He is speaking of President Wilson's new attitude toward big business. On the way from Pass Christian the President saw the light. The obvious penetrated his intelligence. It was time to quit harassing the industries of the country. A protracted season of business depression, a further recruiting of the army of the unemployed might make it somewhat difficult for the average citizen to perceive the wisdom of Democratic rule. It was all right enough to hurt business, but when the hurting of business seemed likely to result in the hurting of politics it was time to call a halt. Precipitately Mr. Hearst dissented. He reminded us that the paramount issue of the last Presidential campaign was the trust issue. Shrewdly but without malice he discharged the envenomed observation: "Not at that time was the policy of a gentleman's agreement with the trusts mooted." Also, this one: "There was no talk of the happy harmony between the Attorney-General and the heads of big business." Mr. Hearst appears to be suspicious of iniquitous collusion between the Administration and the predatory rich. Or perhaps he only wants us to think he harbors the suspicion. The truth probably is he fears that if business is let alone the country may prosper before the end of Mr. Wilson's term. Rather than suffer that private calamity the great civic patriot and vociferous philanthropist would welcome soup kitchens in every square mile of American territory.

A Strange Preference

Fancy anybody preferring Chinese ideographs to our alphabetical signs as a medium of expression! We learn with amazement that Sir William Ramsay favors the ideographic method of writing because it can be read much quicker than writing in our characters. He even thinks it a pity that we acquired an alphabet. As the Chinese have a sign for each word and a vocabulary of eighty thousand words what would happen to our public school system if it were undertaken to teach the young ideograph how to shoot on the heathen plan? It seems hard enough nowadays to learn how to spell. Phonetics is bad enough. Think of compound phonetics and hieroglyphics! There are many things Chinese that we admire, but ideographs are not among them. However, there is probably this to be said for the ideograph system,—it took so many ages for the Chinese to master it that by the time they had it well in hand they had sense enough to write their annals from that period instead of preserving as facts whatever their best fictionists were able to invent or imagine. We believe they are the only people of whom this can be truthfully said. There are no allegorical fables in Chinese history. When the first Chinese historian versed in ideographs took up his pen and astrolabe to write the history of the heavens and China his starting point was the period of the reigning emperor. He knew nothing of the deluge of Deucalion or the fall of Phaeton; not even of the origin of the world; and he didn't pretend to know. And so Chinese history, thanks we say to the ideograph system, which was probably in process of perfection some thousands of years before the Phenicians gave the Greeks an alphabet, comprehends no other than historical times. And the Chinese of the Republic today have the satisfaction of knowing that the veracity of their ancient historians, who marked their epochs by eclipses and the conjunctions of the planets, is not questioned by modern scientists. Indeed it is the astronomical observations of the Chinese that give the stamp of truth to their annals. What might we have learned of the ages before Tyre and Sidon if the Chinese had started right with a simple alphabet instead of spending thousands of years getting acquainted with a complete dictionary of ideographs! For certainly they were a very old people when their literati made their appearance. Their chronicles of four thousand years ago attest the existence even then of a vast empire governed like a family, and their religion had reached the point where they believed in one God, the principle of all things, to whom the Emperor offered the first fruits of the harvest.

The Great Conspiracy

Some funny stories come out of Washington, but none so funny as the serious products of the solemnest minds. Could

anything be more excruciating than the story that there is a conspiracy of the "Interests" to discredit William J. Bryan with the people of the country with a view to making it impossible for him to retain his place in the Wilson Cabinet? A column despatch on the subject was sent out of Washington several days ago. The anti-Bryan combination, says the newspaper correspondent, was formed shortly after Bryan's appointment. But with the habitual naivete of those incredibly gullible newspaper correspondents in Washington who eat and relish whatever is compounded for them in the publicity cuisine of the Capital, the author of this funny story lets us know that he got the details from the most reliable source. "Friends of Mr. Bryan," he says, "some of whom hold positions close to him, say that part of the public mind has been poisoned against him through the secret machinations of the moneyed combination." Further, these loyal friends who are indebted to Bryan for their jobs and who would probably lose theirs if he lost his, affirm that the conspiracy has been of "an insidious nature, unseen and unsuspected by the general public but none the less effective." Of course there has been corruption. "Newspapers have been reached in a corrupting manner," says the correspondent; "the criticism of Mr. Bryan for his numerous absences from Washington, for his adherence to the demands of his profitable lecture business, the ridicule aimed at him in regard to the grape juice incidents, and his alleged spoliation of the offices in the State Department and diplomatic service, all this criticism, it is said, has been in a very large part due to the unseen activities of the moneyed combination secretly working to undermine his position in the Government and in the public mind." But, ah, how fortunate!—the combination "has failed completely in so far as they desired to ruin him with President Wilson." This is a soothing assurance, but wholly supererogatory. Mr. Bryan is serving President Wilson's purpose far beyond the most sanguine dreams of the man who hoped to see him knocked into a cocked hat. And the longer and more frequent the absences of the gentleman who committed the Democratic party to the one-term principle the more effectively will the President's purpose be served. Mr. Bryan may go on boosting grape juice as a beverage until even his friends suspect that he has stock in the grape juice trust, and he will not incur the President's displeasure. As international laughing-stock he may enhance his value as far above par as he likes and the mad world will not laugh more heartily than the glad tenant of the White House. Ruin him with the President? We should say not! The President will attend to that little game himself. Who is it that has made all the world understand that the tremendous statesman William J. Bryan is only nominally Secretary of State and in reality merely a purveyor of patronage? The President dearly loves Bryan—where he is. He cannot have too much of Bryan going about after the manner of the daughters of the horse-leech. Nor is he likely to be shocked by the story of the conspiracy. Well does he know that a Bryan's heart deviseth his way, that no enemy directeth his steps.

"The Gods Are Dead"

By Edward Melbourne

The golden hour of noon begins,
  The sun, unchallenged, holds the sky,
And like a living sapphire spins
  The arrow of the dragon-fly.

The chant and chatter of the brook,
  The fairy organ of the bee,—
Pan could not find a fairer nook
  In all the glens of Arcady.

Where are the gods of tree and stream,
  The Hamadryads, milky-hued
Naiads, elusive as a dream
  Who fled, and eager gods pursued?

The winds still wander in the trees,
  The poplar sways his graceful head;
No laughter rings along the breeze—
  The merry gods of Greece are dead.

Here, where the roses intertwine,
  The Zephyr learned Aurora's wiles;
And echoes of the parle divine,
  Went floating down the forest aisles.

Perspective Impressions

"Meet, woo and wed in a day." And the divorce lawyer chuckles.

Beware the whisperers, says Hiram; and as he shouts we seem to hear "the watch-dog's voice that bays the whispering winds."

There is a white slavery of the mind as well as of the body. Unctuous uplifters should beware of it.

If the Monday papers should forget to publish what the Rockefellers Senior and Junior said and did at Sunday services we'd be the last to complain.

Speaking of pugilism the Examiner says: "It outrages the humanities." Let us call then on the faculty of the State University to do its duty.

United States Senator had a broken rib for two weeks and didn't know it. Wonder if any of his colleagues have fractured skulls?

Father Ricard's sun-spot system may be all wrong, but if so the planetary system is in collusion with him.

As the result of the reckless marketing of ewe lambs for several years we are going to have a lamb and mutton famine. Pretty soon the man who cannot afford to buy lobster and terrapin will have to go hungry.

The Progressives said they needed Johnson again to save the State. Now they feel the need of Eshleman to save Johnson. Sharper than a serpent's tooth is the ingratitude of the dear people.

Postmaster General Burleson says that the Government can acquire all telephone and telegraph lines at an initial cost of $250,000,000. The cost of operation is another matter. But knowing what the postoffice costs it's not hard to guess.

Another plugugly has been killed, and the Examiner has renewed once more its demand for the interdiction of prize-fighting. But it will make early announcement of the next fight and describe it round by round.

Postmaster General Burleson is from Texas, chews tobacco and practices politics as a profession. In short he is a man qualified in every way according to the American idea to take over the telegraph and telephone lines and operate them on a business basis with the assistance of the flower of Democracy.

Varied Types

CLXI—M. H. DE YOUNG

By Edward F. O'Day

In January, 1915, the San Francisco Chronicle will be fifty years of age. Started in January, 1865, by Charles and M. H. De Young, it has never passed from its original proprietorship. M. H. De Young, therefore, has owned and run a metropolitan newspaper for forty-nine years. I do not know where you will find such another record in the annals of journalism. To say that M. H. De Young is proud of this record is certainly not to err by overstatement. The Chronicle represents his lifework. If one may intrude for a moment on a poignant private tragedy, it may safely be said that the grief of his recent bereavement was intensified by the thought that the Chronicle was not to be also the lifework of his son.

Sitting in his luxurious office in the Chronicle Building M. H. De Young looked back over the Chronicle's past and described for me some of the pictures his memory drew.

"My brother Charles and I," he said, "started the Dramatic Chronicle in January, 1865. He was the editor while I set the type, distributed the papers and attended to business matters. The paper appeared on the streets at noon and was distributed free of charge. Many people wanted to subscribe for it so that it would be delivered at their homes, but we had made the rule of free distribution and we stuck to it inflexibly. It was a spicy paper, containing blunt criticisms of other papers and a great deal of dramatic news. It was successful from the start, and our circulation rose to eight thousand.

"From the profits of the Dramatic Chronicle my brother and I supported our mother, paying all the household expenses. In addition to this my brother took $15 a week and I took $10; but this money we put religiously into the bank. When the profits increased we still adhered to this practice. It mattered not if we made $800 or $1,000 a month; our weekly stipend went into the bank. That money was our nest egg and we never touched it.

"I was only seventeen, a year and a half younger than my brother, when we started, and I worked very hard. I shall never forget the pleasure it gave me after a hard day's and a hard night's grind to go to the Clipper Restaurant for a cup of coffee and a plate of doughnuts. That was a great old place, the Clipper. It extended from Washington to Jackson street above Sansome, and it was run by the father of Ernest Stock, the veteran member of the Call staff. Coffee and doughnuts cost ten cents at the Clipper, and never in my life since have I tasted anything so delicious.

"Men who afterwards became world-famous in literature contributed to the Dramatic Chronicle. Mark Twain made his headquarters in our office on Clay street below Sansome. I shall never forget his method of composing, for as I set type I watched him many a time writing copy for the Dramatic Chronicle. He was a slow writer and paused for several minutes between ideas. Having finished a sentence he would slowly and solemnly straighten up in his chair at the same time bringing the hand which held his pencil from the paper into the air until it pointed toward the ceiling, his eyes following the same direction. He would remain in this position until he had arranged his idea. Then the body would bend, the arm would descend, just as deliberately, and as soon as the pencil touched the paper he would resume writing. It was the funniest exhibition I ever saw.

M. H. DE YOUNG

"Bret Harte was at that time secretary to Superintendent of the Mint La Grange, but he contributed almost daily to the Dramatic Chronicle at the time when our office was on Montgomery street. He would appear between four and five in the afternoon, entering the office in a surreptitious, carpet-slippered sort of way and bringing articles containing sharp criticisms of editors and public men. There was a great deal of curiosity about these articles, but we kept the identity of the author carefully concealed.

"The Dramatic Chronicle continued for three years and a half, or until September, 1868. During that time many men came to my brother and myself and offered to advance money to turn it into a morning paper. I shall never forget the first to make this offer. It was Aleck Badlam. He entered our office one day and he said he would hand us $50,000 if we would make a morning paper of the Dramatic Chronicle and give him a half interest. The offer was declined.

"The next was Loring Pickering, owner of the Bulletin. He thought it unwise to have all his money in an evening paper, and wanted to invest in a morning paper. He offered to capitalize us if we made a morning paper of the Dramatic Chronicle. Again we declined, telling him that if we started a morning paper we would do it with our own money and would retain the whole profit of our energy.

"At that time there were six owners of the Morning Call. One of them was George Barnes, the dramatic critic. Pickering, not being able to get an interest in our paper, bought Barnes out. And with the money he received Barnes came to my brother and myself, offering to invest it if we would start a morning paper. This offer also we declined.

"In September, 1868, we had saved enough money to proceed alone, so we turned the noonday Dramatic Chronicle into the Morning Chronicle. At that time there were three other morning papers: the American Flag run by a southern gentleman named McCarthy who hammered everybody in town, the Alta California and the Call. The evening papers were the Bulletin and the Democratic Press which was run by Phil Roach and Penn Johnstone as a "secesh" organ until a mob wrecked the office when Lincoln was assassinated, whereupon the Democratic Press was changed to the Morning Examiner.

"The Morning Chronicle was the first paper in the country to publish a Sunday edition of the sort so familiar nowadays. We made a Sunday feature of dramatic news, devoting two pages to this, and giving the entire first page to letters from our special European correspondents. These features made the Chronicle very popular.

"At that time the papers sold for ten cents on the streets and at the news stands in the hotels and stationery stores. We decided that it was ridiculous to deliver the paper at peoples' homes for two cents a day and at the same time charge ten cents for it on the streets. So we reduced the price to five cents. It was a hard fight. The newsboys and the stationery stores opposed us. We billed the town with posters announcing the reduction in price, but as fast as we put the posters up the newsboys tore them down. It took us months to win that fight, but ultimately all the other papers had to follow our example.

"There were a great many men on the Chronicle in those early days who afterwards rose to high distinction. Our first editorial writer was Henry George, the author of 'Progress and Poverty.' Other editorial writers were Frank Pixley and Sam Seabough, the great anti-railroad fighter who was fired from the Sacramento Union when the railroad bought that paper and immediately went on with the fight in the Chronicle.

"We sent Charles Warren Stoddard around the world and published his letters every Sun-

(Continued on Page 13.)

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"Tidal, King of Nations"

Genesis XIV, I—17

By George Sterling

Tidal, king of nations, is it night and silence for thee,—
For all who smote by the slime-pits and were slain in the valley of kings?
Come there dreams to the bed of stone which none attaineth to see—
Mirth of thy captains, moan of thy slaves or shadow of voiceless things?

Amraphel and Arioch and Elam's over-lord,
Hold they still the pact they held by the salt-sea's bitter breath?
Speak they yet of the battle's range when the nine kings drew the sword?
Beck they now for a phantom wine in the sunless courts of Death?

Tidal, king of nations, the desert is seal of thy tomb;
He who breaketh that ashen seal may sell thy bones for a price.
Thy sceptre rotteth unheld and thy chariot in the gloom,
And the ghosts of thy gods come not to the evening sacrifice.

There, tho the twilight deepen, no harps are sad for thy sake;
Thou with care for thy wraths alone hast seen how the captains fail.
Time for thy doves hath given dust, for thy melon-vine the snake,
The bittern's cry for thy viol's voice, and the bat for thy nightingale.

Tidal, king of nations, and traitor to each for pride,
Thou wert no wall to thy people, nor guard in a narrow place;
Thy will it was on Admah and the hearths of Zoar to ride,
Slaying beyond thy borders, till the arrow sang at thy face.

Treasure and flocks and women, and all things fair in thy sight,
They for thine eyes were herded—and what do thine eyes discern?
Foeman and friend are broken, and none remaineth to fight;
They that supped with War hath War now eaten in turn.

Tidal, king of nations, could life be given again,
For what were thy sword uplifted in the battle that kings must use?
Would thy heart give thought to the secret of man's unsearchable pain,
Keeping thy trust with the orphan, and the widow's empty cruse?

The water-ways are broken that led to the corn and grape:
Thy steel was to other torrents, thy steeds to another goal.
Alas for our faithless hands that mar whatever they shape,—
For the dusts made equal now in the palm of the groping mole!

Tidal, king of nations, the world is weary of strife;
We stand aghast by our engines, that wait for the trumpet's call.
Must man be brute forever and Hate be lord over Life?
Nay! tho the midnight question, the morning answereth all!

Still wait the fields for the sower, tho the lords of Ur be not;
The heavenly roads lie open to the horses of the sun;
And still the mighty Hands, unchangeable, unbegot,
Test as of old the nations, till the many realms are one.

—Carmel, Cal.

The Vatican Tay Dansant

The Pope Has Ordered an Investigation of the Tango—News Item.

By Robert McTavish

The Cardinals all were gathered
  In consistorial state,
The Pope presiding at their head
  To hear their grave debate.
Del Val arose 'mid silence,
  A Cardinal stern and thin;
He said, "We're gathered here to see
  If the tango is a sin.
Can any of your lordships
  Describe this mooted dance?"
He paused, while every Cardinal
  Regarded him askance.
"Can any learned prelate
  Show how the tango's done?"
Some Cardinals seemed to smile a bit,
  But answer came from none.
Above the churchly silence
  The Pope was heard to sigh:
"What progress can we hope to make
  If Cardinals prove so shy?"

Emboldened thus Ferrata,
  A prince infirm and old,
Stood up and, "Thus it goes," he said;
  "Or so at least I'm told."
He matched his words with actions;
  He swayed from side to side;
And gathering courage as he stepped
  He glode a Gaby Glide.
"Not so!" cried Agliardi;
  "I gather from men's talk
That this is how the tango goes"—
  He walked a Castle Walk.
"You're wrong!" quoth Vannutelli;
  "'Tis quite a different thing!"
And gathering up his cassock skirts
  He swung a Maurice Swing.
"Tut! tut!" exclaimed Satolli,
  "In New York where I've been
They do it so," and 'mid applause
  He dipped the Argentine.

"What folly!" laughed Respighi;
  "Your movements make me ill!"
And skidding lightly down the hall
  He showed them the Brazil.
Then one by one the others
  Gave motion to their feet
Till soon the smiling Pope alone
  Remained within his seat.
They footed it so lively
  And raised such awful din
That Pius was constrained at last
  To call the Switzers in.
And then each shamefaced Cardinal
  Retired to his chair;
And while the Pope with laughter shook
  They all sat puffing there.
Del Val arose 'mid silence;
  His face with blushes burned;
"We're all so out of breath," he said,
  "This council is adjourned."

The People's Forum

A Bet

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Two of your readers have made a bet which they would like you to decide. I am one of them. I bet my friend that Mr. Phelan, the man who has been mentioned as a candidate for the Senate, is the same Mr. Phelan who was Mayor of San Francisco twenty odd years ago. My friend says Mr. Phelan is a lawyer from New York. If he is the Mr. Phelan I think he is he was Mayor during the teamsters' strike and put an end to it by putting policemen on the trucks.

Respectfully,
—Thomas Donahue.

(Mr. James D. Phelan was Mayor of San Francisco. During his term of office there was a strike of teamsters and policemen were assigned to duty on trucks driven by non-union men. If policemen had not been assigned to this duty the probability is that many honest men would have been killed. But Mr. Phelan doesn't want any credit for thus protecting life. A few years ago he straightened out his political record by writing a letter to the press denying that he was responsible for the good that was done during the teamsters' strike.—Editor Town Talk.)

A Belated Cablegram

Editor Town Talk, Sir: In the Sunday Examiner recently was what purported to be a special cablegram from a private correspondent of the Hearst papers telling of the probable resignation of Premier Asquith, and the likelihood of his succeeding Lord Chief Justice Alverstone who "is soon to retire." The private correspondent explained that the Premier was a poor man owing to the extravagance of his wife, and it was important that he should be provided with a decent income for the rest of his life. Of course you know that Lord Alverstone resigned months ago, and that Sir Rufus Isaacs was appointed to succeed him. This "news" published recently in the Examiner—that is the rumor about Asquith—was the gossip of London in the spring of last year. Did it get sidetracked on the trip through the Atlantic? Or is this just a plain case of a faked despatch left over on the hook and shoved in by mistake? Somebody has been very careless. Such carelessness is deplorable. It is immensely worse than faking a sensational picture about the slaughter of children in Mexico. It requires imagination as well as unscrupulosity to fake in a way to make us all shudder, but to be so careless as to make it clear that the richest of our enterprising newspaper proprietors deceives his readers in the interest of economy is terrible.

Yours truly,
—Thomas D. Prendergast.

Why the Change?

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Would it be asking too much for a little space to call attention to the fact that Judge Sturtevant, now presiding judge of the Superior Court, has returned to the old practice of nearly twenty years ago of sending all probate matters to one department of the Court? As a member of the bar I think I voice the sentiment of a large majority of the profession when I say that the practice of dividing the probate business between two departments was much better than that which previously obtained. If it did nothing more it facilitated business. Not that there is too much probate business for one judge to transact, but that there is vastly too much for one judge of Judge Coffey's temperament and whimsical ways. On this I think every lawyer in town will agree. Judge Coffeey's is a brooding and a querulous spirit. He has a fondness for his little witticisms, and he is a stickler for his crotchets, and though you smile with him it gets you nowhere. Now there is no mystery about the probate practice. It is mainly clerical work, but a man can potter over it a long time if he is so disposed. For the last seven or eight years Judge Graham has been sharing probate matters with Judge Coffey, and he has been doing the work satisfactorily. I have heard no complaint. There has never been a scandal in his department. The vote he received at the last election was a fine tribute of respect. What, then, is the matter? Perhaps you may think it worth while to inquire and let us know.

Respectfully,
—Attorney

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXX—OUR LADY OF WELCOME

By Samuel J. Alexander

("Sometimes I write verses. I do not call them poetry." So said Samuel J. Alexander, the rose-gardener of Beresford, when the newspapers discovered him in 1912. A poem of his was published in this series before that "discovery." The following is taken from his volume "The Inverted Torch" published by A. M. Robertson of this city.)

Where the Earth is swept backwards, defeated by the rush of sea on the sands,
Our Lady of Welcome sits throned on the uttermost verge of the lands;
She cries out aloud to the Nations, and beckons with welcoming hands.

She has walked in the valley of shadows; She has stood in the tumult of war
Of the elements, rebel against Her; Her children were scattered afar;
But the Day held a torch to Her travail, and the Night lit defeat with a star.

She has trod down defeat in Her pathway; she has entered again to Her Own;
Her children, re-gathered, establish the far-lying rule of Her Throne;
And the winds shout the Echoes to Heaven of Her trumpets of victory blown.

By the splendour of great deeds accomplished, by the pulses of pride in Her breast,
She has summoned the world to Her Presence; She has bidden the East as a guest,
And the North and the South are made welcome in the halls of the Queen of the West.

By the sea, led in leash o'er the mountains to serve as man's slave between walls,
By the miracle working of God through the hand of the Human, she calls;
Let the lands rise in haste at Her bidding, and follow the sun to Her halls.

The Spectator

For Chief Justice

The gubernatorial and senatorial contests are not the only ones that will excite interest in the coming campaign. There is to be a contest for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court that will divert no small measure of attention from the efforts of the Progressives to hold their jobs. Chief Justice Beatty having decided to bring his long and honorable judicial career to a close at the end of his term, the people will be called on to elect his successor. Already there are two candidates. One is Associate Justice Angellotti, whose term expires this year, and the other is Judge Conley of Madera. This contest promises to be a spirited one. The story is told that Judge Conley discussed the matter the other day with Justice Angellotti, saying that of course the contest would be conducted in a friendly manner, and that they would be just as friendly after as before election. Much to Judge Conley's astonishment, so it is said, the jurist from Marin, who is described by his friends as "the sad-eyed judge with the sunset smile," frankly declared that so far as he was concerned "there would be no quarter." Thus was the gage of battle, as it were, flung at the head of the man from Madera, who, I am told, accepted it cheerfully and is now prepared to make it "war to the knife." Nothing of the judicial temperament in this campaign.

Is the Governor Worried?

According to the man who winds the ferry clock registration returns have got on Governor Johnson's nerves. The clockwinder attended the opening campaign rally in Oakland last Saturday night, and on his way home he was asked by a few friends whom he met on the boat what he thought of the Governor's speech. "It was a good speech," he said, "but the Governor looked worried. I didn't like what he said about our enemies."

"What was it he said?" asked one of the clockwinder's friends.

"He said, 'Our enemies may beat us at the polls, but they cannot take from California what the Progressives have given it in the last three years.' That's not good stuff to open a campaign with. He cannot be very sure that the Progressives have done a whole lot of good if he's thinking that they may be beaten. And anyway the way to win is to go in to win. No big leader that ever I knew talked about losing at the start. But I suppose it's those damned registration figures. I wonder what's become of all the Progressives that ought to be registering." And the clockwinder went into a deep brown study.

The Old Poison

The Governor may not be in a buoyant state of mind, but nevertheless he was in pretty good form in Oakland. He had a large supply of the familiar brand of political poison on hand, and he squirted copious doses of it into his audience. "We will see spent at the coming election," he said, "such a sum of money as has never before been poured out in political effort in California." He told his audience that the "privileged interests" were piling up the "biggest campaign fund in the history of California," and that "a very serious attempt would be made to debauch the electorate." Now whatever the clockwinder may say this is mighty good stuff. Of course it's old as the hills, but it goes. It has been the ammunition of the most unscrupulous demagogues in all ages. But it never wears out. Imply that your opponent is depending on corruption and that the corrupt interests are eager to beat you, and thus you make it clear that you are honest. Sulzer did that in New York while he was going about sandbagging the interests at every street corner. And Sulzer was elected by a big majority. In the last national campaign in this State the same kind of talk was made, though for every dollar spent by the Republicans the Progressives spent five. The fact was that the Republicans couldn't raise any money, the reason being that the State machine had every big corporation under its thumb.

Beware of the Whispering Woman!

From the clockwinder's judgment regarding the Oakland speech I heartily dissent. I really think the Governor was at his best in Oakland. To his words he gave that same ring of sincerity that they had in the days of the graft prosecution when as a civic patriot, with Spreckels's coin jingling in his trousers, he was advocating the election of Langdon on principle. Listen to this from the Oakland speech: "In this campaign there will be much whispering—paid whispering. There will be women who will be active at women's gatherings. They will do much of the whispering, and they will be paid for it." Thus does our charming and conscientious Governor anticipate the women who might be against him in the campaign. Clever, I say; very, very clever! It means precisely this: "Mark you, dear lady voter, before you take sides,—if you go against me you have been branded in advance as a crook. Therefore it behooves you to be discreet." Now, whatever you, dear reader, may think of this sort

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of thing, it is good politics, rattling good politics —in the philosophy of politicians who are gentlemen after their fashion.

Benjamin Ide's Discovery

When Prexy Wheeler of the University of California returned from abroad recently he received the newspapermen on the Overland Limited and told them all the latest news of Europe. I learn from the Examiner that as he was leaving the train in Oakland he drew out his purse and showed the reporters certain gold coins. Could you guess what those gold coins were? Knowing that Benjamin Ide Wheeler has written a life of Alexander the Great, perhaps you think they were rare diobola minted in the heyday of Macedonian supremacy. Or Roman drachmas of the last days of the republic? Or that there was perchance among them a fellow to that Arabic coin bearing a Mahometan inscription which was struck by Anglo-Saxon King Offa in the eighth century, the only known example of which was recently placed in the British Museum? You are wrong, as the words of the Examiner reporter show. They were pieces of American gold. While the reporters were gazing in awe upon them Prexy Wheeler said: "I exchanged my German money for American gold in Munich, to have some pocket money on arriving in New York. The gold twenties had the imprint of the San Francisco Mint." Could anything be more remarkable than that gold eagles minted here should circulate as far as Munich? Apparently not, in the opinion of Prexy Wheeler. Perhaps he thinks that American gold coins are minted in every large city of the United States. How many mints does he think this country has? He ought to seek enlightenment from Thad Shanahan, the new Superintendent of our Mint.

Dr. Osler Declined

I told last week about the curious condition of the affairs of Walter McCreery, the San Francisco millionaire who is competent to manage his estate in England but incompetent at home. It is expected that McCreery will soon be on his way to this city with one of the distinguished alienists who testified in the British courts that there was nothing wrong with him. It is an interesting fact that McCreery endeavored to enlist the services of Dr. Osler in his case. But it seems that Dr. Osler demurred, giving as his reason the unfortunate experience he had with another Californian whose sanity was under fire. Dr. Osler gave this man a certificate of sanity during a lucid interval, and a week later the man was declared mentally unbalanced. So it is a delicate business, this of certifying to a man's mental condition. Apparently Dr. Osler takes no chances. There are other English authorities on alienism who have not been satisfied of McCreery's competency. Dr. Robert H. Cole said that he was morbidly suspicious, that he wandered in his talk and that he wept on small provocation. Dr. Maurice Craig wasn't convinced of his perfect balance either, basing his conclusion on the fact that McCreery hung moral maxims in his rooms and induced his servant to memorize poetry; that he had sent telegrams in which occurred the words, "Like Byron I went to bed unknown" and "Napoleon says that the word impossible does not exist; I have proved this"; and that he gave one thousand dollars to a hospital at Rugby to prove that "deeds not words" were wanted. These and other things convinced Dr. Craig. Personally, I shouldn't like to have Dr. Craig pass on my mental condition.

A Battle Royal

We may look for a battle royal when McCreery reaches San Francisco. It will be a contest between alienists, and we all know how dogmatic these gentlemen are, how jealous of their own findings and how scornful of those who differ from them. I need not remind my readers of what occurred during the Harry Thaw trials or of the more recent proceedings which developed a situation not unlike that in the McCreery case, for Harry Thaw is sane in New Hampshire but crazy in New York. Alienists on the stand are an even greater delight to the lay person than handwriting experts; their technical terms are much more fascinating and they are more apt to indulge in interesting repartee, their intellectual equipment being of course vastly superior. By the way, one of the anomalous conditions in the McCreery case is that a judge of the English High Court has declared him an English subject. It looks as though McCreery is a citizen of two countries, or does citizenship automatically attend upon competency?

French Aid for Germans

C. H. Schilling who came here from Berlin to look into our World's Fair plans was shown over the Exposition grounds Monday afternoon by Harris Connick. Schilling went to the grounds to meet the director of works in an automobile driven by a German chauffeur, the German Consul and Walter W. Schultz going with him. The three distinguished Germans were in frock coats and the highest of high hats. All went well at first. Connick told them all about the glories of the Fair, and they were properly impressed. But when they drove toward the nursery where John McLaren was waiting to show them the blooms he is hot-housing for 1915 the motor car got stuck in the mud. The chauffeur couldn't budge it; neither could the combined shoulder-strength of Connick and his three guests. There was no recourse except to dig the car out, so spades were found and they all went to work, the frock-coated and high-hatted visitors perspiring at the task with the utmost good will. At the end of two hours the machine was still fast in the mud and the delvers were almost spent. Just then what should appear on the scene but

It Is the Little Details That Count In Clothing

An Indian's tepee and a Prince's palace are both a shelter, and each answers its purpose as well as the other, not because they are equally efficient, but because the requirements of the Indian are limited by his knowledge. Many men are satisfied with anything that can be called a suit of clothes—indifferent to the fit, unconscious of the style and unimpressed by the absence of the little details that are controlling in the general appearance.

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a French laundry wagon. The driver saw the predicament of the party, and forgetting the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, hitched the car to his wagon and drew it out. But Harry Connick has a suspicion that the Germans would gladly have worked for an hour more rather than accept assistance from monsieur.

Booze and the Unemployed

"Have you attended any of the meetings held by the unemployed?" asked my philosophical friend the man who winds the ferry clock.

I confessed that I had been too busy.

"Well, some funny things happen at those meetings," continued the clock winder, resting one foot on the ward of his great key. "I heard some of the jobless boys raising hades with one of their committeemen the other day. And you'd never guess what for! It seems he attended a meeting of the Board of Supervisors to tell the city fathers all about the wretchedness of the men who could find no work. And he was so soused he could hardly make himself understood. They figured it out that his jag must have cost the equivalent of three days' work of eight hours a day at twenty cents an hour. But he had an excuse ready, and it was rich. What do you suppose it was?"

I admitted my inability to suppose anything.

"Why," said the man who winds the ferry clock, "he said he had been in a saloon where Olaf Tveitmoe was buying wine, and after Olaf finished the seventh pint of the vintage he was so indignant that he smashed his New Year's pledge all to bits. Can you beat it?"

I was late for an appointment so I made no reply but "beat it" up Market street.

Greek Plays in 1915

I met Professor "Billy" Armes the other day and had from him an interesting bit of news. The guardian spirit of the Greek Theater tells me that Margaret Anglin will produce a cycle of three Greek plays at Berkeley during the World's Fair. The plays have not yet been selected, but there will be one by Aeschylus, one by Sophocles and one by Euripides. It may be, says Professor Armes, that Miss Anglin will add a comedy of Aristophanes. The actress is so wrapped up in this project that she will spend her summer in Greece and Sicily, visiting the sites of the old Greek Theatres and steeping herself in the culture of the ancient classic drama. Miss Anglin made theatrical history by her productions of "Antigone" and "Electra" across the bay, and her project for 1915 will command the respectful attention of the world of scholars.

A Boucicault Story

Professor Armes had just come from a motor ride with his friend "Bob" Mantell when I ran across him recently, and he had added to his large collection of stories. Mantell told Professor Armes that as a youngster he was a humble member of a company organized by the elder Boucicault to play the English "provinces." All the other members of the company were well known London actors who regarded the tour as a vacation with pay, and considered that no particular efforts on their part would be needed as their distinguished names would sufficiently impress the audience. The result was that Mantell was the only player in the company who really extended himself at the first one-night stand. When the play was over Boucicault went to one after another of his lazy stars, grasped them by the hand, expressed his appreciation of their work and begged them to accept a small token of his gratitude. When the stars inspected the "small tokens of gratitude" they found that the suave Boucicault had presented them one and all with little packages of ginger!

"Thrift Among the Rich"

Isaac F. Marcosson who knows too much about the great captains of industry to be a muckraker, has an article so entitled in last week's Saturday Evening Post. He makes the point that the self-made millionaire amassed his wealth because he knew the value of thrift, and remains a millionaire because he continues to practice it. The rich, he says, do not think that pennies are too trivial to save, and he proves the statement by many picturesque and amazing anecdotes about Russell Sage, John D. Rockefeller, James Stillman and E. H. Harriman whose favorite maxim was: "Never pay a man all he is worth; if you do there is no profit in him," surely as cynical a saying as was ever uttered by a businessman. To those unfamiliar with the habits of the wealthy the Marcosson article must have brought a number of shocks. But the better informed know that "thrift, thrift, Horatio" might be the motto of the lives of most of our moneyed folk.

Our Thrifty Millionaires

If Marcosson cared he might write a similar article about the thrift of San Francisco millionaires. James Phelan, the father of James D., bought scales and weighed the vegetables when he discovered that the peddler had been cheating him. When he went to a cigar store one day the clerk brought out a box of twenty-five cent cigars, remarking, 'Your son always smokes these.' 'Give me a five cent cigar,' said Phelan Senior; 'I haven't a rich father.' Ambrose Bierce used to say that he overturned the statues on his lawn because they didn't pay ground rent. Arthur McEwen once wrote a bit of doggerel about Nick Luning, another of our thrifty millionaires. It described a great throng in Market street watching Luning trying to fish a nickel out of the car slot. Old-timers remember Michael Reese who was as wealthy as he was frugal. He went to Germany and visited the cemetery in his old home town. Finding that a small fee was demanded for admission he attempted to climb over the iron spikes of the fence, was impaled and died. John Sullivan, the father of Frank, used to buy second-hand windows and doors, store them in his backyard and utilize them when his tenants demanded repairs. It is said of James Lick that he saved burned matches for kindling. "Lucky" Baldwin always refused to pay a bill until his creditor obtained judgment against him, pointing out that he had no way of knowing that the claim was just until a judge passed on it. "Bill" Bradbury's thrift is so well known that no instances need be cited. Other men of particular thrift were J. K. Prior, Adam Grant, D. O. Mills and "Millionaire" Davis.

Another Wilson Novel

Harry Leon Wilson, author of "Bunker Bean," was in town for a few days. He hurried back to resume work on a new novel and won't leave his beautiful home beyond Cypress Point on the Monterey coast until it is completed. Some of his friends tried to lure him up to San Francisco for the Christmas Jinks of the Bohemian Club, but Wilson was "i' the mood" for work and resisted

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their blandishments. Wilson writes like one possessed when he starts. It is his way to think out a story thoroughly before he sets pen to paper, and then to write day and night until the work is completed. I hear that the new novel is concerned with the adventures of an English valet and I can imagine what a fund of humor Wilson will pour into such a narrative. I wonder if the story will have any character as engaging as "the flippant Flapper"?

Commuters in Bohemia

The Garnett-Field satirical melodrama "The Lure of the Traffic" which was presented at the Christmas Jinks of the Bohemian Club, started at ten o'clock and was brought to an end at half after one in the morning. All the San Francisco Bohemians stayed for the last curtain, but not so the Bohemians from parts across the bay. These jolly Bohemians left in a body to catch the last boat. And so it has come out that there are commuters in Bohemia, men who would rather live in Bohemia than any other land provided they don't miss the last ferry to Oakland, Piedmont and Berkeley, men who scorn the weaving spider but race for the last car to the Embarcadero, men who keep one eye on their beloved owl and the other on the tyrannous clock. Alas that it should be so! Commuters in Bohemia! Who shall say now that that fascinating region whose capitol is at the corner of Post and Taylor has no sea coast?

John D. Barry's "Outlines"

The disapproving criticism of John D. Barry's Bulletin articles which has appeared in these columns from time to time would have been unnecessary if all his work were of the quality that distinguishes "Outlines," a volume of allegories just brought out in most attractive dress by Paul Elder. Mr. Barry's purpose in these sketches is expressed in the sub-title which describes them as "a collection of brief imaginative studies related to many phases of thought and feeling, and representing an effort to give an interpretation to familiar human experiences." The description is accurate, and Mr. Barry's effort has been successful. "Outlines" is a good book, a stimulating book. Mr. Barry has access to certain difficult places of the soul, and he illuminates them with searching sentences and arresting phrases. "Outlines" is a book to make you think, and some of the thoughts will be troubling but efficacious. The author has pondered much on love and death. He teaches that the mystery of love may be pierced by humility, and that the mystery of death may be embraced through faith. Perhaps Mr. Barry's idealistic inclination brings the millennium too much within reaching distance; perhaps he takes at times too exalted a view of our poor erring human nature. But while he may be economically a treader of airy spaces, socially he is on firm ground. The reader who approaches "Outlines" with sympathy will be rewarded.

Exhibition at Tavern

Those ladies who have received, as souvenirs of Techau Tavern, any of the well known toilet preparations of the Aubrey Sisters of New York, will be glad to learn that a very complete assortment of these famous cosmetics will soon be placed on exhibition at the Tavern. While the exact date has not been decided, manager Morrison promises that it will be soon, and in the meantime, the souvenirs on Saturday afternoons will consist chiefly of these preparations.

ONE OF THE RIDING COSTELLOS
Who will appear at Pantages next week.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

day. Our London letter was written by Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie, an American woman living in London. Our Paris correspondent was Henry Hayne, and our Berlin correspondent was an attache of the German court who wrote secretly for us under the name of Octave Hensel.

"My brother was the editor, and I never interfered with his department except when he was away and I had full charge. During a trip he made to Europe I started the 'apprentice reporter' system. The idea was to take beginners on trial, raising their salaries every three months. At the end of two years they were either full fledged reporters or they were fired. The first two apprentice reporters I put on were Harry Dam and Ned Townsend, afterwards the author of 'Chimmie Fadden.' They were just out of the University of California, and they made good. Dam was the Beau Brummel of the staff, and I had to suspend him once for a month because he neglected a detail to attend a crack masquerade at the California Theatre.

"The Bohemian Club was organized in the Chronicle office by Tommy Newcombe, Sutherland, Dan O'Connell, Harry Dam and others who were members of the staff. The boys wanted a place where they could get together after work, and they took a room on Sacramento street below Kearny. That was the start of the Bohemian Club, and it was not an unmixed blessing for the Chronicle because the boys would go there sometimes when they should have reported at the office. Very often when Dan O'Connell sat down to a good dinner there he would forget that he had a pocketful of notes for an important story.

"Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane was a reporter on the Chronicle. We sent him to New York as our representative, but he was too interested in Single Tax to attend strictly to his duties. There were many complaints that he wasn't supplying us with news of San Franciscans in New York, but I didn't know what the trouble was until I went into the New York office one night and found a stranger in charge. I asked where Lane was and was told that he was over in Orange making a speech. Another man took Lane's place shortly after that.

"William Laffan, afterwards owner and editor of the New York Sun, was a reporter on the Chronicle. He made his reputation on the Chronicle by exposing the Davenport Brothers. They were fakers who gave seances, and one of their favorite tricks was to 'materialize' guitars which were seen floating in the air in the darkened theatre and filled the credulous with awe, the Davenport Brothers having first been tied up in their cabinets. When they appeared in San Francisco Laffan sent a number of men into the gallery with pie plates, platinum wire and a certain acid. When the guitars had been 'materialized' Laffan clapped his hands, the men poured the acid over the platinum in the pie plates and the theatre was brightly illuminated by the flashlights. The Davenport Brothers had slipped their bonds and were standing at the edge of the stage waving guitars which had been rubbed with phosphorus, at arm's length over their heads. It was a great story for the Chronicle."

At this point in his reminiscences Mr. De Young's telephone rang, and there was a short but lively conversation.

"I'm sorry," he said as he hung up the receiver, "but we'll have to bring this interview to an end. My granddaughter Patsy insists that I come home and have a romp with her, and I've got to go."

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Luxurious Stable Home

When Mrs. Horace Hill is sufficiently recovered from the illness which detains her in Omaha, she and her husband will return to California to take up their abode in—what do you suppose? A stable! But a stable de luxe, you may be sure. A country home is to be erected on the Hill estate at Los Altos at a cost of $100,000. Meanwhile the big stable on the estate which was the old Barroihlet holding, is being transformed into a cosy temporary abode for the young people. The carriage room will become a living and dining room; three box stalls are being converted into a dressing room, pantry and maid's room; the big feed bins will become linen and store closets; one harness room will be fitted for a maid, and the other as a bath room. Two bedrooms, two porches and a kitchen have been added, and the stable has been shingled so that it looks like a real bungalow. Incidentally, the hay loft will house the two valuable Irish wolf hounds of Mrs. Hill. Horace Hill presented the estate to his wife who was Miss Jeanne Gallois, as a wedding gift. It consisted of 150 acres. But Hill developed agricultural ambitions, so he bought 650 acres more and will go in for farming. Leslie Symmes, the soil expert, will determine what crops the land is best suited for.

The Romance of the Fagans

It is refreshing to see those kiddies the Paul Fagans playing at domesticity. They are as serious and dignified as possible, leaving all the boredom and deadly dullness of matrimony to beings twice their age. They are desperately in love with each other, the dears. Such pretty romances as theirs happily occur now and then, diffusing a glow of joy in this prosaic world. They are setting up their luxurious lares and penates in Broadway and with every material aid to happiness besides youth, good looks and oceans of love the outlook for a blissful future is very bright. On dit that Grandmother Welch has presented them with a check for twenty-five thousand and that their parents gave them an allowance of three hundred a month. Notwithstandinf, the young bridegroom plods away in a real office down town somewhere, learning to be a regular business man and his pretty little bride is just as proud of him as she can be.

The Popularity of Bill

With all the discussions of la danse in the various sets one fact stands out prominently: that Bill Lange seems to be in all the sets and that to be danced with by Bill is to have supreme enjoyment de la danse. To be sure Bill is no Maurice, but I believe he could become a virtuoso of the dance if he wished, for he has physical agility, grace, strength and scientific knowledge of training, an invaluable combination that many of our most enthusiastic aspirants for ball-room honors lamentably lack, however high their terpsichorean enthusiasm may mount. Besides he has more practice than any of the other dance fiends. If there is any clique or bunch in which Bill is not a welcome visite I have yet to hear of it. Indeed Bill's technique as a danseur is so effective that not infrequently ladies of excellent social position have quite plainly shown their unpretty little claws when he has not asked them to dance, preferring someone whose step happened to suit his pour le moment. They need not deny it, sweet dears, they all love to dance with him. But they get over their pique because of his technique and his amiable personality. But the men—I hate to say it, but there are a lot of them that ought to know better who are jealous of him. As man to man they like him because he is a fine fellow and a good clever business man; but when it comes to dancing—well, what chance have the other fellows? At a St. Francis dansant lately, a pretty little matron remarked to a good looking youth who is most studious and industrious in the theory and practice of the dance and who can and does hold his own in a ball-room:

"Look at that big child! He seems quite worn out."

"Yes," audaciously lied the jealous young man, "he does. No wonder! He's fifty-four."

And the poor "big child" is more than a decade short of that ignominious age! At that Bill will be able to dance down all venomous, youthful emulators when he arrives at fifty-four.

Versatile Mrs. Lange

And Mrs. Lange, where is she while Bill is bathing in the limelight, and what is her attitude in the matter? Does she immure herself within the walls of her charming home? Or go about glaring out of her lovely blue eyes at her big husband's partners? Or wrinkling up her delicate complexion with pouts? Not she! She is an independent, amiable young lady with an ingenuous manner and a broad outlook upon life. She is very pretty, always modishly gowned, and can dance rings around most everybody. So she should worry! She goes to scores of dances too, but while hubby is prancing about from flower to flower, she is fluttering round with eager partners, and when she and Bill dance they qualify for the exhibition class. Mrs. Lange does not confine her activities to dancing however. Although she gives much of her time to the poor and friendless and is a faithful attendant at church she is the sort of woman who may always be counted upon to take up the fancy of the hour, whether it be the maxixe, the simple life, bridge, aviation or landscape gardening. There is really something amazing about Mrs. Lange She knows a lot about law and stocks and bonds. Her tastes along those lines were doubtless formed by her close companionship with her father William A. Geiselman, late lawyer and trustee of the Hastings estate. I've often thought that if the sweet club ladies who allow themselves to be read at by other club ladies who industriously gather their data from encyclopedias could induce Mrs. Lange to give a live wire talk, say on protective laws for women or measures to be introduced into Congress for the development of our glorious California, their minds would be genuinely stimulated. To the mercenary (for even club ladies are sometimes mercenary), she could give a practical talk on the conservation and increase of big fortunes (which some club ladies have). For the benefit of those with tiny fortunes she could give very good advice on how to make them grow until their fair owners could cut off real coupons from perfectly good government bonds. For the benefit of those without any income at all—I really don't know what she would say about that. But it would be useless anyway, because all club ladies have incomes; otherwise how could they pay their dues and buy the proper costumes that go with each section? Altogether, the William A. Langes are much more interesting than most married couples, but a great many of us would not have known it were it not for the amalgamating influence of la danse.

Disabled Tea Dancers

Two disabled young matrons looked on wistfully at the tea dance Monday afternoon. Mrs. Fred Kohl, very stunning in golden brown velvet, leaned heavily on a crooked cane when she walked and held a court of her friends at the tea table. The recent operation on her knee was a success but the recovery is slow, and Mrs. Kohl will not dance again for many weeks. It is not generally known that she is one of the most graceful and skillful of society's dancers. She is a toe dancer and accomplishes difficult ballet steps that few amateurs essay. She has been a pupil of Miecvkowski of the Imperial Russian ballet who is now in San Francisco and who has also taught Enid Gregg. Mrs. Coleridge Ertz was also there on Monday with her knee in a plaster cast. Mrs. Ertz is not suffering

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from a "tango knee," but from the results of an accident a few weeks ago when she was at a country house party. The house was strange and going through a hallway at night Mrs. Ertz inadvertently encountered a flight of back stairs and fell the full length, seriously wrenching her knee. She was confined to her home for a fortnight, but the other day, done up in plaster, appeared at the scene of her erstwhile triumphs.

Lansing Tevis, Aviator

Lansing Tevis has gone in for aviation with all the mad enthusiasm he gave to motoring a year or two ago. A new aeroplane has been delivered at the Tevis home in San Mateo and Lansing flies high over the county roads where once he speeded his car. The other day he circled the Presidio field but was unrecognized of course by the crowds gathered to see professionals. Mrs. Tevis became a convert to the sport in Paris where her son persuaded her to make a flight in a Zeppelin, but she has not flown yet with Lansing and can't be said exactly to approve his latest enthusiasm. Ferdinand Thieriot who was the last aereonaut at Burlingame has retired from the field, I hear, and Lansing Tevis is alone in his pastime.

An Expression of Nostalgia

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Kinloch Johnstone sent holiday greetings to their friends from Palermo, Sicily. I hear that the last time they were in London they were visiting some friends when a bundle of San Francisco papers arrived for the hostess who opened them and laid them on the table. Mrs. Johnstone impulsively seized them and hugged them saying:

"O, dear San Francisco! How I would love to see it again!"

Their numerous friends here will welcome them cordially when they get tired of wandering.

She Danced for Pavlowa

Winnifred De Wolfe whose dancing has been a polite sensation in society since her return from Paris danced for Pavlowa the other day and won all sorts of compliments for her grace and temperament. Her friends have called her a second Pavlowa, and the famous Russian herself was profuse in her praise. Winnifred De Wolfe is assuredly destined for a career. She has spent two years studying in Paris and on the advice of her masters is taking a six months' rest at home. In the Spring she will return to the arduous work of developing into a great dancer. Society has no lure for this very gifted girl. Her aunt Miss Elsie De Wolfe offered her a debut in New York, but she preferred Paris and the life of an artist and her parents the Edgar De Wolfes are willing. During her vacation little Miss De Wolfe has not been altogether idle but has studied with Miecvkowski who predicts great things for her.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Comte Jr. recently gave a small but elegantly appointed dinner at their home to celebrate their marriage anniversary. After the holidays the sweet little Comte girls had a gay children's party.

At the Cecil

Mrs. B. N. Rowley entertained at dinner on Sunday evening, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. George Tasheria, Miss McCallum, J. Alva Watt, Mr. and Mrs. John Pew and Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. Rowley. Mrs. W. F. Morris had as her dinner guests that evening Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Defendorf and Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Rounsefell. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Estabrook of Belvedere and Mrs. V. S. Lewis were dinner guests of F. F. Chamberlain. Dr. and Mrs. W. O. Toye, Dr. Damkroeger and Mr. and Mrs. James P. Kelleher also entertained at dinner Sunday evening. Julius Rothschild has taken apartments. J. A. McPherson, a lumber operator with holdings in Michigan and California, is registered and will be joined later by Mrs. McPherson.

Del Monte Notes

Some extensive improvements are under way on the golf course. Several miles of pipe are being laid to bring water to the fairways so they may be watered after the spring rains stop and the grass kept growing in summer. The course was never in better condition. The rain has caused a fine growth of grass. The many California golfers who make Del Monte their home in summer will be glad to hear of the improvements which will place the course beyond comparison. A tournament has been arranged for February 20, 21 and 22. Many beautiful trophies will be offered for men and women. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Wilcox of Portland who have been regular visitors for over twenty years, have arrived for a stay of several months. Their daughter Claire, Mrs. Holt C. Wilson and Miss Polly Young will be with them.

Tait's Like Pompeii

During the last two weeks a wonderful transformation has taken place at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. Patrons now dine in a replica of the Festival Hall of the Temple of Arbaces in Ancient Pompeii—amid scenes that fairly vibrate with the grandeur and luxury of the half Grecian, half Roman city that was so suddenly and cruelly buried by the ashes of Vesuvius in 69 A. D. The superior excellence of the fifty cent luncheon that is served there among the beautiful scenes and tragic memories of the past—enhanced by the selected music that lends life and rhythm to its fascinating atmosphere—are sure to make the attractions of Tait-Zinkand Cafe irresistible to all lovers of the novel, the beautiful and the delicious, for many months to come.

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The Peerless Pavlowa

By Theodore Bonnet

It seems hardly just to describe Anna Pavlowa as a dancer. It is a very inadequate and somewhat misleading description. As generally understood the term dancer means one who dances, and to dance is to indulge in a series of bodily movements and steps. Nowadays everybody dances, but it is given to few to do what Anna Pavlowa does. The art of this fascinating Russian woman is based more on music than on dancing. Hers is the old "expressive" art of antiquity which the Greek and Roman poets praise beyond measure. It is an art that has been released from fetters and borne again to freedom and delight. These Russian dancers at the Valencia Theatre remind us that great progress has been made since the day when the only interest in dancing was that which was aroused by the form of the human body and the grace of its movements. How great has been the elaboration of that natural impulse which sets people nodding their heads in time to certain tunes! A dancer, we have come to see, may mean something more than a person skilled in the conventional technique or the accepted forms of the so called terpsichorean art. Those purely superficial qualities—beauty of figure, grace of movement, lightness, quickness, agility—are attractions not to be despised, but there are other things just as important. Dancing, we have come to see, is a mode of self-realization, a means at once of expressing temperament and of interpreting emotions. And so Pavlowa is more to us than the most perfect danseuse of her day. Dancing as she has taught us is as broad a term as music and includes almost as much variety in its meaning. She is giving us at the Valencia genuine music drama, opera without words, and assuredly it is more eloquent, more thrilling, never so indistinct as opera with words. A genuine lyrist is Pavlowa. Her body is part of the substance of music. Every movement is the word of a song. It is not only the rhythm of the music that she expresses, but the emotional content. Sometimes you are in doubt whether the music is an accompaniment or a stimulant, or neither; for, transported by the sheer beauty of the perfectly unified performance you may feel that the music is but an emanation of the subtle personality flashing before your eyes. It is all very wonderful the way she sways the feelings and appeals to the emotions. It is the ideal of art—the perfect balance between inspiration and technique—and it entitles this dancer of the exquisite finesse to rank with the greatest actress. How terribly misleading to call her a dancer! She is the Bernhardt of the music-drama without words—a genuine artiste dramatique. Her dancing is really a matter of secondary consideration. Her grace and precision, her illusion of spontaneity, her amazing dexterity, as when she trills her toes to a flute obligato—all these things bespeak the perfection of a technique acquired by years of practice, but they are accomplishments of which Pavlowa has no monopoly. It is not with these graces that she indicates a mood, or communicates the cry of the flesh, or expresses the ecstasy of the senses. Possessed of them and nothing more she could not lead us into that pleasant world of mask and pageant where there is no serious trouble, where the sunshine is mild, the stars twinkle and the temperature is equable. No, there is something more to Pavlowa than the outward graces of her art. And whatsoever this illusive quality that escapes definition its potency has not diminished since the days of Mordkin.

Gossip of the Theatre

Andrew Mack in "Tom Moore"

The Irishman warms at the name of Tom Moore as he never does when Goldsmith or Ferguson or Clarence Mangan or Allingham or Davis or any other sweet singer of the Emerald Isle is mentioned. Why is it? Because he was the greatest of them all? Because he set his best beloved verses to the old minstrel airs? Because he held his triumphs in the drawing-rooms of the most aristocratic Sassenachs? Perhaps for all of these reasons. So it was a happy thought for Theodore Burt Sayre to put Tom Moore into the sort of play all expatriated Irishmen love; a play of love and sentiment and roguery and wit and intrigue and poverty and ultimate happiness; just the play for warm-hearted, sweet-voiced, twinkling-eyed Andrew Mack. There are fine gentlemen in "Tom Moore." There is the First Gentleman of Europe himself (was it Thackeray who called him the First Scoundrel?), and there is the exquisite Brummel, and there are those two other Irishmen of wit and polish, Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Lord Moira. But the finest gentleman of them all is Tom Moore himself, just as Bessie Dyke is a finer lady every way than poor Mrs. Fitzherbert. If you know the love story of Tom Moore and Bessie (it is not as well known as it should be, even among Irishmen) you will be pleased with the way it is presented in this play. If you don't know it at all, the play will send you to your books and so enlarge your field of romance. Most of the Irish poets had their fascinating love affairs, and this of Tom Moore and Bessie is worthy to be known along with that of Goldsmith and the Jessamy Bride, of Sheridan and Miss Linell. No doubt when Tom Moore was wooing Bessie he sang her many a song that was afterwards applauded at those select gatherings in Carlton House. Of course the playwright has woven some of the melodies into his play, and it goes without saying that the audience at the Alcazar applauds when Andrew Mack sings them. Louise Hamilton is Bessie, and a dainty, sweetly elusive Bessie she is, worthy to capture the heart of a poet who loved to sing of love. The cast is strong with the combined strength of the regular Alcazar players and several newcomers.

—Edward F. O'Day.

CLARA BUTT and KENNERLEY RUMFORD

World's greatest contralto and baritone who appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium Saturday afternoon, Jan. 31.

The Pretty Water Girls

The outstanding attraction at the Empress this week is the act presented by the Six Diving Nymphs. Nymphs they are indeed, such nymphs as with chaste Dian after the hunt bathed in a sheltered pool of Arcady, safe from the prying gaze of Pan and the satyrs. They are mistresses of their element, every one; they swim, they dive, they float with the utmost grace of movement. One of them who attracts particular attention is Miss May Neff, the champion girl swimmer of Rochester, New York. Miss Neff is only seventeen, yet she has progressed in swimming beyond many who are much older. She is lithe and graceful as well as pretty, and performs with a charming unconsciousness of the audience which adds to the effectiveness of her work.

—R. McT.

Mrs. Williams at Kohler and Chase

An enjoyable program has been prepared for this Saturday's Kohler and Chase Matinee of Music. The soloist will be Mrs. Irene Kelly Williams, the lyric soprano who will sing the Balatella from Pagliacci and a song by Del Aqua. The instrumental selections will be rendered on the Knabe Player Piano and the Pipe Organ.

The Pavlowa Season

The last performances of Pavlowa will be: this Saturday afternoon "Paquita," "The Magic Flute" and a series of divertisements; this Saturday night "Orientale," "Les Preludes" and other divertisements; for the Sunday afternoon request program, probably the "Orientale," "The Invitation to the Dance" and the most popular of the divertisements including the "Pavlowa Gavotte," "The Swan," the Liszt "Hungarian Rhapsody," "Moment Musicale" and the "Bacchanale." On Sunday the box office will be open at the Valencia after ten. So great has been the demand for seats that Manager Greenbaum has arranged to bring Pavlowa back for one performance on Sunday afternoon, February 1, at 3:20 p. m. The company must come from Los Angeles to make this possible. The program will be announced

during the week. On Monday night, February 2, Pavlowa will give a special performance in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse. The sale of seats will open at Ye Liberty next Thursday. Mail orders should be sent direct to that theatre.

Josef Hofmann

Josef Hofmann, the young Russian pianist and one of the greatest of musical geniuses, will give two programs at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, February 1 and 8. Hofmann's popularity has grown to such an extent that he attracts as large audiences as his friend Paderewski. The offerings for his two concerts are superb. At the first concert he will play two of the greatest of the sonatas, Beethoven's in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, which is rarely heard and Chopin's in B flat minor with its exquisite funeral march. Other Chopin works will be the "Impromptu" in A flat major and a "Valse" and "Nocture." The master of Bonn will be represented by a "Bagatelle" and the March from "Ruins of Athens." There will be novelties such as the "Soiree en Grenada" by Debussy, "Polichinell" by Rachmaninoff, "Barcarolle" by Dvorsky; also Liszt's Sixth Hungarian Rhapsodie.

Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford

Clara Butt, the contralto whose concerts were the sensational success of last season, and the eminent baritone Kennerley Rumford, will give a special program of song at Scottish Rite on Saturday afternoon, January 31, at 2:30 p. m. The great contralto will sing the Aria from Verdi's "Don Carlo," the Recitative and Aria from Debussy's "I'Enfant Prodigue," "L'Angelus," an old Breton song arranged by Bourgault-Doudray, and gems by Brahms, Beethoven, Stanford and others. Mr. Rumford's numbers will include "Largo al Factotum" from "The Barber of Seville," two Brahms numbers, a Hungarian Folk Song by Korbay, works by Franz and Davies, and a group of old Welsh and Irish melodies. Together the artists will sing Boildieu's "Au Clair de La Lune." The sale of seats will open Tuesday at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's and mail orders should be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum at either office.

John McCormack

John McCormack, the young Irish tenor, will begin a series of concerts at Scottish Rite on Sunday afternoon, February 15. As hundreds were unable to gain even standing room when the artist visited us three years ago it is more than likely that the same rush for seats will occur on his second visit. Mail orders are already reaching Manager Greenbaum from all parts of the State.

Mack in "The Way to Kenmare"

Next week Andrew Mack will present at the Alcazar the delightful Irish-American comedy "The Way to Kenmare," from the pen of Edward E. Rose. This play was one of the most successful during Mack's recent tour of Australia and was played by him for three consecutive seasons throughout the East. One of its scenes is laid in New York while the other three are in the Emerald Isle. The story is one of humor and pathos, and the title role affords the star more than ordinary opportunity for acting and for singing delightful melodies of old Ireland. He sings four of his own compositions, "The Legend of the Maguires," "Rose, Sweet Rose," "Dan, My Darling Dan" and "Sweetheart from the Emerald Isle." The play also affords splendid opportunities for Louise Hamilton, Annie Mack Berlein, Frank Burke, Kernan Cripps, Edmond S. Lowe, V. T. Henderson, Edward McCormick, W. J. Townsend, Burt Wesner, Ralph Bell, David W.

MARIE DRESSLER
The famous comedienne who opens this Monday night at the Gaiety in her wonderful new musical revue "The Merry Gambol."

ANDREW MACK
Who is appearing at the Alcazar Theatre.

Butler, S. A. Burton, Louise Brownell and the balance of the Alcazarans.

White Slave Film at Savoy

The white slave production, "Traffic in Souls," will begin a limited engagement at the Savoy on Sunday and will be shown daily at the hours of 1:30, 3:30, 7:30 and 9:30. This photo-drama in six parts has created a sensation in New York where it has been showing not only at David Belasco's Republic but also at five other prominent playhouses for the last two months. The plot of the production in which over 600 people take part, is based on the reports of the Rockefeller Investigating Committee for the Supression of Vice and District Attorney Whitman's white slavery report. It shows the workings of the "system," but there is not one suggestive or obscene scene in the 6,000 feet of film. In New York it has the endorsement of the Committee of Fourteen. It was also endorsed by the President of the Immigrant Home for Girls. As an additional attraction Manager E. Fleet Bostwick has decided to have a dance on the Savoy stage every afternoon at half past five and evening at half past ten, when all patrons may take part. The music will be furnished by the theatre orchestra. The last performance of "Antony and Cleopatra" will be given this afternoon and evening.

Klein's Play at the Tivoli

No more popular American play was ever written than "The Lion and the Mouse," Charles Klein's greatest success, and it will be presented in film form for the first time at the Tivoli next week commencing Sunday. The story, gripping in its interest, is built around John Burkett Ryder, a money king who has compassed the financial ruin and professional disgrace of Judge Rossmore of the Supreme Court. He is the lion. Shirley Rossmore, the judge's daughter, is the mouse. A Keystone comedy will lend diversity to the bill. "The Battle of Shiloh" will be shown for the last times today.

Fritz Kreisler to Play

Fritz Kreisler, the great Viennese violinist, will make his only appearances in Northern California as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Friday afternoon, February 20, playing the Beethoven Concerto; and in two great recitals at the Cort Sunday afternoon, February 22 and Scottish Rite Hall, Thursday night, February 26. Kreisler's every appearance this season is a triumph and to appear in San Francisco he refused flattering offers for recitals in Eastern cities.

Marie Dressler at Gaiety

The third Gaiety production will be presented Monday night. Marie Dressler will be seen in "The Merry Gambol," said to surpass its predecessors. The book is by Addison Burkhardt; the lyrics by Arthur A. Penn, the press agent of the Gaiety; while the music is by Russell M. Tarbox who has written a score said by those who have heard it at rehearsals to be unequalled by any music of the sort heard recently. Frank Pallma returns as musical director of the new show. Miss Dressler who has a fine part in "The Merry Gambol" and who promises sensational costumes, has superintended the rehearsals. She predicts a greater success than that of "Tillie's Nightmare." She has a number of the best possible principals for her support. These include Charles Judel, late of the Anna Held company; Gene Luneska, the beautiful prima donna who was such a favorite in "The Candy Shop"; Charles Purcell, the singing hero of "The Chocolate Soldier"; Alf Goulding, Gladys Goulding, Chas. A. Mason, Ogden Wight, Frank Hayes and the Marvelous Millers who are the last word in modern dancing.

Kilted Queens at Empress

The only Ladies Kilties Band in the world with twenty-five pretty Scotch girls will be the headline feature at the Empress next week. The playing of these girls gives the band high rank among military bands. The latest gymnastic novelty will be presented by Archie Goodall in "Walking the Hoop." A delightful attraction is the special return engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher in the rural playlet "The Half Way House" by Ezra Kendall. Something new will be provided by the Three Musketeers in "At the Camp." Price and Price do speedy and sensational aerial work. Dave Ferguson has stories and songs. Other features and motion pictures will round out the bill.

Six New Acts at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will contain six new acts. Those famous musical comedy stars Walter Lawrence and Frances Cameron will appear in an elaborate singing and dancing skit called "A Bit of Broadway." The Four Original Perez, the most wonderful equilibrists that have ever visited this country, will exhibit their skill on free bounding ladders. "The Double Cross," a comedy melodrama by Will Irwin and Ralph E. Renaud from Mr. Irwin's story "Uncle Edward and Cousin Silas" originally published in the Saturday Evening Post, will be presented with a thoroughly efficient cast. Both dramatists are San Franciscans, and Mr. Renaud will be remembered as a fearless, brilliant and thoroughly

WALTER LAWRENCE and FRANCES CAMERON
Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

JOSEF HOFMANN
The noted pianist, who will give two splendid recitals at the Columbia Sunday afternoons, Feb. 1 and 8.

capable dramatic critic. Paul Conchas, Kaiser Wilhelm's Military Hercules whose marvelous strength enables him to perform seemingly impossible feats, will appear in his new intermezzo "Achilles and Patrocles." James Hughes Smith and Jim Cook styled "The Millionaires" assisted by Marie Brandon will present an entertaining act, the principal ingredients of which are song, dance and comedy. Roy Cummings and Helen Gladyings, Eccentric Funsters, will amuse with a diverting act. Next week will be the last of Edna Showalter, "The Girl with the Golden Voice" and Frank Keenan in "Vindication." In compliance with popular demand Maurice and Florence Walton will be retained another week.

Father Ricard in Pantages Films

With Walter Terry and his Fiji Girls, and the Riding Costellos, a Ringling Circus sensation, as top liners, next week's bill at Pantages is above the average. The Costellos have two Arabian horses that gallop at breakneck speed while the Costellos perform acrobatics. "On Cannibal Isle" is the title of Walter Terry's absurdity which has pretty girls and catchy song and dance numbers. The Newsboys Sextet will make a big hit. Allegro, the "different violinist," does tricks with the instrument. Roland Carter and company appear in the comedy "Vacation Time." An interesting feature of the exclusive "movies" taken for the Pantages Circuit of theatres by the California Motion Picture Corporation, are pictures of the Rev. Father Jerome Ricard, "Padre of the Rain"; also views of the funeral of the late Mons. J. J. Prendergast, Vicar General of the Arch-Diocese. This film will be shown Sunday.

The Sothern Repertoire

E. H. Sothern will begin a fortnight's engagement at the Cort Monday night as an individual star, owing to the unfortunate illness of Julia Marlowe, and will be seen in the following plays both weeks: Monday and Tuesday nights and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees, "If I Were King"; Wednesday and Saturday nights, "Hamlet"; Thursday nights, "The Merchant of Venice"; Friday nights, "The Taming of the Shrew." It will be noticed that in addition to the Shakespearean plays Mr. Sothern is to be seen in a revival of Justin Huntley McCarthy's romantic drama, "If I Were King," a piece which

(Continued on Page 20.)

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Prices, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Box offices open Wednesday, January 28th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's. Mail orders to Will. L. Greenbaum either office.

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Steinway Piano Used

CLARA BUTT
The Most Wonderful Contralto Living
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KENNERLEY RUMFORD
The Eminent Baritone
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 31st at 2:30
Tickets, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, ready Tuesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's.
A MOST INTERESTING AND NOVEL PROGRAM

IN OAKLAND
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 13th

Mason and Hamlin Piano
Coming—JOHN McCORMACK—The Tenor

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Commencing Monday Night, January 26th
A Complete and Spontaneous Success!
ANDREW MACK
America's Foremost Irish Comedian
Supported by His Own Company and the ALCAZAR PLAYERS in the Typical Romantic Irish Play
"THE WAY TO KENMARE"
Hear Mack Sing His Own Compositions: "The Legend of the Maguires," "Rose, Sweet Rose," "Dan, My Darling Dan" and "Sweetheart from the Emerald Isle."
Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

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EDDY STREET NEAR MARKET
TURNER & DAHNKEN CIRCUIT.
Photo-Plays de Luxe
Today—Last Times of "The Battle of Shiloh"
One Week, Starting Sunday
A Superb Filmatization of
"THE LION AND THE MOUSE"
Charles Klein's Most Famous Play
Six Gripping Parts
Continuous, 12 M. to 11 P. M., Daily
Matinee, 10c; Evenings, 10c and 20c

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Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
MARVELOUS VAUDEVILLE
WALTER LAWRENCE and FRANCES CAMERON in "A Bit of Broadway"; THE FOUR ORIGINAL PEREZ, Equilibrists; "THE DOUBLE CROSS," a comedy melodrama by WILL IRWIN and RALPH E. RENAUD; PAUL CONCHAS in his latest creations "Achilles and Patrocles"; SMITH and COOK, "The Millionaires," assisted by Marie Brandon; CUMMINGS and GLADYINGS, Eccentric Funsters; EDNA SHOWALTER; Last Week of FRANK KEENAN in "Vindication"; Retained by Popular Demand MAURICE and FLORENCE WALTON, World's Most Popular Ball Room Dancers.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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The Super-Sensational Photo-Drama
TRAFFIC IN SOULS
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All Seats, 25c
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The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
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Fifteen Days Beginning Sunday, January 25th
MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS
The Biggest Musical Hit of the Century
"ADELE"
A French Operetta in Three Acts
Book by Paul Herve, Music by Jean Briquet
22 Song Hits—The "Adele" Beauties—Enlarged Orchestra
Great Cast
Special Prices Wednesday Matinees

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MARIE DRESSLER
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"THE MERRY GAMBOL"
Supported by a Company of 70 Stunning People
Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
Prices—Nights, Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c to $1.00; Thursday Matinee, 25c, 50c and 75c.

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UNEQUALED VAUDEVILLE
MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON
WONDERFUL VAUDEVILLE
THE RIDING COSTELLOS, late feature Ringling Bros.; WALTER TERRY AND HIS FIJI GIRLS; ROLAND CARTER CO., "Vacation Time"; ALLEGRO, "Different Violinist"; BILLY GOULD'S NEWSBOYS SEXTET; LYONS and CULLEN, a Vaudeville Variety; THE GREAT IMPERIAL JAPS; Exclusive "Movies" Father Ricard, and Funeral of the late Mons. J. J. Prendergast.
OTHER FEATURES

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Ellis and Market
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Last Time Sunday Night—Margaret Illington in "Within the Law"
BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 26th
Two Weeks—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
E. H. SOTHERN
In the Following Arrangement of Plays
Mon., "If I Were King"; Tues., "If I Were King"; Wed. Mat., "If I Were King"; Wed. Night, "Hamlet"; Thurs., "Merchant of Venice"; Fri., "Taming of the Shrew"; Sat. Mat., "If I Were King"; Sat. Night, "Hamlet." Repertoire for Second Week Exactly Same as for First Week.
Prices—50c to $2
Curtain at 8 Sharp Nights; 2 Sharp Matinees

EMPRESS
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Greatest Ladies' Band in America
20 Pretty and Attractive Girls—20
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Influenced by the favorable bank statement and reports of a revival of trade in all directions the stock market displayed an advancing tendency all week. Industrials acted better than the railroad shares, the latter being affected by reports of further action by the Department of Justice which sent New York Central down to its lowest price since 1906. The bond market was broad and strong, and it looks as if investors were buying again. Money was easy and this created a good demand for bonds. Steel common and other industrials were in good demand and reports were fed out all week of mills and blast furnaces resuming operation all over the country. The improvement in sentiment was marked. Oil shares made the most striking advances and are still following the boom on the curb. Money was easier and the banks are now so well entrenched that they can finance any trading that is likely to develop. If business revives as expected, it will not be checked by scarcity of banking accommodations. On the whole the market gave a good account of itself and with a little more encouragement from Washington prices could and will go much higher.

Wheat—It was slow sledding in the wheat trade last week. The friendly feeling is there and the market has spasmodic rallies when there is an improved feeling on the buying side of corn. There is plenty of bull news. Conditions in all exporting countries south of the equator are now reported disappointing and should be helpful to buyers. The market advanced early in the week on reports of a fair export demand and strength abroad but lost all its advance later and ended the week around the 92 level. One reason is that the volume of trade is too light to sustain the market after it has advanced. The strength in Liverpool was due to the strength in the Buenos Ayres market on reports of wet weather and disappointing yields. The cold weather early in the week probably failed to work any injury to the growing winter crop in this country. The official weather map showed only a trace of snow-covering for the plant in most sections west of the river. It is but natural to expect a renewal of cold weather any day, and the first real zero weather which spreads over the unprotected rank growth of winter wheat will be a crop scare to be remembered. This looks like borrowing trouble but the speculator must take advantage of dull heavy spots in any market to take on lines.

Corn—It is tiresome work trying to force corn under the present levels. While receipts are small they promise to show a fair increase as the weather has been favorable for marketing. The cash demand both at Chicago and the southwestern markets is very poor and the cash price is at such a big discount under the futures that it does not make the futures look attractive on the buying side. The action of the market would indicate that the short interest has covered quite freely on the break. Argentine is still offering old corn at a price that Chicago cannot compete with at the seaboard. Their crop will be a record one and new corn is being offered freely for April and May shipment. Prefer the selling side of corn on the bulges.

Cotton—Owing to the improvement in the industrial centers where independent and U. S. Steel plants are resuming operations after having been idle for many months, and the steady improvement noted in the cotton goods market and the better demand for yarns, the business outlook of the country is more promising. The change for the better in trade conditions generally, and the knowledge that the unmarketed portion of this season's crop is not any larger than the unmarketed portion of last season's at this date, has developed a more favorable opinion as to the future course of the market. There is said to be a very good demand for merchantable cotton in the south as a result, and it is reported that white cotton is hard to buy even at quotations based on prices in the neighborhood of 13 cents for middling. As contracts were selling at a big discount compared with the value of spot cotton, offerings of futures have been light. In fact there is more disposition to buy, especially on all recessions, as it is realized that as the season grows older the supply of good cotton will become scarcer. Receipts continue heavy, but the large arrivals probably represent cotton in transit to Europe, exports of which will in all likelihood be heavy during the latter part of January, as the stock at Liverpool and afloat is nearly 500,000 bales less than at the same time last year. We have heard unfavorable trade reports of late, but recent developments show that the worst is over, and conditions have been decidedly better than generally reported. We believe cotton can now be bought on any fair reaction and favor the May option at its present discount under the spot prices.

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December 31, 1913

Assets	$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
Number of Depositors	64,639

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

achieved remarkable popularity and which furnished him, in the character of Francois Villon the poet, a role so sympathetic and so apt for a display of his art of impersonation, that its reproduction will be welcome. The piece will be handsomely staged and carefully cast. Elizabeth Valentine will have the principal feminine role which she has always sustained, Miss Marlowe never having appeared in the piece. Miss Valentine will also be seen as Ophelia, Portia and Katherine, having been Miss Marlowe's understudy, and having prepared herself in those roles under her direction. Sothern has an admirable company including Frederick Lewis, Geo. W. Wilson, Walter Connolly, J. Sayre Crawley, Sidney Mather, William Harris, John S. O'Brien, Elizabeth Valentine, Helen Singer, Millicent McLaughlin and Ina Goldsmith. The curtain will rise at 8:00 o'clock evenings, and at 2:00 o'clock matinees.

"Adele" at Columbia

The caliber of the organization presenting "Adele," which has created a furore in New York for the past six months and which will be the attraction at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Sunday night, is indicated by the management's claim that the running expenses exceed $5,000 weekly. "Adele" is a French operetta in three acts, the book and lyrics by Paul Herve and music by Jean Briquet who was responsible for "Alma." "Adele" has the distinction of having entered the metropolis a little over six months ago unheralded and of having made the most sensational hit scored by any musical organization of the season. It will be presented with the following players: Carolyn Thomson, John Park, Nanette Flack, George O'Donnell, Lottie Vincent, Alfred Kappler, Ralph Nairn, Jules Espailly, Lawrence Knapp and the famous "Adele" beauties. The operetta is sumptuously mounted, and a metropolitan orchestra of twenty will add to the beauty of the twenty-two song hits, in which the famous "Adele" beauties will be seen wearing the latest revelations of the Parisian modistes.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAURICE HAYES, Deceased—No. 15,132; Department 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Maurice Hayes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, 901-905 Hearst Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Maurice Hayes, deceased.

CATHERINE TIETJEN,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

PAUL T. FRATESSA, Attorney for Executrix,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORA CATHERINE STONE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within nine (9) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Minnie F. Goodwin at the office of Stafford and Stafford, H. I. Stafford, Rooms 504-518 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased.

MINNIE F. GOODWIN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Dora Catherine Stone, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

STAFFORD and STAFFORD,
H. I. STAFFORD, ROLAND BECSEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
504-518 Grant Bldg., 1095 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

C. C. P. Secs. 1490—1492

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Estate of J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, sometimes known as J. C. Franks, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at Room 1051 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, January 24, A. D. 1914.

FRED. C. FRANKS,
Administrator.

JOHN T. CAREY, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 1051 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. PIERCE, Deceased—No. 15736 New Series; Dept. 10.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Martin J. Seid, executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of F. M. McAULIFFE, Esq., Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, Northeast corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

MARTIN J. SEID,
Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, January 3, 1914.

F. M. McAULIFFE,
Attorney for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature from the Press of the Pacific Coast

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ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,859; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET RYAN, Deceased.

BRIDGET KILKENNY, as Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Margaret Ryan, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 16th day of February, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department number Ten, probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell all the real estate of the said decedent as set forth and described in said petition to which reference is hereby had and made.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, January 8, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attorneys for Petitioner,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO DETERMINE HEIRSHIP

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,449; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

CITATION

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To ALICE M. COWELL and ALEXANDER F. MORRISON, executors of the last will and testament of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, ALICE M. COWELL, THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, a corporation, FRANK TRALAGO, JOHN MINKEL, LAWRENCE MANEY, JAMES RIORDAN, FRITZ PALM, THOMAS BYRNE, F. A. LANCE, J. VALENTE, FRANK CALDERA, MARTIN RODEREIGUEZ, PAOLA MARAKI, JOE BENATE, BERNARDO RICCO, RUDOLPH LABISH, MANUEL S. CALDERA, JOE JUAREZ, PETER MARTELLI, and LILLIAN A. HOWARD, F. A. PALMER, HENRY WILLEY, C. S. PRICE, J. W. LINSCOTT and G. A. BOND, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and any and all other persons interested, or claiming any interest, in the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, whether known or unknown and whether named herein or not.

GREETING:

BY ORDER OF THIS COURT, You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Judge of this Court, at the court room of Department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 2nd day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why this Court should not ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, and all interests therein and to whom distribution should be made, and then and there to appear and exhibit to the above entitled Court your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate.

The name of said deceased was Ernest V. Cowell;

The names of the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased are Alexander F. Morrison and Alice M. Cowell;

The names of all persons who have appeared in the course of the administration of said estate up to the time of making the order for the issuance of this citation, claiming any interest in said estate are as follows: Alice M. Cowell, The Regents of the University of California, a corporation, Frank Tralago, John Minkel, Lawrence Maney, James Riordan, Fritz Palm, Thomas Byrne, F. A. Lance, J. Valente, Frank Caldera, Martin Rodereiguez, Paola Maraki, Joe Benate, Bernardo Ricco, Rudolph Labish, Manuel, S. Caldera, Joe Juarez, Peter Martelli, and Lillian A. Howard, F. A. Palmer, Henry Willey, C. S. Price, J. W. Linscott, and G. A. Bond, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell;

And the real estate of which said decedent died seized or possessed, so far as known, is described as follows:

REAL ESTATE

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

1. A parcel of land in the City of Oakland, commencing at a point on the westerly line of Linden Street, distant thereon 222 feet and 3 inches southerly from the southerly line of 21st Street; thence southerly along the said line of Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence westerly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet; thence northerly parallel with Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence easterly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 16, Block "B", Survey of the Northern Extension of Oakland.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Haywards, known as Lot. No. 13 of the "Lawrence Tract, Haywards, Alameda County, State of California," said lot being 50 feet by 100 feet.

IN THE COUNTY OF MARIN

Beginning at a stake driven in the southerly line of First Street in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, at a point 503 feet and 7 inches westerly from the northeasterly corner of a lot conveyed by J. O. B. Short and Jacob Short to E. Schwiezen by deed dated March 9th, 1869, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of said County of Marin, in Volume "H" of Deeds, at page 225; thence southerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with the said First Street 150 feet; thence northerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet to the southerly line of the said First Street; and thence easterly along the southerly line of said First Street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 4, of Block No. 3, in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, as surveyed by Hiram Austin, Civil Engineer.

IN THE COUNTY OF MERCED

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19; the south half of the southwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and Lots 3 and 4 of section 28; the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of section 29; the north half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2 and lot 8 of the southeast quarter, all in section 30; the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 31; Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in the northwest quarter of section 32; and Swamp and Overflowed Land Surveys No. 34 in sections 29 and 30, containing 20-69/100 acres; No. 29 in sections 29 and 32, containing 47-26/100 acres, and Nos. 45, 87, 88, 376, and 378, in sections 28, 30 and 32—all in township 5 south, range 13 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of the Gabilan Creek, near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the Official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence north 14° west 13 chains along the boundary of the Rancho Los Vergeles to stake-V-No. 1 on the United States Official Survey of la Natividad Rancho; thence south 35° west 21.40 chains along the boundary of Natividad Rancho to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 56° east 17:50 chains to a stake in the bed of Gabilan Creek, marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 3° 15′ east 14.55 chains up Gabilan Creek to the place of beginning, containing 21.46 acres.

Being lot 1 of the partition of La Natividad Rancho made and entered on April 18th, 1865, on the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson, et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al., and being also a fractional portion of section 26, township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of Gabilan Creek near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence south 3° 15′ west 14.55 chains to a stake marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 56° west 17.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 35° west along the west line of Rancho La Natividad 14 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 56° east 25.06 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;" in the bed of Gabilan Creek; thence south 35° west 32.22 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 70° east, crossing the Gabilan Creek 24.32 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH;"; thence north 88° 45′ east 144.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; V; JH;" in the bed of the Gabilan Creek; thence north 8° 45′ west 8 chains to station No. 14 of the official map of the Rancho La Natividad; thence north 3° west 13 chains to station No. 15 of said map; thence north 36° west 8 chains to station No .16 of said map; thence north 53° 16′ west 17 chains to station No. 17 of said map; thence north 21° 16′ west 11 chains to station No. 18 of said map; thence north 8° 45′ east 8 chains to station No. 19 of said map; thence north 37° west 33 chains to station No. 20 of said map; thence north 18° west 25.50 chains to station No. 21 of said map; thence north 53° 15′ west 28.70 chains to station No. 22 of said map; thence south 57° 15′ west 19.40 chains to station No. 23 of said map; thence south 15° west 3.33 chains to station No. 24 of said map; thence south 65° 15′ west 27.37 chains to station No. 25 of said map; thence south 48° west 16 chains to station No. 26 of said map; thence south 50° 30′ west 20 chains to station No. 27 of said map; thence south 17° west 11 chains to station No. 28 of said map; being the place of beginning—containing 1363.80 acres.

Being Lot No. 2, as the same is delineated and so de signated on the Map of Commissioners to make partition of La Natividad Rancho in partition proceedings which were entered among the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al.; and being also fractional portions of sections 24, 25, 35 and 36 in township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.; and sections 30 and 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the Gabilan Creek where the northern line of the Gabilan Rancho and J. W. Patton's northern line on the Natividad Rancho join; thence running south 88° 45′ west to the southeasterly corner of the farm now or formerly owned by August Johnson; thence along a picket fence which is or was the eastern boundary of said Johnson's farm northerly to the land formerly owned by James Houston and later by Henry Cowell; thence along said Cowell's line north 88° 45′ east to the Gabilan Creek; thence along the middle of said Creek to the place of beginning, containing about 50 acres. Being a part of the Natividad Rancho and known as Lot 18 as per the County Map of the County of Monterey made by St. John Cox and Fehy in 1877, being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. BEGINNING at the most southern corner of the Los Vergeles Rancho in the center of Gabilan Creek, thence along the boundary line between said Rancho and the Rancho Cienega del Gabilan, north 45° east 14.78 chains to a post in the corner of Lot 2 of Natividad Rancho; thence leaving said Rancho boundary north 45° 30′ west 16.50 chains to a cottonwood tree 18 inches in diameter marked "LVI"; thence south 56° west 1.10 chains to the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek, from which a willow tree 10 inches in diameter bears north 56° east 10 links distant; thence meandering up the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek and along the boundary of said Rancho Los Vergeles southerly to the place of beginning, containing 11.10 acres. Being designated upon the map which accompanies the decree of the District Court of the Twentieth Judicial District of the State of California, entered on the 21st day of July, 1875, in the case of Arabella A. Stokes et al. vs. Josephine Winterburn et al., as Lot 6, the same being a portion of the Rancho Los Vergeles, and being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east. M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

1. Lots Nos. 1 and 2, of section 6, township 8 north, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at the northeast corner of the Merkley Ranch at a redwood stake set on the east bank of the Sacramento River, which stake is south 79° 45′ west from an oak tree 2½ feet in diameter, standing at the southern extremity of the Half Way House buildings, and running thence north 79° 45′ east 4.20 chains; thence south 71° 15′ east 2.49 chains to the north side of an oak tree 18″ in diameter (Blazed); thence south 69° 30′ east 6.11 chains to an oak tree 8″ in diameter (blazed); thence south 71° 15′ east 9.61 chains to the end of an old ditch; thence south 74° 30′ east 3.77 chains to back fence; thence north 2° 30′ east along fence 10 chains to fence; thence south 2° 30′ west 2.62 chains from south line of 10-acre tracts; thence north 50° west along fence 7.74 chains to corner; thence along fence south 86° west 5.29 chains to corner of board fence; thence north 89° west along board fence 12.17 chains to corner of fence on east side of road; thence south 79° 45′ west at 0.67 chains on top of levee continue same course, in all 7.60 chains, to the Sacramento River; thence with the east bank of said River down stream to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being part of section 11, township 8 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southwesterly line of Main Street, distant thereon 137 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence northeasterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 694 and 703.

2. COMMENCING at the intersection of the northwesterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches to the northwesterly line of Mission Street; thence northeasterly along said line of Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

3. COMMENCINB at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon 97 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the intersection of said line of Spear Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 40 feet; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 40 feet; thence northeasterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the said southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

4. COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Clay Street with the easterly line of Sansome Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Clay Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence northerly parallel with Sansome Street 122 feet to the southerly line of Merchant Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Merchant Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the easterly line of Sansome Street; thence southerly along said easterly line of Sansome Street 122 feet to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 130, 131 and part of No. 132.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN JOAQUIN

1. BEGINNING at a point 8.65 chains west from the east boundary line, and 50 links north from the south boundary line of section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 31.85 chains; thence south 33.82 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 64.55 chains; thence north 15.35 chains; thence west 8 chains to the left bank of the Mokelumne River; thence along said left bank following its meanderings upstream to a point which would be intersected by a line running parallel with and 5.63 chains north from the township line between townships 4 and 5 north; thence east on said imagined line 16 chains; thence south 1.78 chains; thence east 50.40 chains; thence north 16.78 chains; thence east 36.86 chains to a post; thence south 20.13 chains to the point of beginning, containing 326.84 acres. Being portions of section 1, township 4 north, range 4 east; section 36, township 5 north, range 4 east; section 6, township 4 north, range 5 east; and section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, all M. D. B. & M.

2. All of those certain lots in the City of Stockton known and designated as Lots Nos. 5 and 8, and portions of Lots Nos. 1, 3, 7, 13 and 14, all in Block No. 64 east of Center Street, according to the map and survey of the said City of Stockton commencing for the same at a point on the south line of Channel Street, in said City of Stockton, 75 feet easterly from the southeast corner of the intersection of Hunter Street and Channel Street; running thence easterly along the south line of Channel Street 85 feet; thence at right angles southerly 150 feet to the north line of said Lot 8; thence at right angles easterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the north line of Weber Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Weber Avenue 50 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the northwest corner of said Lot 8; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Lot 6 of said Block 64, 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet to the east line of said Hunter Street; thence at right angles northerly along said east line of Hunter Street 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 75 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet to the point of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the northwest corner of the tract assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence along the Coast north 20° 15′ west 14.40 chains; thence north 74° west 11 chains; thence north 40° 15′ west 10 chains; thence north 34° 15′ west 20 chains; thence north 43° 45′ west 25 chains; thence north 4° west 20 chains; thence leaving the Coast north 28° 30′ east 101.78 chains; thence south 81° 15′ east 30.90 chains; thence south 8° 20′ east 30.17 chains; thence south 84° 35′ east 190.65 chains to a point in the southeast boundary line of the official survey of said Rancho; thence on and along said line south 4° east 47.60 chains to the northeast corner of the tract assigned by the Referees aforesaid to Josefa de Haro Denniston; thence following the line of said tract north 84° 35′ west 84 chains; thence south 25° 30′ west 95 chains to the place of beginning; containing 1815.12 acres; said tract having been assigned to Augustine Guerrero by the Referees aforesaid and being marked No. 2 on the map of said partition. EXCEPTING all that parcel being a portion of the above described premises bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on a bluff on the Pacific Ocean, being the southwesterly corner of a tract of land now or formerly belonging to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence north 25° 30′ east 62.86 chains; thence north 56° 15′ west 38.93 chains to a stake in the line of fence; thence following said fence north 64° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 29° west 0.76 chains; thence north 23° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 16° west 0.76 chains; thence north 8° 30′ west 3.72 chains; thence north 28° west 7.02 chains; thence north 36° 30′ west 7.70 chains to the line of land now or formerly belonging to Victoriano Guerrero; thence following said line south 28° 30′ west 45.27 chains to a stake on the bluff bank of the Pacific Ocean; thence following said bluff bank south 20° east 5.62 chains; thence south 4° west 2.27 chains; thence south 12° 15′ east 4.54 chains; thence south 17° 45′ east 5.65 chains; thence south 37° 45′ east 1.75 chains; thence south 83° east 0.91 chains; thence 37° east 10.60 chains; thence south 54° 15′ east 4.45 chains; thence south 46° east 4.55 chains; thence south 69° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 6° east 3.41 chains; thence south 37° 30′ east 1.55 chains; thence south 4° 30′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 19° 15′ east 7 chains; thence south 41° 30′ east 7.21 chains; thence south 61° east 3.85 chains; thence south 60° east 3.33 chains; thence south 87° 30′ east 2.73 chains; thence south 63° east 4.55 chains; thence south 58° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 46° 30′ east 3.48 chains; thence south 30° 20′ east 9.17 chains to the point of beginning, containing 430.72 acres.

2. COMMENCING at the northwest corner of that portion of the Rancho El Corral del Tierre (Palomares) bordering on the Ocean, assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence south 25° 30′ west 14.24 chains; thence south 64° 30′ east 16.23 chains to Denniston Creek; thence north 10° 30′ west 11 chains; thence north 22° west 2.55 chains; thence north 12° 15′ east 3 chains; thence north 27° east 1.50 chains; thence north 13° 30′ west 2.20 chains; thence north 84° 35′ west 7 chains to the point of commencement, containing 16.92 acres.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the County Road forming the easterly boundary line of the large tract of land owned by Owen McMahon, deceased, at the time of his death, at the easterly corner of the tract of land conveyed to Elizabeth Owen McMahon by Elizabeth Catherine Hamlin, Ellen Maria Barry and Margaret Anna Lennon by deed dated February 25th, 1892, and running thence south 42° 36′ west 35.15 chains; thence south 48° east 27.75 chains; thence north 42° 36′ east 35 chains to the County Road; and thence along the County Road to the place of beginning, containing about 108 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.39 acres conveyed by Henry Cowell to W. D. K. Gibson for right of way purposes by deed dated November 27th, 1900, and recorded in Volume 88 of Deeds, at page 207, San Mateo County Records, and also a parcel of 1 acre conveyed by Henry Cowell to Giovanni Devincenzi, by deed dated November 11th, 1901, and recorded in Volume 93 of Deeds, at page 18, San Mateo County Records.

4. Lot No. 1 of section 21, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 26.14 acres.

5. BEGINNING on the bank of the Purissima Creek at the point where the line between fractional sections 15 and 16 intersects the same, thence running north between said fractional sections 5.64 chains to a gulch; thence down said gulch south 56° 15′ east 2.80 chains to the bank of the Purissima Creek; thence down the Creek with its meanders south 60° 15′ west 3.10 chains; thence south 60° 45′ west 2.50 chains; to the place of beginning, containing about 1 acre, and being part of fractional section No. 15 in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. BEGINNING on the line between sections 16 and 21, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and at a point 16 chains east of the quarter section post in the road leading up the Creek; thence east on said line 14 chains to Purissima Creek; thence up the Creek with its meanders north 23° west 3 chains; thence north 40° 15′ east 2 chains; thence north 25° 15′ east 7.80 chains to the line between sections 15 and 16; thence along said line north 5.64 chains to Simmon's and Beckwith's corner; thence north 64° 15′ west 0.95 chains to the road; thence along the road south 15° 20′ east 2.80 chains; thence south 38° west 5 chains; thence south 18°30′ west 5.50 chains; thence south 28° 30′ west 6 chains; thence south 64° west 11 chains; thence south 60° west 5.15 chains to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres.

7. COMMENCING at a post 20 chains from the Coast Bank, running thence south 17° 30′ east 20 chains to the corner of Joseph E. Selleck's 40-acre tract; thence south 72° 30′ west 24.16 chains to edge of Coast bank; thence along said bank in a southerly direction to a corner post; thence leaving Coast and running north 72° 30′ east 54.84 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence north 72° 30′ east 29.37 chains up a ridge to head of first gulch; thence south 45° east 10.45 chains down said gulch to Lobitas Creek to an alder tree 12″ in diameter standing at the mouth of said gulch upon which tree there are three notches; thence up Lobitas Creek to mouth of Willow Gulch; thence north 30° west 33.44 chains to Selleck's corner; thence south 54° west 29.68 chains; thence south 72° 30′ west 40.62 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence south 72° 30′ west 34.15 chains to the point of beginning, containing 577 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.88 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company by deed dated September 22, 1905.

8. BEGINNING at a post on ridge standing in middle of Redwood Road of Bailord and Kinnerson, thence running north 31° 30′ east 4.50 chains to a post; thence south 78° 30′ east 8.25 chains; thence south 65° east 5.50 chains to Lobitas Creek to a redwood tree 48″ in diameter, marked with 3 notches, on right bank of said Creek; thence down said Creek south 48° west 3.75 chains; thence south 35° west 5.74 chains; thence south 48° west 6.50 chains to a redwood tree 24″ in diameter standing on the right bank of the Creek at the mouth of the gulch; thence up the gulch north 57° west 9 chains; thence north 38° west 4.73 chains to a post; thence north 31° 30′ east to the place of beginning, containing 19.50 acres, being a portion of the Rancho Canada Verdey Arroyo de las Purissima.

9. Lot No. 1, and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 8, and the fractional sections 16 and 17, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing together 935.92 acres; all that portion of Lot No. 1, of section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., situated north of the County Road leading from Purissima House up Purissima Creek and containing 2½ acres, more or less; Lot No. 2, in section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 20.91 acres.

EXCEPTING, however, from the foregoing lots or parcels of land the following lots or parcels:

(1) A parcel of 2.79 acres, being a portion of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to William Buzzell by deed dated April 13, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 39, San Mateo County Records.

(2) A parcel of 10 acres, being a portion of fractional section 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Patrick Flyn by deed dated October 17, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 148, San Mateo County Records.

(3) A parcel of 36.16 acres, being a part of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to W. A. Simmons and J. S. Blackwell by deed dated April 13, 1864 and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 425.

(4) The right to use and possess a certain spring of water conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Silas Hovious by deed dated October 12, 1861, and recorded in Volume 2 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 41, San Mateo County Records.

(5) A parcel of 50 acres, being a fractional portion of sections 16 and 17, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to George Duncan by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 497, San Mateo County Records.

(6) A parcel of 13.22 acres, being a fractional portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to R. H. Hatch, by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 108, San Mateo County Records.

(7) A parcel of 5 acres, being a portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to Silas Hovious by deed dated February 3, 1868, and recorded in Volume 8 of Deeds, at page 346, San Mateo County Records.

(8) A parcel of 5 acres, known as the "Cemetery Tract."

(9) A parcel of 5 acres, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated April 23, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 189, San Mateo County Records.

(10) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 518, San Mateo County Records.

(11) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to the trustees of the Purissima School District by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 520, San Mateo County Records.

(12) A parcel of 9.33 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company, by deed dated September 22, 1905.

10. The east portion of Lot No. 1, as per map of the J. de H. Denniston portion of the Rancho Corral de Tierra, containing about 12 acres of land.

IN THE COUNTY OF TEHAMA

BEGINNING at a point where the north line of the Wilson Tract intersects the slough or old channel of the Sacramento River, said line being known as the Bennet Line, thence following along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 15° 30′ west 12.50 chains; thence north 24° 30′ west 9.31 chains; thence north 29° 45′ west 4.37 chains; thence north 14° 30′ west 10.60 chains; thence north 28° 30′ west 14.65 chains; thence north 27° 15′ west 11.08 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 6.20 chains, from which an oak tree marked 68 and 69 bears south 40° west 0.60 chains distant; thence north 60° west 8.15 chains; thence south 77° west 5.30 chains; thence south 19° 30′ east 2.53 chains; thence south 85° west 5.27 chains; thence south 50° 30′ west 5.19 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 4.70 chains; thence north 46′ west 7.36 chains; thence north 75° west 4.20 chains; thence north 49° west 8.96 chains to the present channel of the Sacramento River; thence following down and along the east bank of the Sacramento River by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

South 32° west 8.05 chains; thence south 74° 30′ west 16.04 chains; thence south 11° 30′ west 22.50 chains; thence south 24° east 9.52 chains; thence south 36° 30′ east 3.92 chains; thence south 12° east 5.05 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 24.67 chains; thence south 66° east 22.72 chains; thence south 45°30′ east 3.30 chains; thence south 33° east 8.06 chains; thence south 28° 30′ east 3.35 chains; thence south 18° east 2.53 chains; thence south 35° 30′ east 2.75 chains; thence south 14° east 3.10 chains; thence south 1° west 2.56 chains; thence south 16° 30′ east 2.54 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 3.15 chains; thence south 7° east 5.72 chains; thence south 9° 30′ east 3.29 chains; thence south 3° 30′ east 4.74 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 2.67 chains to the old channel of the Sacramento River; thence following up and along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 37° 30′ east 2.22 chains; thence north 44° east 2.17 chains; thence north 44° east 1.94 chains; thence north 27° east 3.46 chains; htence north 29° east 2.51 chains; thence north 3° east 4.10 chains; thence north 33° west 1.83 chains; thence north 36° 15′ east 29.25 chains; thence south 49° east 3.68 chains; thence north 41° east 7.39 chains; thence north 62° east 3.88 chains; thence north 8° 30′ east 6.79 chains; thence north 17° east 4.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 589 acres, more or less, being part of the "Capay Rancho" known as "Snaden Island."

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 756 of the official surveys of the said County of Yolo, at a point a little north of west from the quarter section corner between sections 3 and 4, township 6 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., thence south 77° east along the upper line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756 20.54

chains to the back corner of Hester's 10-acre tract; thence south 13° west 2.50 chains; thence south 77° east 40 chains to a point on the west bank of the Sacramento River, 10 rods below the northeast corner of the said Swamp Land Survey No. 756, thence down the said river with its meanders south 10° 25′ west 4.64 chains; south 13° 25′ west 5.40 chains; south 30° 30′ west 12 chains; south 45° 10′ west 7.21 chains; thence leaving said river north 75° 30′ west 56.50 chains to the back line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756; thence north 19° 10′ east along said back line 28.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 167.55 acres of land.

2. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 361, 363, 897, and 985, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed lands of the County of Yolo, being portions of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. A fraction of 2.10 acres, beginning at a point at the inside base of the Sacramento River levee, about 30 feet north from the cross-levee, and running thence north 18° west, along the inside base of said levee, 151 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 216 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 49 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 980 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 80 feet; thence in a direct line to the place of beginning, being a portion of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The south half of section 9; the south half of section 10; the south half of section 12; all of section 13; the south half and the northeast quarter of section 15; all of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 19; all of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of section 22; all of section 23; all of section 24; the northwest quarter of section 28; and the northeast quarter of section 29;—all in township 8 north, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. The south half, and the northwest quarter of section 3; all of section 4; all of section 5; the northeast quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 6; the north half of section 8; the north half of section 9; the north half of section 10; and the northwest quarter of section 11;—all in township 9 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. The southeast quarter of section 31; the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section 32; the south half of section 33; and the southwest quarter of section 34; all in township 10 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

7. All of section 1; all of section 2; the east half of section 11; the north half of the south half; the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the south half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter, of section 12; and the north half of the northeast quarter of section 13; all in township 11 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

8. The west half of the northwest quarter of section 5; and the north half, and the west half of the southwest quarter of section 6; and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 7; all in township 11 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

9. All of section 25, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 118 acres; the south half, and the south half of the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 93 acres, of section 26; all of section 35; the south half, the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 104 acres, of section 36; all in township 12 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

10. All of sections 30 and 31, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 504 acres; and all of the west half of the west half of section 32, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 40 acres; all in township 12 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

1. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, designated as Lot 1, Loop and Meserve Tract, as per map recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, EXCEPTING that part included in the right of way of the Southern Pacific Company.

2. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, being part of the "Sycamore Tract," as shown o nthe map of the land partitioned by Loop and Meserve, recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 16 as shown on said Map, thence south along the west line of said Lot 16 and the prolongation thereof 25.92 chains; thence north 68° 45′ west 12 chains; thence north 15° east 21.78 chains; thence east 6 chains, more or less, to the place of beginning.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situate in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Lots Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, of the "O'Neil & Haley Tract," of the said City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. That portion of Swamp and Overflowed Land Survey No. 1158, described as beginning at the northwest corner of section 21, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence east 18.06 chains; thence south 65.55 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 21.62 chains to the west line of said section; thence north 53.65 chains to the place of beginning, containing 107.63 acres.

2. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as beginning at the northeast corner of section 20, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., running thence south 53.65 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 34.12 chains; thence north 59° 38′ west 13.31 chains to the center line of said section; thence north 28.21 chains; thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning, containing 162.53 acres.

3. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as the southeast quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The southwest quarter of section 16, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 337, 411, 1079, and 1160, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed Lands of the County of Yolo.

6. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1106, described as beginning at a point 16.19 chains north from the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 12.03 chains; thence north 22.21 chains; thence east 4.20 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 5.24 chains; thence south 76° east 5.16 chains; thence south 16.56 chains to the place of beginning, containing 23.59 acres.

7. Those parts of Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 333 and 277, described as beginning at a redwood post standing at the south corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 782, and situated south 43° 40′ west 41.50 chains from the Sacramento River; thence south 64° east 16.39 chains; thence south 69° east 38.67 chains; thence south 21° west 6.60 chains to the southeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 333; thence west 58.70 chains to the northeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 277; thence south 47.25 chains; thence west 13.75 chains; thence north 76° west 5.16 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 13.05 chains; thence north 59° west 5.83 chains; thence north 73° 15′ west 10.44 chains; thence south 71° 30′ west 6.33 chains; thence north 43° 40′ east 70.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing 254.32 acres.

8. Beginning at a point where the west boundary of Swamp Land Survey No. 627 is intersected by the section line dividing sections 21 and 28, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west about 90 chains to the southwest corner of section 20, same township and range; thence north about 75 chains to the back levee of Reclamation District No. 307; thence southeasterly along said levee about 115 chains to a point marking the northwest corner of said survey No. 627; thence south along the west boundary line of said survey to the place of beginning, containing about 425 acres, in Swamp Land Surveys No. 1041 and No. 1158.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

Lot Lettered "L", in Block 140, of Horton's Addition to the City of San Diego, according to the official map thereof.

All of the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA

1. A portion of that certain ranch known as the Rancho San Miguel or Rancho Arroyo de los Nueces y Golgones, the first tract being the south half of Lot 7, hill land, and containing 228 acres, and the second tract being the north two-thirds of Lot 8, hill land, containing 425.93 acres.

The following is a particular description of said tracts by metes and bounds as made on partition, for which reference is made to the map and plat of survey of partition of said Rancho now of record in the office of the County Clerk of Contra Costa County, viz.:

BEGINNING at station white oak tree marked S1-11 on the segregating line between the hill and valley lands of the San Miguel Rancho; thence north 62° 2′ east 92.16 chains to post AB; thence north 17.70 chains to post SM-23; thence south 45° west to post SM-24; thence north 48° 9′ west along the ranch boundary 93.70 chains to post TP-2; thence south 46° 45′ west 56.83 chains to post JP; thence south 68° east 6 chains to post SL-14; thence south 23° 30′ east 40.97 chains to post SL-13; thence south 67° 15′ east 10.72 chains to post SL-12; thence south 0° 45′ east 27.08 chains to the point of beginning, containing 653.93 acres, more or less.

2. That portion of the Rancho Monte del Diablo which is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at post SM-24, situated at the corner of the Rancho Monte del Diablo and San Miguel Rancho, thence north 45° east 8.85 chains to station post SM-23; thence north 6° west, leaving the Rancho boundary, 3.45 chains to station post No. 3P Co.; thence along the boundary of land now or formerly in controversy between Francisco Galindo and Josiah Sturges, north 44° 30′ west 74.90 chains to station post No. 2P Co.; and thence north 32° 45′ west 27.34 chains to station post D; thence leaving the lands in controversy above named, running south 77° 30′ west 3.59 chains to station post D-2; thence south 12° west 23.35 chains to station post TP2; thence along the boundary of the above named Ranchos south 48° 9′ east 93.70 chains to the point of beginning, containing 147.41 acres, more or less.

(The two parcels of land last above described, situated in the County of Contra Costa, are claimed by the Cowell Portland Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property, and all of the parcels of land hereinafter described are claimed by the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property.)

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF EL DORADO

1. The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8; the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 9; the southwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 20; the north half, the north half of the southwest quarter, the north half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; and the south half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22; all in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. A parcel of land in section 7, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of said section 7, and running diagonally across said quarter section along the line of a fence on land now or formerly owned by Mr. Morrison, until it intersects the quarter of quarter section line and adjoining Mr. Morrison's to the County Road; thence along the center of said road to the east line of section 7; thence along said line south to the place of beginning, containing 41-2/3 acres.

3. The Schwalm Marble Quarry Mine and Lime Kiln site, being Mineral Entry No. 723 in the Series of the United States Land Office in Sacramento, California, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 38, embracing a portion of section 8, in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Marble Valley Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California.

4. A parcel of land, being a portion of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21, and running thence due west 1320 feet to the northwest corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence due south 825 feet to the fence between the lands originally claimed by W. W. Faber and Hugh B. Taylor; thence northeasterly 1437 feet on the line of said division fence to a point on section line between sections 21 and 22, which said point is 264 feet due south from the northeast corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence 264 feet due north to the place of beginning.

5. The east half, the southwest quarter, and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 7; the northwest quarter of section 8; the east half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 18; the west half of section 29; and the east half o fthe northeast quarter of section 30; all in township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

6. The Blue Marble Quarry Mine, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 50, embracing a portion of section 7, township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Pilot Hill Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California, and containing 20.66 acres.

7. The southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF KERN

Section No. 23, in township 32 south, range 33 east, M. D. B. & M., with the exception of a strip of land 100 feet wide, lying equally on each side of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and excepted in deed of Southern Pacific Railroad Company to Henry Cowell, dated May 5, 1892, and recorded in Volume 53 of Deeds, page 298, Kern County Records.

IN THE COUNTY OF PLACER

The north half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 22, township 13 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

Lot 5, in the block or square bounded by "K" and "L", 28th and 29th Streets, in the City of Sacramento, as laid down upon the official map thereof.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Battery Street, distant thereon 40 feet southerly from the intersection of said easterly line of Battery Street with the southerly line of Filbert Street, thence southerly 80 feet along said easterly line of Battery Street; thence easterly parallel with Filbert Street 50 feet; thence northerly parallel with Battery Street 120 feet to the said southerly line of Filbert Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Filbert Street 25 feet; thence southerly parallel with Battery Street 40 feet; thence westerly parallel with Filbert Street 25 feet to the said easterly line of Battery Street and the place of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

1. Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot in the City of Santa Cruz heretofore conveyed by Henry Cowell to one Hamilton, said point being on the northwesterly line of the San Jose Road, thence north 29° 27′ east 9.09 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence north 14° 40′ east 16.39 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence south 75° 30′ west 20.30 chains; thence south 10° east0.19 chains to a post; thence south 70° 20′ east 8.74 chains; thence south 1.99 chains; thence south 33° east 1.47 chains; thence south 4° east crossing a brook 3.94 chains; thence south 1° east 6 chains; thence south 61° 15′ west 1.60 chains to a post at the northwest corner of the said Hamilton lot; thence south 60° 30′ east 3.375 chains to the point of beginning, containing 17.874 acres.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the City of Santa Cruz and described as follows:

Beginning at the junction of the northerly line of Mission Street with the westerly line of River Street at a spike from which the southeast corner of Mission and River Streets bears south 79° 29′ east 40.28 feet distant; thence north 3° 50′ east 130.33 feet along the westerly line of said River Street to an iron spike on the south side of an alley; thence north 87° 57′ west 54.83 feet along the southern line of said alley to the boundary of a lot now or formerly owned by Dr. Sargent; thence south 13° 52′ west 31.78 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 88° 44′ east 9.90 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 1° 49′ west 100 feet to an iron spike in the northerly line of said Mission Street; thence south 88° 44′ east 46.96 feet along the northerly line of said Mission Street to the point of beginning, being lot No. 22, in block No. 1, of the City of Santa Cruz, and a part of lot No. 18 of the same block.

3. The southwest quarter of section 8, township 10 south, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 160 acres.

All the undivided ON-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN BENITO

1. Lots 4, 5, 12, and 13, of section 28; the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10, the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 30, all in township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.; also the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32, township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. Lots 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, of section 14; and lot 4, of section 24; all in township 14 south, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Tres Pinos, bounded and described as follows:

A strip of land 100 feet wide, commencing on the easterly line of the station ground of the Southern Pacific Railroad 50 feet equally on each side of the said railroad as the same was formerly laid, thence running southeasterly 882.50 feet in its center line to the easterly line of Santa Ana Street, containing 2.02 acres of land, and being 897 feet on its northerly line and 869 feet on its southerly line, excepting the rights which one Charles Peck may have acquired to a small portion of said strip above described.

The railroad or motor road known as the Tres Pinos and Cienega Railroad, together with the roadbed, right of way, terminal facilities and rolling stock of the same.

WITNESS, the HON. THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 11th day of December, 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-27-9

The Crocker National Bank of San Francisco

Condition at Close of Business Jan. 13, 1914

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$14,805,035.33
U. S. Bonds	2,100,000.00
Other Bonds and Securities	1,059,211.80
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	693,981.09
Cash and Sight Exchange	9,369,848.76
	$28,028,076.98

LIABILITIES

Capital	$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	3,033,346.82
Circulation	1,960,000.00
Letters of Credit	713,401.99
Deposits	20,321,328.17
	$28,028,076.98

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 1119 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 31, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIII. San Francisco, January 31, 1914 No. 1119

THE WONDROUS PAVLOWA

Who will be seen at the Valencia this Sunday afternoon and evening.

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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Malaprop Jimmy

Some folks are of the opinion that whilst the government has been brought back to the people public office has soared beyond the reach of the humblest citizens. Indubitably there are certain offices accessible chiefly to the man with the money to hire halls, pour out printers' ink, make automobile tours of the State and dazzle the electorate. It would indeed seem that the new Democracy has given the rich candidate a prodigious advantage over the poor one, but when we see our militant young friend, the Hon. James D. Phelan, a-candidatin' it occurs to us that the universal law of compensation goes a great way toward equalizing things even in politics. The moral and intellectual discretion demanded of a candidate in the public gaze is enormous, and discretion is not always among the treasures of the rich. Denied this priceless gift, the rich candidate opposed by a discreet poor one is under a heartbreaking handicap. Consider Mr. Phelan, malaprop contriver of the contretemps, spouting his ineptitudes at the luncheon of the Commonwealth Club. Not that he gave offense to a Spaniard and alienated a vote, but that he gave an exhibition of bad taste and bad judgment. There are several reasons why the millionaire candidate should have abstained from offensive comment on the state of affairs in Spain. The most obvious reason is that his misconceptions of Alfonso's kingdom were acquired in his capacity of official representative of this country while he was asking favors for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. And it was but the other day that this fine gentleman was aspiring to a post in the diplomatic service! While we are not surprised that instinct failed to restrain Mr. Phelan from embarrassing others, it is really a matter of great astonishment that motives of self-interest did not halt him at the brink. Versed in the history of his native State, he knows that here was once a Spanish colony and that there is a great deal of Spanish blood flowing in the veins of our native sons and daughters. Further, Mr. Phelan is a Catholic, not a rabid one, but deferential to the Catholic vote. Now Catholics very well understand that the decay of the Latin races is a cultivated delusion of Protestant commentators, whose idea is that "Romish superstition," as they call it, saps the foundations of government. Dr. Jordan sees France tottering down the pathway of decadence. Professor O'Shea of Wisconsin, probably formerly of Belfast, sees Italy petering out at the feet of the Scarlet Woman, and now comes Mr. Phelan, never distinguished for his originality, with a threnody on the Decline and Fall of decrepit Spain. Mr. Phelan's indiscretion is so colossal that we are inclined to account for it on the theory that he got his speeches mixed. It is by no means improbable that the Commonwealth speech was intended for south of Tehachapi where it would have thrilled a receptive audience, and that "In the Footsteps of the Padres" was the title of the speech for local consumption. The contretemps is deeply deplored, for it is one of those things that sometimes work incalculable injury, like the Rum, Romanism and Rebellion phrase of the Blaine campaign, and the "Cold day when I get left" observation of Alexander Badlam. Mr. Phelan has worried his friends, and they are considering whether it might not be advisable for him to quit circulating and just let his money talk.

The Militant Ones

"Every man, every woman who has registered in the new party," says Governor Johnson, "is a militant advocate of its principles." In other words nobody has registered as a Progressive who is not a partisan on principle. All are devoted to the cause, there is not a time-server or self-seeker among them. The Hon. Joe Dwyer, the Hon. Jack Neylan, the Hon. Al. McCabe, the Hon. Danny Ryan, the Hon. George C. Pardee, the Hon. Deacon Pillsbury, the Hon. Harris Weinstock, the Hon. Matt. I. Sullivan—disinterested civic patriots all, they have registered along with the innumerable rag-tag and bobtail of the State machine, and they are proud to say that their convictions are ingrained. Their great hearts of fire burn with sympathy for the people, and every Progressive principle commands their support and enlists their allegiance. There has been some doubt as to Progressive principles. Insect scoffers have pretended not to know what principles are really professed by Progressives. Here is their opportunity to learn. As we learn history from the lives of great men, so we may learn the principles of a party from the characteristics and practices of its leaders. What is most human, most genuine in the Progressive party is to be found in the biographies of such eminent citizens as Dwyer and Sullivan, Pardee and Pillsbury. These men who have risen to eminence and usefulness by militant devotion to the principle of Never decline anything, resign anything or let go of anything that once lay within the firm grasp of the prehensive hand, now reflect with the fidelity of a mirror all the energy of consecrated thought and double-breasted heroism that makes the Progressive party the only party worthy of the confidence of the dear people. It is only in other parties that men are to be found who have been caught in the dignified occupation of robbing a henroost or burning a barn. None but Democrats or Republicans register from selfish motives. Our Progressive leaders know, since some of them have been Democrats and Republicans according to the mood. Before becoming militantly attached to Progressive principles they had no very deep convictions. And were not the past so enthralling and the present so entertaining we should attempt to prophecy where next they may be found.

Ricard and the Sceptics

If science is but the statement of truth found out what shall we call the denial of a truth that one has not found out? We assume that Father Ricard has discovered a truth. He is a scientist. He says he has discovered a method of predicting the weather with more or less accuracy. He makes no mystery of this method. Like a true scientist he gives what he has to mankind. Now Father Ricard may be in error. Maybe he has been deceived by a series of remarkable coincidences covering a period of years. But whatever the truth, certainly the attitude of such scientists as Dr. George Ellery Hale of the Carnegie Institute and Dr. Campbell of the Lick Observatory is not scientific. These gentlemen say that no satisfactory method of forecasting the weather from observations of sunspots has yet been devised, but in support of this affirmation they have nothing but negative testimony to offer. They don't pretend to have tested the Ricard method. They prefer to pooh-pooh it. We are by no means satisfied that Father Ricard has made a valuable contribution to human knowledge, but while we are yet to be convinced by him we are certainly not to be persuaded by the dogmatic scepticism of men who deny merely because they don't know. We are reminded that nearly every great scientific truth passed through three stages; it was found or thought to conflict either with the Bible or accepted scientific opinion; it was discovered before; it was always believed in by the cognoscenti.

The Underworld Drama

Once more the question bobs up whether a play that presumably reflects the life of the underworld should be interdicted by the authorities. The objection that has been made to the play is that it is indecent. The defenders of the play argue that it is an object lesson in the horrors of depravity and is therefore wholesome and to be recommended as a moral agency. Singularly enough nobody urges against the underworld drama the objections that ought to prevail. The principal objection is that it is very bad drama aside from the question of morality. The theatre is a proper place for the discussion of the ideas of our sociologists and reformers, but these ideas should not be debased into a vulgar, sensational vogue through the medium of tommyrot plays the authors of which are mere

tradesmen with a nose for the latest fad in theatrical goods. Art is one of the handmaidens of morality, and it requires something of a mental twist to perceive the quality of wholesomeness in anything so ugly and inartistic that it revolts anybody with a feeling for truth and beauty. It may be important to reach the unsophisticated through the theatre at the risk of gratifying the vulgar and the prurient and demoralizing the susceptible, but it is certainly more important that our moral guides, who are presumably persons of education, should wish to safeguard the theatre against greedy insincerity and vulgar sensationalism. It is desirable that the drama should be sensitive to the problems of mankind, that life should be reflected on the stage, but it is not desirable to distort the truth that color may be given to the preachments of reformers. The underworld drama is essentially vicious, for it reflects not life but the fictions of our regenerators, and sins not only against art but what is infinitely worse—good taste.

Gushing Crockodile Tears

"Shall we abolish childhood?" asks the Bulletin preparatory to shedding tears of compassion for the millions of children under fifteen "helping factory owners to get their products manufactured cheaply." Nary a tear though for the children under ten helping newspaper proprietors to get their newspapers circulated cheaply. Speaking of the factory children under fifteen the Bulletin says "They ought to play all day and be tucked in bed at seven." What about the poor little newsies, six, seven and eight years of age, waiting for newspapers to come off the press before daylight and standing under the stars, shivering in the storm, waiting till the last penny paper is sold? Is there no compassion for them? When ought they to be "tucked in bed"? And what about the newspaper proprietor who, it appears, can afford to sell his paper to a newsie for less than a cent? A few months ago he was charging the newsie more than two cents for the paper. The cost of the product has not decreased, though the price has. Then why was not the little merchant allowed to make a decent living in the days when the proprietor of the Bulletin was charging an exorbitant price for his product? Sometimes we wonder how long the people of this press-ridden country will tolerate the viciousness of hypocritical newspapers that play on the passions and prejudices of the mob. Here is a striking instance of the characteristic unscrupulousness of a newspaper. It is not to be disputed that there is great room for reform in society when conditions are such as described by the Bulletin; when little children are compelled to take part in the terrible struggle for existence. But how manifestly insincere the appeal to compassion from such a source when the burden of it is censure of one class of employers! The State, not the manufacturer, is to blame for lost childhood, and in the sins of the State we are all more or less implicated. How mean, how cruelly unjust, then, is this systematic practice of exciting to hatred while affecting to be moved by the most sacred of human impulses!

Man and Magic

A learned German university professor recently vouched for the genuineness of the photographs of spooks made by a medium in Paris. More recently it has been proved that the photographs were not genuine and that the professor had been deceived. It has been ever thus. Man is born for deception, and the scholar is no exception. The scholar flatters himself that he loves truth, but what he really has a passion for is the manufactured miracle. In the natural he takes not half as much interest as in the sham supernatural. The regularity of the laws of nature occasions in him very little reflection. Above him Orion marches, with belt pointing always to the misty Pleiades, and he takes it as a matter of course. Complacent he sits on this atom of an earth with gaze concentrated on a crystal, wondering whether it is ice strongly congealed. What interest has he in burnin Sirius? What to him are the stars in their courses, or the number of worlds in a yard of the Milky Way? But let some medium rap on a dining room table to indicate the state of mind of somebody long dead, and he is all attention. Bring on his uncle's ghost to twang a banjo in the air and he stands agape at this weird manifestation of Divinity. The short cut of miracle was as dear to the heart of the late Professor James and the credulous William Stead as to the savage who sticks an antelope's skull on a pole outside his hut to avert disaster.

The Principle of Bail

The Examiner complains that a citizen of Oakland accused of a misdemeanor was handcuffed to a burglar and sent to jail pending the consideration of his application for bail. "When," says the Examiner, "a citizen accused of a highly technical misdemeanor, in which there is no moral crime, offers bail he should have bail." This is not to be gainsaid. But let us go a little further. When a citizen accused of a felony, one that is a violation at once of the moral and statutory law, offers bail, is he to be denied? The principle of bail is one of the guarantees of personal liberty, but it is a principle that has been very often violated by judges, especially by judges that truckle to a tyrannical press. When newspapers are engaged in hounding a man to prison they lose sight of every principle of justice by which the rights of the individual are safeguarded, and it is then that precedents are established by judges alert for newspaper approval. The principle of bail follows as a corollary from the principle that a man shall be held innocent until proved by process of law to be otherwise, but of late we have seen that the presumption of innocence is repugnant to certain newspapers and lawyers. Naturally the principle of bail is becoming somewhat neglected. Notwithstanding the presumption of innocence a person must be arrested in order to bring him to trial, and in order to mitigate this harshness a person under arrest is guaranteed the right of bail in all cases in which the loss of the money may be considered as more serious than the possible punishment. So important is this principle that it has been deemed advisable to deter judges from demanding exorbitant bail by rendering them liable to impeachment. It was enacted in the first year of William and Mary that no excessive bail should be required, and this is a principle of all our Constitutions, and though it has been objected to on the ground that it works unjustly inasmuch as it operates in favor of the wealthy, it must be remembered that arrest before trial is an evil of absolute necessity and the more it can be minimized the better. Also it should be remembered that by encouraging judges to violate the principle of bail when dealing with the wealthy the demagogic press is responsible for consequences that aggravate the hardships of the poor. If the elemental principles of man-made justice do not preclude injustice at least they insure us more of liberty than comes from innovations and haphazard exceptions.

Lombroso Refuted

That the confidence which science commands is as much a matter of faith as belief in the mysteries of religion has received fresh illustration by the explosion of the Lombroso theory of the criminal type. For nearly forty years the theory of a criminal type has been pretty generally accepted, and reformers have been reforming in the light of that theory. According to this theory the criminal is a distinct kind of human being, born to do evil; he has physical stigmata, marks, constitutional, unmistakeable, classifiable, to which his mental characteristics correspond. By reason of this theory some reformers have maintained that there was nothing to do with the criminal but to lock him up forever; others have demanded that he be treated as an invalid. This theory, strangely enough, was never subjected to a scientific test. It was accepted on the word of a second-rate scientist by whom it was based merely on observation, without any attempt at verification by the statistical method so applicable to definite stigmata. It remained for the British Home Office through its Prison Department to subject this theory to scientific investigation. Five years of incessant labor have been devoted to the collection of "facts" and three more to their reduction into correlated form. The life histories of three thousand convicts have personally and directly been ascertained. All classes of convicts—murderers, thieves, burglars, forgers, sexual offenders, incendiaries—have been questioned and weighed with mathematical precision for "stigmatic" record. For each of the three thousand there have been taken ninety-six statements, a total of two hundred and seventy-eight thousand distinct "facts." The result of all this work is the explosion of the Lombros-

ian theory of a predestined criminal type of man with stigmata mental and physical. Dr. Charles Goring, the man who conducted the investigation, after eight years of labor reports that Nature has distributed Lombroso's stigmata equally and impartially between the population under lock and key and the population still at large. Peculiarities of nose, lips and ears, low forehead, flat feet, the "criminal leer," the "satanic" build of skull, the "bird-of-prey" visage—all these things and many others which in Lombroso's philosophy attested the criminal type Dr. Goring found just as copiously distributed among students at Oxford and Cambridge as behind prison walls. "There is," says Dr. Goring, "no line of demarcation, no absolute difference in nature, as opposed to degree, between the human beings who are and those who are not criminal." The convict, according to Dr. Goring, is not a creature sui generis, an abnormal man, but an unusual specimen of normal humanity. Crime he defines as an unusual act committed by a normal person. Coming to mental and moral stigmata such as suspiciousness, egotism, discontent, sullenness, vindictiveness, greed, amorousness, and so on, Dr. Goring says that as regards these qualities the difference between convicts and law-abiding persons is one of degree. It appears, then, that the criminal is a normal person with an inclination to the line of least resistance; one whose will to resist evil is feebler than that of the average man. What the criminal needs, we infer, is stronger will power, development of the muscle of the mind. The treatment is hardly that which our sloppy sentimentalists have been prescribing. One way to strengthen a man's will is to convince him it is advisable from the standpoint of self-interest not to yield to temptation. The muscle of the mind may be developed like any other muscle—by exercise.

Perspective Impressions

By the way, what ever became of the Sanjak of Novi-bazar?

An easy way to assume virtue though you have it not is to frown upon the tango. You need not admit that you find it too difficult for your stiff joints.

It seems that in this Progressive age a politician or a newspaper may protest against unscrambling the S. P. and the C. P. without incurring a horrible suspicion. The world surely do move!

Perhaps the politicians perceiving that Colonel Goethals is Presidential timber are eager to sidetrack him. The man that bossed the canal zone might make a pretty good job of bossing the whole country.

How can a man with George Ade's sense of humor be a Progressive?

Hanging is legalized murder, says Tveitmoe. Not original. Jake Oppenheimer said it first.

"Aeroplane soon to be fool proof," says headline. With one born every minute? Impossible!

It appears to be taken for granted that as Wall street is bowing to public sentiment public sentiment is right. Formerly Wall street could do no right.

Says Colliers: "The ten years ending about January 1, 1914, was the period of the greatest ethical advance made by this nation in any decade." As evidenced, presumably, by what we read in the magazines and the statute books.

If misery loves company gratification of the passion is an easy matter.

Mr. Phelan always was a madcap and daredevil at luncheons and dinners.

A Pennsylvania banker died from laughing at a joke. The news despatch omits the joke, as usual. Is the Associated Press afraid we'll all die of it? Or was it a joke like that which killed Aretine?

A magazine thinks to astonish us by telling us of a former train robber who turned political reformer and is now running for Governor of Oklahoma, determined to purify politics. Being familiar with the genesis and with the aspirations of many of our most distinguished political reformers the news from Oklahoma leaves us cold.

The People's Forum

To Preserve Laurel Hill

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: The Outdoor Art League Department of the California Club submitted to the Welfare Committee of the Board of Supervisors in November, 1913, a plan for the solution of the problem connected with Laurel Hill Cemetery. The Board of Trustees of Laurel Hill Cemetery have expressed their willingness to co-operate with any plan looking to the preservation of the cemetery, in whole or in part, providing that such a plan guarantees stability and care of the cemetery. The League proposes: 1. That practically one-half of Laurel Hill Cemetery be dedicated to the city for a Memorial Park, and that the proceeds of the sale of the remaining half be given to the city as a trust fund to provide for the park maintenance. 2. That the lot owners authorize the Trustees of Laurel Hill Cemetery to deed to the city and county, for park purposes, and to be known as Laurel Hill Memorial Park, the eastern part of the cemetery. This deed to restrict the city to the use of the ground for a Memorial Park only, and to guarantee its proper care and maintenance. 3. That the Board of Supervisors accept this deed and agree to care for and maintain the grounds as Laurel Hill Memorial Park. 4. That the lot owners authorize the Trustees to grant the city a right of way of 75 feet along the south line of the cemetery to make a connecting street between Post street and Euclid avenue, this right of way to be part of the consideration for the city's agreement to maintain and care for the park. 5. That the drive entering the cemetery at Bush street be continued and extended through the cemetery and that an intercepting drive be provided from California street at a point about opposite Walnut street. 6. That the proceeds from the sale of the land in the western part of the cemetery, together with all sums now in the treasury of the Laurel Hill Cemetery Association, over and above the amount required to pay necessary expenses be turned over to the city and county to be held in trust, the income to be used to care for and maintain the Memorial Park. The second part of our plan is that of providing means for carrying out the purposes proposed. The League suggests the following procedure: 1. That the Board of Supervisors, by resolution, agree to accept Laurel Hill Memorial Park, as a part of the park system of San Francisco, subject to restrictions of always using this land as a Memorial Park. And that they further agree to accept the money turned over to the city by Laurel Hill Cemetery Association, and hold the same in trust, using the income for the care and maintenance of this Memorial Park. 2. That a commission be appointed, which shall have power to formulate plans and present same to all the different parties interested in Laurel Hill Cemetery and secure their co-operation and support of these plans. 3. That this commission, acting in conjunction with the Board of Trustees of the Cemetery Association, secure the consent of the members thereof to the plan above proposed, and also their authorization to carry it out in the manner found most feasible.

Very truly yours,

—Mrs. Lovell White.

A Matter of Gender

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: What was the matter with the omniscient Town Talk last week? Gail Hamilton—in his time! Surely you know he was she—Abigail Elizabeth Dodge, sister-in-law of James G. Blaine and in some sources credited with furnishing the best part of his brains. It is a matter of course to have the other papers stumbling and sticking, but not you.

Respectfully,

—An Admirer.

Varied Types

CLXII—EL CONDE del VALLE de SALAZAR

By Edward F. O'Day

A critic may say disrespectful things about the Equator with entire impunity, but it is dangerous to insult a nation. Tread on a man's patriotism and he's lower than a worm if he doesn't turn.

Some years ago David Starr Jordan found that out to his cost. The Chancellor of Stanford who too often talks first and explains what he didn't mean afterwards, declared that France was decadent, whereupon certain angry Frenchmen made vol-au vent of his statement and compelled him to eat it. It is doubtful whether he has digested it yet.

Quite recently a certain Professor Vincent O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin rose up and said that Italy was a decadent nation. The purge administered to the professor by Banker Giannini in these columns will be remembered by the gentle reader.

Now comes a more extraordinary case. Starr Jordan was only a college president when he reflected on France, and college presidents are too used to speaking ex cathedra to consider their remarks. O'Shea is only a college professor, and college professors take the view that the world was born yesterday and will believe anything you tell it. But James D. Phelan—! He has not looked at life through spectacles and over the top of a text book. He is a man of the world and a politician. Yet we find him "putting his foot in it" exactly as Starr Jordan and O'Shea did. Unwarned by their disagreeable experiences he stands up and tells the Commonwealth Club that Spain is a decadent nation. Must we start a "Decadent Nation Club" with Jordan, O'Shea and Phelan presiding over the French, Italian and Spanish sections? I am surprised to find Mr Phelan in such company.

Our authority is the Examiner of last Sunday: "Phelan," said the Examiner, "had described conditions in several of the provinces of Spain as deplorable, the soil barren, the people using primitive agricultural implements, and the conditions of their civilization decadent." The Examiner also quotes Mr. Phelan as saying: "It is estimated that the life of Spain as a nation will be only thirty or forty years more. Professor Bernard Moses of the University of California who was engaged in research work when I was there, told me this."

Mr. Phelan's statements, though reinforced by the authority of a college professor—how these dons do love to dispose of the Latin races!—were immediately controverted by Mr. Jose Costa, the former Consul for Uruguay who was present at the Commonwealth Club luncheon. Seeking more light on the subject I went to the Spanish Consul, a charming gentleman, El Conde del Valle de Salazar who went to the defense of his beloved Spain with entire willingness, nay enthusiasm.

"For a nation which is said to be decaying, which is allowed only thirty or forty more years of life," began the Spanish Consul, "Spain has a most healthy, a most vigorous ruler. The King of Spain is one of the most wonderful men not only in Spain but in the world. He is a young man of great qualities and of great accomplishments. He speaks German so well that he has astonished the Kaiser. He speaks French like a Frenchman. When only eighteen he delivered an address at the Guildhall in London, and his English caused Londoners to marvel at his fluency. He also speaks Italian, Portuguese and I don't know how many other languages. He first went to Paris as a boy of eighteen or nineteen and when he conversed with men like Jules Claretie and Marcel Prevost they were astonished at his familiarity with their writings. The great Bertillon was also amazed, the King knew so much about his scientific achievements. His courage has been proved in every possible way, notably by his coolness when his life was attempted a year ago. He is an early riser, a hard worker, a great marksman, in fact the master of every sport and a model son and father. If he had not been born to the throne he would still have been a wonderful and exceptional man.

EL CONDE del VALLE de SALAZAR

"The Spanish monarchy has had many enemies for several years. There is a republican party which would like to overthrow the monarchy. Republicans are numerous but it would be untrue to say that they are strong. They are no longer what they used to be, the worst enemies of Spain. And they are not as numerous as they were. For some time ago the King invited the chiefs of the several republican groups to the palace. They were the most powerful and the most intellectual of the leaders. He talked with them, and they were astounded at his knowledge of their movement, as they well might be, for he is familiar with the politics of the world. But when they came to understand that the monarchy was favorably disposed toward all kinds of liberty, they turned round and supported the monarchy. Is that the sign of a decadent nation? It seems to me that instead of decaying Spain is enjoying increased vitality.

"Perhaps a person not very well acquainted with the life of Spain, spending only a few weeks in the country, makes mistakes and misrepresents conditions, not meaning to. A period of resurrection such as Spain is passing through produces many distinct ideas of political and national life. Some politicians are vigorously in favor of centralization; others are just as strongly attached to the policy of decentralization, believing in autonomy for provinces, municipalities and so on. A traveler going to Spain and finding many advocates of decentralization may think that decentralization means division, and from division may argue decay. But is the United States divided because the citizens of the various States love their own States best of all? or because those States are arrayed one against another in many matters?

"It is so easy for the traveler in any country to make mistakes. He may view the fields just after the seed has been planted or just after the crop has been harvested, and so get the notion that the land is poor and unproductive. Castile is the granary of Spain, but in winter you cannot tell whether Castile is fertile or not. Do you suppose that a traveler who saw only the wastes of Arizona, Nevada and Utah would say that the United States was a great and prosperous nation? It is so easy to be misled.

"The American Consul at Valencia has said that Valencia is the garden spot of the world, and it is true that its intensive cultivation is the most perfect in the world. But unfortunately Valencia is not on the tourist route. And what is true of Valencia applies also to Catalonia, the Asturias, Alicantara, all the littoral of Spain in fact. One does not get the impression of decay in these regions.

"Let me speak of Barcelona for I understand that it was one of the places of which Mr. Phelan spoke. It is a city of 700,000, and the Consul-General of Great Britain in a report published in 1912 said that it was the principal port of the Mediterranean, more important than Marseilles or Genoa. A great industrial city, its weavers took the first medal at the Chicago Exposition and one of its foundries alone employs six or seven thousand workingmen. Architecturally it is one of the most beautiful cities of the world. More than 6,000 steamers enter its harbor every year, and in the last eight years its trade has increased 300 per cent. The same conditions are de Salazar who sprang to the defense of his be-

(Continued on Page 13.)

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Discord

By George Sterling

Where needles of the pine were strewn,
  I lay one autumn night at ease,
And saw the slowly rising moon,
  A golden thistle thro the trees.

And there a stream departing broke
  The forest-silence grave and deep,
In murmurs like a wind that woke,
  Or children restless in their sleep.

The year's first sigh was on the air,
  And acquiescent to its grief,
My heart seemed sad enough to spare
  Regret for every fallen leaf.

Ah! soft my mood and meet for tears,
  As wanton Nature in her whim
Made Earth a sister to the spheres
  And garden of the seraphim.

And then, the soundless waft of wings!
  And on a barren branch above,
An owl, the gnome of feathered things,
  Broke at a glance my dream of love.

Poor thrush that sang as daylight fled!
  So songless now, so mutely meek!
Lo! the squat fury bent his head,
  And tore her breast with avid beak!

—Carmel, California.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Greater Servia

As a result of the Balkan wars Servia has almost doubled her territory. The hope of all Servians now is for peace and quiet in which to develop and assimilate the annexed country. Servians thinks that if Macedonia is left to them in undisputed possession it will become contentedly Servian in ten or fifteen years. The chief obstructors of the necessary quiet are Bulgarian bands of raiders. The Servian Government intends to treat them as brigands and execute them without trial wherever captured. New roads have been built and a network of railroads is projected. Servia's greatest menace is Austria-Hungary which has often put difficulties in Servia's way in the past, and seems inclined to continue and accentuate this policy.

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Boris' Conduct Vindicated

Writing in Munsey's Cunliffe Owen said of the Grand Duke Boris, first cousin of the Czar, that "during the war with Japan he distinguished himself only by misconduct so gross as to cause the Russian Generalissimo to threaten him with court-martial and to compel him to take his departure from the seat of war." Boris brought a libel action in London, and won it, Munsey's apologizing. Boris said he did not want to put money in his pocket, and was contented with costs. The testimony showed that he had won much credit in the war and had received a highly prized decoration for coolness and bravery. He returned to St. Petersburg only because he was ordered to carry the army's congratulations to the Czar on the birth of an heir to the throne.

English and American Newspapers

Mr. Page, the American Ambassador to London, proposes that English and American newspapers exchange editors just as European and American universities exchange lecturers. He thinks that this would do away with the misunderstandings that arise between the two countries, these being due, he says, solely to absolute ignorance. He suggests that American editors be lent to London papers for a year and vice versa. He thinks that this year when the countries celebrate one hundred years of peace would be a fitting time to begin. These suggestions were made at a dinner of the Institute of Journalists and were greeted with cheers.

Illegal Operations in France

A police inquiry into the death of a servant girl has led to the discovery in Paris of an agency for the performance of illegal operations. Letters and papers which have been seized show that the agency has had dealings with nearly fifteen thousand women, with whom it got into contact by means of advertisements in newspapers, chiefly fashion journals, and, through agents in provincial towns. Legislation to put a stop to such criminal practices has been under consideration for some time. There is a bill in the Senate regularizing lying-in hospitals and the profession of midwives. It proposes to make every kind of complicity in abortion a criminal offense, and includes measures for dealing with advertisements of drugs for such purposes. Statistics reveal the most alarming prevalence of these criminal practices in Paris.

Poems About San Francisco

CXXXI—SUNSET THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

By Robert Whitaker

(The following little poem is taken from the files of Sunset Magazine, a mine of wealth for the San Francisco anthologist. Robert Whitaker is a local man known to readers of our periodicals.)

God flings his furnace doors ajar,
  The red glow flashes forth,
And now, with yonder fog-wreathed bar
  Some Titan of the north
Stirs madly, till the gleaming mass
Throws out ten thousand jets of gas.

The cloud doors close, and from below
  Gushes the molten tide,
Over the sea its yellow glow
  Spreads swiftly far and wide,
And molds unnumbered hide away
The glory of departing day.

The Spectator

Hunkin of the Scotch Verdict

Dr. Samuel J. Hunkin is no longer the osteologist of the Children's Hospital. Dr. Hunkin is the man who was recently on trial before the County Medical Society. A very serious accusation had been made against Dr. Hunkin. It caused a tremendous sensation in the medical profession. A more serious charge could not be leveled against a physician. While the charge was in a measure supported by scientific evidence, there were some doctors who resolved the question at issue into a question of veracity between the accused physician and a young woman who had been his patient. Dr. Hunkin's friends in the society rallied to his support, and the result was that much bitter feeling was engendered. The committee that investigated the case reported in favor of the Scotch verdict "Not proved," and though a majority of the society voted for this verdict a numerically strong minority was in favor of finding Dr. Hunkin guilty. It was supposed that was the end of the matter, but now comes the news that Dr. James Watkins has been appointed to succeed Dr. Hunkin as osteologist of the Children's Hospital. So once more the case is being talked about. Physicians are saying that the women of the Children's Hospital do not believe in Scotch verdicts. The president of the Board of Directors is Mrs. John Merrill and Mrs. Dunbar is secretary. Whether the ladies conducted an investigation of their own I do not know, but it would seem that women are less lenient in such matters than men. Despite the equivocal verdict of the Medical Society Dr. Florence Ward barred Dr. Hunkin from her hospital. He had previously been barred by the St. Francis Hospital, and as he resigned from the faculty of the University Hospital rather than stand trial it would seem that Scotch verdicts are not of much importance.

Our Dull Doctors

The County Medical Society is a somewhat unsophisticated body. Not long ago the doctors listened to the politicians of the Workmen's Compensation Board who told them all about the law and made them think it was the finest thing that ever happened. Nobody had sense enough to ask them why they exempted farmers or why they showed their deference to the housewife vote by not including servants. The doctors were interested only insofar as the law affected the medical profession, but notwithstanding this interest they failed to see the joker. While they were applauding the plausible taxeaters the cow-county doctors of Marin, wiser than their urban brethren were getting together and shouting their heads off. The fact is of course that this compensation act in its consequences is disastrous alike to the medical profession and to the unfortunates who are injured, since it gives the insurance companies the right to fix the compensation and make mediocrity profitable. The doctors of Marin and other counties are laughing at the doctors of San Francisco.

The Clock-Winder Talks

The man who winds the ferry clock was seized with a grouch. That was evident as soon as he made his appearance in the rooms of the Harbor Commission, which, at the moment, were thronged with henchmen of the Administration. "What's all this talk about Eshleman?" he asked. Nobody spoke. It was apparent the clock-winder was looking for trouble. "Seems to me," he went on, "that before talking about running Eshleman for lieutenant-governor we ought to think of what it implies. The whole State has been told that we wanted Eshleman to strengthen the ticket. What does that mean? It means that we didn't believe what we said when we said that the whole State was clamoring for Johnson to stay where he is. Is the Governor as strong as we say he is? Then why call on Eshleman to resign the biggest job in the State and take a bum job like Wallace's? We must figure that the Governor has become pretty weak if he needs so great a sacrific on Eshleman's part. And surely if we are concerned about the interests of the people we are not anxious to rob the railroad commission of its president merely for political expediency." The clock-winder brought his fist down with a smashing thud on the nearest desk to emphasize his last remark. Nobody spoke. He went on. "And what about the Senatorship?" He paused for a reply. Silence. "Is it true that Jimmy Phelan has been doing politics in the Progressive party with a view to making a clear field for himself? I thought we were all for purity in politics." A thin small voice feebly observed "We are." The clock-winder glared in the direction whence the voice came. "Then what is this man Phelan with the money to burn doing to us? Is he employing nothing but the force of his personality? Say! it doesn't go with me. I'm for Samuel M. Shortridge for United States Senator. And I know a whole lot of Progressives who'll be the same way. Phelan!! The only man in the State that can strut sitting down, and with the Emperor Norton of California politics making his fight!"

"Who is the Emperor Norton of California politics," asked the thin small voice.

"That's what Gavin McNab calls Rudolph Spreckels," said the clock-winder.

Phelan's Choice for Governor

The clock-winder usually knows what's going on in politics, but he doesn't know everything. There is more secrecy in politics nowadays than there was when it was necessary for the boss to take all the district leaders into his confidence on the eve of a convention. All the intriguing is done now by a little group of political higher-ups and the leaks are few and far between. This little group holds tight the secret of the understanding that is said to exist between the State machine and the Phelan machine. But there has been a deal of surmising, and when, the other day, it was reported that Lorin Handley was Phelan's choice for Governor shrewd politicians remarked that their suspicions were receiving confirmation. Their guess is that in consideration of Johnson's withdrawal from the Senatorial fight the Democratic machine will put up an easy mark

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for Governor thus making it easy for Hiram. Now Lorin Handley would seem to fill the bill. Has anybody outside the domain of professional politics ever heard of Lorin Handley? He is a politician, a member of the Board of Public Works of Los Angeles. As a candidate for Governor he would stir up about as much enthusiasm as an I. W. W. at a Chamber of Commerce banquet. But Phelan wants him to run for Governor. Which shows how eager Jimmy is for the success of the Democratic party when he's running for the Senate.

What He Has Done

I heard a politician describe Lorin Handley as a little man with a very big voice, and as the remark seemed to argue some acquaintance with Phelan's candidate I asked for further information. I learned that Lorin is a young man who went to Southern California from the Hoosier Commonwealth of Indiana; that he taught first in the University of Southern California and afterwards in the public schools of the chemically pure metropolis. Later on he became Superintendent of the Los Angeles Schools. He was a Democratic candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction, but was beaten. Then he was a Democratic candidate for Congress and was beaten again. So if he is beaten for the governorship he should at least know by experience how to accept defeat in a graceful manner. He is a very serious young politician who affects a very serious frock coat and loves to orate, having been endowed by nature with a voice of great carrying power and a tongue that wags unwearyingly. It is thought that he could get a pretty good proportion of the middle-western vote which is large in Los Angeles.

No Opposition to Shortridge

Speaking about Shortridge, the indications are that he will have no opposition in the Republican party. There was some talk of Congressman Knowland's entering the race, but if he were to do so he would open a clear field for John Stetson in the Congressional race, and it is not to the interest of the party to increase the Progressive strength in Washington. This is probably the consideration that gave Knowland pause. I am told he has no intention of running for the Senate. Meanwhile Shortridge appears to be winning acceptance as the Republican candidate all over the State. Last week he was in Los Angeles where he was invited to address the men of the Realty Association, and they gave him a tremendous reception. The San Francisco attorney has been stumping the State for his party for a quarter of a century, and this is the first time he has been out for himself, a circumstance that apparently counts judging from the comments of the interior press.

Our Supreme Court on Conservation

The policy of federal conservation sometimes known as "Pinchotism" because Gifford Pinchot carried it to the greatest extreme, does not find favor with the Supreme Court of California. This is made known in a decision handed down on the twentieth of January, Justices Shaw, Lorigan and Melvin concurring in the opinion written by Justice Henshaw. The decision is one of the most important rendered in a long time, and is sure to have far-reaching consequences. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that it will result in the reference of the whole matter to the Supreme Court of the United States. Justice Henshaw does not mince words in dealing with the policy of federal conservation, and his findings place the Supreme Court on record as the champion of the policies for which men like Judge Short of Fresno and George X. Wendling of this city have been fighting for years. The decision was handed down in the case of the Deseret Water, Oil and Irrigation Company vs. the State of California.

Judge Henshaw's Language

"We desire to point out," writes Justice Henshaw, "that while the State of California was admitted as a sovereign State of the Union upon equal terms with all the other States, and while it has been judicially declared that an essential part of that equality is the disposition of the public lands within the State, to the end that the revenues by taxation therefrom and the control over them may be vested in the State, we have in California a withdrawal by the United States from sale and a placing in reserves of one-third of the area of the whole State—an area greater than the combined territory of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Maryland. Not this alone, but we have in these withdrawals a refusal upon the part of the United States to yield to the State of California control over its natural sources of wealth. Its forests, its mines, its oil bearing lands, its power sites and possibilities, have been withheld by the United States, which proposes to exercise over them, and is exercising over them, the 'municipal sovereignty' which the Supreme Court of the United States in Pollards Lessee vs. Hagan declared not to exist."

Not True Conservation

Justice Henshaw points out that if the original States, and particularly Virginia had dreamed of the possibility of what has happened in California, they would have refused to cede their lands. "It is indeed" he writes, "a departure from the accepted construction of these constitutional provisions to have it said that the United States may, as here, withdraw from State use one-third of the area of a sovereign State, forever deny to the State the sovereign power of taxation and control over these lands, and develop and exploit them under its own rules and regulations for the enrichment of its own territory." He points out that his words are not meant to convey a criticism of true conservation, but that this peculiar application of conservation

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principles represents "developments of governmental ideas not dreamed of at the time of the adoption of the Constitution." Finally there is this significant sentence: "In the State of California the cause of conservation would not suffer if intrusted to the State itself."

Department Law-making

In the case in question it had been urged that federal court decisions should be ignored and the rulings of the Interior Department followed instead. This does not impress the Supreme Court or Justice Henshaw. "It is a novel proposition," he writes, "to say that the ruling of an executive department should stand superior on the construction of a federal statute to the solemn adjudication of a court charged with the express duty of announcing the meaning of a statute in a litigated controvery over that meaning. It certainly requires no citation of authority to show that the construction as placed by a federal court upon a federal statute is superior to such a departmental ruling." This is indeed a plain-spoken flout at the theories which Pinchot, Garfield et al. not only espoused but put into execution at the expense of California and other western States.

Unconscious Cerebration

The tricks that memory play are nowhere so bewildering as in the realm of composition. In the world of imagination it is only the giants who write something new; and as the combinations of which ideas are susceptible know decided limitations, lesser men repeat what has been said before. Sometimes this leads to that strange phenomenon known as unconscious cerebration. The mind puts forth as its own that which really belongs to another; puts it forth confidently as its own, forgetting the source from which the ideas or words were originally obtained. An interesting instance of this has come to my attention. In a little volume of sweet verses, "From Taj-Mahal to the Golden Gate," the work of Eugenie H. Schroeder, a gifted woman, there is a poem entitled "Auld Lang Syne," a poem which was read at the breakfast of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Society of California Pioneers in April last year. Unconscious cerebration led Mrs Schroeder to appropriate quite a number of lines from Langdon Smith's "Evolution" when she wrote her poem.

Lines Reproduced

I suppose my readers are tolerably familiar with "Evolution." It enjoys a merited popularity. So they will recognize how curiously Mrs. Schroeder's mind worked when she set down as her own these lines:

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
  In the pre-historic time,
Our hearts were rife with the joy of life
  As we swam through the mud and the slime.
Without a mind we lived and loved,
  Until at last we died,
And 'neath the rocks of a river-bed
  We slumbered side by side.
* * * * *
So life by life, and love by love,
  Till cycles had come and gone—
* * * * *
  With a dim sweet dream of God.
* * * * *
Then as we linger at luncheon today
  O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
  Were a tad-pole and I a fish.

Mrs. Schroeder's volume is very interesting and there is much forceful, original verse in it.

Dr. Aked Forestalled

Doctor Aked led a cohort of uplifters to the police tribunal last week when Judge Deasy heard argument on the propriety of the film play "The Inside of the White Slave Traffic." Much to the puissant pulpiteer's chagrin Judge Deasy declined to hear any but counsel. But just the same Doctor Aked saw a chance to utter himself and seized upon it with avidity. While Attorney Tim Crowley was speaking for the Board of Censors he heard a sneering expression from Doctor Aked and protested to the court, calling Doctor Aked by name. Doctor Aked jumped up.

"Your honor," he cried, "I am not a member of the bar, but when I am attacked I surely have the right to reply."

Before Judge Deasy could interpose or Doctor Aked could continue Rabbi Nieto who had the seat next to Doctor Aked, arose.

"Your honor," said Rabbi Nieto, "I am responsible for this. It was not a sneer but a laugh Mr. Crowley heard. Doctor Aked was laughing at a facetious remark I made."

Doctor Aked sat down, not too well pleased that Rabbi Nieto had cheated him of a speech. But the question is, Did Rabbi Nieto flatter himself? May not Doctor Aked have sneered at his facetious remark?

A Millionaire Essayist

Herbert Edward Law the money-maker has turned his hand and brain to bookmaking, and his first achievement in this line is a notable one. He has given us a little volume of essays on subjects dearest to his heart, and it is of value because on these subjects he is an authority. Many writers have told us how to become wealthy, but lip-wisdom is all they gave us. They knew naught of the rules which experience suggests and which are much better than those that theorists elaborate in the library. The secret of success has been revealed so often between book covers that it has ceased to be a secret at all. But they that are most liberal with ideas as to how success may be achieved have traveled only the

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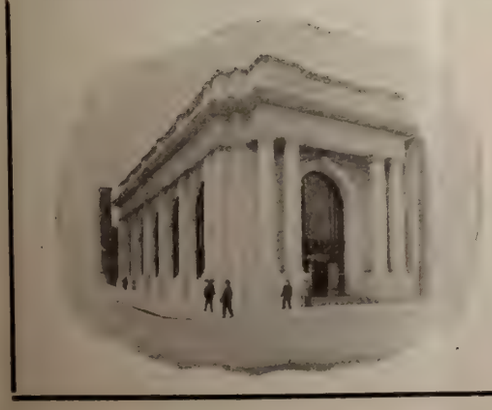

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first path to truth, which is adversity. Now Herbert Law is a man of wealth. He has traveled all paths, and it is evident from the essays in his book, "The Power of Mental Demand," that he has done a great deal of thinking along the highways and byways of life. According to his philosophy there is no formula of success, but there are certain faculties and powers that may be trained and developed without the exercise of which success is extremely difficult of attainment. Mr. Law has great faith in will power. He does not concur in the poet's dictum that it is not in mortals to command success. He tells us there is no limit to the power of achievement except that put upon it by desire. What we must be capable of to attain success is strong resolute determination and concentration. Conducive to success are favorable environment, enthusiasm, the right kind of associates. The millionaire author discusses the uses of wealth in an interesting way. He regards wealth as good only for the good it can effect. I judge from these essays that Mr. Law does not agree with those esthetic philosophers who tell us that wealth vulgarizes everything it touches; that real nobility is to be found in defeat; nor yet with the cynics who say that success is full of promise till men get it, and that then it is a last year's bird nest whence the bird has flown. I have read somewhere that the joyous time is just when the breeze first strikes your sails and you catch the first music of the waters under your bows. But Herbert Edward Law ought to know what he is talking about. His book is from the Paul Elder press.

Grant Carpenter's Success

Behold a playwright of San Francisco who is moving on New York by way of Philadelphia! Only a bold dramatist would do that, for Philadelphia is credited with more culture and therefore with a more keenly critical spirit than the metropolis which finds its pleasure on Broadway. That Grant Carpenter of this city possesses the courage of his compositions was proved when he submitted a one-act drama with a Chinese theme to the directors of Philadelphia's Little Theatre; and that his courage was justified became clear when the Little Theatre immediately accepted the drama and gave it the place of honor in the program, made it the "bill-topper" as the saying is. Carpenter's little drama is called "The Dragon's Claws" and it is a nerve-tensing bit of Chinese domestic life as lived in our own Chinatown with which Carpenter is more familiar perhaps than any other occidental in San Francisco. A wife's infidelity, a husband's discovery, a ruthless revenge conceived as only an oriental could conceive it—these are the elements of the play. It is a swift tragedy full of realism and color. The Smart Set is to publish it, and then some San Franciscans who know Chinatown may remember the tragedy of real life which suggested it. Meanwhile Philadelphia is delighted, and the Ledger reflects the general attitude of critics and public when it says that Carpenter's work is "a highly concentrated drama packed with tenseness from curtain to curtain" and that it is so big that it really "needs a theatre more fitted to its size."

The Almighty and Ned Hamilton

Ned Hamilton of the Examiner returned to San Francisco last Friday after a lengthy visit in Washington and New York as the guest of William R. Hearst. He was unaffectedly glad to be back and was at no pains to conceal his delight. James K. Armsby promptly gave an informal dinner in his honor at the Family Club, and Ned expatiated in his most eloquent style on the superiority of San Francisco over every other spot on the globe. He was telling Armsby, Harry Hornberger, Ellis Parrish, Howard Brickell, Clarence Ward and the others who attended the dinner how good it was to be welcomed warmly after a sojourn in the East when a slight earthquake shock was felt. Ned promptly arose from the table, raised his eyes and his hands to heaven and said: "You too I thank for his reception, O God!"

HERBERT E. LAW

Author of "The Power of Mental Demand and Other Essays," just published by Paul Elder.

Honor for Robertson and Redding

Alexander M. Robertson and Joseph D. Redding have just been made honorary life members of the Bohemian Club. This is a distinguished honor which the Bohemian Club is chary of conferring. Only those are eligible to receive it who have been members for ten years at least and have rendered distinguished services to the club. It was peculiarly fitting that Aleck Robertson should be honored in this way for nobody has done more than he to make the works of the most distinguished Bohemians known to the world. It was he who published the poems of Daniel O'Connell and Louis Robertson, to name only two of Bohemia's departed singers; and he is George Sterling's publisher as well. Redding is honored for his musical and literary compositions. There are only a handful of honorary life members, the list including Willard Barton, Hugh Burke, Charlie Dickman, Clay Greene, Barbour Lathrop, Humphrey Stewart, Ned Townsend, Frank Unger, Raphael Weill, Theodore Wores, Charlie Yale and Fred Yates.

Ambrose Bierce Disgusted

Ambrose Bierce has a good deal of that "saeva indignatio" which belonged to Dean Swift. His breast is torn with a fierce indignation as he contemplates the folly of the polloi. Bierce recently celebrated his seventy-first birthday, and for a holiday made a tour of the Southern battlefields where he fought with such distinction during the Civil War. The last time I heard of him he was in Texas, and the news was that he contemplated a trip to South America for the purpose of crossing the Andes. He loves mountains. I heard him quoted as saying that he wasn't particular when he returned to the United States as Prohibition and Woman's Suffrage were ruining the country.

Uncle Bill Disappointed

They are showing moving pictures of local interest at Pantages these weeks. In last week's group was a picture of "Uncle Bill" Naughton, the dean of our sporting writers, hard at work in the Examiner office grinding out copy. The exhibition of the well known phiz of the author of "Kings of the Queensbury Realm" was good for a round of applause at every performance. All "Uncle Bill's" friends told him about the picture, so one night he went to Pantages, secured an inconspicuous seat at the end of the playhouse and sat him down to see for himself. But alas! they had to cut out some of the pictures that night to save time, and "Uncle Bill's" was among those omitted. He admits that he was just a little bit disappointed. The opportunity to see himself as others saw him was lost, it may be for years and it may be forever!

A Financier Discusses Currency Legislation

What the attitude of the New York banking interests is likely to be with respect to the recently enacted currency legislation is outlined in a letter which Mr. W. H. Crocker received the other day from Mr. A. H. Wiggin, president of the Chase National Bank, one of the largest of the financial institutions of New York. Mr. Wiggin says, in part:

"The Currency Bill is a law and we feel that it has been made a law by the Government and that it is a patriotic duty to give it a trial and do the best we can to help it prove a success, in the hope that any defect which practical operation may develop will be changed by Congress.

"One of the main purposes of the act is to decentralize money and get it out of the present money centers and diffuse it by means of the reserve banks throughout the country; to what extent the act will prove successful in this respect I do not know. I doubt if there is very much change in the location of the volume of money. What is now in the banks of New York, for instance, may get to the regional reserve banks to be located in New York; and it is possible that considerable money may come into the reserve bank from the country; so it is fair to presume that about as much money will be in New York in the future as has been in the past.

"If the bill works out as I hope it will, not so much of this money will be available for dealing in securities, but it would be a long, wide guess to undertake to say what effect it will have upon the value of listed securities.

"Fundamental conditions in this country are good and ninety-five millions of people have to

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live and consume; and the volume of business will be fairly good throughout the year. But until the policy of the Government in relation to our large corporations, both transportation and industrial, is settled and it becomes known what they may depend upon, we do not look for any expansion of business. In fact, a year of liquidation and waiting in which the wealth that comes out of the ground annually will help the community to absorb the oversupply of securities already in existence, may prove a good thing in the end."

Perfume at Tavern

The management of Techau Tavern announces that a large shipment of La Lilas perfume from the laboratories of V. Rigaud of Paris, the makers of Parfum Mary Garden, is on its way from the East and will be presented from time to time to the ladies who attend the cafe on Saturday afternoons. While these souvenirs are much appreciated by the ladies the excellent music, delicious menu and perfect service are in themselves a combined attraction which never fails to keep the patronage of the Tavern up to the full capacity of the cafe.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

which has increased in thirty years from 30,000 to 100,000 inhabitants. Do these things suggest decadence?

"In the year 1912 there were in Spain 646,787 births and 456,127 deaths, or 190,660 more births than deaths. Do you think a decaying people could make such a showing as that?

"The Director of the Royal Armory at Madrid has made the statement that none of the medieval armor in that collection could be worn by a modern Spaniard of middle height. That armor fits only the smallest men in the army of Spain today. Is increase in stature a sign of decadence?

"Look to South America. The wealthiest and most prominent men are Spaniards. Look to Panama. The American canal builders tried workingmen of many nationalities, only to find that the best worker, the worker of greatest endurance was the Spaniard, and there are many thousands of Spaniards working there today. Look to the port of San Francisco. The best marine firemen are Spaniards. No nation in the world has better, stronger or more sober marine firemen. The sheepherders throughout the West are principally Spaniards. When Spanish immigration to California began about 1907 we thought we should have a difficult problem, for the immigrants came here after trying other States less favored and they were destitute. But there is no problem today. They are all prosperous, forming in various parts of the State hard-working colonies of farm workers.

"But let us go back to Spain. In 1912 she had 20,000 vessels engaged in international commerce with a tonnage of 23,500,000. Her exports are $260,000,000 a year and her imports about $18,000,000 less. Her exports to the United States are $22,000,000 a year. In six years her trade has improved about 70 or 80 millions.

"She is rebuilding her navy. There remain about fifty-six units of the old army, none of them very important. She has built three 18,000 ton battleships and many smaller vessels. There are now being built for $40,000,000 three 20,000 ton battleships, two vessels of 5,000 tons, six destroyers of 1000 tons each, six submarines, six torpedo boats and four gunboats. A shipping yard costing many millions has been opened at Bilbao for the merchant marine.

"Let us turn to literature. Among the novelists there is Galdos compared with Tolstoi for his philosophical novels, a candidate for the last Nobel prize; Ybanez compared with Zola for his realism; and Palacio Valdez, famous for his style and his lofty moral tone. There are many others, but these are the greatest and they are conceded to be as great as the best of other nations.

"In criticism there is Menendez Pelayo who died recently, ranked with the greatest of critics. He was a scholar of universal knowledge; his critical history of Spain and his work on esthetics in many volumes are monuments of sound erudition and taste.

"Among the dramatists the novelist Galdos stands out, and the clever Benavente and many others. Then there is Jose Echegeray whom I mention among the dramatists, but who is many other things besides. He was a professor of civil engineering and one of the great mathematicians of the world before he turned playwright at forty-eight. His plays won him the Nobel prize eight years ago. A great economist, he introduced Free Trade in Spain, reorganized the Customs service and became a Minister of the Crown. At seventy-four he gave up the chair of physics in the University of Madrid to become Minister of Finance. He is now eighty-four and still active. Does a decadent nation produce such men?

ETHEL CLAYTON
In "The Lion and the Mouse" at the Tivoli.

"In painting this is a day of glorious achievement for Spain. I may mention Villegas, for one of whose pictures the late Mr. Morgan paid $40,000 and who is the director of the Prado; Sorolla, Zuloaga, Chichallo, Mezquita, Bilbao, and there are many others.

"In sculpture there are Benlliure who has Madrid for his statute, as the saying is; Querol and Blay.

"In medicine Spain has Ramon Y. Cajal, a great physiologist who discovered cells in the brain not known before and who has at Madrid an institute like Pasteur's supported by the government; Castro who performed one of the first successful operations for aneurism; and San Martine who engaged the attention of the medical world when he removed a piece of glass from the heart of a child. Then there is Carracido, the biologist; Casares, the chemist; Cabrera, the physicist.

"But it takes time for the visitor to learn of the conditions and of the great men in Spain. The man who stays for a short time cannot get a real idea of the place he is visiting. So we need not be surprised when wrong judgments are made, as in the present case. But any way, if we were to believe all the opinions so freely uttered not only about the life of nations but on other subjects, life would not be worth living. And yet I cannot understand why such statements are made. On what authority are they made? Is the opinion of an individual, a Spaniard or a foreigner, to be taken as the general opinion? If so, there is nothing to be said. And as for Professor Moses who told Mr. Phelan about Spain, this is the first knowledge I have had of him. I never heard of the gentleman before."

Oh Squash!

"Now, between you and me, darling," he began as he sat with his arm enfolding her waist.

"George," she interrupted, "I wish that you would be a little more precise in your words. How can there be anything between you and me? There isn't room."

And immediately she disproved her own statement by snuggling up still closer.

"Will nothing induce you to cease your attentions to me?"

"Perhaps. Suppose we try matrimony?"

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Phelan's Saratoga Home

Society is on tiptoe of expectancy since it heard the news from Saratoga; not the Saratoga of the East but the little upland place down in the Santa Clara Valley. There Mr. James D. Phelan has just built a beautiful home. It is of the Moorish style of architecture, and it cost a lot of money, and it is an ideal home for a cultured gentleman with a feeling for the beauties of nature. But Society which is always dull of apprehension and prosaic in its conjectures, associates the idea of a home with the idea of a family, and putting two and two together concludes that our middle-aged, foremost bachelor has at last soused himself in the romance of existence. How Mr. Phelan would smile (he never laughs outright) if he were to hear the amiable speculations of his friends! Some of them have him actually engaged. It is said he lost his heart to a pretty Senorita, daughter of a Don, in his ramblings through Spain. Some of his political friends, too, regard the Saratoga mansion as significant. Their idea is that he is to become utterly domesticated, a family man and every inch a husband, and then take to the bema and sound bugle calls to the fireside and exhort us to rally round the home, the palladium of American virtue. So often has Dame Rumor done Mr. Phelan the injustice of rendering him thrall to Cupid that I cannot take seriously the talk of a romance. My idea of the Saratoga home is that it is merely a characteristic expression of the property instinct.

To Hunt in Alaska

Some time ago I told of the plans "Bud" Havens and Fred Burnham were making for a hunting trip in equatorial Africa. They were to take their wives along, and the adventures of the expedition were to be recorded by moving picture men. For various reasons this trip has been abandoned. But there is to be a big hunt just the same. In the summer Mr. and Mrs. Havens and Mr. and Mrs. Burnham will go after big game in Alaska. They will start from Wrangel and will "pack" into the interior, covering about two hundred miles before they return to their base. It will be "hard going" over the tundra, but the young wives of the two sportsmen look forward to the trip with the keenest anticipations of pleasure. "Bud" Havens has hunted in Alaska before, and the Burnhams know the country; but this will be beautiful Mrs. Havens' first trip for big game. The brown bears of Alaska are the largest in the world, and the huntsmen and huntswomen expect to kill some of them in addition to deer and wild sheep. Then there are ptarmigans, grouse and other game birds. Mrs. Havens hopes to get enough of the highly prized black chipmunk to make a coat. By the way, Fred Burnham was recently sworn in as a deputy sheriff of Contra Costa County, so I suppose he will have to get Sheriff Veale's permission before he makes the trip. It seems quite likely that Veale will allow him to go.

Elsie Arden's Debut

Another San Francisco girl has made her European debut on the operatic stage, and the indications are that she has a splendid career ahead of her. I refer to Mrs. John C. Brickell, the wife of a well known member of an old San Francisco family. Under her maiden name of Elsie Arden Mrs. Brickell made her first appearance on the fifth of January, singing the important role of Tavena, the fortune teller, in Gounod's "Mirella" in the city of Auxerre near Paris. The reports of the debut which have reached this city are very complimentary. They give the San Francisco singer credit for an unusually fine voice and for a great deal of histrionic ability. That Mrs. Brickell had superior vocal equipment was well known in this city long before she went abroad to study for the stage. Elsie Arden was the contralto at the First Congregational Church and was recognized as one of the most gifted young singers we had. She went to Paris to study two years ago and has been there ever since, diligently preparing for a career under von Steege, a teacher of high repute. By the way, Noel Sullivan, the son of Frank J. Sullivan, has been studying with von Steege for the past year. Mrs. Brickell will be heard in "Faust" on the sixth of this month, in "Lakme" on the seventh, and in "Samson and Delilah" on the seventh of March. Her friends here are eager to hear that she has acquitted herself with distinction in these operas, and judging from the glowing reports concerning her debut they will not be disappointed.

MISS ELIZABETH VALENTINE
Who is scoring a big hit as Katherine de Vaucelles in "If I Were King."

Mrs. Bowen's Will

There has been a lot of interested comment over the will of the late Mrs. Bowen who left friendly little bequests of a thousand dollars or so to at least a dozen well known maids and matrons. Since the death of her daughter Mary who was a brilliant girl of great charm, Mrs. Bowen has been seen but little in society, but she kept in touch with her set and some of Mary Bowen's girlhood friends are remembered in the will. Miss Marian Ransome of Piedmont who was her class-mate at Vassar receives a souvenir of $1000. Miss Elizabeth Ashe who was a close friend of Mary Bowen's, Miss Beth Livermore and Miss Eleanor Davidson, daughter of the late Professor George Davidson, who was another close friend, are down for a thousand apiece. One of the happy beneficiaries is Mrs. Horace Wilson who is now abroad. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Bowen have both been actively interested in affairs of the Century Club for many years. One of the odd bequests in the will is to the Browing section of the Century Club of which Mrs. Bowen was an enthusiastic member.

The Hooper Heirlooms

While the Arthur Hoopers are honeymooning down the peninsula their new home is being made ready for their return. Arthur has taken an attractive flat at Fillmore and Broadway and Hooper pere has furnished it as his wedding gift to the bride and groom. There is some rare old mahogany in the furnishings that has been in the Hooper family for generations. The Hoopers are an old colonial family of New England and each of the children to marry has received a share of the heirlooms. The Arthur Footes came down from Grass Valley for the wedding and were held in town for several days by the storms in the Sierra. Mrs. Foote who was Jeanette Hooper, wore her own wedding gown at her brother's marriage to popular "Joe" Hannigan.

The St. Valentine's Ball

If our boasted Bohemianism is still a reality and not merely a memory of the past, the big charity ball to be given on St. Valentine's Night, Saturday, February 14, will witness such a crush of merrymakers from all the dancing sets of the city and peninsula as we have not known for many a long year. For the purpose of brightening the lives of the youngsters in all the orphan asylums, day homes and other institutions of the city, that unique organization of good fellows known as the Indoor Yacht Club plans a fancy dress party with vaudeville and cabaret features which nobody who is anybody will care to miss. One of the big rinks will be the scene of merriment which will be one long mad whirl of danc-

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ing interrupted from time to time by ballets, singing and tango exhibitions by artists of fame and society couples who have never heretofore been seen outside the tea dances. The committee in charge, James Woods, John Tait, Matthew A. Harris and L. J. Scoofey, has enlisted the help of one hundred and fifty prominent men in all walks of life, and the plans are being perfected in a certain atmosphere of secrecy which is exciting a great deal of curiosity. There is no doubt that the members of our ultra sets intend to mingle democratically that night with revelers who scorn social distinctions but are extremely critical in the matter of a good time. The proceeds will be devoted to a monster fete on the ocean beach at which the dependent kiddies will be given the time of their lives.

The Mardi Gras Ball

The Auxiliary of the Children's Hospital will give their annual Mardi Gras Ball at the Palace Tuesday evening, February 24. Tickets exclusive of supper will be $5.00, and may be purchased from the following: Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Follis, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mrs. Harry Poett, Miss Emily Carolan, Mrs. D. Boardman, Mrs. H. P. Ames, Mrs. H. Pillsbury, Mrs. Geo. Cameron, Mrs. Fred Kimble, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Henry Kiersted, Mrs. Harry Bates, Mrs. N. K. Davis, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. L. I. Scott, Miss M. Houghton, Mrs. H. F. Dutton. Boxes may be reserved by applying to Mrs. Geo. Cameron or Mrs. Walter Martin. Among those who have already secured them are: Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mrs. Walter Seymour, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. Geo. Newhall, Mrs. Walter, Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mrs. Hotaling, Mrs. C. T. Crocker, Mr. F. C. Talbot, Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Mrs. John Drum, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mrs. Frank Carolan, Mrs. Heller, Mrs. A. Stone, Mrs. Wm. Sproule. There will be two bands. Mr. J. D. Redding is planning a surprise pageant which should be most amusing.

A Beringer Concert

Members of the Beringer Musical Club gave a Piano and Vocal Recital at the Old People's Home last week, entertaining a large and appreciative audience with the following program: Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffmann," Offenbach, Miss Genevieve Holmberg; Kamennoi Ostrow, Rubinstein, Miss Loie Munsil; "An Open Secret," Woodman, Miss Myrtle Dow; Rhapsodic Hongroise No. 2, Liszt, Miss Zdenka Buben; "Il Bacio," Arditi, Miss Maya C. Hummel; "Laughing Song" from "Manon," Auber, Miss Arena Toriggino.

At the Cecil

Miss Cecelia and Miss Cornelia O'Connor have returned from the South and are established in apartments. Chaplain J. F. Fleming, U. S. S. California, and Mrs. Fleming have taken apartments. Mrs. Fleming will remain indefinitely. Mr. and Mrs. Z. M. Davis of Tacoma and W. Fabian of Chicago were among the week's arrivals. Mrs. J. P. Sargent and Miss Agnes Sargent whose home at Sargent's is one of the most hospitable in the State are spending a month. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hazzard of San Diego, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eldridge of Salem, Oregon, and Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Fairchild of Sacramento were among the week's guests.

Notes from Coronado

Successful beyond all expectation was the Turkish Ball. The orchestra and all attendants were in costume. The harem tango danced by Miss Cornelia Strobhar and Clyde Leslie opened the ball and was followed by the Argentine tango danced by sixteen of the younger set in brilliant costumes. The grills, private ball-room and Casino were crowded with supper parties. Among the San Franciscans were Benjamin P. Upham, Mrs. C. S. Young, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Bliss Jr., Captain Harry Howland, U. S. A., George Steele Jr., U. S. N., Captain N. A. McCully, J. F. McDevitt and Reed Dilworth. J. D. Spreckels returned to Coronado on the "Venetia" with W. D. K. Gibson, Miss Grace Gibson, Mr. F. W. Kellogg, Miss Kellogg and her brother and James Reed.

Pacific Grove Notes

Captain Alfred T. Smith of the Twelfth Infantry, Presidio of San Francisco, visited his mother and sister who have been at the Pacific Grove Hotel for some time. Other arrivals from the Bay Cities during the week were: J. T. Thorn, T. J. DeGraff, G. M. Bishop, H. A. Storrs, F. Lorigohn, San Francisco; Mrs. E. L. Parsons, Miss Helen Parsons and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Haney, Berkeley. Mr. Geo. Pratt and wife of San Jose have decided to take a cottage. They are golf enthusiasts. Mrs. Ward Wisecarver and Mrs. Pratt Sitton of McMinneville, Oregon, are registered for an indefinite stay.

Surprises at Tait's

Those who have followed the various announcements of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe during the last six months—or better still, those who have patronized the establishment—are well acquainted with the variety and novelty of the "surprises" in the way of amusement by which it has gained popular favor. But novel and appealing as the past "surprises" have been they pale in comparison with what is coming next week. The management is very secretive as to what will happen but issues an emphatic prophecy that patrons will be pleased to a superlative degree. Here's hoping that visitors to the cafe will get all the novel enjoyment promised them.

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Child Prodigy

I went to the seventh symphony with the expectation of being bored to distraction, for an infant prodigy was going to perform. Why, I asked, does Mr. Hadley allow his music committee to persuade him to have these amateurs? He excused his complaisance on previous occasions, pleading "lack of funds." But I thought, Why has he a nice vertical back-bone and that obstinate chin, if he doesn't justify them? also, Can it be that if I knew more about the physical characteristics of moral traits I could see some striking manifestations of "very easily persuaded"? But after Corinne Frada played Mendelssohn's Concerto, there was nothing more to be thought. In her Mr. Hadley had chosen an artist—a juvenile prodigy if you will—but verily an artist and one able to win the respect and admiration of any audience of real musicians. Almost any person of normal intelligence can be machined into a mediocre, serviceable executant on almost any instrument. Precocious children can be brought to an early proficiency in music, just as they can be taught acrobatic feats. All that is required is the premature development or maturing of faculties which subsequently suffer deterioration. Miss Frada stands absolutely outside of this category. She has inspiration. In manner and appearance Miss Frada is sweet, modest and girlish. She plays with authority that comes of self-confidence born of knowledge of her own powers. Her technique is wonderful, but the amazing thing about her playing is the expression. Her cumulative effects are achieved without any sign of haste or excitement, and her phrasing shows the gift of musical insight. I noticed in retardando passages a breadth of control that was marvelous in one so young. The child has the magnetism that anyone needs to appear before an intelligent audience. She has it in a degree which great artists must have. Mr. Hadley was very welcome when he came out with her to acknowledge the applause. He looked as he should have, proud to have presented one with such musicianly skill. If hitherto I have stood alone in protesting against the introduction of amateurs and novices at Symphony concerts, I am now willing to stand alone in approving of the choice of Corinne Frada. There was more than Miss Frada to be enthusiastic about at the last concert. There was Mr. Hadley's poetic reading of the exhilarating Debussy. He achieved that exquisite shading which is no easy thing in any composition of Debussy. There was also the playing of the Chadwick "Jubilee." It was done in an inspirational manner.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Sothern and Miss Valentine

Surveying the audience at the Cort Tuesday night I saw on all sides of me men and women who, I should be prepared to wager, had not been in any playhouse more than a dozen times since that memorable week in the long ago when Sothern and "Cissy" Loftus played "If I Were King" at the old Columbia and took the town by storm. They came to renew acquaintance with a beloved romance. They approached the play, I suppose, as they would reread "Quentin Durward," a little doubtful about its power still to charm and delighted to find that the good old thrill was awakened in the good old way. This is no mean compliment to Justin Huntley McCarthy, and it is a great compliment also to Sothern. Perhaps some hesitated to go again because "Cissy" Loftus was no longer playing Katherine de Vaucelles. Their fears were quickly set at rest. Miss Elizabeth Valentine plays Katherine now, and plays her so well that one might imagine the part had been written for her. I understand that is the way she plays all her parts, including the exacting Shakespearian roles which have been thrust upon her by the unexpected withdrawal of Miss Marlowe. Miss Valentine is an accomplished actress. To begin with she has unusual beauty. She is so fair that no compliment paid her by her poet-lover has any

WILLA HOLT WAKEFIELD
Who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

accent of exaggeration. She has poise too, as befits one who portrays the high-born mistress of manors and castles. There is dignity in every movement, inborn grace in her carriage and nobility in the poise of her head. Miss Valentine's voice is an exquisite instrument carefully tuned to the music of the beautiful lines she utters, and she plays on it so dexterously that emotion obeys her will. There is tenderness in her love-making, high scorn in her indignation and overwhelming passion in her final surrender. Miss Valentine is a young actress to watch, for she will do big things. She is a worthy leading woman for Sothern and she revitalizes for the most exacting the favorite role of "If I Were King."

—Edward F. O'Day.

Tuneful "Adele"

Very appealing in itself "Adele" has additional importance if by any chance it indicates the trend of our light musical entertainment. Here is a musical piece with real music in it, with a real plot and with the chorus reduced to minimum dimensions. In other words it is a piece to be enjoyed for its singing and acting values; not for its leg or lingerie revelations. There is just the faintest hint of riskiness in the plot, but not enough to make a bud hesitate to take her mother to see it. The light Gallic touch is felt throughout in the dialogue as well as the music. Yes, in the dialogue. Astounding as it may seem, the lines of "Adele" are well worth listening to. If we are to have more pieces like this, then one may attend a musical entertainment without risking an attack of melancholia, a complaint spread far and wide among habitual theatregoers by the musical entertainments of recent seasons. And "Adele" is happy in its cast. Carolyn Thomson who plays the leading part is attractive and can act and sing very well indeed. John Park is a good actor with a very pleasing voice. There are two comedians who deserve credit for struggling manfully with inferior parts. One regrets that the librettist of "Adele" had not humor as well as wit. But we cannot ask too much. We should be very grateful for "Adele" as it stands.

—E. F. O'D.

Pavlowa's Farewell

Pavlowa whose engagement at the Valencia proved one of the greatest successes in the history of this city, will return with her great organization by special train from Los Angeles and give two special farewell performances at the Valencia this Sunday afternoon and night. The matinee will commence at 3:15 p. m. Pavlowa and Novikoff will be seen in "Giselle" and a series of divertisements including the "Bacchanale" and "The Swan." In the evening at 8:30 the program will include "Les Preludes," the gorgeous "Orientale" and eight of the most popular special dances. The tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday the box office will be open at the theatre after ten o'clock. In Oakland Pavlowa and her company will appear Monday night at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Manager Bishop laying off his stock company for the event. The program will include "Orientale," "Les Preludes" and a group of divertisements. For this event tickets are obtainable at the box office of Ye Liberty only.

Butt and Rumford

This Saturday afternoon at Scottish Rite Clara Butt, contralto and Kennerley Rumford, baritone, will give a beautiful program. These artists are equally at home in the operatic repertoire and the songs of Germany, France, Italy, Ireland, etc., and more varied and beautiful programs have never been offered our music lovers. Mme. Butt will sing the Arias from Verdi's "Don Carlos" and Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" and songs by Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy, Stanford, Loughborough, etc. Mr. Rumford's numbers will include "Figaro's Song" from "The Barber of Seville," gems by Brahms, Franz, Davies and some old Irish and Hungarian folk melodies. For the final number the artists will give the exquisite old duo "Au Clair de la Lune" by Boildieu. Tickets may be secured at the hall on Saturday. After a short visit to the Southland these artists will return for a few more concerts including one in Oakland at Ye Liberty on Friday afternoon, February 13.

Josef Hofmann

Josef Hofmann, whom many consider the most important of the pianists now before the public and whose genius has been acknowledged ever

since he was a mere child of six, will give two concerts at the Columbia, the dates being this Sunday afternoon, February 1, and Sunday afternoon, February 8. Hofmann is one of the most popular of all the artists who visit this city and his return will be welcomed by a host of friends and admirers. This pianist is one of the very few whose playing interests the mere casual music lover as well as the enthusiast and the professional. He plays with a charm that wins his audience from the very start and like his colleague and friend Paderewski, he has a strong hold on the entire public. At his first concert this Sunday afternoon he will play a truly great program including Sonatas by Beethoven and Chopin, standard numbers by Chopin, Beethoven and other masters and some novelties by Debussy, Dvorsky and Rachmaninoff. At his second concert he will play a group of Schumann gems, seven Chopin masterpieces and the one and only "Sonata" by Franz Liszt, a work of such prodigious difficulty that few artists attempt it in public. The sale of seats is now in progress at the usual music stores and on Sunday the box office will be open at the Columbia. Hofmann will not play in Oakland this season.

John McCormack

The visits of great tenors in concert are very rare, in fact Bonci and McCormack are the only two world famous artists of this voice who have visited us in this kind of work which is far more interesting than the usual operatic opportunities for such artists. To hear a voice like John McCormack's in operatic selections, German, French, Italian, English and Irish songs all on one afternoon, is a treat worth going miles to hear. McCormack is now recognized as the greatest of the lyric tenors and in the roles suited to this character of voice he is fully as distinguished as is Caruso in the dramatic roles. The young Irishman is barely thirty years of age and his voice still possesses that first bloom of youth and will continue to grow more round and beautiful for some years to come. It is not often that we, out here, get the opportunity of hearing a tenor voice like this, still in the very height of its beauty. The John McCormack concerts will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, February 15, Tuesday night, February 17, and at a special farewell on Washington's Birthday. On Thursday night, February 19, McCormack will sing in Oakland. It is worth the price of a ticket to hear him sing "I Hear You Calling Me" and "Mother Machree."

Bruin at the Empress

Next week a bear will be the headline attraction at the Empress. "Big Jim" is a jolly old bruin and a dancer too, doing the tango, the turkey trot and the hesitation waltz. Maurice Freeman and company bring an Italian playlet "Tony and the Stork." Frostick, Hume and Thomas present a rollicking skit of songs and humor. Chas. C. Drew and Company have song and patter. Williams and Warner have a number of queer musical instruments. The Broadway Burlesque girls, a company of ten imported from the New York Hippodrome, should prove a hit. Other attractions and motion pictures round out a good show.

"Adele" Another Week

Business at the Columbia has been more than gratifying, and it will not be surprising to find during the second week of the engagement of "Adele" which begins with Sunday night's performance, that the seating capacity of the playhouse will be unable to accommodate the demand. The augmented orchestra gives splendid rendition of the tuneful score. Matinees during the engagement of "Adele" are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Mack in "Arrah-Na-Pogue"

The third offering of Andrew Mack's repertoire, the most famous of all the Irish plays, "Arrah-Na-Pogue" by Dion Boucicault, will be seen at the Alcazar next week. It has not been seen here for some years, and Mack has never appeared in it locally. The Celtic star has scored one of the triumphs of his career in the role of Shaun the Post, a Wicklow jaunting car driver, one of the best comedy and dramatic parts ever written in an Irish play. It affords him no end of opportunities for his irresistible Celtic wit and humor and his undeniable ability as an actor of rare dramatic force. He sings four of his own compositions besides his own arrangement of "The Wearing of the Green" with a chorus of specially selected singers. The members of Mack's own company and the Alcazar players will have splendid opportunities to shine and pretty little Louise Hamilton will have one of the best roles of her career. A splendid scenic production will be made, Stage Director Butler promising more elaborate settings than ever before attempted at the Alcazar.

Mrs. Timmons at Kohler and Chase's

The soloist at this Saturday's Kohler and Chase Matinee of Music will be Mrs. Olive Timmons, operatic mezzo contralto. Mrs. Timmons is an experienced artist with a voice of excellent compass and fine flexible quality. She is equally at home in interpretation and phrasing. There will be the usual instrumental selections interpreted on the Knabe Player Piano and Pipe Organ.

"The Lion and the Mouse" Continues

"The Lion and the Mouse," the filmatization of Charles Klein's powerful play, has made such a hit at the Tivoli and so many San Franciscans have been unable to see it that the management has wisely decided to continue it for another week commencing Sunday. When "The Lion and the Mouse" was first produced in this city just before the fire it created a sensation which has been repeated every time the remarkable drama of high finance has been given here since, and it is agreed by all who have witnessed it that the photo-drama at the Tivoli is of greater interest than the stage presentation. The cast is made up of sterling players selected by Klein himself. A new Keystone comedy will lend variety to the bill and the big Tivoli orchestra will furnish delightful music as usual.

Chicago Grand Opera Season

Max Hirsch, the representative of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, paid a flying visit to the city this week to make the preliminary arrangements for a season of grand opera at the Tivoli for two weeks beginning Monday, March 16. The organization is just completing the most successful season that it ever had in Chicago, ten

POLLARD OPERA CO.
Appearing at Pantages next week.

weeks in all, goes to Philadelphia for four weeks and then jumps across the continent, playing only Cleveland, Dallas and Los Angeles en route. The company, under the managerial and musical direction of Cleofante Campanini, numbers over three hundred people, including forty principals, a chorus of sixty, orchestra of sixty-eight and a big ballet. Great interest centers in the first appearance here of Titta Ruffo, the world's greatest baritone and foremost singer who will sing the title role in the opening opera "Rigoletto." The repertoire: March 16, "Rigoletto"; March 17, "Aida"; Wednesday afternoon, March 18, "La Boheme"; Wednesday night, "Louise"; March 19, "Herodiade"; March 20, "Thais"; Saturday afternoon, March 21, "Cavallerria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci"; Saturday night, "The Jewels of the Madonna"; Sunday, March 22, "Parsifal"; March 23, "La Tosca"; March 24, "Lohengrin"; March

JOSEF HOFMANN
World famous pianist, who gives two recitals at the Columbia Sunday afternoon, February 1 and Sunday afternoon, February 8.

25, "The Barber of Seville"; March 26, "Manon"; March 27, "Don Giovanni"; Saturday afternoon, March 28, "Madam Butterfly"; Saturday night, gala performance. Reserved season seats will range from five dollars to two, and the sale will begin at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Tuesday morning, February 10. Seats for single performance will range from six dollars downward and will be placed on sale a week before the first opera.

The Pollards at Pantages

The Pollard Opera Company which made its first appearance in San Francisco about twelve years ago at the old Tivoli, will head the Pantages bill next week. The principal comedian is little Teddy McNamara who has been doing eccentric parts since he was five years old. He is a great local favorite. Queenie Williams, the diminutive comedienne, is a co-star with McNamara and hums with originality. There are twenty-one in the cast, and their offering will be "A Millionaire For a Day." Gertrude Dean Forbes, familiar to all followers of the "movies," is the added feature. She will present a sparkling playlet, "A Wild Rose." The local special attraction will be the newest and latest New York craze, "The Music Publishers Contest." Twelve music houses have entered for the valuable trophy to be awarded the winner. Roche and Crawford are rollicking funsters. "A Lesson in Aviation" will be shown by Kresko and Fox. Mussette is known as the "dainty dancing violinist." The Dancing De Forrests will present the fantastic Parisian tango; and comedy films with local views will complete the bill.

The Next Symphony

The eighth symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra which will be given at the Cort next Friday afternoon, gives every promise of being the "event" in the life of the orchestra. Beethoven, Rubinstein and Richard Strauss will be represented by their greatest compositions and the program will have the assistance of Josef Hofmann, the world-famous pianist. Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony" will be given. Rubinstein's D minor concerto for pianoforte and orchestra will be given with Josef Hofmann at the piano. The novelty will be Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Kreisler Coming

Fritz Kreisler who is making a tour under the direction of C. A. Ellis of Boston will appear on Friday afternoon, February 20, with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and in concert at the Cort Sunday afternoon, February 22 and at Scottish Rite Hall Thursday night, February 26. He does not belong to that school of violinists which seek to win plaudits by sensationalism of gestures and interpretation. The hall mark of his art is sincerity. He demands it in others and rigorously exacts it of himself. Mr. Kreisler is under the local management of Frank W. Healy.

Another Week of Sothern

E. H. Sothern will be seen for another week at the Cort. "If I Were King" forms the bill for Monday and Tuesday nights, and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees, the remainder of the time being devoted to Shakespearean repertoire. McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree" come to the Cort Sunday, February 8.

A Fine Bill at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces that next week Willa Holt Wakefield "The Lady at the Piano" and one of the most brilliant entertainers in this country, will play her last vaudeville engagement in this city and will sing a number of new and smart songs to her own accompaniment. Eddie Leonard, the popular minstrel, will make his first appearance in white face. Assisted by Mabel Russell he will sing his own songs and do the soft shoe dancing at which he is unrivalled. Those favorites Claud and Fannie Usher will appear in a new sketch entitled "The Straight Path" in which they will have the assistance of the famous "Spareribs." Dr. Carl Herman will perform marvelous feats with electricity. So fully charged is his body with it that his attendant easily lights paper by bringing it in contact with his nose, elbow, knee, stomach, etc. Goleman will introduce his marvelously trained dogs, cats, pigeons and squirrels. Nance O'Neil will return for next week only and present her famous characterization of Leah in the "Curse Scene" from "The Jewess" which is recognized as one of the greatest histrionic triumphs of the present day. The only holdovers will be the Original Four Perez and Walter Lawrence and Frances Cameron in their successful musical skit "A Bit of Broadway.

Marie Dressler at the Gaiety

That wonderful comedienne Marie Dressler will open at the Gaiety Monday night in the brand-new musical revue "The Merry Gambol" which is described as the biggest and most ambitious production ever presented in this city. Miss Dressler will be supported by the following fine list of singers and comedians: Charles Judels, Charles Purcell, Charles A. Mason, Warren Ellsworth, Jeanne Lansford, Alice McCombs, Gene Luneska, Alf Goulding, Gladys Goulding, Frank Hayes and the Marvelous Millers. There is a company of seventy-five live-wire singers, dancers and all-round cutups. Frank Pallma is the musical director.

The Scott Pictures

"The Undying Story of Captain Scott" continues at the Savoy, its run in this city having now passed seven weeks, a wonderful record for a film. The well known actor Charles B. Hanford has been giving his interesting exposition of the tragic scenes to spell-bound audiences. There are matinees daily at two-fifteen. After each performance there is free dancing on the stage for patrons, an original feature which has been hailed with delight.

Parliamentary

It was getting late, and still the venerable ex-United States Senator lingered in the parlor with the young people. Evidently something had to be done.

"I hope, papa," said his daughter, gently but resolutely, "that you will not be offended if I now move a close call of the house, during which all persons not entitled to a voice in the proceedings will please retire, while Charlie and I discuss a question of personal privilege."

CLARA BUTT
World's greatest contralto, who appears at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday in conjunction with the baritone, Kennerley Rumford.

She Broke It to Him Gently

It was only a short time after Lulu McStubbins was married that the startling truth was forced upon her that her young husband was not exactly a teetotaller. One evening a few weeks after the wedding that strict old cold water crank, Papa McStubbins, dropped in to call. He found his daughter all alone. After a while he asked:

"Where is Christopher?"

"Well, the fact is, Christopher isn't feeling very well this evening."

"Is that so? What seems to be the matter?"

"Welle—r—the fact is—er—Christopher is suffering from a bad attack of—of—propinquity."

"Propinquity," repeated the puzzled old gentleman. "That's a disease I never heard of. I guess you must be mistaken, daughter."

"Oh, no, father. Let me explain. Propinquity means nearness, doesn't it?"

"I guess so."

"And to be near is to be close, isn't it?"

"Em—yes—yes."

"And when we speak of a man as being close we mean that he is stingy, don't we?"

"Sure."

"And when a man is stingy we call him tight, don't we?"

"Well," she concluded with a sigh, "that's what's the matter with Christopher."

"Why is a horse that can't hold its head up like next Wednesday?"

"Don't know."

"Why, because its neck's weak."

"Oh, I heard that joke about a week back."

WILL. L. GREENBAUM OFFERS

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FAREWELL

VALENCIA THEATER

THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 1st, at 3:20 "GISELLE," etc.

THIS SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1st at 8:30 "ORIENTALE," etc.

Tickets: $3.00, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Sunday at Theatre.

PAVLOWA IN OAKLAND
MONDAY EVENING AT
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Coming—JOHN McCORMACK—"I Hear You Calling Me."

CLARA BUTT

The Contralto Wonderful!

KENNERLEY RUMFORD

The Eminent Baritone

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

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Tickets: $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's.

Mason and Hamlin Piano

JOSEF

HOFMANN

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COLUMBIA THEATER

THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 1
and
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 8

Tickets: $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at above music stores.

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TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 17th and
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Prices: $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Address Will. L. Greenbaum at above box offices.

IN OAKLAND Thursday Evening, February 19th

SAN FRANCISCO
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
HENRY HADLEY - - - - CONDUCTOR

CORT, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 3 P. M.

Soloist—JOSEF

HOFMANN

(Pianist)

Program Includes: Beethoven Symphony No. 7, A major, Op. 92, Rubinstein Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 4, Op. 70, Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Rondo, Op. 28.

Tickets on Sale Monday at Box Affices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and the Cort Theatre. Prices: 75c, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00. Box and Loge Seats, $3.00.

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"Dainty; Fragrant; Tuneful; Cast of Excellence." Examiner
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The French Operetta in Three Acts

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Great Cast—Enlarged Orchestra
Last Time Sunday Night, February 8th
Monday, Feb. 9th—The Comedy-Drama "MILESTONES"

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SECOND and LAST WEEK STARTS MONDAY
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

E. H. SOTHERN

Mon. and Tues. Nights and Wed. and Sat. Matinees, "IF I WERE KING"; Wed. and Sat. Nights, "HAMLET"; Thurs. Night, "MERCHANT OF VENICE"; Fri. Night, "TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Curtain at 8 Sharp Nights; 2 Sharp Matinees
Next—Sunday, February 8—McINTYRE and HEATH in "The Ham Tree"

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WILLA HOLT WAKEFIELD, "The Lady at the Piano"; First Time in White Face EDDIE LEONARD, the Minstrel, assisted by MABEL RUSSELL; CLAUD & FANNIE USHER in "The Straight Path"; DR. CARL HERMAN, the Electrical Wizard; GOLEMAN'S EUROPEAN NOVELTY, Harmonizing Antagonistic Domestic Animals; THE FOUR ORIGINAL PEREZ; WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS; WALTER LAWRENCE and FRANCES CAMERON in "A Bit of Broadway"; RETURN FOR ONE WEEK ONLY, NANCE O'NEIL and Company in the famous "Curse Scene" from "THE JEWESS."

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks [illegible] the principal factor in last week's market, and while it was about as expected it gave more confidence to the trade and prices responded quickly to buying that has not been in evidence for some time. Looking back over the past year the vast improvement of the conditions that influence the stock market becomes apparent. All uncertainty regarding the character of the tariff was removed when it became a law and its effect on business can now be judged fairly well. The currency bill has taken shape and the banks are entering the system without further demur. So little anxiety is there about its effect on the money market that rates are unusually low and we are again exporting gold to France and will probably continue to do so for some time. Finally the attitude of the Administration towards the trusts and big business has been defined by President Wilson in his address to Congress, and it is a declaration of peace with all repentant sinners. It may curtail the powers of corporation officials and it may loosen the hold of a few great capitalists on leading industries and railroads but it offers protection to the small investor such as he has never before enjoyed in this or any other country and it takes away nothing from those possessed of great wealth, the possession of which they can justify. The healthy reaction is now overdue and may not come till still higher levels are established. Stocks not affected directly by European developments were strongest. Canadian Pacific was the only important stock that did not share fully in the advance. Minor industrials do not move together, but the strength displayed by them for the past week was truly remarkable. The outsider who thinks of buying stocks will be safer in sticking to the standard issues even if New Haven did go wrong. Where one standard railroad suffers in that way a hundred minor specialties are blotted out completely. Standard rails are so closely identified with the welfare of the country that nothing but general ruin could destroy their value. Most of them are still cheap and the investor need not take dangerous risks to get good income returns on the present basis of values.

Wheat—There was very little action in the wheat market the past week although prices were slightly higher and closed the week at about the best figures. The firmness was due principally to higher prices from Liverpool and the continent and a better export demand for our wheat. Sale of No. 2 hard was made from the southwestern markets to Liverpool and it was said that this wheat would be mixed with new Argentine of a very poor quality. The extreme cold weather in France was an added help as there was some talk of damage there due to [illegible] Outside of the export news there was very little encouragement and prices while being maintained did not show any activity. The weather is still mild in the winter wheat section of this country and there is the usual fear of a cold wave that might do a great deal of damage if not accompanied by snow. Cash demand from the mills is slow and receipts while small seem to be ample to take care of the present local demand. The market continues in a rut and seems to be awaiting something more substantial in the way of news.

Corn—The corn market has followed wheat fractionally although generally it could be called heavy. The demand for corn from all sections seems to be light, and the consumptive demand on the farm is undoubtedly small on account of the open winter. With this immense saving and the importation of several million bushels of Argentine corn which has been supplying the eastern demand all winter, and with the Argentine crop in flourishing condition at present it would seem as though the uplifting of corn prices to any great extent in a permanent way would be an enormous undertaking, and we are inclined to the opinion that corn prices must decline to a point where they will shut out Argentine corn and allow the gradual consumption of last year's crop.

Cotton—The continuance of favorable trade and financial reports from abroad and a steady improvement in matters financial and industrial in America influenced the market to a further rise last week. Liverpool reported a better demand for spot cotton at advancing prices and Manchester a better demand for cloths and yarns. Continental buying and less hedge selling was said to have caused the improvement in the Liverpool market, but later cables ascribe it to the restoration of financial confidence and English spinners buying freely. Southern spot markets continue to rule firm as a result of a good export demand, especially for white cotton the supply of which is said to be getting very scarce and to be selling at prices higher than officially quoted. There was a setback of about a $1 per bale on the publication of the Census figures showing the amount of cotton ginned up to January 15. The total was slightly in excess of the expected figures and caused some selling but the market took the selling readily and this report was soon forgotten. The into-sight movement continues fairly large when compared with last year but the export trade seems to be taking care of it and stocks at interior points are not large. President Wilson's message to Congress was considered conservative and constructive, the news from Mexico was also more encouraging, and for a return of confidence in America the only thing lacking now is permission to authorize the railroads to increase their freight rates in order to bring to them revenue sufficient to meet expenses of necessary extensions and rolling equipment, which in turn would create an improved demand for the output of the iron and steel mills of the country, and perhaps be the means of developing a wave of prosperity throughout the United States.

Help

The waters of the bay broke into myriad ripples at the magic touch of the breeze, and the huckleberries of Berkeley glinted in the sunlight.

"I fear," the maiden mused, "I do not understand myself."

The suitor who had come from afar to seek her hand, smiled.

"Permit me," he remarked, "to assist you."

Saying which he produced from his valise a dictionary of the English language in thirty-six volumes.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAURICE HAYES, Deceased—No. 15,132; Department 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Maurice Hayes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, 901-905 Hearst Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Maurice Hayes, deceased.

CATHERINE TIETJEN,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

PAUL T. FRATESSA, Attorney for Executrix,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORA CATHERINE STONE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within nine (9) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Minnie F. Goodwin at the office of Stafford and Stafford, H. I. Stafford, Rooms 504-518 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased.

MINNIE F. GOODWIN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Dora Catherine Stone, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

STAFFORD and STAFFORD,
H. I. STAFFORD, ROLAND BECSEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
504-518 Grant Bldg., 1095 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

C. C. P. Secs. 1490—1492

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Estate of J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, sometimes known as J. C. Franks, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at Room 1051 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, January 24, A. D. 1914.

FRED. C. FRANKS,
Administrator.

JOHN T. CAREY, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 1051 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. PIERCE, Deceased—No. 15736 New Series; Dept. 10.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Martin J. Seid, executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of F. M. McAULIFFE, Esq., Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, Northeast corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

MARTIN J. SEID,
Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, January 3, 1914.

F. M. McAULIFFE,
Attorney for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature from the Press of the Pacific Coast

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ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,859; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET RYAN, Deceased.

BRIDGET KILKENNY, as Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Margaret Ryan, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 16th day of February, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department number Ten, probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell all the real estate of the said decedent as set forth and described in said petition to which reference is hereby had and made.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, January 8, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attorneys for Petitioner,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO DETERMINE HEIRSHIP

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,449; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

CITATION

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To ALICE M. COWELL and ALEXANDER F. MORRISON, executors of the last will and testament of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, ALICE M. COWELL, THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, a corporation, FRANK TRALAGO, JOHN MINKEL, LAWRENCE MANEY, JAMES RIORDAN, FRITZ PALM, THOMAS BYRNE, F. A. LANCE, J. VALENTE, FRANK CALDERA, MARTIN RODEREIGUEZ, PAOLA MARAKI, JOE BENATE, BERNARDO RICCO, RUDOLPH LABISH, MANUEL S. CALDERA, JOE JUAREZ, PETER MARTELLI, and LILLIAN A. HOWARD, F. A. PALMER, HENRY WILLEY, C. S. PRICE, J. W. LINSCOTT and G. A. BOND, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and any and all other persons interested, or claiming any interest, in the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, whether known or unknown and whether named herein or not.

GREETING:

BY ORDER OF THIS COURT, You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Judge of this Court, at the court room of Department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 2nd day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why this Court should not ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, and all interests therein and to whom distribution should be made, and then and there to appear and exhibit to the above entitled Court your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate.

The name of said deceased was Ernest V. Cowell;

The names of the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased are Alexander F. Morrison and Alice M. Cowell;

The names of all persons who have appeared in the course of the administration of said estate up to the time of making the order for the issuance of this citation, claiming any interest in said estate are as follows: Alice M. Cowell, The Regents of the University of California, a corporation, Frank Tralago, John Minkel, Lawrence Maney, James Riordan, Fritz Palm, Thomas Byrne, F. A. Lance, J. Valente, Frank Caldera, Martin Rodereiguez, Paola Maraki, Joe Benate, Bernardo Ricco, Rudolph Labish, Manuel, S. Caldera, Joe Juarez, Peter Martelli, and Lillian A. Howard, F. A. Palmer, Henry Willey, C. S. Price, J. W. Linscott, and G. A. Bond, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell;

And the real estate of which said decedent died seized or possessed, so far as known, is described as follows:

REAL ESTATE

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

1. A parcel of land in the City of Oakland, commencing at a point on the westerly line of Linden Street, distant thereon 222 feet and 3 inches southerly from the southerly line of 21st Street; thence southerly along the said line of Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence westerly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet; thence northerly parallel with Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence easterly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 16, Block "B", Survey of the Northern Extension of Oakland.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Haywards, known as Lot. No. 13 of the "Lawrence Tract, Haywards, Alameda County, State of California," said lot being 50 feet by 100 feet.

IN THE COUNTY OF MARIN

Beginning at a stake driven in the southerly line of First Street in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, at a point 503 feet and 7 inches westerly from the northeasterly corner of a lot conveyed by J. O. B. Short and Jacob Short to E. Schwiezen by deed dated March 9th, 1869, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of said County of Marin, in Volume "H" of Deeds, at page 225; thence southerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with the said First Street 150 feet; thence northerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet to the southerly line of the said First Street; and thence easterly along the southerly line of said First Street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 4, of Block No. 3, in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, as surveyed by Hiram Austin, Civil Engineer.

IN THE COUNTY OF MERCED

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19; the south half of the southwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and Lots 3 and 4 of section 28; the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of section 29; the north half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2 and lot 8 of the southeast quarter, all in section 30; the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 31; Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in the northwest quarter of section 32; and Swamp and Overflowed Land Surveys No. 34 in sections 29 and 30, containing 20-69/100 acres; No. 29 in sections 29 and 32, containing 47-26/100 acres, and Nos. 45, 87, 88, 376, and 378, in sections 28, 30 and 32—all in township 5 south, range 13 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of the Gabilan Creek, near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the Official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence north 14° west 13 chains along the boundary of the Rancho Los Vergeles to stake-V-No. 1 on the United States Official Survey of la Natividad Rancho; thence south 35° west 21.40 chains along the boundary of Natividad Rancho to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 56° east 17.50 chains to a stake in the bed of Gabilan Creek, marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 3° 15′ east 14.55 chains up Gabilan Creek to the place of beginning, containing 21.46 acres.

Being lot 1 of the partition of La Natividad Rancho made and entered on April 18th, 1865, on the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson, et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al., and being also a fractional portion of section 26, township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of Gabilan Creek near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence south 3° 15′ west 14.55 chains to a stake marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 56° west 17.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 35° west along the west line of Rancho La Natividad 14 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 56° east 25.06 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;" in the bed of Gabilan Creek; thence south 35° west 32.22 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 70° east, crossing the Gabilan Creek 24.32 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH;"; thence north 88° 45′ east 144.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; V; JH;" in the bed of the Gabilan Creek; thence north 8° 45′ west 8 chains to station No. 14 of the official map of the Rancho La Natividad; thence north 3° west 13 chains to station No. 15 of said map; thence north 36° west 8 chains to station No .16 of said map; thence north 53° 16′ west 17 chains to station No. 17 of said map; thence north 21° 16′ west 11 chains to station No. 18 of said map; thence north 8° 45′ east 8 chains to station No. 19 of said map; thence north 37° west 33 chains to station No. 20 of said map; thence north 18° west 25.50 chains to station No. 21 of said map; thence north 53° 15′ west 28.70 chains to station No. 22 of said map; thence south 57° 15′ west 19.40 chains to station No. 23 of said map; thence south 15° west 3.33 chains to station No. 24 of said map; thence south 65° 15′ west 27.37 chains to station No. 25 of said map; thence south 48° west 16 chains to station No. 26 of said map; thence south 50° 30′ west 20 chains to station No. 27 of said map; thence south 17° west 11 chains to station No. 28 of said map; being the place of beginning—containing 1363.80 acres.

Being Lot No. 2, as the same is delineated and so de signated on the Map of Commissioners to make partition of La Natividad Rancho in partition proceedings which were entered among the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al.; and being also fractional portions of sections 24, 25, 35 and 36 in township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.; and sections 30 and 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the Gabilan Creek where the northern line of the Gabilan Rancho and J. W. Patton's northern line on the Natividad Rancho join; thence running south 88° 45′ west to the southeasterly corner of the farm now or formerly owned by August Johnson; thence along a picket fence which is or was the eastern boundary of said Johnson's farm northerly to the land formerly owned by James Houston and later by Henry Cowell; thence along said Cowell's line north 88° 45′ east to the Gabilan Creek; thence along the middle of said Creek to the place of beginning, containing about 50 acres. Being a part of the Natividad Rancho and known as Lot 18 as per the County Map of the County of Monterey made by St. John Cox and Fehy in 1877, being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. BEGINNING at the most southern corner of the Los Vergeles Rancho in the center of Gabilan Creek, thence along the boundary line between said Rancho and the Rancho Cienega del Gabilan, north 45° east 14.78 chains to a post in the corner of Lot 2 of Natividad Rancho; thence leaving said Rancho boundary north 45° 30′ west 16.50 chains to a cottonwood tree 18 inches in diameter marked "LVI"; thence south 56° west 1.10 chains to the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek, from which a willow tree 10 inches in diameter bears north 56° east 10 links distant; thence meandering up the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek and along the boundary of said Rancho Los Vergeles southerly to the place of beginning, containing 11.10 acres. Being designated upon the map which accompanies the decree of the District Court of the Twentieth Judicial District of the State of California, entered on the 21st day of July, 1875, in the case of Arabella A. Stokes et al. vs. Josephine Winterburn et al., as Lot 6, the same being a portion of the Rancho Los Vergeles, and being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The President's message was the principal factor in last week's market, and while it was about as expected it gave more confidence to the trade and prices responded quickly to buying that has not been in evidence for some time. Looking back over the past year the vast improvement of the conditions that influence the stock market becomes apparent. All uncertainty regarding the character of the tariff was removed when it became a law and its effect on business can now be judged fairly well. The currency bill has taken shape and the banks are entering the system without further demur. So little anxiety is there about its effect on the money market that rates are unusually low and we are again exporting gold to France and will probably continue to do so for some time. Finally the attitude of the Administration towards the trusts and big business has been defined by President Wilson in his address to Congress, and it is a declaration of peace with all repentant sinners. It may curtail the powers of corporation officials and it may loosen the hold of a few great capitalists on leading industries and railroads but it offers protection to the small investor such as he has never before enjoyed in this or any other country and it takes away nothing from those possessed of great wealth, the possession of which they can justify. The healthy reaction is now overdue and may not come till still higher levels are established. Stocks not affected directly by European developments were strongest. Canadian Pacific was the only important stock that did not share fully in the advance. Minor industrials do not move together, but the strength displayed by them for the past week was truly remarkable. The outsider who thinks of buying stocks will be safer in sticking to the standard issues even if New Haven did go wrong. Where one standard railroad suffers in that way a hundred minor specialties are blotted out completely. Standard rails are so closely identified with the welfare of the country that nothing but general ruin could destroy their value. Most of them are still cheap and the investor need not take dangerous risks to get good income returns on the present basis of values.

Wheat—There was very little action in the wheat market the past week although prices were slightly higher and closed the week at about the best figures. The firmness was due principally to higher prices from Liverpool and the continent and a better export demand for our wheat. Sale of No. 2 hard was made from the southwestern markets to Liverpool and it was said that this wheat would be mixed with new Argentine of a very poor quality. The extreme cold weather in France was an added help as there was some talk of damage there due to cold weather without adequate snow protection. Outside of the export news there was very little encouragement and prices while being maintained did not show any activity. The weather is still mild in the winter wheat section of this country and there is the usual fear of a cold wave that might do a great deal of damage if not accompanied by snow. Cash demand from the mills is slow and receipts while small seem to be ample to take care of the present local demand. The market continues in a rut and seems to be awaiting something more substantial in the way of news.

Corn—The corn market has followed wheat fractionally although generally it could be called heavy. The demand for corn from all sections seems to be light, and the consumptive demand on the farm is undoubtedly small on account of the open winter. With this immense saving and the importation of several million bushels of Argentine corn which has been supplying the eastern demand all winter, and with the Argentine crop in flourishing condition at present it would seem as though the uplifting of corn prices to any great extent in a permanent way would be an enormous undertaking, and we are inclined to the opinion that corn prices must decline to a point where they will shut out Argentine corn and allow the gradual consumption of last year's crop.

Cotton—The continuance of favorable trade and financial reports from abroad and a steady improvement in matters financial and industrial in America influenced the market to a further rise last week. Liverpool reported a better demand for spot cotton at advancing prices and Manchester a better demand for cloths and yarns. Continental buying and less hedge selling was said to have caused the improvement in the Liverpool market, but later cables ascribe it to the restoration of financial confidence and English spinners buying freely. Southern spot markets continue to rule firm as a result of a good export demand, especially for white cotton the supply of which is said to be getting very scarce and to be selling at prices higher than officially quoted. There was a setback of about a $1 per bale on the publication of the Census figures showing the amount of cotton ginned up to January 15. The total was slightly in excess of the expected figures and caused some selling but the market took the selling readily and this report was soon forgotten. The into-sight movement continues fairly large when compared with last year but the export trade seems to be taking care of it and stocks at interior points are not large. President Wilson's message to Congress was considered conservative and constructive, the news from Mexico was also more encouraging, and for a return of confidence in America the only thing lacking now is permission to authorize the railroads t o increase their freight rates in order to bring to them revenue sufficient to meet expenses of necessary extensions and road equipment, which in turn would create an improved demand for the output of the iron and steel mills of the country, and perhaps be the means of developing a wave of prosperity throughout the United States.

Help

The waters of the bay broke into myriad ripples at the magic touch of the breeze, and the huckleberries of Berkeley glinted in the sunlight.

"I fear," the maiden mused, "I do not understand myself."

The suitor who had come from afar to seek her hand, smiled.

"Permit me," he remarked, "to assist you."

Saying which he produced from his valise a dictionary of the English language in thirty-six volumes.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
Number of Depositors	64,639

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAURICE HAYES, Deceased—No. 15,132; Department 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Maurice Hayes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, 901-905 Hearst Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Maurice Hayes, deceased.

CATHERINE TIETJEN,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

PAUL T. FRATESSA, Attorney for Executrix,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORA CATHERINE STONE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within nine (9) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Minnie F. Goodwin at the office of Stafford and Stafford, H. I. Stafford, Rooms 504-518 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased.

MINNIE F. GOODWIN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Dora Catherine Stone, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

STAFFORD and STAFFORD,
H. I. STAFFORD, ROLAND BECSEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
504-518 Grant Bldg., 1095 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
C. C. P. Secs. 1490—1492

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Estate of J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, sometimes known as J. C. Franks, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at Room 1051 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, January 24, A. D. 1914.

FRED. C. FRANKS,
Administrator.

JOHN T. CAREY, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 1051 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. PIERCE, Deceased—No. 15736 New Series; Dept. 10.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Martin J. Seid, executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of F. M. McAULIFFE, Esq., Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, Northeast corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

MARTIN J. SEID,
Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth J. Pierce, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, January 3, 1914.

F. M. McAULIFFE,
Attorney for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco.

VALUABLE INFORMATION
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ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,859; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET RYAN, Deceased.

BRIDGET KILKENNY, as Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Margaret Ryan, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 16th day of February, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department number Ten, probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell all the real estate of the said decedent as set forth and described in said petition to which reference is hereby had and made.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, January 8, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attorneys for Petitioner,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO DETERMINE HEIRSHIP

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,449; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

CITATION

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To ALICE M. COWELL and ALEXANDER F. MORRISON, executors of the last will and testament of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, ALICE M. COWELL, THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, a corporation, FRANK TRALAGO, JOHN MINKEL, LAWRENCE MANEY, JAMES RIORDAN, FRITZ PALM, THOMAS BYRNE, F. A. LANCE, J. VALENTE, FRANK CALDERA, MARTIN RODEREIGUEZ, PAOLA MARAKI, JOE BENATE, BERNARDO RICCO, RUDOLPH LABISH, MANUEL S. CALDERA, JOE JUAREZ, PETER MARTELLI, and LILLIAN A. HOWARD, F. A. PALMER, HENRY WILLEY, C. S. PRICE, J. W. LINSCOTT and G. A. BOND, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and any and all other persons interested, or claiming any interest, in the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, whether known or unknown and whether named herein or not.

GREETING:

BY ORDER OF THIS COURT, You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Judge of this Court, at the court room of Department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 2nd day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why this Court should not ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, and all interests therein and to whom distribution should be made, and then and there to appear and exhibit to the above entitled Court your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate.

The name of said deceased was Ernest V. Cowell;

The names of the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased are Alexander F. Morrison and Alice M. Cowell;

The names of all persons who have appeared in the course of the administration of said estate up to the time of making the order for the issuance of this citation, claiming any interest in said estate are as follows: Alice M. Cowell, The Regents of the University of California, a corporation, Frank Tralago, John Minkel, Lawrence Maney, James Riordan, Fritz Palm, Thomas Byrne, F. A. Lance, J. Valente, Frank Caldera, Martin Rodereiguez, Paola Maraki, Joe Benate, Bernardo Ricco, Rudolph Labish, Manuel, S. Caldera, Joe Juarez, Peter Martelli, and Lillian A. Howard, F. A. Palmer, Henry Willey, C. S. Price, J. W. Linscott, and G. A. Bond, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell;

And the real estate of which said decedent died seized or possessed, so far as known, is described as follows:

REAL ESTATE

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

1. A parcel of land in the City of Oakland, commencing at a point on the westerly line of Linden Street, distant thereon 222 feet and 3 inches southerly from the southerly line of 21st Street; thence southerly along the said line of Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence westerly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet; thence northerly parallel with Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence easterly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 16, Block "B", Survey of the Northern Extension of Oakland.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Haywards, known as Lot. No. 13 of the "Lawrence Tract, Haywards, Alameda County, State of California," said lot being 50 feet by 100 feet.

IN THE COUNTY OF MARIN

Beginning at a stake driven in the southerly line of First Street in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, at a point 503 feet and 7 inches westerly from the northeasterly corner of a lot conveyed by J. O. B. Short and Jacob Short to E. Schwiezen by deed dated March 9th, 1869, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of said County of Marin, in Volume "H" of Deeds, at page 225; thence southerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with the said First Street 150 feet; thence northerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet to the southerly line of the said First Street; and thence easterly along the southerly line of said First Street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 4, of Block No. 3, in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, as surveyed by Hiram Austin, Civil Engineer.

IN THE COUNTY OF MERCED

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19; the south half of the southwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and Lots 3 and 4 of section 28; the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of section 29; the north half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2 and lot 8 of the southeast quarter, all in section 30; the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 31; Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in the northwest quarter of section 32; and Swamp and Overflowed Land Surveys No. 34 in sections 29 and 30, containing 20-69/100 acres; No. 29 in sections 29 and 32, containing 47-26/100 acres, and Nos. 45, 87, 88, 376, and 378, in sections 28, 30 and 32—all in township 5 south, range 13 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of the Gabilan Creek, near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the Official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence north 14° west 13 chains along the boundary of the Rancho Los Vergeles to stake-V-No. 1 on the United States Official Survey of la Natividad Rancho; thence south 35° west 21.40 chains along the boundary of Natividad Rancho to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 56° east 17.50 chains to a stake in the bed of Gabilan Creek, marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 3° 15' east 14.55 chains up Gabilan Creek to the place of beginning, containing 21.46 acres.

Being lot 1 of the partition of La Natividad Rancho made and entered on April 18th, 1865, on the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson, et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al., and being also a fractional portion of section 26, township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

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Being Lot No. 2, as the same is delineated and so de signated on the Map of Commissioners to make partition of La Natividad Rancho in partition proceedings which were entered among the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al.; and being also fractional portions of sections 24, 25, 35 and 36 in township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.; and sections 30 and 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the Gabilan Creek where the northern line of the Gabilan Rancho and J. W. Patton's northern line on the Natividad Rancho join; thence running south 88° 45' west to the southeasterly corner of the farm now or formerly owned by August Johnson; thence along a picket fence which is or was the eastern boundary of said Johnson's farm northerly to the land formerly owned by James Houston and later by Henry Cowell; thence along said Cowell's line north 88° 45' east to the Gabilan Creek; thence along the middle of said Creek to the place of beginning, containing about 50 acres. Being a part of the Natividad Rancho and known as Lot 18 as per the County Map of the County of Monterey made by St. John Cox and Fehy in 1877, being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. BEGINNING at the most southern corner of the Los Vergeles Rancho in the center of Gabilan Creek, thence along the boundary line between said Rancho and the Rancho Cienega del Gabilan, north 45° east 14.78 chains to a post in the corner of Lot 2 of Natividad Rancho; thence leaving said Rancho boundary north 45° 30' west 16.50 chains to a cottonwood tree 18 inches in diameter marked "LVI"; thence south 56° west 1.10 chains to the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek, from which a willow tree 10 inches in diameter bears north 56° east 10 links distant; thence meandering up the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek and along the boundary of said Rancho Los Vergeles southerly to the place of beginning, containing 11.10 acres. Being designated upon the map which accompanies the decree of the District Court of the Twentieth Judicial District of the State of California, entered on the 21st day of July, 1875, in the case of Arabella A. Stokes et al. vs. Josephine Winterburn et al., as Lot 6, the same being a portion of the Rancho Los Vergeles, and being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

1. Lots Nos. 1 and 2, of section 6, township 8 north, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at the northeast corner of the Merkley Ranch at a redwood stake set on the east bank of the Sacramento River, which stake is south 79° 45′ west from an oak tree 2½ feet in diameter, standing at the southern extremity of the Half Way House buildings, and running thence north 79° 45′ east 4.20 chains; thence south 71° 15′ east 2.49 chains to the north side of an oak tree 18″ in diameter (Blazed); thence south 69° 30′ east 6.11 chains to an oak tree 8″ in diameter (blazed); thence south 71° 15′ east 9.61 chains to the end of an old ditch; thence south 74° 30′ east 3.77 chains to back fence; thence north 2° 30′ east along fence 10 chains to fence; thence south 2° 30′ west 2.62 chains from south line of 10-acre tracts; thence north 50° west along fence 7.74 chains to corner; thence along fence south 86° west 5.29 chains to corner of board fence; thence north 89° west along board fence 12.17 chains to corner of fence on east side of road; thence south 79° 45′ west at 0.67 chains on top of levee continue same course, in all 7.60 chains, to the Sacramento River; thence with the east bank of said River down stream to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being part of section 11, township 8 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southwesterly line of Main Street, distant thereon 137 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence northeasterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 694 and 703.

2. COMMENCING at the intersection of the northwesterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches to the northwesterly line of Mission Street; thence northeasterly along said line of Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

3. COMMENCINB at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon 97 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the intersection of said line of Spear Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 40 feet; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 40 feet; thence northeasterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the said southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

4. COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Clay Street with the easterly line of Sansome Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Clay Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence northerly parallel with Sansome Street 122 feet to the southerly line of Merchant Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Merchant Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the easterly line of Sansome Street; thence southerly along said easterly line of Sansome Street 122 feet to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 130, 131 and part of No. 132.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN JOAQUIN

1. BEGINNING at a point 8.65 chains west from the east boundary line, and 50 links north from the south boundary line of section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 31.85 chains; thence south 33.82 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 64.55 chains; thence north 15.35 chains; thence west 8 chains to the left bank of the Mokelumne River; thence along said left bank following its meanderings upstream to a point which would be intersected by a line running parallel with and 5.63 chains north from the township line between townships 4 and 5 north; thence east on said imagined line 16 chains; thence south 1.78 chains; thence east 50.40 chains; thence north 16.78 chains; thence east 36.86 chains to a post; thence south 20.13 chains to the point of beginning, containing 326.84 acres. Being portions of section 1, township 4 north, range 4 east; section 36, township 5 north, range 4 east; section 6, township 4 north, range 5 east; and section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, all M. D. B. & M.

2. All of those certain lots in the City of Stockton known and designated as Lots Nos. 5 and 8, and portions of Lots Nos. 1, 3, 7, 13 and 14, all in Block No. 64 east of Center Street, according to the map and survey of the said City of Stockton, commencing for the same at a point on the south line of Channel Street, in said City of Stockton, 75 feet easterly from the southeast corner of the intersection of Hunter Street and Channel Street; running thence easterly along the south line of Channel Street 85 feet; thence at right angles southerly 150 feet to the north line of said Lot 8; thence at right angles easterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the north line of Weber Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Weber Avenue 50 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the northwest corner of said Lot 8; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Lot 6 of said Block 64, 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet to the east line of said Hunter Street; thence at right angles northerly along said east line of Hunter Street 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 75 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet to the point of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the northwest corner of the tract assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence along the Coast north 20° 15′ west 14.40 chains; thence north 74° west 11 chains; thence north 40° 15′ west 10 chains; thence north 34° 15′ west 20 chains; thence north 43° 45′ west 25 chains; thence north 4° west 20 chains; thence leaving the Coast north 28° 30′ east 101.78 chains; thence south 81° 15′ east 30.90 chains; thence south 8° 20′ east 30.17 chains; thence south 84° 35′ east 190.65 chains to a point in the southeast boundary line of the official survey of said Rancho; thence on and along said line south 4° east 47.60 chains to the northeast corner of the tract assigned by the Referees aforesaid to Josefa de Haro Denniston; thence following the line of said tract north 84° 35′ west 84 chains; thence south 25° 30′ west 95 chains to the place of beginning; containing 1815.12 acres; said tract having been assigned to Augustine Guerrero by the Referees aforesaid and being marked No. 2 on the map of said partition. EXCEPTING all that parcel being a portion of the above described premises bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on a bluff on the Pacific Ocean, being the southwesterly corner of a tract of land now or formerly belonging to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence north 25° 30′ east 62.86 chains; thence north 56° 15′ west 38.93 chains to a stake in the line of fence; thence following said fence north 64° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 29° west 0.76 chains; thence north 23° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 16° west 0.76 chains; thence north 8° 30′ west 3.72 chains; thence north 28° west 7.02 chains; thence north 36° 30′ west 7.70 chains to the line of land now or formerly belonging to Victoriano Guerrero; thence following said line south 28° 30′ west 45.27 chains to a stake on the bluff bank of the Pacific Ocean; thence following said bluff bank south 20° east 5.62 chains; thence south 4° west 2.27 chains; thence south 12° 15′ east 4.54 chains; thence south 17° 45′ east 5.65 chains; thence south 37° 45′ east 1.75 chains; thence south 83° east 0.91 chains; thence 37° east 10.60 chains; thence south 54° 15′ east 4.45 chains; thence south 46° east 4.55 chains; thence south 69° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 6° east 3.41 chains; thence south 37° 30′ east 1.55 chains; thence south 4° 30′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 19° 15′ east 7 chains; thence south 41° 30′ east 7.21 chains; thence south 61° east 3.85 chains; thence south 60° east 3.33 chains; thence south 87° 30′ east 2.73 chains; thence south 63° east 4.55 chains; thence south 58° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 46° 30′ east 3.48 chains; thence south 30° 20′ east 9.17 chains to the point of beginning, containing 430.72 acres.

2. COMMENCING at the northwest corner of that portion of the Rancho El Corral del Tierre (Palomares) bordering on the Ocean, assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence south 25° 30′ west 14.24 chains; thence south 64° 30′ east 16.23 chains to Denniston Creek; thence north 10° 30′ west 11 chains; thence north 22° west 2.55 chains; thence north 12° 15′ east 3 chains; thence north 27° east 1.50 chains; thence north 13° 30′ west 2.20 chains; thence north 84° 35′ west 7 chains to the point of commencement, containing 16.92 acres.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the County Road forming the easterly boundary line of the large tract of land owned by Owen McMahon, deceased, at the time of his death, at the easterly corner of the tract of land conveyed to Elizabeth Owen McMahon by Elizabeth Catherine Hamlin, Ellen Maria Barry and Margaret Anna Lennon by deed dated February 25th, 1892, and running thence south 42° 36′ west 35.15 chains; thence south 48° east 27.75 chains; thence north 42° 36′ east 35 chains to the County Road; and thence along the County Road to the place of beginning, containing about 108 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.39 acres conveyed by Henry Cowell to W. D. K. Gibson for right of way purposes by deed dated November 27th, 1900, and recorded in Volume 88 of Deeds, at page 207, San Mateo County Records, and also a parcel of 1 acre conveyed by Henry Cowell to Giovanni Devincenzi, by deed dated November 11th, 1901, and recorded in Volume 93 of Deeds, at page 18, San Mateo County Records.

4. Lot No. 1 of section 21, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 26.14 acres.

5. BEGINNING on the bank of the Purissima Creek at the point where the line between fractional sections 15 and 16 intersects the same, thence running north between said fractional sections 5.64 chains to a gulch; thence down said gulch south 56° 15′ east 2.80 chains to the bank of the Purissima Creek; thence down the Creek with its meanders south 60° 15′ west 3.10 chains; thence south 60° 45′ west 2.50 chains; to the place of beginning, containing about 1 acre, and being part of fractional section No. 15 in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. BEGINNING on the line between sections 16 and 21, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and at a point 16 chains east of the quarter section post in the road leading up the Creek; thence east on said line 14 chains to Purissima Creek; thence up the Creek with its meanders north 23° west 3 chains; thence north 40° 15′ east 2 chains; thence north 25° 15′ east 7.80 chains to the line between sections 15 and 16; thence along said line north 5.64 chains to Simmon's and Beckwith's corner; thence north 64° 15′ west 0.95 chains to the road; thence along the road south 15° 20′ east 2.80 chains; thence south 38° west 5 chains; thence south 18°30′ west 5.50 chains; thence south 28° 30′ west 6 chains; thence south 64° west 11 chains; thence south 60° west 5.15 chains to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres.

7. COMMENCING at a post 20 chains from the Coast Bank, running thence south 17° 30′ east 20 chains to the corner of Joseph E. Selleck's 40-acre tract; thence south 72° 30′ west 24.16 chains to edge of Coast bank; thence along said bank in a southerly direction to a corner post; thence leaving Coast and running north 72° 30′ east 54.84 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence north 72° 30′ east 29.37 chains up a ridge to head of first gulch; thence south 45° east 10.45 chains down said gulch to Lobitas Creek to an alder tree 12″ in diameter standing at the mouth of said gulch upon which tree there are three notches; thence up Lobitas Creek to mouth of Willow Gulch; thence north 30° west 33.44 chains to Selleck's corner; thence south 54° west 29.68 chains; thence south 72° 30′ west 40.62 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence south 72° 30′ west 34.15 chains to the point of beginning, containing 577 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.88 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company by deed dated September 22, 1905.

8. BEGINNING at a post on ridge standing in middle of Redwood Road of Bailord and Kinnerson, thence running north 31° 30′ east 4.50 chains to a post; thence south 78° 30′ east 8.25 chains; thence south 65° east 5.50 chains to Lobitas Creek to a redwood tree 48″ in diameter, marked with 3 notches, on right bank of said Creek; thence down said Creek south 48° west 3.75 chains; thence south 35° west 5.74 chains; thence south 48° west 6.50 chains to a redwood tree 24″ in diameter standing on the right bank of the Creek at the mouth of the gulch; thence up the gulch north 57° west 9 chains; thence north 38° west 4.73 chains to a post; thence north 31° 30′ east to the place of beginning, containing 19.50 acres, being a portion of the Rancho Canada Verdey Arroyo de las Purissima.

9. Lot No. 1, and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 8, and the fractional sections 16 and 17, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing together 935.92 acres; all that portion of Lot No. 1, of section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., situated north of the County Road leading from Purissima House up Purissima Creek and containing 2½ acres, more or less; Lot No. 2, in section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 20.91 acres.

EXCEPTING, however, from the foregoing lots or parcels of land the following lots or parcels:

(1) A parcel of 2.79 acres, being a portion of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to William Buzzell by deed dated April 13, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 39, San Mateo County Records.

(2) A parcel of 10 acres, being a portion of fractional section 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Patrick Flyn by deed dated October 17, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 148, San Mateo County Records.

(3) A parcel of 36.16 acres, being a part of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to W. A. Simmons and J. S. Blackwell by deed dated April 13, 1864 and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 425.

(4) The right to use and possess a certain spring of water conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Silas Hovious by deed dated October 12, 1861, and recorded in Volume 2 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 41, San Mateo County Records.

(5) A parcel of 50 acres, being a fractional portion of sections 16 and 17, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to George Duncan by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 497, San Mateo County Records.

(6) A parcel of 13.22 acres, being a fractional portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to R. H. Hatch, by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 108, San Mateo County Records.

(7) A parcel of 5 acres, being a portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to Silas Hovious by deed dated February 3, 1868, and recorded in Volume 8 of Deeds, at page 346, San Mateo County Records.

(8) A parcel of 5 acres, known as the "Cemetery Tract."

(9) A parcel of 5 acres, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated April 23, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 189, San Mateo County Records.

(10) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 518, San Mateo County Records.

(11) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to the trustees of the Purissima School District by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 520, San Mateo County Records.

(12) A parcel of 9.33 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company, by deed dated September 22, 1905.

10. The east portion of Lot No. 1, as per map of the J. de H. Denniston portion of the Rancho Corral de Tierra, containing about 12 acres of land.

IN THE COUNTY OF TEHAMA

BEGINNING at a point where the north line of the Wilson Tract intersects the slough or old channel of the Sacramento River, said line being known as the Bennet Line, thence following along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 15° 30′ west 12.50 chains; thence north 24° 30′ west 9.31 chains; thence north 29° 45′ west 4.37 chains; thence north 14° 30′ west 10.60 chains; thence north 28° 30′ west 14.65 chains; thence north 27° 15′ west 11.08 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 6.20 chains, from which an oak tree marked 68 and 69 bears south 40° west 0.60 chains distant; thence north 60° west 8.15 chains; thence south 77° west 5.30 chains; thence south 19° 30′ east 2.53 chains; thence south 85° west 5.27 chains; thence south 50° 30′ west 5.19 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 4.70 chains; thence north 46′ west 7.36 chains; thence north 75° west 4.20 chains; thence north 49° west 8.96 chains to the present channel of the Sacramento River; thence following down and along the east bank of the Sacramento River by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

South 32° west 8.05 chains; thence south 74° 30′ west 16.04 chains; thence south 11° 30′ west 22.50 chains; thence south 24° east 9.52 chains; thence south 36° 30′ east 3.92 chains; thence south 12° east 5.05 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 24.67 chains; thence south 66° east 22.72 chains; thence south 45°30′ east 3.30 chains; thence south 33° east 8.06 chains; thence south 28° 30′ east 3.35 chains; thence south 18° east 2.53 chains; thence south 35° 30′ east 2.75 chains; thence south 14° east 3.10 chains; thence south 1° west 2.56 chains; thence south 16° 30′ east 2.54 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 3.15 chains; thence south 7° east 5.72 chains; thence south 9° 30′ east 3.29 chains; thence south 3° 30′ east 4.74 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 2.67 chains to the old channel of the Sacramento River; thence following up and along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 37° 30′ east 2.22 chains; thence north 44° east 2.17 chains; thence north 44° east 1.94 chains; thence north 27° east 3.46 chains; htence north 29° east 2.51 chains; thence north 3° east 4.10 chains; thence north 33° west 1.83 chains; thence north 36° 15′ east 29.25 chains; thence south 49° east 3.68 chains; thence north 41° east 7.39 chains; thence north 62° east 3.88 chains; thence north 8° 30′ east 6.79 chains; thence north 17° east 4.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 589 acres, more or less, being part of the "Capay Rancho" known as "Snaden Island."

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 756 of the official surveys of the said County of Yolo, at a point a little north of west from the quarter section corner between sections 3 and 4, township 6 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., thence south 77° east along the upper line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756 20.54

ıains to the back corner of Hester's 10-acre tract; thence ›uth 13° west 2.50 chains; thence south 77° east 40 ıains to a point on the west bank of the Sacramento iver, 10 rods below the northeast corner of the said wamp Land Survey No. 756, thence down the said river ith its meanders south 10° 25′ west 4.64 chains; south 3° 25′ west 5.40 chains; south 30° 30′ west 12 chains; ›uth 45° 10′ west 7.21 chains; thence leaving said river orth 75° 30′ west 56.50 chains to the back line of said wamp Land Survey No. 756; thence north 19° 10′ east long said back line 28.70 chains to the place of beginning, ›ntaining 167.55 acres of land.

2. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 361, 363, 897, and 985, ccording to the official surveys of Swamp and Over-owed lands of the County of Yolo, being portions of ownship 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. A fraction of 2.10 acres, beginning at a point at the ıside base of the Sacramento River levee, about 30 feet orth from the cross-levee, and running thence north 18° est, along the inside base of said levee, 151 feet; thence orth 72° 30′ west 216 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 9 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 980 feet; thence south 7° 30′ west 80 feet; thence in a direct line to the place f beginning, being a portion of Township 7 north, range east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The south half of section 9; the south half of sec-ion 10; the south half of section 12; all of section 13; he south half and the northeast quarter of section 15; ll of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter f section 19; all of section 20; the southwest quarter of ection 21; the north half of section 22; all of section 23; ll of section 24; the northwest quarter of section 28; and he northeast quarter of section 29;—all in township 8 orth, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. The south half, and the northwest quarter of section ; all of section 4; all of section 5; the northeast quarter, he east half of the southeast quarter, and the northwest uarter of the southeast quarter of section 6; the north alf of section 8; the north half of section 9; the north alf of section 10; and the northwest quarter of section 1;—all in township 9 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. The southeast quarter of section 31; the southeast uarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of ection 32; the south half of section 33; and the south-est quarter of section 34; all in township 10 north, range west, M. D. B. & M.

7. All of section 1; all of section 2; the east half of ection 11; the north half of the south half; the south-ast quarter of the southeast quarter, the south half of the outhwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the south-ast quarter, of section 12; and the north half of the ortheast quarter of section 13; all in township 11 north, ange 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

8. The west half of the northwest quarter of section 5; nd the north half, and the west half of the southwest uarter of section 6; and the northwest quarter of the orthwest quarter of section 7; all in township 11 north, ange 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

9. All of section 25, lying south of Sycamore Slough, nd containing 118 acres; the south half, and the south alf of the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast uarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 8 acres, of section 26; all of section 35; the south half, he northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, ying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 104 acres, f section 36; all in township 12 north, range 1 east, M.). B. & M.

10. All of sections 30 and 31, lying south of Sycamore lough and containing 504 acres; and all of the west half f the west half of section 32, lying south of Sycamore lough and containing 40 acres; all in township 12 north, ange 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

1. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, designated s Lot 1, Loop and Meserve Tract, as per map recorded in 'olume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los An-eles County Records, EXCEPTING that part included in he right of way of the Southern Pacific Company.

2. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, being part f the "Sycamore Tract," as shown o nthe map of the land artitioned by Loop and Meserve, recorded in Volume 52 f Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 16 as hown on said Map, thence south along the west line of aid Lot 16 and the prolongation thereof 25.92 chains; hence north 68° 45′ west 12 chains; thence north 15° ast 21.78 chains; thence east 6 chains, more or less, to he place of beginning.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following lescribed parcels of real estate, all situate in the STATE)F CALIFORNIA.

N THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Lots Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, of the "O'Neil & Haley Tract," f the said City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. That portion of Swamp and Overflowed Land Survey No. 1158, described as beginning at the northwest corner f section 21, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. 3. & M., and running thence east 18.06 chains; thence outh 65.55 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 21.62 chains o the west line of said section; thence north 53.65 chains o the place of beginning, containing 107.63 acres.

2. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described s beginning at the northeast corner of section 20, town-hip 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., running thence outh 53.65 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 34.12 chains; hence north 59° 38′ west 13.31 chains to the center line f said section; thence north 28.21 chains; thence east 0 chains to the place of beginning, containing 162.53 acres.

3. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described s the southeast quarter of section 17, township 7 north, ange 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The southwest quarter of section 16, township 7 orth, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 337, 411, 1079, and 1160, ccording to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed ands of the County of Yolo.

6. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1106, described s beginning at a point 16.19 chains north from the south-ast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, town-hip 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running hence west 12.03 chains; thence north 22.21 chains; thence ast 4.20 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 5.24 chains; hence south 76° east 5.16 chains; thence south 16.56 chains o the place of beginning, containing 23.59 acres.

7. Those parts of Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 333 and :77, described as beginning at a redwood post standing at the south corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 782, and situated south 43° 40′ west 41.50 chains from the Sacramento River; thence south 64° east 16.39 chains; thence south 69° east 38.67 chains; thence south 21° west 6.60 chains to the southeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 333; thence west 58.70 chains to the northeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 277; thence south 47.25 chains; thence west 13.75 chains; thence north 76° west 5.16 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 13.05 chains; thence north 59° west 5.83 chains; thence north 73° 15′ west 10.44 chains; thence south 71° 30′ west 6.33 chains; thence north 43° 40′ east 70.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing 254.32 acres.

8. Beginning at a point where the west boundary of Swamp Land Survey No. 627 is intersected by the section line dividing sections 21 and 28, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west about 90 chains to the southwest corner of section 20, same town-ship and range; thence north about 75 chains to the back levee of Reclamation District No. 307; thence southeasterly along said levee about 115 chains to a point marking the northwest corner of said survey No. 627; thence south along the west boundary line of said survey to the place of be-ginning, containing about 425 acres, in Swamp Land Sur-veys No. 1041 and No. 1158.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

Lot Lettered "L", in Block 140, of Horton's Addition to the City of San Diego, according to the official map thereof.

All of the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the follow-ing described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA

1. A portion of that certain ranch known as the Rancho San Miguel or Rancho Arroyo de los Nueces y Golgones, the first tract being the south half of Lot 7, hill land, and containing 228 acres, and the second tract being the north two-thirds of Lot 8, hill land, containing 425.93 acres.

The following is a particular description of said tracts by metes and bounds as made on partition, for which refer-ence is made to the map and plat of survey of partition of said Rancho now of record in the office of the County Clerk of Contra Costa County, viz.:

BEGINNING at station white oak tree marked SI-11 on the segregating line between the hill and valley lands of the San Miguel Rancho; thence north 62° 2′ east 92.16 chains to post AB; thence north 17.70 chains to post SM-23; thence south 45° west to post SM-24; thence north 48° 9′ west along the ranch boundary 93.70 chains to post TP-2; thence south 46° 45′ west 56.83 chains to post JP; thence south 68° east 6 chains to post SL-14; thence south 23° 30′ east 40.97 chains to post SL-13; thence south 67° 15′ east 10.72 chains to post SL-12; thence south 0° 45′ east 27.08 chains to the point of beginning, containing 653.93 acres, more or less.

2. That portion of the Rancho Monte del Diablo which is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at post SM-24, situated at the corner of the Rancho Monte del Diablo and San Miguel Rancho, thence north 45° east 8.85 chains to station post SM-23; thence north 6° west, leaving the Rancho boundary, 3.45 chains to station post No. 3P Co.; thence along the boundary of land now or formerly in controversy between Francisco Galindo and Josiah Sturges, north 44° 30′ west 74.90 chains to station post No. 2P Co.; and thence north 32° 45′ west 27.34 chains to station post D; thence leaving the lands in controversy above named, running south 77° 30′ west 3.59 chains to station post D-2; thence south 12° west 23.35 chains to station post TP2; thence along the boundary of the above named Ranchos south 48° 9′ east 93.70 chains to the point of beginning, containing 147.41 acres, more or less.

(The two parcels of land last above described, situated in the County of Contra Costa, are claimed by the Cowell Portland Cement Company, a corporation, to be its prop-erty, and all of the parcels of land hereinafter described are claimed by the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property.)

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF EL DORADO

1. The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8;—the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 9; the southwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 20; the north half, the north half of the southwest quarter, the north half of the south-east quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; and the south half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22; all in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. A parcel of land in section 7, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of said section 7, and running diagonally across said quarter section along the line of a fence on land now or formerly owned by Mr. Morrison, until it intersects the quarter of quarter section line and adjoining Mr. Mor-rison's to the County Road; thence along the center of said road to the east line of section 7; thence along said line south to the place of beginning, containing 41-2/3 acres.

3. The Schwalm Marble Quarry Mine and Lime Kiln site, being Mineral Entry No. 723 in the Series of the United States Land Office in Sacramento, California, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 38, embracing a portion of section 8, in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Marble Val-ley Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California.

4. A parcel of land, being a portion of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21, and running thence due west 1320 feet to the northwest corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence due south 825 feet to the fence between the lands originally claimed by W. W. Faber and Hugh B. Taylor; thence northeasterly 1437 feet on the line of said division fence to a point on section line between sections 21 and 22, which said point is 264 feet due south from the northeast corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence 264 feet due north to the place of beginning.

5. The east half, the southwest quarter, and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 7; the northwest quarter of section 8; the east half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 18; the west half of section 29; and the east half o fthe north-east quarter of section 30; all in township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

6. The Blue Marble Quarry Mine, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 50, embracing a portion of section 7, township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Pilot Hill Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California, and containing 20.66 acres.

7. The southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF KERN

Section No. 23, in township 32 south, range 33 east, M. D. B. & M., with the exception of a strip of land 100 feet wide, lying equally on each side of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and excepted in deed of Southern Pacific Railroad Company to Henry Cowell, dated May 5, 1892, and recorded in Volume 53 of Deeds, page 298, Kern County Records.

IN THE COUNTY OF PLACER

The north half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 22, township 13 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

Lot 5, in the block or square bounded by "K" and "L", 28th and 29th Streets, in the City of Sacramento, as laid down upon the official map thereof.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Battery Street, distant thereon 40 feet southerly from the inter-section of said easterly line of Battery Street with the southerly line of Filbert Street, thence southerly 80 feet along said easterly line of Battery Street; thence easterly parallel with Filbert Street 50 feet; thence northerly parallel with Battery Street 120 feet to the said southerly line of Filbert Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Filbert Street 25 feet; thence southerly parallel with Bat-tery Street 40 feet; thence westerly parallel with Filbert Street 25 feet to the said easterly line of Battery Street and the place of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

1. Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot in the City of Santa Cruz heretofore conveyed by Henry Cowell to one Hamilton, said point being on the northwesterly line of the San Jose Road, thence north 29° 27′ east 9.09 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence north 14° 40′ east 16.39 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence south 75° 30′ west 20.30 chains; thence south 10° east0.19 chains to a post; thence south 70° 20′ east 8.74 chains; thence south 1.99 chains; thence south 33° east 1.47 chains; thence south 4° east crossing a brook 3.94 chains; thence south 1° east 6 chains; thence south 61° 15′ west 1.60 chains to a post at the northwest corner of the said Hamilton lot; thence south 60° 30′ east 3.375 chains to the point of beginning, containing 17.874 acres.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the City of Santa Cruz and described as follows:

Beginning at the junction of the northerly line of Mission Street with the westerly line of River Street at a spike from which the southeast corner of Mission and River Streets bears south 79° 29′ east 40.28 feet distant; thence north 3° 50′ east 130.33 feet along the westerly line of said River Street to an iron spike on the south side of an alley; thence north 87° 57′ west 54.83 feet along the southern line of said alley to the boundary of a lot now or formerly owned by Dr. Sargent; thence south 13° 52′ west 31.78 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 88° 44′ east 9.90 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 1° 49′ west 100 feet to an iron spike in the northerly line of said Mission Street; thence south 88° 44′ east 46.96 feet along the northerly line of said Mission Street to the point of be-ginning, being lot No. 22, in block No. 1, of the City of Santa Cruz, and a part of lot No. 18 of the same block.

3. The southwest quarter of section 8, township 10 south, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 160 acres.

All the undivided ON-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN BENITO

1. Lots 4, 5, 12, and 13, of section 28; the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10, the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 30, all in town-ship 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.; also the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32, township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. Lots 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, of section 14; and lot 4, of section 24; all in township 14 south, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Tres Pinos, bounded and described as follows:

A strip of land 100 feet wide, commencing on the east-erly line of the station ground of the Southern Pacific Railroad 50 feet equally on each side of the said railroad as the same was formerly laid, thence running southeasterly 882.50 feet in its center line to the easterly line of Santa Ana Street, containing 2.02 acres of land, and being 897 feet on its northerly line and 869 feet on its southerly line, excepting the rights which one Charles Peck may have acquired to a small portion of said strip above described.

The railroad or motor road known as the Tres Pinos and Cienega Railroad, together with the roadbed, right of way, terminal facilities and rolling stock of the same.

WITNESS, the HON. THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 11th day of December, 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By F. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners.
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-27-9

PACIFIC PRINTING CO. 88 First St., S. F.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

1. Lots Nos. 1 and 2, of section 6, township 8 north, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

BEGINNING at the northeast corner of the Merkley Ranch at a redwood stake set on the east bank of the Sacramento River, which stake is south 79° 45′ west from an oak tree 2½ feet in diameter, standing at the southern extremity of the Half Way House buildings, and running thence north 79° 45′ east 4.20 chains; thence south 71° 15′ east 2.49 chains to the north side of an oak tree 18″ in diameter (Blazed); thence south 69° 30′ east 6.11 chains to an oak tree 8″ in diameter (blazed); thence south 71° 15′ east 9.61 chains to the end of an old ditch; thence south 74° 30′ east 3.77 chains to back fence; thence north 2° 30′ east along fence 10 chains to fence; thence south 2° 30′ west 2.62 chains from south line of 10-acre tracts; thence north 50° west along fence 7.74 chains to corner; thence along fence south 86° west 5.29 chains to corner of board fence; thence north 89° west along board fence 12.17 chains to corner of fence on east side of road; thence south 79° 45′ west at 0.67 chains on top of levee continue same course, in all 7.60 chains, to the Sacramento River; thence with the east bank of said River down stream to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being part of section 11, township 8 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southwesterly line of Main Street, distant thereon 137 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence southesaterly parallel with Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence northeasterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 694 and 703.

2. COMMENCING at the intersection of the northwesterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches to the northwesterly line of Mission Street; thence northeasterly along said line of Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

3. COMMENCINB at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon 97 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the intersection of said line of Spear Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 40 feet; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 40 feet; thence northeasterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the said southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

4. COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Clay Street with the easterly line of Sansome Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Clay Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence northerly parallel with Sansome Street 122 feet to the southerly line of Merchant Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Merchant Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the easterly line of Sansome Street; thence southerly along said easterly line of Sansome Street 122 feet to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 130, 131 and part of No. 132.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN JOAQUIN

1. BEGINNING at a point 8.65 chains west from the east boundary line, and 50 links north from the south boundary line of section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 31.85 chains; thence south 33.82 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 64.55 chains; thence north 15.35 chains; thence west 8 chains to the left bank of the Mokelumne River; thence along said left bank following its meanderings upstream to a point which would be intersected by a line running parallel with and 5.63 chains north from the township line between townships 4 and 5 north; thence east on said imagined line 16 chains; thence south 1.78 chains; thence east 50.40 chains; thence north 16.78 chains; thence east 36.86 chains to a post; thence south 20.13 chains to the point of beginning, containing 326.84 acres. Being portions of section 1, township 4 north, range 4 east; section 36, township 5 north, range 4 east; section 6, township 4 north, range 5 east; and section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, all M. D. B. & M.

2. All of those certain lots in the City of Stockton known and designated as Lots Nos. 5 and 8, and portions of Lots Nos. 1, 3, 7, 13 and 14, all in Block No. 64 east of Center Street, according to the map and survey of the said City of Stockton, commencing for the same at a point on the south line of Channel Street, in said City of Stockton, 75 feet easterly from the southeast corner of the intersection of Hunter Street and Channel Street; running thence easterly along the south line of Channel Street 85 feet; thence at right angles southerly 150 feet to the north line of said Lot 8; thence at right angles easterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the north line of Weber Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Weber Avenue 50 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the northwest corner of said Lot 8; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Lot 6 of said Block 64, 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet to the east line of said Hunter Street; thence at right angles northerly along said east line of Hunter Street 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 75 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet to the point of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the northwest corner of the tract assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence along the Coast north 20° 15′ west 14.40 chains; thence north 74° west 11 chains; thence north 40° 15′ west 10 chains; thence north 34° 15′ west 20 chains; thence north 43° 45′ west 25 chains; thence north 4° west 20 chains; thence leaving the Coast north 28° 30′ east 101.78 chains; thence south 81° 15′ east 30.90 chains; thence south 8° 20′ east 30.17 chains; thence south 84° 35′ east 190.65 chains to a point in the southeast boundary line of the official survey of said Rancho; thence on and along said line south 4° east 47.60 chains to the northeast corner of the tract assigned by the Referees aforesaid to Josefa de Haro Denniston; thence following the line of said tract north 84° 35′ west 84 chains; thence south 25° 30′ west 95 chains to the place of beginning; containing 1815.12 acres; said tract having been assigned to Augustine Guerrero by the Referees aforesaid and being marked No. 2 on the map of said partition. EXCEPTING all that parcel being a portion of the above described premises bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on a bluff on the Pacific Ocean, being the southwesterly corner of a tract of land now or formerly belonging to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence north 25° 30′ east 62.86 chains; thence north 56° 15′ west 38.93 chains to a stake in the line of fence; thence following said fence north 64° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 29° west 0.76 chains; thence north 23° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 16° west 0.76 chains; thence north 8° 30′ west 3.72 chains; thence north 28° west 7.02 chains; thence north 36° 30′ west 7.70 chains to the line of land now or formerly belonging to Victoriano Guerrero; thence following said line south 28° 30′ west 45.27 chains to a stake on the bluff bank of the Pacific Ocean; thence following said bluff bank south 20° east 5.62 chains; thence south 4° west 2.27 chains; thence south 12° 15′ east 4.54 chains; thence south 17° 45′ east 5.65 chains; thence south 37° 45′ east 1.75 chains; thence south 83° east 0.91 chains; thence 37° east 10.60 chains; thence south 54° 15′ east 4.45 chains; thence south 46° east 4.55 chains; thence south 69° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 6° east 3.41 chains; thence south 37° 30′ east 1.55 chains; thence south 4° 30′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 19° 15′ east 7 chains; thence south 41° 30′ east 7.21 chains; thence south 61° east 3.85 chains; thence south 60° east 3.33 chains; thence south 87° 30′ east 2.73 chains; thence south 63° east 4.55 chains; thence south 58° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 46° 30′ east 3.48 chains; thence south 30° 20′ east 9.17 chains to the point of beginning, containing 430.72 acres.

2. COMMENCING at the northwest corner of that portion of the Rancho El Corral del Tierre (Palomares) bordering on the Ocean, assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence south 25° 30′ west 14.24 chains; thence south 64° 30′ east 16.23 chains to Denniston Creek; thence north 10° 30′ west 11 chains; thence north 22° west 2.55 chains; thence north 12° 15′ east 3 chains; thence north 27° east 1.50 chains; thence north 13° 30′ west 2.20 chains; thence north 84° 35′ west 7 chains to the point of commencement, containing 16.92 acres.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the County Road forming the easterly boundary line of the large tract of land owned by Owen McMahon, deceased, at the time of his death, at the easterly corner of the tract of land conveyed to Elizabeth Owen McMahon by Elizabeth Catherine Hamlin, Ellen Maria Barry and Margaret Anna Lennon by deed dated February 25th, 1892, and running thence south 42° 36′ west 35.15 chains; thence south 48° east 27.75 chains; thence north 42° 36′ east 35 chains to the County Road; and thence along the County Road to the place of beginning, containing about 108 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.39 acres conveyed by Henry Cowell to W. D. K. Gibson for right of way purposes by deed dated November 27th, 1900, and recorded in Volume 88 of Deeds, at page 207, San Mateo County Records, and also a parcel of 1 acre conveyed by Henry Cowell to Giovanni Devincenzi, by deed dated November 11th, 1901, and recorded in Volume 93 of Deeds, at page 18, San Mateo County Records.

4. Lot No. 1 of section 21, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 26.14 acres.

5. BEGINNING on the bank of the Purissima Creek at the point where the line between fractional sections 15 and 16 intersects the same, thence running north between said fractional sections 5.64 chains to a gulch; thence down said gulch south 56° 15′ east 2.80 chains to the bank of the Purissima Creek; thence down the Creek with its meanders south 60° 15′ west 3.10 chains; thence south 60° 45′ west 2.50 chains; to the place of beginning, containing about 1 acre, and being part of fractional section No. 15 in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. BEGINNING on the line between sections 16 and 21, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and at a point 16 chains east of the quarter section post in the road leading up the Creek; thence east on said line 14 chains to Purissima Creek; thence up the Creek with its meanders north 23° west 3 chains; thence north 40° 15′ east 2 chains; thence north 25° 15′ east 7.80 chains to the line between sections 15 and 16; thence along said line north 5.64 chains to Simmon's and Beckwith's corner; thence north 64° 15′ west 0.95 chains to the road; thence along the road south 15° 20′ east 2.80 chains; thence south 38° west 5 chains; thence south 18°30′ west 5.50 chains; thence south 28° 30′ west 6 chains; thence south 64° west 11 chains; thence south 60° west 5.15 chains to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres.

7. COMMENCING at a post 20 chains from the Coast Bank, running thence south 17° 30′ east 20 chains to the corner of Joseph E. Selleck's 40-acre tract; thence south 72° 30′ west 24.16 chains to edge of Coast bank; thence along said bank in a southerly direction to a corner post; thence leaving Coast and running north 72° 30′ east 54.84 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence north 72° 30′ east 29.37 chains up a ridge to head of first gulch; thence south 45° east 10.45 chains down said gulch to Lobitas Creek to an alder tree 12″ in diameter standing at the mouth of said gulch upon which tree there are three notches; thence up Lobitas Creek to mouth of Willow Gulch; thence north 30° west 33.44 chains to Selleck's corner; thence south 54° west 29.68 chains; thence south 72° 30′ west 40.62 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence south 72° 30′ west 34.15 chains to the point of beginning, containing 577 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.88 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company by deed dated September 22, 1905.

8. BEGINNING at a post on ridge standing in middle of Redwood Road of Bailord and Kinnerson, thence running north 31° 30′ east 4.50 chains to a post; thence south 78° 30′ east 8.25 chains; thence south 65° east 5.50 chains to Lobitas Creek to a redwood tree 48″ in diameter, marked with 3 notches, on right bank of said Creek; thence down said Creek south 48° west 3.75 chains; thence south 35° west 5.74 chains; thence south 48° west 6.50 chains to a redwood tree 24″ in diameter standing on the right bank of the Creek at the mouth of the gulch; thence up the gulch north 57° west 9 chains; thence north 38° west 4.73 chains to a post; thence north 31° 30′ east to the place of beginning, containing 19.50 acres, being a portion of the Rancho Canada Verdey Arroyo de las Purissima.

9. Lot No. 1, and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 8, and the fractional sections 16 and 17, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing together 935.92 acres; all that portion of Lot No. 1, of section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., situated north of the County Road leading from Purissima House up Purissima Creek and containing 2½ acres, more or less; Lot No. 2, in section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 20.91 acres.

EXCEPTING, however, from the foregoing lots or parcels of land the following lots or parcels:

(1) A parcel of 2.79 acres, being a portion of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to William Buzzell by deed dated April 13, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 39, San Mateo County Records.

(2) A parcel of 10 acres, being a portion of fractional section 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Patrick Flyn by deed dated October 17, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 148, San Mateo County Records.

(3) A parcel of 36.16 acres, being a part of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to W. A. Simmons and J. S. Blackwell by deed dated April 13, 1864 and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 425.

(4) The right to use and possess a certain spring of water conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Silas Hovious by deed dated October 12, 1861, and recorded in Volume 2 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 41, San Mateo County Records.

(5) A parcel of 50 acres, being a fractional portion of sections 16 and 17, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to George Duncan by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 497, San Mateo County Records.

(6) A parcel of 13.22 acres, being a fractional portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to R. H. Hatch, by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 108, San Mateo County Records.

(7) A parcel of 5 acres, being a portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to Silas Hovious by deed dated February 3, 1868, and recorded in Volume 8 of Deeds, at page 346, San Mateo County Records.

(8) A parcel of 5 acres, known as the "Cemetery Tract."

(9) A parcel of 5 acres, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated April 23, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 189, San Mateo County Records.

(10) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 518, San Mateo County Records.

(11) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to the trustees of the Purissima School District by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 520, San Mateo County Records.

(12) A parcel of 9.33 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company, by deed dated September 22, 1905.

10. The east portion of Lot No. 1, as per map of the J. de H. Denniston portion of the Rancho Corral de Tierra, containing about 12 acres of land.

IN THE COUNTY OF TEHAMA

BEGINNING at a point where the north line of the Wilson Tract intersects the slough or old channel of the Sacramento River, said line being known as the Bennet Line, thence following along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 15° 30′ west 12.50 chains; thence north 24° 30′ west 9.31 chains; thence north 29° 45′ west 4.37 chains; thence north 14° 30′ west 10.60 chains; thence north 28° 30′ west 14.65 chains; thence north 27° 15′ west 11.08 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 6.20 chains, from which an oak tree marked 68 and 69 bears south 40° west 0.60 chains distant; thence north 60° west 8.15 chains; thence south 77° west 5.30 chains; thence south 19° 30′ east 2.53 chains; thence south 85° west 5.27 chains; thence south 50° 30′ west 5.19 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 4.70 chains; thence north 46′ west 7.36 chains; thence north 75° west 4.20 chains; thence north 49° west 8.96 chains to the present channel of the Sacramento River; thence following down and along the east bank of the Sacramento River by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

South 32° west 8.05 chains; thence south 74° 30′ west 16.04 chains; thence south 11° 30′ west 22.50 chains; thence south 24° east 9.52 chains; thence south 36° 30′ east 3.92 chains; thence south 12° east 5.05 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 24.67 chains; thence south 66° east 22.72 chains; thence south 45°30′ east 3.30 chains; thence south 33° east 8.06 chains; thence south 28° 30′ east 3.35 chains; thence south 18° east 2.53 chains; thence south 35° 30′ east 2.75 chains; thence south 14° east 3.10 chains; thence south 1° west 2.56 chains; thence south 16° 30′ east 2.54 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 3.15 chains; thence south 7° east 5.72 chains; thence south 9° 30′ east 3.29 chains; thence south 3° 30′ east 4.74 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 2.67 chains to the old channel of the Sacramento River; thence following up and along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 37° 30′ east 2.22 chains; thence north 44° east 2.17 chains; thence north 44° east 1.94 chains; thence north 27° east 3.46 chains; htence north 29° east 2.51 chains; thence north 3° east 4.10 chains; thence north 33° west 1.83 chains; thence north 36° 15′ east 29.25 chains; thence south 49° east 3.68 chains; thence north 41° east 7.39 chains; thence north 62° east 3.88 chains; thence north 8° 30′ east 6.79 chains; thence north 17° east 4.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 589 acres, more or less, being part of the "Capay Rancho" known as "Snaden Island."

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 756 of the official surveys of the said County of Yolo, at a point a little north of west from the quarter section corner between sections 3 and 4, township 6 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., thence south 77° east along the upper line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756 20.54

chains to the back corner of Hester's 10-acre tract; thence south 13° west 2.50 chains; thence south 77° east 40 chains to a point on the west bank of the Sacramento River, 10 rods below the northeast corner of the said Swamp Land Survey No. 756, thence down the said river with its meanders south 10° 25′ west 4.64 chains; south 13° 25′ west 5.40 chains; south 30° 30′ west 12 chains; south 45° 10′ west 7.21 chains; thence leaving said river north 75° 30′ west 56.50 chains to the back line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756; thence north 19° 10′ east along said back line 28.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 167.55 acres of land.

2. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 361, 363, 897, and 985, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed lands of the County of Yolo, being portions of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. A fraction of 2.10 acres, beginning at a point at the inside base of the Sacramento River levee, about 30 feet north from the cross-levee, and running thence north 18° west, along the inside base of said levee, 151 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 216 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 49 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 980 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 80 feet; thence in a direct line to the place of beginning, being a portion of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The south half of section 9; the south half of section 10; the south half of section 12; all of section 13; the south half and the northeast quarter of section 15; all of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 19; all of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of section 22; all of section 23; all of section 24; the northwest quarter of section 28; and the northeast quarter of section 29;—all in township 8 north, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. The south half, and the northwest quarter of section 3; all of section 4; all of section 5; the northeast quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 6; the north half of section 8; the north half of section 9; the north half of section 10; and the northwest quarter of section 11;—all in township 9 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. The southeast quarter of section 31; the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section 32; the south half of section 33; and the southwest quarter of section 34; all in township 10 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

7. All of section 1; all of section 2; the east half of section 11; the north half of the south half; the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the south half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter, of section 12; and the north half of the northeast quarter of section 13; all in township 11 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

8. The west half of the northwest quarter of section 5; and the north half, and the west half of the southwest quarter of section 6; and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 7; all in township 11 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

9. All of section 25, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 118 acres; the south half, and the south half of the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 98 acres, of section 26; all of section 35; the south half, the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 104 acres, of section 36; all in township 12 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

10. All of sections 30 and 31, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 504 acres; and all of the west half of the west half of section 32, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 40 acres; all in township 12 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

1. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, designated as Lot 1, Loop and Meserve Tract, as per map recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, EXCEPTING that part included in the right of way of the Southern Pacific Company.

2. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, being part of the "Sycamore Tract," as shown o nthe map of the land partitioned by Loop and Meserve, recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 16 as shown on said Map, thence south along the west line of said Lot 16 and the prolongation thereof 25.92 chains; thence north 68° 45′ west 12 chains; thence north 15° east 21.78 chains; thence east 6 chains, more or less, to the place of beginning.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situate in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Lots Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, of the "O'Neil & Haley Tract," of the said City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. That portion of Swamp and Overflowed Land Survey No. 1158, described as beginning at the northwest corner of section 21, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence east 18.06 chains; thence south 65.55 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 21.62 chains to the west line of said section; thence north 53.65 chains to the place of beginning, containing 107.63 acres.

2. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as beginning at the northeast corner of section 20, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., running thence south 53.65 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 34.12 chains; thence north 59° 38′ west 13.31 chains to the center line of said section; thence north 28.21 chains; thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning, containing 162.53 acres.

3. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as the southeast quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The southwest quarter of section 16, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 337, 411, 1079, and 1160, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed Lands of the County of Yolo.

6. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1106, described as beginning at a point 16.19 chains north from the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 12.03 chains; thence north 22.21 chains; thence east 4.20 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 5.24 chains; thence south 76° east 5.16 chains; thence south 16.56 chains to the place of beginning, containing 23.59 acres.

7. Those parts of Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 333 and 277, described as beginning at a redwood post standing at the south corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 782, and situated south 43° 40′ west 41.50 chains from the Sacramento River; thence south 64° east 16.39 chains; thence south 69° east 38.67 chains; thence south 21° west 6.60 chains to the southeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 333; thence west 58.70 chains to the northeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 277; thence south 47.25 chains; thence west 13.75 chains; thence north 76° west 5.16 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 13.05 chains; thence north 59° west 5.83 chains; thence north 73° 15′ west 10.44 chains; thence south 71° 30′ west 6.33 chains; thence north 43° 40′ east 70.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing 254.32 acres.

8. Beginning at a point where the west boundary of Swamp Land Survey No. 627 is intersected by the section line dividing sections 21 and 28, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west about 90 chains to the southwest corner of section 20, same township and range; thence north about 75 chains to the back levee of Reclamation District No. 307; thence southeasterly along said levee about 115 chains to a point marking the northwest corner of said survey No. 627; thence south along the west boundary line of said survey to the place of beginning, containing about 425 acres, in Swamp Land Surveys No. 1041 and No. 1158.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

Lot Lettered "L", in Block 140, of Horton's Addition to the City of San Diego, according to the official map thereof.

All of the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA

1. A portion of that certain ranch known as the Rancho San Miguel or Rancho Arroyo de los Nueces y Golgones, the first tract being the south half of Lot 7, hill land, and containing 228 acres, and the second tract being the north two-thirds of Lot 8, hill land, containing 425.93 acres.

The following is a particular description of said tracts by metes and bounds as made on partition, for which reference is made to the map and plat of survey of partition of said Rancho now of record in the office of the County Clerk of Contra Costa County, viz.:

BEGINNING at station white oak tree marked S1-11 on the segregating line between the hill and valley lands of the San Miguel Rancho; thence north 62° 2′ east 92.16 chains to post AB; thence north 17.70 chains to post SM-23; thence south 45° west to post SM-24; thence north 48° 9′ west along the ranch boundary 93.70 chains to post TP-2; thence south 46° 45′ west 56.83 chains to post JP; thence south 68° east 6 chains to post SL-14; thence south 23° 30′ east 40.97 chains to post SL-13; thence south 67° 15′ east 10.72 chains to post SL-12; thence south 0° 45′ east 27.08 chains to the point of beginning, containing 653.93 acres, more or less.

2. That portion of the Rancho Monte del Diablo which is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at post SM-24, situated at the corner of the Rancho Monte del Diablo and San Miguel Rancho, thence north 45° east 8.85 chains to station post SM-23; thence north 6° west, leaving the Rancho boundary, 3.45 chains to station post No. 3P Co.; thence along the boundary of land now or formerly in controversy between Francisco Galindo and Josiah Sturges, north 44° 30′ west 74.90 chains to station post No. 2P Co.; and thence north 32° 45′ west 27.34 chains to station post D; thence leaving the lands in controversy above named, running south 77° 30′ west 3.59 chains to station post D-2; thence south 12° west 23.35 chains to station post TP2; thence along the boundary of the above named Ranchos south 48° 9′ east 93.70 chains to the point of beginning, containing 147.41 acres, more or less.

(The two parcels of land last above described, situated in the County of Contra Costa, are claimed by the Cowell Portland Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property, and all of the parcels of land hereinafter described are claimed by the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property.)

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF EL DORADO

1. The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8; the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 9; the southwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 20; the north half, the north half of the southwest quarter, the north half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; and the south half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22; all in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. A parcel of land in section 7, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of said section 7, and running diagonally across said quarter section along the line of a fence on land now or formerly owned by Mr. Morrison, until it intersects the quarter of quarter section line and adjoining Mr. Morrison's to the County Road; thence along the center of said road to the east line of section 7; thence along said line south to the place of beginning, containing 41-2/3 acres.

3. The Schwalm Marble Quarry Mine and Lime Kiln site, being Mineral Entry No. 723 in the Series of the United States Land Office in Sacramento, California, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 38, embracing a portion of section 8, in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Marble Valley Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California.

4. A parcel of land, being a portion of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21, and running thence due west 1320 feet to the northwest corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence due south 825 feet to the fence between the lands originally claimed by W. W. Faber and Hugh B. Taylor; thence northeasterly 1437 feet on the line of said division fence to a point on section line between sections 21 and 22, which said point is 264 feet due south from the northeast corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence 264 feet due north to the place of beginning.

5. The east half, the southwest quarter, and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 7; the northwest quarter of section 8; the east half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 18; the west half of section 29; and the east half o fthe northeast quarter of section 30; all in township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

6. The Blue Marble Quarry Mine, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 50, embracing a portion of section 7, township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Pilot Hill Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California, and containing 20.66 acres.

7. The southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF KERN

Section No. 23, in township 32 south, range 33 east, M. D. B. & M., with the exception of a strip of land 100 feet wide, lying equally on each side of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and excepted in deed of Southern Pacific Railroad Company to Henry Cowell, dated May 5, 1892, and recorded in Volume 53 of Deeds, page 298, Kern County Records.

IN THE COUNTY OF PLACER

The north half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 22, township 13 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

Lot 5, in the block or square bounded by "K" and "L", 28th and 29th Streets, in the City of Sacramento, as laid down upon the official map thereof.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Battery Street, distant thereon 40 feet southerly from the intersection of said easterly line of Battery Street with the southerly line of Filbert Street, thence southerly 80 feet along said easterly line of Battery Street; thence easterly parallel with Filbert Street 50 feet; thence northerly parallel with Battery Street 120 feet to the said southerly line of Filbert Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Filbert Street 25 feet; thence southerly parallel with Battery Street 40 feet; thence westerly parallel with Filbert Street 25 feet to the said easterly line of Battery Street and the place of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

1. Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot in the City of Santa Cruz heretofore conveyed by Henry Cowell to one Hamilton, said point being on the northwesterly line of the San Jose Road, thence north 29° 27′ east 9.09 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence north 14° 40′ east 16.39 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence south 75° 30′ west 20.30 chains; thence south 10° east0.19 chains to a post; thence south 70° 20′ east 8.74 chains; thence south 1.99 chains; thence south 33° east 1.47 chains; thence south 4° east crossing a brook 3.94 chains; thence south 1° east 6 chains; thence south 61° 15′ west 1.60 chains to a post at the northwest corner of the said Hamilton lot; thence south 60° 30′ east 3.375 chains to the point of beginning, containing 17.874 acres.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the City of Santa Cruz and described as follows:

Beginning at the junction of the northerly line of Mission Street with the westerly line of River Street at a spike from which the southeast corner of Mission and River Streets bears south 79° 29′ east 40.28 feet distant; thence north 3° 50′ east 130.33 feet along the westerly line of said River Street to an iron spike on the south side of an alley; thence north 87° 57′ west 54.83 feet along the southern line of said alley to the boundary of a lot now or formerly owned by Dr. Sargent; thence south 13° 52′ west 31.78 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 88° 44′ east 9.90 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 1° 49′ west 100 feet to an iron spike in the northerly line of said Mission Street; thence south 88° 44′ east 46.96 feet along the northerly line of said Mission Street to the point of beginning, being lot No. 22, in block No. 1, of the City of Santa Cruz, and a part of lot No. 18 of the same block.

3. The southwest quarter of section 8, township 10 south, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 160 acres.

All the undivided ON-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN BENITO

1. Lots 4, 5, 12, and 13, of section 28; the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10, the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 30, all in township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.; also the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32, township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. Lots 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, of section 14; and lot 4, of section 24; all in township 14 south, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Tres Pinos, bounded and described as follows:

A strip of land 100 feet wide, commencing on the easterly line of the station ground of the Southern Pacific Railroad 50 feet equally on each side of the said railroad as the same was formerly laid, thence running southeasterly 882.50 feet in its center line to the easterly line of Santa Ana Street, containing 2.02 acres of land, and being 897 feet on its northerly line and 869 feet on its southerly line, excepting the rights which one Charles Peck may have acquired to a small portion of said strip above described.

The railroad or motor road known as the Tres Pinos and Cienega Railroad, together with the roadbed, right of way, terminal facilities and rolling stock of the same.

WITNESS, the HON. THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 11th day of December, 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners.
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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Eshleman Sacrifice

Once more we are permitted to perceive that the principle of political expediency is the paramount principle of Progressive party politics in California. Made aware by reports from registration offices that enthusiasm for the Armageddon cause is on the wane the Board of Strategy at Sacramento uttered a Macedonian cry for help from the President of the Board of Railroad Commissioners. Mr. Eshleman it appears is the one man connected with the Administration believed to have reflected credit thereon. The supposition is that he has prestige that may be put to good use. It might increase the drawing power of the ticket. So Eshleman is summoned before the Board of Strategy, and the situation is explained to him. Would he run for Lieutenant-Governor? It would be easy to picture the gentleman's consternation. Fancy the Mayor of San Francisco being called upon to resign and become poundkeeper. This is only in a measure analogous to the sacrifice that John Eshleman was urged to make, for the presidency of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of California is a far more exalted office than the mayoralty of San Francisco, and the Poundkeeper of this city is a more important functionary than the Lieutenant-Governor of the State. Naturally Mr. Eshleman refused to make so great a sacrifice, but pressure was brought to bear on him, and perhaps feeling that as Governor Johnson had appointed him to the Railroad Commission his sense of gratitude might be impugned if he remained obdurate he finally gave his consent. Consider now the character of the deal that has been made. Here is a man who is believed to have served the State well in his present important position. He is believed to have earned the gratitude of the people by his performances in a judicial capacity. If the popular estimation of him is correct assuredly it ought to be the desire of every citizen that he remain where he is, but as the Progressives need him for political purposes considerations of public interest they cast aside. Consider also the implication of this deal; how it belies the pretensions of our Progressive politicians as to universal recognition of Governor Johnson's wonderful achievements and the esteem in which he is held by the plain people. If they really believed what they have been saying would they have wrenched John Eshleman from the Railroad Commission and converted him into a siren to lure the voter within the wizard reach of the gubernatorial Circe?

Mission Jim On the Job

The City Hall it appears is not being built according to specifications. The steel work has been done skimpingly. From which fact we infer, with all due deference to the exceptionally competent administrators of municipal affairs, that there is still a difference between public work and private work. When the City Hall that was shattered in 1906 was in course of construction a mechanic who had been discharged by a contractor called public attention to the fact that certain walls had been "stuffed" with debris. Years have passed but times have not changed. Politics have been greatly purified since those mad sad pre-primary days of the corrupt boss and the dollar limit; so much so that the limit is now the blue sky and the confidence of the people in their servants is unbounded; yet the money of the taxpayer is still dumped into hollow walls. Qualified now for self-government, we have a passion for public ownership, and we are going into the street railroad business on a large scale, and we are preparing to build our own water system at a cost of many millions, but when we build a little reservoir we find that it is as full of holes as a sieve, and when we build a little City Hall we find that the steel girders are eked out with steel patches. However, let us not become apprehensive. "Mission Jim" is on the job. "Mission Jim" will see to it that nothing shall go amiss.

The Vanity of the Pulpit

Dr. Aked impels us to paraphrase. "Learn of me," says Dr. Aked, "and ye shall find restlessness." "Learn of me," says Christ, "and ye shall find rest." Dr. Aked is a Bible exegetist with the instincts of a yellow journalist, and so instead of devoting himself to the business of kindling the sentiment of religion and making its divine reality a conscious motive and solace to his followers, he achieves a sensation by disparaging the Christian evidences with the air of one so deeply initiated into the arcana of Truth as to be justified in becoming one of her expositors. And the newspapers play him up as though he were an underworld drama at whom the censors were looking askance. Is it important for Dr. Aked's followers to know that he doesn't believe in the miraculous birth of Christ? Dr. Aked is a frail mortal whose criticism of the Bible is of no more importance than his criticism of a new dictionary. If a man doesn't believe in the divinity of Christ, what good does he do trying to dissuade others from believing? There are lots of good men who don't believe in the divinity of Christ, but Dr. Aked appears to think that his affirmation of disbelief is a vindication of his courage. He talks about his courage, thus inspiring the suspicion that when preaching his sermon he was thinking more of himself than of the folks in the pews. He reminds us of what a popular essayist of the first half of the last century had to say on the subject of the desecration of religion by the "lionism of the pulpit." "London and New York," he wrote, "must have their fashionable preachers as well as their favorite prima donnas, and the phenomena attending each are the same. Intellectual amusement, exclusiveness, the mode thus become identical with that which is the essential opposite, and the meekness and sublimity of the religious function is utterly lost in a frivolous glare and soulless vanity." The function of the clerical office is to create the impulse toward spiritual improvement, and to that end to teach men how Christ lived rather than to quibble over the circumstances of his birth. The minister who is eager to tell us what he doesn't believe is more concerned about the vainglory of himself than the salvation of others. When he forgets that the church is the place for one day's truce to the dissensions and animosities of mankind he is a mighty poor aid to the cause of Christianity.

The Human Irritant

The Anti-Saloon League of New York has had a bill introduced in the Legislature requiring that all bottles containing more than two per cent of alcohol be labeled with skull and crossbones and this inscription: "This preparation contains alcohol which is a habit-forming, irritant, narcotic. poison." If Prohibitionists wanted nothing more than a label the liquor interests would probably rejoice. There are only two objections to the label proposed: first, that it does not tell the whole truth and is intended to deceive, which is a characteristic weakness of nearly all our regenerators; secondly, that it would tend to render negligible an emblem that should be employed exclusively as an immediate and striking warning against the most dangerous poisons. The principle of telling the simple, plain truth on all labels is not at all objectionable. It would seem but right to inform people of the presence of the Demon wherever he is imprisoned, but that congenital bigot who is possessed by the worst of all demons, the demon of intolerance, will never be satisfied with allowing us to drink what is distasteful to him. Because wine is an intoxicant he would prohibit its manufacture. It matters not to him that only the few drink wine to excess, or that wine has its benign as well as its evil effects. Indeed, the fact is that he hates wine for its virtues. If it had none, if only the intemperate drank wine and drank it only to get drunk, there would be few Prohibitionists to protest against the manufacture of it. For the truth about the Prohibitionist is that the principle of his activity is interference. He may persuade himself that gratuitous benefit of the human species is the motive of his propaganda, but it is really the instinct for rousing resentment that he is indulging. His zeal is in proportion to the resentment to be roused. He is an irritant on two legs, who flatters himself that when he sits

still the wheels of the universe drag heavily, that somewhere people are contented and that therefore all nature is out of joint. No Prohibitionist is addicted to the one hobby. He is a crank of many crotchets. Affecting to serve society, what he really demands is that society shall serve him; that is, gratify his whims. You often meet him in the role of militant vegetarian protesting against the slaughter of animals for food. As an anti-vivisectionist he is as prejudiced against scientific experimentation as against anything else. He has strong religious prejudices, and would have us all worship God according to his doxy. All the joy that he gets out of life is the joy of interfering with the comfort and pleasure of others. If he is a militant Sabbatarian it is not because to him the Sabbath is a reminder of the Maker's rest or that he wishes to dedicate it to thought and reverence. It is simply that he would make the dictates of the Puritan conscience the law of the land. In all probability he has figured out that there are four years of Sundays in every twenty-eight years, and that it would be delightful to make us all spend that big fraction of existence in melancholy introspection. The spirit of all the cults of regeneration is the spirit of bigotry, despotism and persecution. This spirit has survived the destruction of its outward symbols—the rack, the stake and the dungeon, and it manifests itself in the propagandas of all those tyrannical cults that have come down to us from that theological Golgotha known as New England, where once upon a time the people dared to laugh only with the consent of the deacons. These agitators who, in many instances, have really persuaded themselves that they are devoted to the wellbeing of society, constitute as a matter of fact the most vicious of all elements. Constantly agitating for the accomplishment of their narrow purposes they bring society to what Hobbs contended was its original condition—a state of war. Few of us are so fortunate as not to feel the effects of the spirit of intolerance and bigotry. Indeed so numerous are its manifestations that even the crusading crank himself does not go unscathed, for when hobbies of all kinds get into the statute books so many of the principles of individual liberty suffer extinction that none but the anchorite in the desert alone with his God enjoys all the freedom that he desires.

Politics and Justice

In the January number of the Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology Judge William N. Gemmill discusses the familiar question "What is wrong with the administration of our criminal laws?" Judge Gemmill is of an inferior court in Chicago, and he is one of the many critics of our judicial system whose criticisms have confused the public mind. Apparently Judge Gemmill has just found out that the maladministration of justice in this country is not due principally to our appellate courts. For several years we have been pointing out that there would be less cause for complaint if we had fewer ignorant men among our trial judges. This appears to be the conclusion that Judge Gemmill has come to. Anyway he has come to the conclusion that it is misleading to point to what is called England's model court system and to argue that the number of verdicts set aside in this country is proof of inefficiency. He has ascertained that the percentage of judgments set aside by the English Court of Criminal Appeals in the last four years exceeds that of any court of last resort in this country. Twenty-five per cent of all the convictions of condemned persons who appealed to the English Court of Criminal Appeals during the last four years were quashed and the defendants set at liberty. Further, the Court of Criminal Appeals found that the judgments of trial courts in fifty-one per cent of all the criminal cases were erroneous. The average reversal of criminal cases in all courts of final appeal in this country in the same period was less than twenty-three per cent. Nevertheless crime is more prevalent in the United States than in England. More murders are committed in Chicago annually than in the whole of England and Wales. What is the explanation? Judge Gemmill says it is because in England justice is cold as an iceberg and politics plays but little part in the administration of justice. This is heresy. We have only begun to learn that politics is essential to the administration of justice. Hence the recall, which some folk regard as innocuous. By way of proof that it does no harm they point to the fact that it has been applied but to one judge. There are others, however, who say that it makes our judges more sensitive to public opinion, and who are pleased that it does. Of this sensitiveness there need be no doubt. Many of our judges have become sensitive not only to public opinion but to the sentiment of large groups of men. Before opinions are signed the consequences are estimated; not by all judges, thank God! but by some of high station with higher aspirations and well developed powers of calculation. He is a mighty obscure lawyer who is not aware that the recall has most copiously sprinkled with politics the administration of justice in California.

A Dissenting Opinion

Though three Justices of the Supreme Court concurred in the opinion of Justice Henshaw in the case of the Deseret Water, Oil and Irrigation Company against the State of California the learned editor of the Bulletin without the slightest hesitation dissented therefrom, giving his reasons in a minority opinion printed in large, clear type on the editorial page. The charitable view to take of this minority opinion is that its author's knowledge of the case was derived only from newspaper excerpts from the opinion of the court. His principal objection to that opinion is that "it goes beyond the limits of judicial discretion in the assertion that 'in the State of California the cause of conservation would not suffer if intrusted to the State itself.'" This he gravely informs us is wholly a question of politics, and he adds that "the policy of Federal control of public lands is not for the judiciary to meddle with until the laws governing it have been changed." What Justice Henshaw said about conservation at the hands of the State was merely by way of answer to a suggestion from the Attorney-General who in this particular case had nothing but suggestions to offer. The plaintiff in the case was suing for land under one of the statutes of the State, and it appeared that the land in question had never been taken over by the Federal government. The Attorney-General having not a leg to stand on took for a crutch a device fashioned entirely of Progressive patter. His argument was about as forceful as the dissenting opinion of the learned editor, who tells us that were the principle of State conservation followed in forty-eight States there would be forty-eight conservation policies and the public domain would be exposed to plunder at forty-eight different points. This observation is doubtless offered as a complete answer to the proposition that while the State of California was admitted as a sovereign State upon equal terms with other States, and while it has been judicially declared that an essential part of the equality is the right to dispose of public lands and get the benefit of revenues from taxation, here in California one-third of the area of the whole State, an area greater than the territory of the combined New England States, has been withdrawn from commerce with all its forests, mines, power sites and possibilities. What the editor says by way of refutation of this proposition possesses at least the precious merit of characteristic disingenuity, for it implies that there are forty-eight States having valuable public lands, whereas the great majority of the States of the Union long ago disposed of their public lands and got the benefits that the Pale Person of New England would now deny to the people of California. The merits of the policy that would rob California of a right guaranteed to the sovereign States of the Union, says the Bulletin, "are easy to be observed by anyone who has learned to think nationally." It would be more accurate to say that the merits of the policy are easy to be fancied by those who think they think nationally, but whose mental vision is peculiarly parochial and hopelessly suburban.

Human Nature

It is not always easy to determine whether apparent disingenuity is the result of downright intellectual dishonesty or of stark and clotted intellectual imbecility. Here is a case in point. The editor of the Saturday Evening Post arguing that if human nature did not change reform movements would be silly, asks whether anybody believes there is no essential difference between Tamerlane and Abraham Lincoln or Cesare Borgia and Woodrow Wilson. If the changeableness of human nature is evidenced by such contrasts we might extend the list by comparing Vice-President Marshall with Solomon, William Randolph Hearst with St. Paul, Theodore Roosevelt with Marcus

Aurelius and John D. Rockefeller with Cato. But if we wish to ponder the question with a view to approximating the truth we shall compare modern men of eminence whom we revere for their virtues with such ancients as Numa Pompilius, Lycurgus and perhaps Themistocles. If human nature has greatly changed then why do the proverbs to be found in the Old Testament prove instructive today? Why do we regard history as philosophy teaching by example? If we wish to see how little human nature has changed in measurable time we can do no better than consult Theophrastus who gives us some admirable sketches of the minds of ancient Athenians. Theophrastus took his models from private and common life; from persons too obscure to adorn the pages of history, but who constitute subjects well adapted to the purpose of him who would study the anatomy of human nature. Here is a description of the man with the glad hand who runs with the hares and hunts with the hounds:

"When he is called in as an arbitrator he is not only desirous of pleasing the party on whose side he appears, but the adversary also, that he may seem to be the common friend of both. He tells a foreign gentlemen that he really speaks the language with a better accent than the natives. When he is invited to dinner, he insists upon the gentleman's letting the little children come in, and the moment he sees them he declares they are more like their father than one fig is like another; and taking them by the hand he kisses them, and makes them sit next to him, and plays with them himself, saying, here is a little trinket for one, and here is a little hatchet for the other, and he lets them fall asleep on his lap, seeming to be highly delighted, though he sits on thorns all the while."

Not much difference between that Athenian and many an American jobchaser whom we all know. If it is easy to find contrasts it is likewise easy to find likenesses. Read the life of Atticus by Cornelius Nepos, and note the resemblance between that smooth politician and Theodore Roosevelt. The truth of the matter is that if Christian civilization has refined a large section of humanity it has certainly not altered human nature any more than the fibre of a piece of redwood is altered when the wood is polished. Today as in the day when the observation that the heart is deceitful above all things was made part of the Scriptures, he who has designs on another's purse or on his country will assume all the appearances of cordial friendship and unpolluted honor. If men do not poison one another as in the days of the Borgias they murder with dynamite and with as little compunction. If human nature in its most exalted and comprehensive degree is still to be found among men so also it was found in ancient Rome and ancient Athens. If five centuries ago so unscrupulous a man as Lord Bacon could preach the most excellent morality so today may be found the scoundrel with hardly a redeeming virtue exuding ideals and exhorting the people to accept his services as a purifier of politics. None but a barbarous age, we are told, can admire the bloody triumphs of the mere conqueror, but Napoleon is the hero of modern times and the people of the United States put the Rough Rider on a pedestal because he was reported to have lead a picturesque charge up a hill. Humanity is susceptible of a high polish, manners and customs may change, but there is nothing in the records of mankind to support the theory that the elements of human nature can be altered.

Tenebrae

By Lucy Lyttelton

The short day wanes, the sunset fills the sky
  With distant flare of pyre or festival,
The town is amber, bronze, chalcedony,
  The windows flash upon the upper wall.
But as a grave laid open, down below,
  In a grey shadow the grey people move.
Suddenly, from a tower amid the glow,
  The great bell tolls above,
And in the mastering sound
The trivial clamors of the day are drowned.
Remember ye the dead,
Whose hidden graves ye tread,
Whose words are dumb, whose dust is blown
    abroad.
O, soon to join the thronging, shadowy horde,
Unchronicled, unseen, unpitied,
Pray for the dead!

The sun is quenched, the lighted windows close,
  And blank as dead men's faces stand the walls.
Peal upon peal, with ringing passionate blows,
It seems to shatter our low skies, and bring
  The stars beyond the smoke before our sight,
The silence that engulphs our questioning,
  The challenge of the night,
Our dust-bound souls to rend,
Crying; Remember God, the darkness, and the
    end.
Remember ye the dead,
O hearts uncomforted!
From sin and aspiration and despair,
Secular sorrow, momentary care,
Turn, turn your souls whither their souls are
    sped,
Pray for the dead!

Perspective Impressions

There's something wrong when clergymen have to agitate for a month to fill their churches on one Sunday.

Are we wrong in thinking that President Wilson would rather have the support of the London than of the New York papers?

Although he talks glibly of Bible texts, it is safe to say that Dr. Aked doesn't know a line of Hebrew or Greek and couldn't tell a vowel point from a digamma.

Dr. Burk of the San Francisco Normal School says that our school system is inefficient. Tut! tut! It is the learning that comes from our public school system that is now reforming the institutions of the country. The passion for fads is kindled in our schools and it is never extinguished.

Gentle reminder: Professor Larkin hasn't solved Father Ricard's mathematical problem as yet.

A rubber ball inserted into his stomach indicates to a Chicago professor how hungry he is. This is an extension of the principle of the initiative and referendum.

We hear a lot about "tainted fiction" these days, but happenings like the latest Diggs case seem to show that truth is more tainted than fiction.

Mr. Hearst is of course a prophet. Everything now deemed worth while he once recommended. But isn't it remarkable that a man with so much foresight, hindsight and insight once thought that this dub Captain of the Piffle was the ideal, logical man for President?

Not a hopeful sign of the times is the increase of knowledge and the decrease of wisdom.

The rest of us knew that Pindell of Peoria was unfit, and now Pindell has made it unanimous.

The Czardasch is the name of a new dance. The dash probably in this instance serves the same purpose for which the asterisk is employed in the risque novel.

Another California girl, returned from a world tour, has been telling the newspapers how she was threatened with marriage by a scion of royalty, escaping only with her vivid memory of the harrowing adventure. No California girl should venture abroad without a barbed wire fence.

Varied Types

CLXIII—TOM O'CONNOR

By Edward F. O'Day

His closing argument made newspapermen 'eep. It may sound incredible, but the truth of : cannot be impugned. The salty drops found hannel in callous cheeks, and the yellow copy aper, like the book of the Recording Angel, was lotted with tears. They wept without shame, ı the presence of a court room throng too busy 'ith its own wet eyes to wonder at the sight. Vhen cynic scribes dissolve lachrymally who hall repeat that sillyism about blood and a ırnip?

His closing argument won other unusual tes- monials. I have the word of a Justice of the upreme Court that it was one of the most mas- erly ever made in California. I have it from a udge of our Appellate Court that that plea laced the young pleader at the head of our jury awyers. His colleagues of the bar are exalting is horn in every conversation. They have been rying to recall any other occasion when a mur- er case was carried through four brief days to verdict of Not Guilty. They are saying that he psychology of the jury box is his to command ı all its amazing ramifications.

All the town couldn't get into the court room, hough most of it seemed to try. And the news- aper accounts were necessarily curtailed. So hen I read excerpts from that closing argument, ıy curiosity was filliped. There were lines hich I did not fully understand. Among them ere these:

"The Goddess of Justice is depicted as a blind oddess. 'Tis well that Justice is blind. It would ot be well for Justice to see some of the things hat have been done in this case, in the name of ustice and in her Temple. It was well that Jus- ce could not see the poor old mother of Leah lexander denied the poor privilege, the cold con- olation of sitting by her daughter's side in the our of her greatest need. It was well that Jus- ce could not see the Court admit the dying tatement of Van Baalen against this defendant nd exclude from the record his other dying state- ıent in this defendant's favor. It was well that ustice could not see that the ministers of her emple had one entrance for Mrs. Van Baalen nd another for the little old woman who is Leah lexander's mother."

I went to Tom O'Connor and asked him what ll this meant. Was Mrs. Alexander not al- owed to sit with Leah?

"On the first day of the trial," he told me, while mother and daughter were sitting to- ether with hands clasped, Judge Dunne sent his ailiff to tell the mother that she would not be ermitted to sit with her daughter in the sight f the jury. So Mrs. Alexander was removed to seat looking out of the window on Portsmouth quare where, if her vision had been clearer, she might have read the inscription on the Stevenson Monument, 'To be honest, to be kind.' I have never heard of this being done before. To sit be- side the person whose life or liberty is in the balance is a privilege accorded to the close rela- tives of defendants in all our courts, and I do not recall any other case in which the discretion of the court was exercised against it."

"What about the favorable and unfavorable dying statements?"

"When Van Baalen was lying in the corridor of the Chronicle Building," Tom O'Connor ex- plained, "Officer Levy asked Leah Alexander why she shot him, and she replied: 'Because he promised to marry me.' Then Levy asked Van Baalen if he had promised to marry her, and Van Baalen said: 'How could I promise, when she

TOM O'CONNOR

and everybody knows I'm already a married man.' That was admitted in evidence. Later in the day word came from the Emergency Hospital to the police department that Van Baalen was dying, and Assistant District Attorney James Brennan and Detectives Collier and Callahan hurried to the hospital. Van Baalen stated that he didn't know whether he was going to die or not and told them to ask the doctor. Then turning to Bren- nan he said: 'Take her away, Jim. Treat her kindly. She was crazy when she did it.' This was not a formal dying statement, as Van Baalen did not acknowledge that he was going to die. I claimed, however, that it was admissible in evi- dence, having been made in the presence and hearing of Leah Alexander and she having re- plied to it. It was part of the res gestae. But the objection of the District Attorney to its ad- mission was sustained. The objection may have been sustained properly, but the question was so close that the defendant might have been given the benefit of the doubt."

"And what about the discrimination as between Mrs. Van Baalen and Mrs. Alexander?" I con- tinued.

"Nine witnesses had testified as to the actual killing and the circumstances surrounding it," O'Connor explained. "One witness would have been sufficient to establish the prosecution's case, but the agony was piled on for the purpose of impressing the jury with the killing end of the story. Then Leah Alexander told her story on the stand, and it was evident that she had created a profound impression. District Attorney Berry had anticipated this, so he held Mrs. Van Baalen, the widow, for rebuttal, doubtless believing that by closing his case with her testimony the effect of Leah Alexander's story would be to a great extent neutralized. Therefore her entrance was made strikingly dramatic. She was brought in through the Judge's chambers, leaning on the arms of attendants, a beautiful woman in widow's weeds of the finest texture. I felt that the jury must have noted this departure from the court's attitude toward other witnesses, because day after day during the trial the defendant and her mother were compelled literally to fight their way through the dense crowd that thronged the court room and the corridor. No suggestion was made that they be permitted to make their entrance, dramatic or otherwise, through the Judge's chambers."

"What was the incident, referred to in the Daily News, of Judge Dunne ruling out a telegram which he had not read?" I continued.

"That," explained O'Connor, "was simply a lit- tle lapse on the part of Judge Dunne. He had sustained every objection made by the District Attorney, and I suppose he wanted to keep his record straight on that score. I showed Mrs. Van Baalen the copy of a telegram in Van Baal- en's handwriting, and she admitted that she had received the wire. It was a telegram arranging the details of their divorce. I went through the formality of showing the telegram to Mr. Berry who objected to its admission on the ground that it had nothing to do with the case. This objec- tion Judge Dunne promptly sustained. When I called his attention to the fact that it was impos- sible for him to decide that question, since he had not seen the telegram and was ignorant of its contents, he reddened but adhered to his ruling.

"As another indication of Judge Dunne's at- titude toward the defense I may mention that while I was making my opening statement, he interrupted me with the remark that nothing I had said so far had any bearing on the case.

"But my hat is off to Assistant District At- torney Fred Berry. While he fought his case for everything that was in it and, I often felt, for a little more, he did one thing in that trial which showed that his partisanship never allied itself with unfair tactics. It seems that Miss

(Continued on Page 13.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

INVESTMENT SECURITIES
Established 1858
SUTRO & COMPANY
410 MONTGOMERY ST.
Detailed Information in Regard to Any Security Will Be Furnished Upon Request
MEMBERS
The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange

The People's Forum

Tourists and Our Newspapers

Editor Town Talk, Sir: The Tourist Association of the San Francisco Bay and River Counties met not long ago in an effort to induce tourists to make longer visits in San Francisco. Railway officials who were present informed the association that in this city they had validated twenty per cent more tickets than were validated in all of Southern California during the summer months and it is necessary for each tourist's ticket to be validated at the final destination. The fact remained that while the tourists came here in greater numbers than they came to the south their stays were shorter and in consequence the profit from their coming was less to the people of San Francisco than a lesser number brought to Los Angeles and San Diego. Of course there are probably several reasons why people remain longer in Los Angeles than San Francisco but my purpose is now to call your attention to a condition of the present. A certain Chamber of Commerce from a Northwestern city will visit California this winter. The itinerary covers a stay of six hours in San Francisco and eight days in Los Angeles, San Diego, etc. To a man who knows California the condition seems absurd but I happen to know why the stay here was so arranged. In framing the itinerary the committee in charge sent out to a corner, where travelers buy the "home-town-paper," and secured copies of the Examiner and Bulletin, both printed here, to find out "conditions in Frisco." They discovered that the people of this town were passing through a period unknown in history even during the time of the Vigilantes. They also read that the contrary condition prevailed in the south. Their judgment was governed accordingly. Now buy your home-town-paper any time and you will not know our city the way the knocking editors of the Examiner and Bulletin picture it. But get a Los Angeles paper! For your information I am attaching a clipping from the Los Angeles Times. Read it and read the Examiner of tomorrow and you will learn why we cannot get tourists to stay here over-night. There is work for such organizations as the Tourist Association of San Francisco but not the sort of work they are attempting to do and it will not cost them any money. If they will notify the Examiner and Bulletin to stop knocking or they will attack their advertising departments the papers will very soon adopt the methods of the publicity channels of the south. Some of us know what is the matter with San Francisco and are, in our little ways, applying the remedy.

Respectfully,

—R. Edaera.

The Los Angeles Storm

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Here's a laugh for you and the unregenerate journal you edit. You know the spirit of the Southland is ably expressed in one short sentence—"Boost, come hell or high water—but boost, always boost." And the high water came. You may not know it, but we've had a rain down here—a regular old ring-tail-peeler of a rain that washed away bridges, drowned souses, tore out the railway tracks for miles and miles, cut off towns, played merry hades with golf courses and did a lot of other things. Now observe the effort of the scarehead author of the local Examiner, endeavoring to tell all about it in large type and yet keep from being lynched by the "700,000 Boosters Club." "Seven drowned, towns isolated, trains stalled in storm." "Good!" says he. "Valley flooded, gale lashes coast." "Oh fine!" says he. Then he got down to the Southland. "Terrific rainfall swells Southern California streams, washes away bridges, ruins roads, maroons scores." "Oh heavens," says the head writer, "I've only got one line left and so far this is a terrible knock! What shall I do? What shall I do?" Aha! the brilliant idea comes at last. He seizes his pencil and adds: "Yet greatly helps crops." A rain that washes away bridges, ruins macadamized roads, destroys ballasted railway tracks "greatly helps crops." Can you beat it? You can't tie it! I ask you to dip your quill in the vinegar of your well known sarcasm and do justice to the subject. I can't say what I think without being lynched by a vigilance committee of fortyniners from Duluth and Chillicothe.

Yours,

—A Sojourner.

Los Angeles, January 27.

Laws and Promises

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Some fine laws were made by the last Legislature, but are they all being enforced? I'd advise you to inquire as to the eight-hour law for women? Down in California street they've forgotten all about the law, and of course the girls don't dare complain. And what about the minimum wage that we heard so much about? Are the department stores doing what the Emporium promised to do? I think if you'll look into the matter you'll find that our sentimental politicians haven't done all they are saying they did. We have department stores in San Francisco that are not at all different from the department stores of Chicago.

Yours truly,

—A Working Woman.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Paying England's Debt

Within the last ten years the national debt of Great Britain has been reduced by $500,000,000. Considering the amount of money which has been spent during that period for social reforms, particularly since Lloyd George's first famous budget, this is a most remarkable showing. During the same period the other great powers have been increasing their national indebtedness. Germany and France have been so hard up for money that they are now raising funds by means of assessed contributions from the wealthier classes. Great Britain's prosperous condition is explained in part by the growing thrift of the middle classes and working population both in the home islands and in the colonies.

Shaw on Workingmen

It has been left for G. B. S. to take up the big stick and give the workingman an intellectual thrashing. He is angry with the "male trade unionist," and lest his chastisement should not be sufficiently severe if administered single-handed, he calls in Brieux to help out. Discussing a Brieux play he says: "Brieux shows you the workingman as selfish, foul-mouthed, ill behaved and violent, objecting far more to woman's capacity, orderliness and industry than to her weaknesses; jealous of her attempts to do without him, and afraid of being dominated by her in industry where he cannot resort to his fists as he often does at home." Shaw points out that women have always managed households, so they have a training for industry, while "workingmen have never had to manage anything."

Prohibition to Close Mines

Coal operators of West Virginia will face a serious situation when the prohibition amendment becomes operative July 1, because of the refusal of foreign born miners to remain in any locality where liquor cannot be secured. Thousands of miners now laboring in the New River, Cabin Creek, Paint Creek and Pocohontas fields have already announced that they will seek employment in other States as soon as the State is made dry. The exodus in these regions has already begun and the operators are growing apprehensive of the future.

The Laureate's Brother

Dr. Robert Bridges, the new Poet Laureate, owes his honor to Premier Asquith. So it may be taken for granted that he was a bit dismayed, not to say "peeved" when his brother John Bridges published verses attacking Asquith in one of London's daily papers. John isn't much of a poet, but he seems to have the "punch," as witness:

A Premier, forsooth, who must traitors obey,
Who limpet-like clings to positions and pay,
While ruin and war on his impotence wait,
And our prized Constitution is filched from the State.

Oh, the tears that are shed when great Ministers die
Who were patriots on earth and are welcomed on high!
But shamed honor will shrink from the tomb where he's laid,
And his dirge be the curse of a nation betrayed.

A Statue to Robespierre

A statue has been erected to Robespierre at St. Ouen, France. Following the unveiling which took place on Christmas Day the famous "Ca Ira" of the Revolution was sung. There is no statue to Robespierre in Paris or at his birthplace in Arras. The Parisian press is scandalized and points out the inappropriateness of celebrating such a career as Robespierre's, especially on such a day as Christmas.

Poems About San Francisco

CXXXI—SAN FRANCISCO

By Fanny Hodges Newman

(The following is taken from a book of poems entitled "Out of Bondage" just published by Paul Elder. The author, Fanny Hodges Newman, is described on the title page as "Officer d'Academie" and is credited with having written "Adventurers" and Other Poems.)

Along the selfsame flags the footsteps fall,
The sturdy stones are here that used to be,
Across the same swift spaces voices call;
The change you bear, my City, few can see.

Like fabled mother of some hero's brood
Who had not time to weep her glory gone,
Nor sit in ashes where her idols stood,
But, gathering her children, struggled on;

So, open-eyed, and sweeter for your woe,
You smother back your sighs into your breast,
And cover up the ragged scars that show
Where Death tore at your beauty's loveliest.

Yet this know I, that hear your noontime song,
There's many a night you beat against the sky
And shudder for that April, gone so long,
That broke your heart but would not let you die.

The Spectator

Aked Is Still Spelling

There is a certain kind of Englishman who is hated on the Continent of Europe for his bad manners, his appalling ignorance and his ineradicable vulgarity. To non-English Europeans of limited knowledge this Englishman—he is called a "bounder" at home—is the typical Englishman; hence the country he unworthily represents is hurt. I am reminded of this well known state of affairs by the case of Dr. Aked. The boorishness of him is not even abated by widened experience. He is so self-centered that he cannot correct original false impressions. When Dr. Aked came to America he conceived the notion that all American newspapermen and newspaperwomen were extremely ignorant persons, and he has never changed his little mind on this point. On his first arrival in this city he was interviewed for Town Talk and astonished the interviewer by the patronizing manner in which he spelled out names and phrases that are as the A, B, C's to people of education. He has been here a good while now, but this habit persists. Miss Sophie Treadwell (in private life Mrs. W. O. McGeehan) interviewed him for the Bulletin in regard to his views on the dogmas of the virgin birth of Christ and the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. In the course of the interview Dr. Aked spoke of the vision seen by Bernadette Soubirous at Lourdes and he told Miss Treadwell that the apparition said: "Je suis Marie." And then he added: "That is French. It means 'I am Mary.' It is spelled this way"—and Dr. Aked carefully spelled out the words. Another name he spelled for Miss Treadwell was "Notre Dame." Miss Treadwell was vastly amused, as well she might be. A university graduate, she is one of the most cultivated women in the newspaper profession, is intimately acquainted with French literature and speaks French as fluently as English with an accent of notable purity. I venture to say that if she had conducted the interview in French, Dr. Aked would have been hopelessly at sea.

Women Around "The Hall"

"They call themselves the watchdogs of justice, but they are really wolves. Why, they are ruining the bail bond business." I heard this plaint from a boil bond broker in the neighborhood of the Hall of Justice the other day. He was talking about the politicians of the gentler sex who frequent the big building on Portsmouth Square. He spoke with bitterness. While I haven't much sympathy for bail bond brokers, I listened to his plaints and afterwards made inquiries in other quarters. I learned of a situation which was described with much adjectival elaboration, and the mildest adjective I heard was "intolerable." It seems that ever since the women of San Francisco have enjoyed the entree of the polling booth, the Hall of Justice has been a stamping ground for militants of the most obnoxious type. They have come down with all the determination of the Assryians on the police courts, on the criminal departments of the superior court, on the District Attorney's headquarters and on the bond and warrant office. Some of them are actuated by the loftiest ideals of justice, while some of them would be described as case-fixers if they belonged to the ruder and sterner sex. They haunt the corridors and throng the courts; they force their way into the judges' chambers; they interrupt the trial of cases in a fashion which would bring upon mere man contempt of court; they waylay District Attorney Fickert and demand that he indict John Doe or dismiss the case against Richard Roe; and as the bail bond broker said, they are ruining his traffic, for a coterie has gone into the business of furnishing bail and they make such interesting claims of influence with the courts, the District Attorney and the police that many "tenderfeet" believe them and meet their terms.

The Women's Political League

Two of these "watchdogs of justice" whom my friend the bail bond broker prefers to call wolves have recently engaged public attention in a very disagreeable way. I refer to Mrs. Vaughn who was convicted by a jury of attempted extortion in the Widney case; and Mrs. Evarts whom Judge Lawlor put out of his court last week after he had heard a story of much the same sort as the Vaughn-Widney affair. Both of these women are or have been members of the Women's Political League, an organization whose ruling spirit is Mrs. Mary Fairbrother and which has been concerning itself with the courts a great deal in the last year or so. It was this league which recommended in the highest terms a candidate for the vacant position of Greek interpreter who immediately afterwards became involved as the paramour of a married woman who committed suicide. Mrs. Evarts, speaking to Assistant District Attorney Louis Ferrari, called Judge Lawlor a name which cannot be repeated here. Later on she was questioned about the matter by attaches of the District Attorney's office and modified the expression, but it still remained too strong for print. She excused herself by stating that she had never used the objectionable expression before and had learned it in the Hall of Justice. It was a curious excuse, and it throws some light on the sort of associations these militant women form when they interfere in the disagreeable business of our criminal courts. If the dubious proposition that some wise and tender women can purify the atmosphere of the police and other criminal courts be granted for the sake of perfect fairness, it still remains true that the majority must be defiled.

Trading on Their Sex

These petticoat lobbyists of the Hall of Justice receive more consideration than they are entitled to simply because they are women. A judge hesitates to punish a woman for contempt where he would take no pause in the case of a man. When a committee of women invade the District Attorney's office (and they usually come in committees), that official is deterred by politeness from telling them that their demands are preposterous or outrageous. The best he can do is to enlighten them on matters of procedure of which they are as a general rule wofully ignorant. But it takes a lot of valuable time to explain that an indictment cannot be returned or a true bill sworn to without some investigation. And these explanations are received with sneers, mocking laughter and shrugs of the shoulder. One member of the District Attorney's staff told me the other day that if a man dared speak to him as a member of one of these feminine committees did he would knock him down. While these women trade heav-

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ily on their sex they also claim tremendous political influence and use it as a club to enforce their demands. It is not a nice state of affairs, this which has come to pass around the Hall of Justice since women ceased to be our superiors and became our equals.

Information Wanted at Sacramento

The man who winds the ferry clock ventured far from his haunts the other day and mingled with the throng of "wise guys," as he calls them, in the Palace Hotel. A friend asked him what he was doing so far away from the clock. "I'm trying to pick up a little information for the Governor," he said. The friend wanting to know more, the clock-winder said: "I'm trying to run across somebody close up to the editor of the Bulletin. We want to find out how he stands in this senatorial fight. He's keeping it dark. We thought that naturally he'd be for Phelan, but the tip is out that he's doing work on the quiet for Heney. If you can find out anything about it I wish you'd let me know."

Immunity of Criminal Women

"A singular phenomenon of the time was the immunity of criminal women." I am quoting from an historical monograph on the failure of self-government in ancient America. It purports to have been written in 4930. The name of the author is Ambrose Bierce. Speaking of the American woman, he says: "When she murdered, she was arrested; when arrested, brought to trial—though the origin and meaning of those observances are not known. Gunkux, whose researches into the jurisprudence of antiquity enable him to speak with commanding authority of many things, gives us here nothing better than the conjecture that the trial of women for murder, in the nineteenth century and a part of the twentieth, was the survival of an earlier custom of actually convicting and punishing them, but it seems extremely improbable that a people that once put its female assassins to death would ever have relinquished the obvious advantages of the practice while retaining with purposeless tenacity some of its costly preliminary forms. Whatever may have been the reason, the custom was observed with all the gravity of a serious intention. Gunkux professes knowledge of one or two instances (he does not name his authorities) where matters went so far as conviction and sentence, and adds that the mischievous sentimentalist who had always lent themselves to the solemn jest by protestations of vraisemblance against the judicial killing of women, became really alarmed and filled the land with their lamentations. Among the phenomena of brazen effrontery he classes the fact that some of these loud protagonists of the right of women to assassinate unpunished were themselves women. Howbeit, the sentences, if ever pronounced, were never executed, and during the first quarter of the twentieth century the meaningless custom of bringing female assassins to trial was abandoned."

From which it would appear that the acquittal of Leah Alexander was in the interest of the taxpayers.

Britton on Conservation

When the completion of the Spaulding Dam was celebrated with a banquet at the St. Francis, President John A. Britton of Pacific Gas and Electric made a speech in which he referred briefly and bluntly to the evils which the federal policy of conservation has worked in California. He promised then that he would have more to say later on, and his occasion came at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce. Britton is an eloquent speaker, but his is not the eloquence that glosses over disagreeable facts and sugarcoats the pill prescribed for a sick condition. The glad hand is not Britton's favorite form of gesticulation; the overdone optimism of after-dinner insincerity is conspicuous by its absence from his remarks. When hard-hitting is needed his words are blows that sting dishonesty, incompetence and hypocrisy. He considered that it was time to strike out when he touched on conservation at the Chamber of Commerce banquet. Electrical development, he pointed out, is inseparably connected with conservation. He quoted Carlyle's statement that "national suffering is verily a judgment of God; it has ever been preceded by national crime." "And after some of the sufferings of the past," continued Britton, "may we not well add, 'Oh Conservation, what crimes have been committed in thy name!'"

Doctrinaires and Others

For conservation as practiced and preached by those who have studied its problems within the four walls of an office building Britton has scanty respect, and he made no bones about saying so. It "has become the means by which the full development of the potentialities of water power has been retarded in this State where of all States its possibilities are beyond present measure. Conservation can never be brought about by conversation, and for all practical purposes the best efforts made by those in authority have resulted in mere words, and absurd and ridiculous legislation and regulation have accomplished nothing but acts of a deterrent nature. However, capital, timid and retreating, has been found to possess in a limited way confidence in the ultimate fairness of the American people, so that it has partially builded up some of the possibilities of the storage of flood waters, and by harnessing them to water wheels and electric generators is serving the people of the State with the product of real conservation. . . . . What California wants is not so much conservation as conversion; conversion and utilization free and untrammeled to the fullest extent of its God-given rights and to the end that we may people our valleys and hills with the myriads that our natural advantages have provided for; that this great commonwealth may become the empire among empires when its millions of acres of arable land will blossom as the rose and its entire area will be

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"Clowns of Industry"

There were many other good things in this Britton speech. "Business and business men," he said, "have been crowded of late into the cellars of oblivion to escape the whirlwinds and cyclones of manufactured public contumely. The clowns of industry have occupied the centre of the stage from the days when the muckrakers began to ply their trade, crying aloud in the temples of literature while they held pens dipped in vitriol to write down the reputations of successful men and enterprises." He pointed out the function of the Chamber of Commerce in language which some of our merchants would do well to ponder: "When business and politics quarrel, then indeed is the hand of destruction raised, then starts the disease for which there is no specific; and to prevent this most unfortunate of events should be the aim of such a body as this." He declared that it was a good sign for such a body to encourage frank discussion of business problems. He was right, of course; but there are not as many Brittons as there should be in the Chamber of Commerce.

In Lighter Vein

As an orator Britton is never happier than when he indulges the vein of pleasantry. That is one of the pitfalls of public speaking, and many of our talkers suffer ignominy therein. But Britton is one of the most cultured men we have at the head of any big corporation, and he is as graceful in this as in other modes. He tells how he was "called into the solemn presence of the directors of the Chamber of Commerce" and informed that a business speech was wanted. "I was told in no uncertain terms that oratory was barred from the portals of this banquet hall; that they were not looking for orators; hence my selection. Think, ye men of San Francisco, what this means! 'Othello's occupation's gone.' No more tonight the prelude, the interim and the peroration; no more the hyperbole, the metaphor or the word picture. Forsooth, quoth I, shall we not prate of the gloriousness of our snow-clad peaks and sunny vales, of our rivers, bays and ocean? Must the index finger of declamation and the shaking locks of emphasis be stilled? But they said: 'This is to be a business meeting and no talkfest.' You and I therefore share the feelings of that old philosopher who said: 'Some men are born to suffering; others achieve it; and some have suffering thrust upon them.' That is light without being frothy; it is pleasant without being farfetched; it charms a smile and evokes a laugh without effort. It is true Britton.

Some Epigrams

Britton has the knack of twisting truth into epigram of memorable phraseology. Thus: "Master and man have passed into the dark ages from which they came; let us look to comrade and friend, so that there shall be no division of class and caste." And again: "Business may be likened to a huge, human, highly nervous organization, the integral parts so closely allied that, let the finger of depression rest but for a moment on any part, the shock is felt uniformly throughout." Here is an idea which a poet might elaborate. Britton is speaking of electrical development: "The silent snowflake was transformed into that energy which has revolutionized and vastly increased the potential industries of our State." Here is his description of money: "That fluttering, nervous commodity that does not come at call, but must be coaxed, cajoled and nurtured; it must be protected; it must be fully understood; frightened by antagonistic legislation, it flutters away and is only lured back by promises of great reward; under normal conditions it may be had cheaply; attacked, it soars away." Here is a tersely stated truth: "A regulated monopoly is an asset to the people; unregulated it is a menace." And again: "The stability of any civilization depends on the fact that it consumes less than it produces."

Elusive Thunder

The London Times has brought out a Pacific Coast edition of eighty pages. This instance of British journalistic enterprise was deemed of such importance by the news bureaus that it was cabled from London to the American papers. But the London Times seems to have queer ideas about the people among whom a Pacific Coast edition should circulate. For it is a very difficult thing to get a copy of this special number in San Francisco. I am informed by Fred Cummings, the genial "home town paper" merchant at Powell and Market that the San Francisco News Company cabled an order to London for two hundred copies and couldn't get them; also that the American News Company cabled a big order and was informed that the edition was out of print. Cummings got a few copies from Montreal after trying London and New York in vain. Apparently the conservative Thunderer doesn't want its thunder heard in the West. I can guess a reason why the London Times should desire to curtail the circulation of this special number in Seattle. One of the articles dealing with that city describes it as "the principal city of Western Canada"! But a hasty inspection has not revealed any such blunder about San Francisco.

Articles of Interest

Perhaps the Times did not go to Seattle men for its special articles about Seattle. It was more careful when dealing with California and San Francisco. The article on art in California is from the pen of Porter Garnett. Finance is dealt with by E. F. Adams of the Chronicle. Cali-

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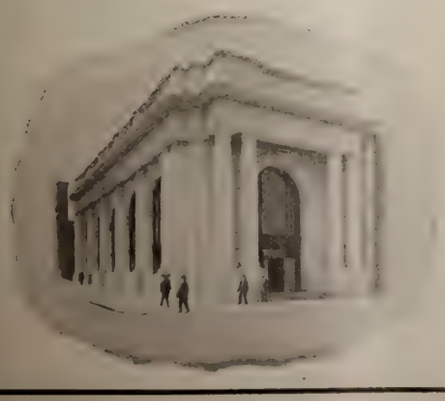

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fornia Oil is treated by M. L. Requa. John M. Eshleman handles our public utilities. Hydro-electric power is very ably discussed by Fred S. Myrtle of Pacific Gas and Electric. There is an article on recent changes in the machinery of government by Chester Rowell. Of course Chester sees nothing but good in all our recent reforms. An anonymous writer pays a high tribute to the effect of woman's suffrage. Londoners who take his statements at face value must conclude that the millennium is approaching in California and in San Francisco especially.

An American Gorky

The desire to publish nothing which can offend, the wish to treat with respect the innumerable prejudices of a varied assortment of reading families—these are the forces which are rendering a good deal of the fiction of the day jejune and insipid. And these forces must make it somewhat difficult for Harris Merton Lyon to find a publisher. Fancy Maxim Gorky given a free-hand in American magazinedom! Or, for that matter, fancy Edgar Allen Poe appearing now for the first time and offering his Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque to the average American publisher—those tales of sombre splendor, of forbidding magnificence and of the cold tragedy of death! In his lifetime Poe learned to despise a world that galled his self-conceit. If neglect was his portion then it would be worse than starvation now. For this is the era of the happy ending in the drama and an unnatural sustained joyfulness and blasphemous optimism through all the American domain of the literary art. Harris Merton Lyon has not the fancy and fantasy of Poe, but he has the tone of Gorky and like the Russian he can write poignant stories that increase our consciousness of life. He found a publisher in William Marion Reedy of St. Louis, and as a result I have been reading Graphics, a book of short tales that read like documents of life rather than inventions of a fictionist. Lyon is evidently a man whom the tragedy of existence has stirred to revolt. He has sympathy with suffering and misery, and he has done a lot of thinking about men and women, and he can write a moving story that impresses one as a parable. All his stories have a natural ease and a warm glow of color and feeling that are rare, and that are to be found only in the works of writers who have lived more than they have dreamt.

The Banker's View

How the banker views the situation about which we are all more or less curious may be learned from the February financial letter of the Anglo & London Paris National Bank. I quote: "There is what seems to be a well founded belief that the credit of the railroads of the country will be restored by such increase of rates as will yield the surplus income necessary to attract much needed new capital. With that assured there will be an immediate revival of activity in the steel and lumber interests which have been much depressed by the inability of their principal customers to purchase. Locally this renewed confidence became very pronounced during the last half of the month. Abundant rains give assurance of excellent crops. Exposition activities are putting money into circulation which does not come from our own people. Refinancing of important industries with foreign capital is releasing home capital which will be available for new local purposes." Further, it appears that there is renewed confidence in the bond market; also that interest rates will not fall to the level of other years.

The Too Cautious McGee

The Press Club arranged to have a dinner-dance last Sunday night, and the arrangements were completed before it was known that Secretaries McAdoo and Houston would accept the newspapermen's hospitality the same evening. Sub-treasurer W. J. McGee was a member of the committee which arranged for the reception to the two cabinet officers. One thing he insisted on. There must be no dancing. The bids for the dinner-dance had already gone out, so the newspapermen naturally asked why. McGee informed them that Secretary Houston was bitterly opposed to dancing and would be affronted if any dancing took place at a reception to which he was invited. It was impossible to cancel the plans for the dance, so the committee decided that the orchestra should be restrained and eager feet kept in leash till the anti-dance secretary departed the club. After the reception and the speeches McAdoo and Houston sat down to refreshments in the jinks room. Houston cast his eye around on the throng of pretty girls, noted the cleared space in the middle of the room and saw the waiting musicians.

"Why don't they dance?" he asked.

There was no reply from the dumbfounded committeemen. But they looked quizzically at Subtreasurer McGee. Then up spoke McAdoo.

"If I thought it wouldn't get into the papers and reach the ears of people in Washington," he said, "I'd like to do a little tango myself."

McGee was crushed. When McAdoo and Houston hear that there were several hours of tango, maxixe and hesitation after they departed, and what's more, that an "inspirational dancer" from Pavlowa's company did a bare-foot specialty in a diaphanous gown in the full glare of the spotlight, I wonder what they'll say? Will they blame McGee?

James Woods' Discovery

While enjoying an after-luncheon smoke in the library of the Family Club a few days ago James Woods, the manager of the St. Francis, picked up a volume of Shakespeare and opened it at random. The play happened to be "All's Well That Ends Well," and the scene was the first meeting of Helena and the Widow. Woods read for a few minutes. Suddenly he jumped up with an exclamation of astonishment. Ned Hamilton looked at him over the top of a volume of Anatole France.

"What's the matter, Jim?" he asked.

"I shouldn't have believed it unless I saw it with my own eyes," said Woods in great excitement. "Why, it's immense. You'd think Shakespeare wrote it for my use."

"What are you talking about?" asked Ned.

"Look at this," said Woods, and he pointed to two lines. This is what Hamilton read:

"Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?"

"At the St. Francis here beside the port."

Woods is going to make use of the lines in connection with the hotel, but he cannot understand why nobody discovered them before.

A New Social Aspirant

James Woods, John Tait, Leonidas Scooffy and Matt Harris who form the executive committee in charge of the charity "pageant-dansant" to be given on St. Valentine's Night by the Indoor Yacht Club did not fully realize the social importance of the fancy dress party and vaudeville they were sponsoring until Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. George Cameron protested against it on

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behalf of the ladies in charge of the big Mardi Gras ball. The yachtsmen's ball comes ten days before the Mardi Gras, but Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Cameron felt that it would keep revelers away from their party. Their protest allows the jolly tars of the Indoor Club to assume airs of social hauteur if they so desire, but exclusiveness does not mightily impress them. Society will be at their pageant-dansant, but so will those who are not "in society" and never dreamed of climbing. That is the best evidence that it is going to be a huge success. Perhaps the names of some of the committeemen for the St. Valentine's party gave Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Cameron pause. To say nothing of the executive committee, there are on other committees men like "Bill" Lange, Thornwell Mullally, Fred Meyerstein, Elgin Travis, "Ned" Greenway, "Bob" McCracken, Frank Moroney, Fred Fenwick, Parker Whitney, Edgar Mizner, "Billy" McGuire, Atherton Macondray, Roy Carruthers, Judge Henshaw, "Ned" Hamilton and Harry Hunt. These are the men who have made our Portola and Mardi Gras balls successful in the past, and here they are heart and soul in the charitable cause of the yachtsmen! But the Mardi Gras ladies need not worry, as I am told that all the good fellows who are working for the success of the pageant-dansant will also lend their enthusiasm to the cause of the Mardi Gras.

A Golf Ball to Travel

With his trusty camera in one hand and his golf sticks in the other Isaac Upham departs on Thursday next for his second tour of the world. Last time he snapshotted his way around the globe; this time he will play golf on every course in his path. And when he returns to San Francisco in time for the opening of the Fair he will bring back the most traveled golf ball ever heard of. Porter Garnett gave Ike a blue circle golf ball for Christmas, and Ike has conceived the idea of playing it across the hemispheres. It was christened on the Presidio links and has been used on the Del Monte and Marin links as well. Ike will play golf wherever he stops and will use this ball for one hole only (so as not to lose it) on the links in Honolulu, Yokohama, Shanghai, Pekin, Port Arthur, Harbin, St. Petersburg, Moscow, in the North Cape country, London, Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Ostend, Geneva, and wherever else his traveler's fancy carries him. Frank Brown who is Henry Huntington's local representative has bet Upham that he will have lost Porter Garnett's present before he returns, but Ike says with confidence that he will have done no such thing.

William Chase Coming

During the summer William Chase will hold his annual sketch class at Carmel. This is the most important indication so far of the artistic trend toward the Pacific Coast. It is a sign that the landscape artists of America are thoroughly awake to the wonderful color possibilities of the west and the climatic advantages which make it paintable at all seasons of the year. Chase is the best known instructor in America. For many years he held his summer classes in the Shinnecook Hills of Long Island, the largest and most important school of its kind in the world. Since 1902 he has been taking his class to Europe every year but the general movement of the artistic world back toward our native material has brought him to the coast. The headquarters of the school will be the Arts and Crafts Hall at Carmel, and in addition to the wonderfully dramatic and romantic scenery of that peninsula, Chase hopes to find new and interesting models for the portrait class among the Spanish Californian and Indian types in Monterey. The remains of Mission architecture in the vicinity will add to the interest of the outdoor work. In addition there will be instruction in still life painting, for Chase is one of the best still-life painters in the world. The price paid for his still life studies is one of the unfailing topics of interest in all American studios. Chase is a native of Indiana. He studied both in America and abroad. His first medal was won at the Centennial Exposition in '76 and since then the medal and prizes he has won include those of the Paris Salon, the Pan American Exposition, the National Academy and every notable organization of artists in America. Specimens of his work may be seen in all the great collections both in America and abroad, and will be seen in the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

La Lilas at Tavern

Under the name of La Lilas, V. Rigaud of Paris, the celebrated perfumer, is offering a most delicate and delightful lilac perfume which bids fair to become a rival to Parfum Mary Garden, produced by the same manufacturer. La Lilas, in dainty souvenir bottles, is one of the most popular gifts which the management of Techau Tavern presents to ladies who attend the cafe on Saturday afternoons. A new shipment of this perfume has just arrived from France and is now ready for presentation.

The world is full of dead ones, but none are so defunct as those who are killed by kindness.

Many a man puts his best foot forward so far that his other foot never catches up with it.

The way of the transgressor is hard on the joy rider.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

Alexander, shortly after her arrest, had antagonized a very estimable lady on one of the papers. On the last day of the trial this lady gave expression to her dislike of Miss Alexander by manifestations of ill will. I noticed the lady's attitude, but concluded it would be unwise to do or say anything, as I inferred that she was unconsciously reflecting her mental attitude. But Mr. Berry had been noticing this little byplay in the court room. He took occasion then and there to remonstrate with the lady for her actions and told her not to repeat them. She immediately left the court room. I understand that on Saturday morning a delegation of clubwomen which called on District Attorney Fickert protested against this action of Mr. Berry. This attitude on the part of the lady in question was surprising in view of the fact that every other woman in the court room throughout the trial evidenced the liveliest sympathy for Miss Alexander."

This lively sympathy of the women was one of the outstanding features of the trial. Another was the weeping at the press table and in the jury box.

"But don't let anybody tell you," O'Connor remarked, "that a weeping juror doesn't convict. One of the three men who held out for conviction had Niobe looking like Marie Dressler."

I thought that another unusual circumstance was the sweeping aside of the expert testimony of Doctor Lustig who pronounced Leah Alexander sane. Tom O'Connor didn't agree with me.

"Alienists!" he exclaimed. "Why, a jury cares very little for the expert testimony of alienists. Every juror knows that an alienist with a retainer would testify that St. Vitus didn't know how to dance!"

It was a notable case and a clean-cut, complete victory for forensic ability. The town is talking about it and about as no other case has been discussed for many a long day. The polloi are acclaiming a new legal luminary. But those who know the man who acquitted Leah Alexander are not surprised. They put it simply:

"Tom O'Connor has come into his own."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Gambling at the Concordia

They bucked the tiger at the Concordia Club last Saturday night. And they hazarded their bills on the ivory ball that clatters about the spinning wheel. It was a night of revelry, the club's annual banquet to its members, with champagne flowing like grapejuice at a Washington soiree and a cabaret show of piquant numbers. But the main attractions were the faro games and the roulette wheels over which Charlie Ascher who is not a member of the club presided with expert skill, and a good deal of money changed hands. Not a great deal of course, as is becoming in a club game. As one member told me rather nonchalantly, "nobody lost more than a thousand." It was a decided success, this entertainment, and men like Mose Gunst and Henry Ach who love to flirt with the Goddess of Chance said it reminded them of the old days before the lid was clamped down on the town.

Talk That Brought Money

At the banquet Otto Irving Wise made a talk that netted $25,600 which was certainly talking to some purpose. The club needed the money for the annex which is to be built on the vacant portion of its property at Van Ness and Post. When the Concordia was rebuilt after the fire there wasn't money enough available for a building covering the entire lot, but the Concordia has become very prosperous since then and there is to be an annex containing a swimming pool, gymnasium, handball courts, etc. The plans call for a $75,000 structure. Forty-five thousand of this was raised by selling bonds. That left thirty thousand still to be raised. Wise was asked to stir the members up on the occasion of the annual jollification, and he stirred them to such good effect by his eloquence that within thirty minutes $25,600 was subscribed.

He's a Good Sport

The Chicago Tribune speaks irreverently of our most ambitious native son:

"They say ex-Mayor Phelan of San Francisco is the angel back of 'Omar, the Tentmaker,' a spectacular dramatization of the Persian poet's life by Richard Walton Tully. If that is true, we may congratulate Mr. Phelan on being both a generous soul and a good sport."

The writer goes on to explain that the spectacular show is a very costly production, but a monstrously bad drama. Mr. Phelan can afford to lose the money even in a campaign year, but it remains to be seen how good a sport he is, how much faith he has in his judgment as a connoisseur of the drama. Backing a big show is somewhat more expensive than one of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's paintings.

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The Latest in Gifts

Four of the recent brides have received among their wedding gifts the portrait of that dashing young matron, Mrs. Carrie Mills Fletcher. She is a beauty and the photographs in heavy silver frames are very good to look at. But it's not usually done in this country and naturally there has been comment. One of the brides protested. "Don't send me your photograph, because I have three," she said. "I don't want another for a wedding present." It was a perfectly good natured protest and Mrs. Fletcher quite enjoyed it. But a few days later the picture in a hammered silver frame was sent just the same. It isn't vanity; it's just a fad. There was one among the De Sabla-Payne wedding gifts that was very much admired by those who viewed the rare collection of costly things sent the bride of the week. "Joe" Hannigan drew one when she became Mrs. Arthur Hooper and another was added to the De Young-Thieriot array of silver.

A Thrilling Moment

At a soiree dansante the other night a Paris gown was especially admired. It was cut daringly low and held over the shoulders by insufficient looking jeweled bands. Everyone remarked it but the young matron who wore it was unconcerned. When the shoulder straps slipped, she serenely adjusted them and went on dancing. Finally, while she was doing a castle walk, one gave way. It was a thrilling moment. There seemed nothing to prevent the gown from slipping off except the slender band over the other shoulder. But it didn't slip. Under the loose tunic a tight fitting lining held it in place and to the relief of some spectators and the disappointment of others it remained stationary while the cool young matron finished the Castle walk. She danced the rest of the evening with one shoulder strap and no one cared.

The Result of Culture

The Goelet split-up, says a friend of mine, is the result of conditions that are paralleled in one of our own plutocrat households. My friend has known Mrs. Bob Goelet for many years. Mrs. Goelet was Elsie Whelen of Philadelphia. Her father was very poor, but her mother had high aspirations and trained her daughters to aim high. After her marriage Mrs. Goelet went in strong for self-improvement along esthetic lines. She developed a passion for music, painting and literature, and all the while her husband was satisfied with polo. Naturally they drifted apart. Their tastes being as far apart as the poles they took little interest in each other's society. Each became a bore to the other. "That," said my philosophic friend, "is always what happens when husband and wife begin thinking and training along separate lines. It is happening in many instances nowadays, so many are the women who join clubs and study while their husbands are occupied exclusively with business. I have in mind a case in high society, very much like the Goelet case, only that there is not the slightest likelihood of a separation, the husband having been trained to eat out of his wife's hand."

Mrs. Walker in Washington

From Washington, D. C., comes the news that Mrs. Cyrus Walker is expected to contribute to the social gaiety of the capital. "As she has joined Washington's colony of wealth with a score of millions left to her undisputed control," says a correspondent, "much is expected of her in the way of entertaining." Mrs. Walker is described in the Eastern press as one of San Francisco's social leaders, "young in the prime of up-to-dateness."

Mrs. Scott's Progress

The news comes by way of New York that Mrs. A. W. Scott Jr. is not in Washington, D. C., scoring social triumphs but in Los Angeles where she has progressed so far histrionically as to have annexed a stage name. In other words Mrs. Scott is still striving for artistic triumph, and may some day return to us as a great star. Perhaps we are to be taken by surprise. Mr. Scott, a press commentator would have us believe, has done much toward promoting his wife's ambition. It was he, it appears, that designed the gorgeous red velvet curtain with the gold letter S and also the Roman lamp.

Mrs. Du Val's Coiffure

Very few women would dare the coiffure of Mrs. Raoul Du Val, the former Beatrice Tobin who is here from Paris for a visit. Mrs. Du Val has brought the latest idea in hair-dressing from the Fauborg St. Germain where those who can stand it wear their hair in the severest fashion since medieval days; no curls or any compromise of waving looseness about the face. The hair is brushed to a satin smoothness straight back from the brow and the coiffure is finished by a coronet of a single tight braid. A well shaped head as well as more or less regular features are necessary. Mrs. Charles Clark has attempted it successfully and Mrs. Percy Moore is another to

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whom the classic simplicity is becoming. But the fashion will probably never be a furore.

Pleasant Speculation

Everyone is wondering if news of an engagement may come from Honolulu where Lurline Matson is having the happiest sort of a visit. Jane Hotaling is with her and several other young people are in the party chaperoned by Mrs. Matson. They've had beach suppers at Waikiki in their honor, tennis teas, and luaiis in the native fashion. At all the parties young "Billy" Roth of Honolulu has been a conspicuous guest. He is one of the beaux of Island society, debonnair and popular and is usually to the front when visiting girls are entertained. But he has been an especially devoted cavalier to Miss Matson on former visits and the possibility of an engagement has been hinted before in Honolulu's smart set and among Lurline's intimates in San Francisco.

The Ushers' Costumes

The ushers' costumes at the De Sabla-Payne wedding were quite as interesting as the bridesmaids'. These were exceedingly picturesque frocks in the odd news shades of hydrangea blue and mauve from Paris. But the ushers were symphonies in pearl gray and white. It was the cut of their coats that was most studied and admired. They were queer looking cutaways fastened with a single button across the pleated shirt front and fitting closely until they were suddenly cut away at the sides with the abruptness, almost, of swallowtails. The trousers were very close fitting. There were white spats, white chamois gloves and white gardenias for boutonnieres. They were altogether decidedly novel and striking, and led by Clare Payne the men wore them with unconscious grace. Both Vera De Sabla and Bert Payne have always been favorites in the peninsula set and everyone in the county knows and likes them. So the county was en fete for their wedding and there were greetings called and waved to them from the cottages as they sped through San Mateo in their motor after the ceremony.

The De Guigne Ball Room

The new De Guigne home at San Mateo is to have a ball room that will doubtless "put it all over" other ball rooms down the peninsula. It is the most interesting detail of the house to young Mrs. De Guigne who has made many suggestions for it. The room will open through long French windows upon a terrace, and there will be a stage at one end for amateur theatricals. The former Marie Louise Elkins is one of the most graceful dancers in society, and so is her sister-in-law Mrs. Felton Elkins. Christian De Guigne holds a record for the tango and Maxixe; so it is natural that the ball room of the new house should be of paramount interest.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Newton entertained six friends at dinner recently. Mrs. Newton was Miss Avis Sherwood, the fascinating daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamilton Sherwood, before her marriage in December. The Newtons have an attractive apartment. Mrs. Gardner Pond and Miss Dorothy Deming are in town for a visit and are guests. As Miss Josephine Deming Mrs. Pond was a belle here and in Santa Cruz where her home is now and her return to San Francisco is being made the occasion for a happy round of informal entertaining. William Donovan Jr., a lumber merchant of Aberdeen, is a guest during a business trip to the city. Mr. and Mrs. James Kelleher were hosts at a dinner party on Wednesday evening. The Kellehers have leased their home and are established at the Cecil for the winter. They are frequent hosts and entertain most delightfully. Mrs. G. C. Farrell has taken apartments and entertained recently at luncheon. Miss Emily Proctor of Proctor, Vermont, daughter of former Governor Fletcher D. Proctor is spending the winter here as the guest of her uncle Mr. Holden who resides at the Cecil. Miss Proctor's grandfather represented Vermont in the United States Senate at one time, and the family is prominently identified with the social and political history of the State. Miss Proctor will remain in California until March, and her visit in San Francisco is being made the occasion for a number of informal affairs.

Del Monte Notes

There are many more Northerners going to Del Monte to make their winter home, the golf links seeming to be the center of attraction. It is principally for these enthusiastic golfers of the Northwest that there has been arranged by the management of Del Monte a golf tournament which will be held on February 20, 21, 22 and 23. This will be known as the Fourth Annual Mid-Winter Golf Tournament. It is open to all amateur players.

Notes from Coronado

An interesting guest at Hotel del Coronado was Josef Hofmann, the celebrated pianist who spent several days of rest and was accompanied by Mrs. Hofmann. Mr. and Mrs. Craig Havermeyer who were recently married in New York have been enjoying the polo games at Coronado, and will spend some time at the hotel. Winfield L. Davis of San Francisco is among the guests, as is also Mr. W. B. Devereux, father of the polo enthusiast of San Mateo. Many dinners preceded the dance of last Saturday evening, among which was one for ten given by Miss Linda Jessop of San Diego. Mr. and Mrs. James Bingham Jr. had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Gale Thompson, Lieutenant and Mrs. Hensley Lacy and Mr. John Dupee.

At Pacific Grove Hotel

Hon. J. H. Andreson and wife of Salinas were guests of the hotel, Mrs. Andreson delivering an address before the Monterey Civic Club. Frederick Thompson of New York, the theatrical man noted for his building of Luna Park at Coney Island and the Hippodrome in New York, motored down from the city and was a guest at Del Monte and Pacific Grove Hotel for four days. Mr. Thompson has a concession from the Panama Exposition. R. J. Cameron and his wife and daughter of Seattle who spent the winter last year, have returned.

Guests at the Green

Recent arrivals at Hotel Green, Pasadena, include: Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Koury, M. R. Buckman, Atlantic City; C. H. Knights and wife, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Manser, St. Louis; W. H. Haggard and wife, Rockford, Ill.; H. A. Argen and wife, Winnipeg; E. L. Leser, Sacramento; C. H. Weisen, Boston; Otto Mathi, F. Widemann, Jos. C. Barnett, St. Louis; Frederick Lewis, Claxton Wilstack, New York; John J. Hernan, Coronado; Mrs. A. M. Nelson, Portland; M. P. Jordan, Dehesa, Cal.; F. E. Learthe, Boston; Mrs. M. A. Sawyer, Calais, Me.; Mrs. M. L. Walker, Mrs. W. L. Davis, Myron P. Browley, Boston; Mrs. E. L. Eaton, Manchester, N. H.

Terpsichore at Tait's

Queen Terpsichore reigns at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe this week. And she wields her power in such a graceful and pleasing manner that her subjects are entranced and captivated. Mons. Martin and Mlle. Florenz, two of the cleverest dancers that ever came to San Francisco, are daily performing the intricate steps of the tango in exhibition dances, and their efforts justly merit the keen appreciation displayed by all who see them. These exhibition dances are given on the main floor of the cafe between the hours of 4 and 5 p. m. and 11 and 12 p. m. In the afternoon, between 3 and 4, these two artists give free lessons to lady patrons of the cafe in the Banquet Hall on the second floor. This is a decided innovation in cafe entertainment, and it should be keenly appreciated by cafe-goers, who like to see, learn and enjoy the pastimes of the day.

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Great Hofmann

A big audience sat at the feet of Josef Hofmann Sunday at the Columbia and listened to his interpretations of some of the music gods. There is something about this man which seems to have descended upon him from a divine sphere giving him inspiration to understand the meaning of the composers he plays and at the same time seem to use music for the expression of himself. His gift has been cultivated in a life-long musical environment under the tutelage of great masters. After all, perhaps an infant prodigy kept in a propitious atmosphere should, like Hofmann, become an exceptional grown-up. For days after hearing Hofmann one keeps hearing familiar phrases as he played them, and they seem to have taken on a new significance. The piano within its limits is an instrument all sufficient for this musician whether he be expressing the frail delicacies of Chopin or conveying the depth of feeling in a composer like Beethoven. Through him the noblest passions speak to the soul with simple eloquence. Always, under his touch, the instrument gives forth the true piano quality of tone. It rings out and sings out, entering the ears opulent and satisfying. Beethoven he plays with something of reverence. Even in the gay "Bagatelle" one was impressed with the absence of frivolity in the master's highest moments. As for Chopin whom everybody loves and so pathetically tries to play, Hofmann reveals new beauty for us. Under all the luxurious embellishments, the romantic themes sing simply as the great Pole intended them. The artist closed his program with a group of moderns, Debussy, Rachmaninoff, Dvorak and Moszkowski, and left his audience exhilarated and eager for "more."

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Marie Dressler at the Gaiety

Irene Franklin and Bickel and Watson made a hit at the Gaiety in "The Girl at the Gate," but Marie Dressler in "A Merry Gambol" seems destined to transcend their popularity. On Monday night it was hard to say with whom Miss Dressler was more popular, the audience or the members of the company. Both greeted her tumultuously, so the plump comedienne may boast the unusual distinction of being as great a favorite on the professional as on the non-professional side of the footlight barrier. Miss Dressler's comedy is of the sort which might easily degenerate into vulgarity if it were attempted by the ordinary funmaker. But Miss Dressler is an artist, and so far from offending she gives the highest delight. Whether she sings her typically Dressler songs, dances her burlesques of the tango and the inspirational dances, whether she recites a Leigh Hunt poem with possibilities of fun hitherto unsuspected or simply makes faces and gets her feet tangled in her gown and falls headlong, she is the personification of mirth, tasteful mirth, innocent mirth that leaves no hint of a disagreeable impression behind it. She has a company of strong principals to assist her. There is Charles Judels in the role of an Italian tenor mourning a lost voice. His dialect description of a baseball game is one of the best things of the sort we have ever been treated to. There is Charles Mason, a German impresario who leads a German chorus through the mazes of Teutonized ragtime to the hilarious delight of the audience. There is Alf Goulding, equally at home and equally funny as a deacon in broadcloth and as a Scotchman in kilts. Then there are Gene Luneska with a role of the same satisfactory kind she had in "The Candy Shop"; and Gladys Goulding and Charles Purcell and any number of other clever people, not forgetting by any means the Marvelous Millers who have tango steps that are positively new and thoroughly thrilling. The chorus deserves rhapsodic treatment. The girls are all stunning beauties with figures to ravish the eye of the connoisseur in such matters (and there were many connoisseurs at the Gaiety Monday night, not only from town but also from Hillsboro). Their gowns cause the ladies in the audience to sigh with envy; and at every change there is a conspicuous borrowing of opera glasses among the johnnies. "A Merry Gambol" is no hazard. It is a sure winner.

FLORENCE MACBETH

Coloratura soprano with Chicago Grand Opera Co. coming to the Tivoli Opera House.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Some Vaudeville Thrills

Nearly all of us take a vulgar delight in distress with which we cannot sympathize from its absurdity or insignificance. Any odd accident that befalls a man amuses us. Nothing is so funny as a man chasing his hat on a windy day, unless it be the man who sits on his hat. All sorts of trifling misfortunes are laughable, and hence the tolerance of the most intolerable of bores, the practical joker. Dr. Carl Herman, the electrical wizard, as he styles himself, is exemplifying this weakness of human nature at the Orpheum this week. Dr. Herman is a practical joker. His specialty is the shocking of men with electricity; and he rocks the audience with laughter. There is only one fault to be found with the Orpheum program this week. Dr. Herman ought to come at the windup instead of near the top. One feels the need of relaxing one's emotions after concentrating sympathy on real distress such as is portrayed by Fannie Usher and after having one's feelings harrowed by Nance O'Neil in the curse scene of "The Jewess." There is something of the atmosphere of Greek tragedy at the Orpheum this week. First your emotions are played upon by the Perez family of equilibrists who supply more thrills to the moment than a person of acute sensibilities can stand. They keep you on edge from beginning to end of their act. Some folks there are who are most agreeably entertained by the imminent peril of human beings. For them there must be unutterable titillation in this ladder-balancing performance. Nance O'Neil is in her element this week. Scorn, rage and merciless malignity she is representing with all the emphasis of her powers. Her storm of passion is lit by some wonderful flashes, but her success would be greater did her voice show a little more of flexibility. She has a fine, sonorous and resonant voice for tragedy, but she has a disagreeable habit of forcing her lower register until the contralto quality becomes almost baritone. In addition to pure tragedy we have a little of tragi-comedy at the Orpheum, or, perhaps for the sake of precision I should say farce that abruptly turns to tragedy. This is a sketch called "The Straight Path" played by Fannie and Claude Usher. It's very fine farce and very bad tragedy. It shows how bad judgment can utterly ruin a good intention. But there is always compensation at the Orpheum. When you meet Walter Lawrence and Frances Cameron in "A Bit of Broadway" and Eddie Leonard and Mable Russell in a bit of nonsense you feel that after all the very thing that attracts you to the Orpheum is the thing that we call the spice of life.

—Theodore Bonnet.

The Youngsters at Pantages

There is reason for the continued vogue of the Pollards. They are remarkable youngsters. Not only can they sing splendidly, but they act with dramatic intensity or humorous effectiveness as the occasion requires. They are just as popular today as when they first made their appearance here a dozen years ago. That is proved by the throngs which have been applauding and encoring them at every performance at Pantages during the week. Pantages is the joy of the youngster, but there have been more youngsters taken to Pantages this week than usual, and the reason is of course the presence on the boards of these juvenile operatic exponents. If any are to be singled out for special praise, Teddy McNamara and Queenie Williams may be mentioned. They are stars of scintillating brightness. There are other acts of superexcellence at Pantages this week. For instance, there is Gertrude Dean Forbes who has deserted the film drama in which she is a favorite to appear on the circuit in a playlet of high merit "A Wild Rose." Excitement is provided by the contest of the music publishers, an original act of inexhaustible possibilities; and there are other fine dancing, singing and comedy numbers.

—The Second Nighter.

Banjo-phiends at Empress

A great bill is promised at the Empress next week, headed by Crossman's Six Banjo-phiends whose music is not confined to the banjo, but includes solos and duets on the piano, organ, 'cello, mandolin and guitar. One of the novelties is a one-act play "Huckin's Run" presented by Walsh, Lynn and Co. A treat for the musicians will be Luigi Dell Or who has designed a new harmonica and a new instrument called the harmonapeda. Burke and Harrison will offer bright bits of song and wit. Leonard and Louie are somewhat different gymnasts. Belle

iordon, the world's champion lady bag-puncher, ill give a fast exhibition. Other big features nd the world's best photo plays will make this ill the talk of the town.

Milestones" at Columbia

"Milestones" which recently completed a two-ears engagement in London and a year in New 'ork, will come to the Columbia Monday night or an engagement of two weeks. This city and .os Angeles alone will see this production and ompany of distinguished London artists who ave won enthusiastic praise from critics and pub-ic. "Milestones" is a comedy-drama by Arnold Bennett, the famous essayist and novelist, and Edward Knoblauch, the author of "Kismet," "The Faun" and other brilliant plays. Together they vrote one of the most remarkable plays ever resented, in which the fortunes of two families re carried through three generations, the action overing a period of fifty-two years and calling or remarkable work on the part of the actors. All the action takes place in the same room, but s its original occupants advance in years so too loes the character of the room itself change with he different times. Matinees will be given Wed-esday and Saturday.

Mack in Something Different

Next week Andrew Mack will offer for the first ime in San Francisco his highly successful play of the Canadian woods, "The Royal Mounted," rom the pen of the brilliant young American, Cecil DeMille. This play is entirely different in haracter and story from anything in which the amous Celtic star has been seen here. In the East where it served him for one entire season, e met with one of his greatest triumphs in the eading role. Mack plays Victor O'Brian, a sergeant in the mounted police that patrols the lumber camps and trapping districts of the great Canadian Northwest, and the role affords him great scope for his versatility. He will have splendid support in the long cast of characters, Louise Hamilton appearing to special advantage. The production will be a handsome and costly one, the various scenes in the open giving full scope to the scenic artist's brush. Mack's own company and the Alcazar players have had no better vehicle for their talents since the opening of the Mack season.

The Gaiety Show

"The Merry Gambol" at the Gaiety has made an emphatic hit, and business was lively throughout the week with a large demand for the forthcoming seven days. Apparently Marie Dressler and her merry throng have settled down for a long run. Matinees are given Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

Hofmann's Farewell

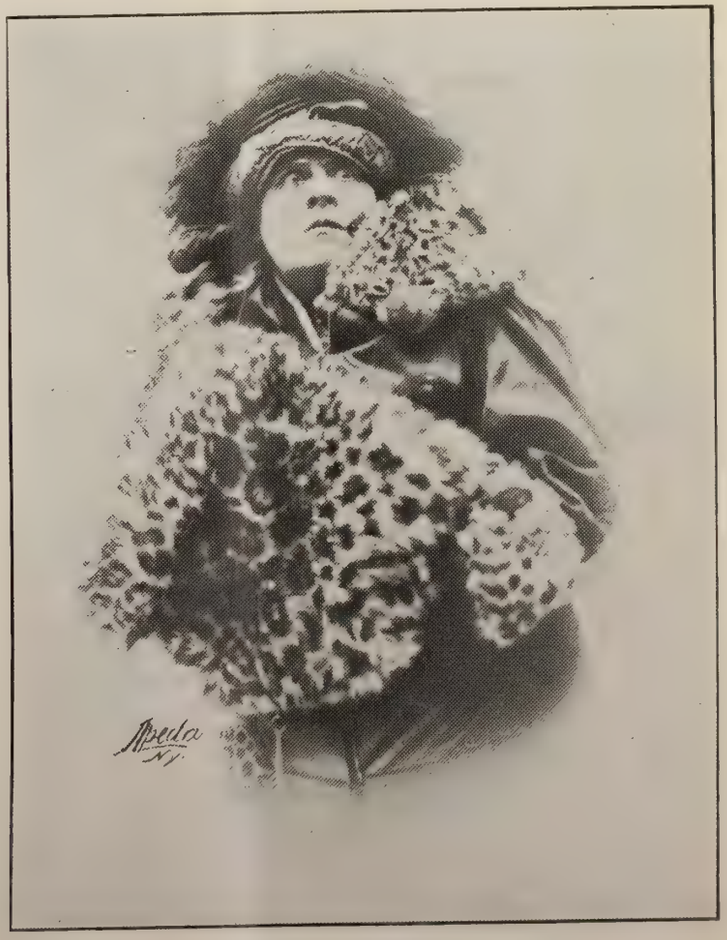
Josef Hofmann, the master-pianist whose wonderful playing last Sunday has set a new standard here and who again demonstrated that the word "genius" is not misapplied when used in describing his wonderful musical gifts, will give his final concert at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. The program will be a most delightful and interesting one, the principal feature being the Sonata in B minor by Liszt. Although the Master of Weimar was a most prolific composer of works for the piano, this is his one and only Sonata and it is so tremendously difficult that but few artists attempt it in public. A group of five Schumann gems will precede the Liszt work and six Chopin masterpieces will follow it. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's and on Sunday the box office will be open at the Columbia after 10 o'clock. Hofmann will be the last of the famous piano virtuosi to visit this city this season.

The Butt-Rumford Concerts

That superb contralto Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford, the eminent baritone, assisted by William Murdoch, a piano soloist who proved a most pleasant surprise at the concerts of these singers last week, will give three programs at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m., next Tuesday night at 8:15 p. m. and Saturday afternoon, February 14, at 2:30 p. m. At the Sunday concert Mme. Butt will sing the Aria "Divinite du Styx" from Gluck's "Alceste;" "In Questa Tomba," Beethoven; "Das Madscen Spricht," Brahms; "Joyous Easter Hymn," Old German; "The Lover's Curse" and "I Know My Love," Old Irish; "Fairy Pipers," Brewer; and "The Promise of Life," Cowen. Mr. Rumford's numbers will include works by Richard Strauss, Schumann, Vaughan Williams, Walford Davies and Harold Craxton, the last composer being the accompanist for the artists. Mr. Murdoch's piano numbers will consist of gems by Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Rubinstein and Debussy. The concluding number of the program will be the charming duet "The Day is Done" by Lohr in which the voices of Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford will be heard to the best advantage. The program for Tuesday night will be equally beautiful and interesting and on this occasion the artists will sing the two Shakespearean duets "How Sweet the Moonlight" and "Under the Greenwood Tree" by Liza Lehmann. A special program is being prepared for Saturday afternoon's farewell con-

JOHN McCORMACK

The noted tenor who will give concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, February 15, Tuesday evening, February 17, and Sunday afternoon, February 22, and at Ye Liberty, Oakland, Thursday night, Feb. 19.



MARIE DRESSLER

In "The Merry Gambol" at the Gaiety.

cert. Tickets are on sale at the usual Greenbaum box offices. On Friday afternoon, February 13, the Butt-Rumford organization will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland at 3:15 p. m. For this event seats may be secured at Ye Liberty box office on and after Monday.

John McCormack

John McCormack, the young Irish tenor whose success in the leading opera houses of the world has been such that he is recognized as the greatest lyric tenor now living and whose voice is as beautiful and fascinating in its genre as is Caruso's in the dramatic way, will give three concerts under the Greenbaum management at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoon, February 15, Tuesday night, February 17 and Sunday afternoon, February 22 (Washington's Birthday). The McCormack concerts two years ago were a glorious series of triumphs and hundreds were unable to gain even standing room. From all indications the coming events will be even more popular, for Manager Greenbaum says that for the past two years people have been continually asking him, "When is John McCormack coming again?" At the opening concert the glorious voice of the young Irish artist will be heard in the Recitative and Aria "Deeper and Deeper Still" from Handel's "Jeptha"; the "Aria" from Messager's "Fortunio"; the "Finale" of Leoncavallo's setting of "La Boheme;" "Intermezzo," Brahms; "J'ai pleure en reve," Hue; "The Lord is My Light," Allitsen; and a group of Irish melodies, "She Moved Through the Fair," "The Lagan Love Song" and "Kathleen Mavourneen." Of course the audience will not be satisfied without "Mother Macree" and "I Hear You Calling Me" which will be given as extra numbers. At the Tuesday night concert the artist will sing works by Schumann, Brahms, Elgarm Tours, Coleridge Taylor, and a group of ancient Irish melodies. A song "There Was an Ancient Monarch" by Mischa Elman, the violin virtuoso, will be on the list. A special request program including some of the American national songs will be given at the farewell matinee on Washington's Birthday. The sale of seats for the McCormack concerts will open next Wednesday morning and mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at either box office. In Oakland John McCormack will sing at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Thursday night, February 19, Manager Bishop laying off his entire stock company and production in order that the music lovers of Alameda county and especially the many men who cannot attend the usual afternoon concerts may have the opportunity of hearing the greatest singer Ireland has yet produced and an artist that any country might well be proud of. Seats for the Oakland concert should be ordered direct at the theatre.

Jean Gerardy

There are only two or three really great violoncellists in the world and among these Jean Gerardy is pre-eminent. A master of his instrument ever since he was eight years old Gerardy is one of the unique figures in the world's musical history. This artist can make his instrument veritably sing and the Gerardy tone, like Mischa Elman's, is absolutely individual: no one else can make a violin sing like Elman and no one else can make a 'cello sound like Gerardy. Assisted by Gabriel Ysaye, the young Belgian violinist, Gerardy will give three concerts here during the week of March 8 to 15.

The Kreisler Recitals

Critics everywhere are expressing tthe highest praise of Fritz Kreisler, the great Austrian violinist who will be heard in two recitals in Northern California; at the Cort Sunday afternoon, February 22, and at Scottish Rite Auditorium Thursday night, February 26. Mr. Kreisler is under the local management of Frank W. Healy.

The Next Symphony

The ninth symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Cort Friday afternoon, February 20. The program, the most important of the season, will have the assistance of Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist. Seats will go on sale Monday, February 16, at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Company, Kohler and Chase and the Cort Theatre. The complete program follows: Bach, Concerto No. 3, G major (for string orchestra); Beethoven, Concerto in D major for violin and orchestra, Mr. Kreisler; Sibelius, Legend, "Swan of Tuonela," Tartini, "Devil's Trill," Smetana, Overture, "The Bartered Bride."

Two Bill Toppers at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have as joint headlines W. H. Murphy and Blanche Nichols and their company, and Gertrude Barnes. Mr. Murphy and Miss Nichols will present a new travesty "The School of Acting" which is even funnier than "From Zaza to Uncle Tom" in which they scored a great hit on their last visit. Miss Barnes, whom the Eastern critics style "that wonderful girl," will introduce her singing impersonations. She has an unusually fine voice and great personal magnetism, the effect of which is heightened by beautiful costumes. She sings several songs, each a character creation that requires distinct scenic embellishment. Probably her greatest hit is "Troubles of a Broadway Show Girl." The Maxine Brothers, daring acrobats and dancers, bring a comedy dog. Demarest and Chabot have an act of instrumental music, comedy and dancing. Next week will be the last of Willa Holt Wakefield; Dr. Carl Herman, the Electrical Wizard; Goleman's European novelty, and Eddie Leonard and Mabel Russell.

SCENE FROM "TRAFFIC IN SOULS"
The remarkable photo-drama at the Savoy Theatre.

The Vogue of "Traffic in Souls"

"Traffic in Souls," which will enter upon its third successful week in this city at the Savoy on Sunday, is the best of the so-called "white slave" plays thus far to put in a local appearance. It has many highly colored scenes and there is plenty of cause for all the advertising it has received in New York, where it has been playing simultaneously at half a dozen theatres, but in it there are no salacious or suggestive features such as one might suspect from the nature of the story and the vogue just now of "going the limit," as stage slang has it. "Traffic in Souls" is shown continuously every day from one o'clock in the afternoon until eleven at night, with dancing on the stage of the Savoy after every performance.

"Vicar of Wakefield" at Tivoli

"The Lion and the Mouse" which has enjoyed a most successful run of two weeks at the Tivoli, will be shown for the last times today and on Sunday "The Vicar of Wakefield," adapted from Goldsmith's famous novel, will be shown for the first time in San Francisco. It is said that those who have read the immortal story of English life in the eighteenth century will be amazed at the delightful manner in which it has been produced as a photo-drama. "The Vicar of Wakefield" is filmed in four parts and the usual Keystone comedy and other features will complete an excellent program. The music furnished by the big Tivoli orchestra is always notable.

The Grand Opera Season

The musical community is manifesting great interest in the coming season of grand opera to be given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli from March 16 to 28 inclusive. Titta Ruffo is the bright star among the male singers, while Mary Garden, the greatest living exponent of French opera, is again with the company. Jane Osborn-Hannah will be heard in the Wagnerian operas and among the newcomers are Florence Macbeth, an American coloratura singer whose appearances at Covent Garden last spring were sensational, Julia Claussen, the renowned Swedish contralto, and Rosa Raisa, a Polish soprano and beauty who has scored a great success in her Continental and American appearances. In all the principals number forty, the orchestra sixty-eight and the chorus sixty, while all the productions are up to the high standard established by the Chicago Opera Company which is the very best. There will be a season subscription of twelve performances and four additional performances. The season sale will begin at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

Fred Brooks at Matinee

The program for this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler and Chase Hall will be out of the ordinary. Instead of the usual instrumental or vocal soloist the feature will be a famous poet and reader in the person of Fred Emerson Brooks who enjoys an international reputation. Former Presidents Roosevelt and Taft as well as Secretary of State Bryan are among his warmest admirers. He has written a delightful poem entitled "California," and will recite it accompanied by incidental music on the Knabe Player Piano played by Mr. Vargas.

McIntyre and Heath

Those who remember "The Ham Tree" which is starting Sunday night for a week's engagement at the Cort, will tell you it has all the good qualities of musical entertainment, pleasant melodies, rollicking comedy and picturesque settings. During its career as a Klaw and Erlanger production it led the field of lively entertainment. That was five years ago. Its revival by John Cort this time should yield its own reward for it brings back a musical play that was always enjoyable with the two black blossoms of laughter, McIntyre and Heath, in their original roles. A

new feature has been added—"Ebinezer," a trick mule. It is said that John Cort has done much to improve the comedy by surrounding his stars with pretty chorus girls, chorus men, costumes that charm and music that pleases, and a notable cast, which includes Edward Wade, Arthur Barry, John Lorenz, Ted Holmes, Otto Johnson, George C. Youngman, Edward S. Holden, Norman Woodward, Mildred Beverly, Luly Wells and Mabel Elsin.

"Vice" at Pantages

The topline attraction at Pantages next week will be a gripping romance of the underworld entitled "Vice," the story of which is based on the testimony given by unfortunates at the investigation held by the Illinois Vice Commission at Chicago. Guy Woodward who was associated with the author Will Jossey in the original production in Chicago, is in charge of the cast which numbers twenty speaking parts. The added feature will be a rollicking musical tabloid called "The Candy Ship" with Ethel Davis and a company of fifteen dancing girls. Bob Albright, the "Male Melba," is playing a return engagement with a new repertoire. "The Critic and the Girl" is a breezy travesty on newspaper life presented by Julia Redmond and company. "Twenty Minutes in Daffy Town" is a nonsensical skit with Dunbar and Turner as the actors. Reed's acrobatic bull dogs, with the Two Samsons will round out the program.

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Ninth Symphony Concert

CORT THEATRE, FRIDAY, FEB. 20, 3 P. M.

Soloist—FRITZ

KREISLER

(Violinist)

Program Includes: Bach, Concertot No. 3, G Major, for string orchestra, Beethoven, Concerto in D Major for Violin and Orchestra, Sibelius, Legend, "Swan of Tuonela," Tartini, "Devil's Trill," Smetana, Overture, "The Bartered Bride."

Prices—75c, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00. Box and Loge Seats, $3.00. Tickets on sale February 16th at box offices Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and Cort Theatre.

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One Week Only—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

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KENNERLEY RUMFORD

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TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 10th and

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 14th

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NEXT FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 13th at 3:15

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Best prices for stocks were made early in the week and for a time it looked as if we were in for a broad bull market throughout the general list. However, there seemed to be a little too much steam on and the market became a little waterlogged, so local professionals taking advantage of the situation sold the market off. The decline did not get very far as sentiment is too bullish to permit of much decline at present. Statements of railroad earnings were somewhat unfavorable. The Atchison earnings for December showed a heavy decline in gross as well as net, due evidently to the failure of the corn crop in its territory, also war in Mexico, which has cut off much profitable traffic. Atchison is in a strong position, however, and the causes of the decrease in its earnings are of a transitory nature. It is earning its dividend in spite of all its hard luck, and it is so well maanged and maintained that it can reap the full benefits of any change for the better. This season's citrus fruit crop in California promises to be very good and Atchison is the only road that can land California fruit into Chicago over its own tracks. Southern Railway's December statement was very good showing substantial gains in both gross and net. This is not surprising because the cotton belt east of the Mississippi has had one of the best harvests of grain and cotton in its history and prices have been satisfactory. The crop movement was early and fast so everybody has money and the railroad is the most direct beneficiary of this happy condition of affairs. Railroads operating in the middle west are able to show a heavy shrinkage in net income and are preparing a special report for the Interstate Commerce Commission in connection with the freight rate cases. Steel common was attacked by the bears late in the week. It was asserted that the Steel Corporation had been receiving rebates from the railroads that expose it to heavy penalties, possibly amounting to $70,000,000. As these tales came from interested sources they had little effect and favorable reports of the present condition and outlook of the steel trade overcame all this pessimism. Money remains easy, and as this is one of the fundamentals of a strong market we believe stocks should be bought on any reaction.

Wheat—There was a strong market in wheat early in the week and the May option got above 94 cents. At the advance there was heavy selling by the leading longs and with a let up in the export demand prices were allowed to slide off again. An increase in Russian offerings took the edge off the Liverpool market and an increase in the southwestern receipts helped change sentiment which for a time was quite bullish. There was a drop in the premiums for No. 2 red wheat of about 5 cents and this premium is gradually being reduced. Russian crop was reported after harvest as being very large but shipments from that country to date have been small and may later upset all our bull theories. However, until we see more than threats of large shipments from Russia, it will do to buy wheat on all setbacks on the certainty of light shipments from Argentine. The Argentine surplus this year is very small, some estimate it as low as 60,000,000 and of a very poor quality. Conditions in the winter wheat section in this country have undergone no change and on the whole are very satisfactory. There has been very little snow covering but as yet the weather has been too mild to cause any alarm. A sudden drop in the temperature would give us a quick upturn and as this can be expected most any time it would do well to be long wheat on the reactions that come from time to time.

Corn—Market has been a whipsaw affair but seems to meet a good demand on any decline below the 66 cents mark for May. Receipts have been extremely light but so has the demand. Eastern demand for corn is very poor and what demand there is from the industries is being supplied by Argentina. The southwestern markets seem to be getting filled up as prices there have weakened more than at Chicago and with the present mild weather there is very little demand from feeders. Argentina is offering new corn for June shipment at 61 cents New York and as their crop is a very large one this year hedging by that country will be a factor in the Chicago market. The market will become oversold from time to time which will give us a strong spot and advantage should be taken of all strong spots to get short the July option.

Cotton—According to weekly trade journals sentiment—financial, industrial and commercial—manifestly is better than a week or a month ago. Apparently the President's message has helped to clear the economic atmosphere, and business men seem more disposed to go ahead. Bank discounts in most of the financial centers of Europe and America are lower, thus releasing funds for commercial enterprises, and the large bond sales in New York evidence that money is seeking investment. While the cotton market has yet to reflect the change for the better in the industrial and financial world, the undertone nevertheless has been good, the only disturbing influence being the larger quantity of cotton ginned for the last period. This has had a tendency to increase crop estimates for a yield of at least 14,500,000 bales, and has occasioned something of a decline to around the 1225 mark for the March option. It is contended by friends of the market, however, that notwithstanding the large ginnings as compared with last year, that, on a basis of a crop of 14,500,000 bales, there is less cotton on plantations than at this time last year. Furthermore it is contended that the better portion of the interior reserves is of a very low and undesirable cotton, and that this season's crop will produce less yarn than last year's yield of 14,167,000 bales, due it is claimed to the great loss in waste of this season's crop. Moreover there is every reason to believe in estimates for a consumption of American cotton this year of 15,000,000 bales, if the cotton is available. Japan has taken already this season 202,000 bales against only 150,000 last year, and last season's consumption by Japan was 405,000 bales. There is a good demand for spot cotton in the south and we believe that cotton bought around the 12 cents level will be close to the bottom prices on this season's crop.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAURICE HAYES, Deceased—No. 15,132; Department 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Maurice Hayes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, 901-905 Hearst Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Maurice Hayes, deceased.

CATHERINE TIETJEN,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

PAUL T. FRATESSA, Attorney for Executrix,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORA CATHERINE STONE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within nine (9) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Minnie F. Goodwin at the office of Stafford and Stafford, H. I. Stafford, Rooms 504-518 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased.

MINNIE F. GOODWIN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Dora Catherine Stone, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

STAFFORD and STAFFORD,
H. I. STAFFORD, ROLAND BECSEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
504-518 Grant Bldg., 1095 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

C. C. P. Secs. 1490—1492

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Estate of J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, sometimes known as J. C. Franks, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at Room 1051 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, January 24, A. D. 1914.

FRED. C. FRANKS,
Administrator.

JOHN T. CAREY, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 1051 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-24-5

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ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,859; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET RYAN, Deceased.

BRIDGET KILKENNY, as Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Margaret Ryan, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 16th day of February, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department number Ten, probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell all the real estate of the said decedent as set forth and described in said petition to which reference is hereby had and made.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, January 8, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attorneys for Petitioner,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO DETERMINE HEIRSHIP

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,449; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

CITATION

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To ALICE M. COWELL and ALEXANDER F. MORRISON, executors of the last will and testament of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, ALICE M. COWELL, THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, a corporation, FRANK TRALAGO, JOHN MINKEL, LAWRENCE MANEY, JAMES RIORDAN, FRITZ PALM, THOMAS BYRNE, F. A. LANCE, J. VALENTE, FRANK CALDERA, MARTIN RODEREIGUEZ, PAOLA MARAKI, JOE BENATE, BERNARDO RICCO, RUDOLPH LABISH, MANUEL S. CALDERA, JOE JUAREZ, PETER MARTELLI, and LILLIAN A. HOWARD, F. A. PALMER, HENRY WILLEY, C. S. PRICE, J. W. LINSCOTT and G. A. BOND, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and any and all other persons interested, or claiming any interest, in the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, whether known or unknown and whether named herein or not.

GREETING:

BY ORDER OF THIS COURT, You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Judge of this Court, at the court room of Department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 2nd day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why this Court should not ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, and all interests therein and to whom distribution should be made, and then and there to appear and exhibit to the above entitled Court your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate.

The name of said deceased was Ernest V. Cowell;

The names of the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased are Alexander F. Morrison and Alice M. Cowell;

The names of all persons who have appeared in the course of the administration of said estate up to the time of making the order for the issuance of this citation, claiming any interest in said estate are as follows: Alice M. Cowell, The Regents of the University of California, a corporation, Frank Tralago, John Minkel, Lawrence Maney, James Riordan, Fritz Palm, Thomas Byrne, F. A. Lance, J. Valente, Frank Caldera, Martin Rodereiguez, Paola Maraki, Joe Benate, Bernardo Ricco, Rudolph Labish, Manuel, S. Caldera, Joe Juarez, Peter Martelli, and Lillian A. Howard, F. A. Palmer, Henry Willey, C. S. Price, J. W. Linscott, and G. A. Bond, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell;

And the real estate of which said decedent died seized or possessed, so far as known, is described as follows:

REAL ESTATE

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

1. A parcel of land in the City of Oakland, commencing at a point on the westerly line of Linden Street, distant thereon 222 feet and 3 inches southerly from the southerly line of 21st Street; thence southerly along the said line of Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence westerly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet; thence northerly parallel with Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence easterly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 16, Block "B", Survey of the Northern Extension of Oakland.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Haywards, known as Lot. No. 13 of the "Lawrence Tract, Haywards, Alameda County, State of California," said lot being 50 feet by 100 feet.

IN THE COUNTY OF MARIN

Beginning at a stake driven in the southerly line of First Street in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, at a point 503 feet and 7 inches westerly from the northeasterly corner of a lot conveyed by J. O. B. Short and Jacob Short to E. Schwiezen by deed dated March 9th, 1869, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of said County of Marin, in Volume "H" of Deeds, at page 225; thence southerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with the said First Street 150 feet; thence northerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet to the southerly line of the said First Street; and thence easterly along the southerly line of said First Street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 4, of Block No. 3, in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, as surveyed by Hiram Austin, Civil Engineer.

IN THE COUNTY OF MERCED

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19; the south half of the southwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and Lots 3 and 4 of section 28; the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of section 29; the north half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2 and lot 8 of the southeast quarter, all in section 30; the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 31; Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in the northwest quarter of section 32; and Swamp and Overflowed Land Surveys No. 34 in sections 29 and 30, containing 20-69/100 acres; No. 29 in sections 29 and 32, containing 47-26/100 acres, and Nos. 45, 87, 88, 376, and 378, in sections 28, 30 and 32—all in township 5 south, range 13 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of the Gabilan Creek, near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the Official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence north 14° west 13 chains along the boundary of the Rancho Los Vergeles to stake-V-No. 1 on the United States Official Survey of la Natividad Rancho; thence south 35° west 21.40 chains along the boundary of Natividad Rancho to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 56° east 17:50 chains to a stake in the bed of Gabilan Creek, marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 3° 15′ east 14.55 chains up Gabilan Creek to the place of beginning, containing 21.46 acres.

Being lot 1 of the partition of La Natividad Rancho made and entered on April 18th, 1865, on the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson, et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al., and being also a fractional portion of section 26, township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of Gabilan Creek near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence south 3° 15′ west 14.55 chains to a stake marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 56° west 17.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 35° west along the west line of Rancho La Natividad 14 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 56° east 25.06 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;" in the bed of Gabilan Creek; thence south 35° west 32.22 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 70° east, crossing the Gabilan Creek 24.32 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH;"; thence north 88° 45′ east 144.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; V; JH;" in the bed of the Gabilan Creek; thence north 8° 45 west 8 chains to station No. 14 of the official map of the Rancho La Natividad; thence north 3° west 13 chains to station No. 15 of said map; thence north 36° west 8 chains to station No .16 of said map; thence north 53° 16′ west 17 chains to station No. 17 of said map; thence north 21° 16′ west 11 chains to station No. 18 of said map; thence north 8° 45′ east 8 chains to station No. 19 of said map; thence north 37° west 33 chains to station No. 20 of said map; thence north 18° west 25.50 chains to station No. 21 of said map; thence north 53°. 15′ west 28.70 chains to station No. 22 of said map; thence south 57° 15′ west 19.40 chains to station No. 23 of said map; thence south 15° west 3.33 chains to station No. 24 of said map; thence south 65° 15′ west 27.37 chains to station No. 25 of said map; thence south 48° west 16 chains to station No. 26 of said map; thence south 50° 30′ west 20 chains to station No. 27 of said map; thence south 17° west 11 chains to station No. 28 of said map; being the place of beginning—containing 1363.80 acres.

Being Lot No. 2, as the same is delineated and so de signated on the Map of Commissioners to make partition of La Natividad Rancho in partition proceedings which were entered among the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al.; and being also fractional portions of sections 24, 25, 35 and 36 in township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.; and sections 30 and 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the Gabilan Creek where the northern line of the Gabilan Rancho and J. W. Patton's northern line on the Natividad Rancho join; thence running south 88° 45′ west to the southeasterly corner of the farm now or formerly owned by August Johnson; thence along a picket fence which is or was the eastern boundary of said Johnson's farm northerly to the land formerly owned by James Houston and later by Henry Cowell; thence along said Cowell's line north 88° 45′ east to the Gabilan Creek; thence along the middle of said Creek to the place of beginning, containing about 50 acres. Being a part of the Natividad Rancho and known as Lot 18 as per the County Map of the County of Monterey made by St. John Cox and Fehy in 1877, being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. BEGINNING at the most southern corner of the Los Vergeles Rancho in the center of Gabilan Creek, thence along the boundary line between said Rancho and the Rancho Cienega del Gabilan, north 45° east 14.78 chains to a post in the corner of Lot 2 of Natividad Rancho; thence leaving said Rancho boundary north 45° 30′ west 16.50 chains to a cottonwood tree 18 inches in diameter marked "LVI"; thence south 56° west 1.10 chains to the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek, from which a willow tree 10 inches in diameter bears north 56° east 10 links distant; thence meandering up the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek and along the boundary of said Rancho Los Vergeles southerly to the place of beginning, containing 11.10 acres. Being designated upon the map which accompanies the decree of the District Court of the Twentieth Judicial District of the State of California, entered on the 21st day of July, 1875, in the case of Arabella A. Stokes et al. vs. Josephine Winterburn et al., as Lot 6, the same being a portion of the Rancho Los Vergeles, and being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

1. Lots Nos. 1 and 2, of section 6, township 8 north, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at the northeast corner of the Merkley Ranch at a redwood stake set on the east bank of the Sacramento River, which stake is south 79° 45′ west from an oak tree 2½ feet in diameter, standing at the southern extremity of the Half Way House buildings, and running thence north 79° 45′ east 4.20 chains; thence south 71° 15′ east 2.49 chains to the north side of an oak tree 18″ in diameter (Blazed); thence south 69° 30′ east 6.11 chains to an oak tree 8″ in diameter (blazed); thence south 71° 15′ east 9.61 chains to the end of an old ditch; thence south 74° 30′ east 3.77 chains to back fence; thence north 2° 30′ east along fence 10 chains to fence; thence south 2° 30′ west 2.62 chains from south line of 10-acre tracts; thence north 50° west along fence 7.74 chains to corner; thence along fence south 86° west 5.29 chains to corner of board fence; thence north 89° west along board fence 12.17 chains to corner of fence on east side of road; thence south 79° 45′ west at 0.67 chains on top of levee continue same course, in all 7.60 chains, to the Sacramento River; thence with the east bank of said River down stream to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being part of section 11, township 8 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southwesterly line of Main Street, distant thereon 137 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence southesaterly parallel with Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence northeasterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 694 and 703.

2. COMMENCING at the intersection of the northwesterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches to the northwesterly line of Mission Street; thence northeasterly along said line of Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

3. COMMENCINB at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon 97 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the intersection of said line of Spear Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 40 feet; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 40 feet; thence northeasterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the said southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

4. COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Clay Street with the easterly line of Sansome Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Clay Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence northerly parallel with Sansome Street 122 feet to the southerly line of Merchant Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Merchant Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the easterly line of Sansome Street; thence southerly along said easterly line of Sansome Street 122 feet to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 130, 131 and part of No. 132.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN JOAQUIN

1. BEGINNING at a point 8.65 chains west from the east boundary line, and 50 links north from the south boundary line of section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 31.85 chains; thence south 33.82 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 64.55 chains; thence north 15.35 chains; thence west 8 chains to the left bank of the Mokelumne River; thence along said left bank following its meanderings upstream to a point which would be intersected by a line running parallel with and 5.63 chains north from the township line between townships 4 and 5 north; thence east on said imagined line 16 chains; thence south 1.78 chains; thence east 50.40 chains; thence north 16.78 chains; thence east 36.86 chains to a post; thence south 20.13 chains to the point of beginning, containing 326.84 acres. Being portions of section 1, township 4 north, range 4 east; section 36, township 5 north, range 4 east; section 6, township 4 north, range 5 east; and section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, all M. D. B. & M.

2. All of those certain lots in the City of Stockton known and designated as Lots Nos. 5 and 8, and portions of Lots Nos. 1, 3, 7, 13 and 14, all in Block No. 64 east of Center Street, according to the map and survey of the said City of Stockton. commencing for the same at a point on the south line of Channel Street, in said City of Stockton, 75 feet easterly from the southeast corner of the intersection of Hunter Street and Channel Street; running thence easterly along the south line of Channel Street 85 feet; thence at right angles southerly 150 feet to the north line of said Lot 8; thence at right angles easterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the north line of Weber Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Weber Avenue 50 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the northwest corner of said Lot 8; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Lot 6 of said Block 64, 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet to the east line of said Hunter Street; thence at right angles northerly along said east line of Hunter Street 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 75 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet to the point of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the northwest corner of the tract assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California. in and for the County of San Mateo. in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence along the Coast north 20° 15′ west 14.40 chains; thence north 74° west 11 chains; thence north 40° 15′ west 10 chains; thence north 34° 15′ west 20 chains; thence north 43° 45′ west 25 chains; thence north 4° west 20 chains; thence leaving the Coast north 28° 30′ east 101.78 chains; thence south 81° 15′ east 30.90 chains; thence south 8° 20′ east 30.17 chains; thence south 84° 35′ east 190.65 chains to a point in the southeast boundary line of the official survey of said Rancho; thence on and along said line south 4° east 47.60 chains to the northeast corner of the tract assigned by the Referees aforesaid to Josefa de Haro Denniston; thence following the line of said tract north 84° 35′ west 84 chains; thence south 25° 30′ west 95 chains to the place of beginning; containing 1815.12 acres; said tract having been assigned to Augustine Guerrero by the Referees aforesaid and being marked No. 2 on the map of said partition. EXCEPTING all that parcel being a portion of the above described premises bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on a bluff on the Pacific Ocean, being the southwesterly corner of a tract of land now or formerly belonging to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence north 25° 30′ east 62.86 chains; thence north 56° 15′ west 38.93 chains to a stake in the line of fence; thence following said fence north 64° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 29° west 0.76 chains; thence north 23° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 16° west 0.76 chains; thence north 8° 30′ west 3.72 chains; thence north 28° west 7.02 chains; thence north 36° 30′ west 7.70 chains to the line of land now or formerly belonging to Victoriano Guerrero; thence following said line south 28° 30′ west 45.27 chains to a stake on the bluff bank of the Pacific Ocean; thence following said bluff bank south 20° east 5.62 chains; thence south 4° west 2.27 chains; thence south 12° 15′ east 4.54 chains; thence south 17° 45′ east 5.65 chains; thence south 37° 45′ east 1.75 chains; thence south 83° east 0.91 chains; thence 37° east 10.60 chains; thence south 54° 15′ east 4.45 chains; thence south 46° east 4.55 chains; thence south 69° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 6° east 3.41 chains; thence south 37° 30′ east 1.55 chains; thence south 4° 30′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 19° 15′ east 7 chains; thence south 41° 30′ east 7.21 chains; thence south 61° east 3.85 chains; thence south 60° east 3.33 chains; thence south 87° 30′ east 2.73 chains; thence south 63° east 4.55 chains; thence south 58° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 46° 30′ east 3.48 chains; thence south 30° 20′ east 9.17 chains to the point of beginning, containing 430.72 acres.

2. COMMENCING at the northwest corner of that portion of the Rancho El Corral del Tierre (Palomares) bordering on the Ocean, assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence south 25° 30′ west 14.24 chains; thence south 64° 30′ east 16.23 chains to Denniston Creek; thence north 10° 30′ west 11 chains; thence north 22° west 2.55 chains; thence north 12° 15′ east 3 chains; thence north 27° east 1.50 chains; thence north 13° 30′ west 2.20 chains; thence north 84° 35′ west 7 chains to the point of commencement, containing 16.92 acres.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the County Road forming the easterly boundary line of the large tract of land owned by Owen McMahon, deceased, at the time of his death, at the easterly corner of the tract of land conveyed to Elizabeth Owen McMahon by Elizabeth Catherine Hamlin, Ellen Maria Barry and Margaret Anna Lennon by deed dated February 25th, 1892, and running thence south 42° 36′ west 35.15 chains; thence south 48° east 27.75 chains; thence north 42° 36′ east 35 chains to the County Road; and thence along the County Road to the place of beginning, containing about 108 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.39 acres conveyed by Henry Cowell to W. D. K. Gibson for right of way purposes by deed dated November 27th, 1900, and recorded in Volume 88 of Deeds, at page 207, San Mateo County Records, and also a parcel of 1 acre conveyed by Henry Cowell to Giovanni Devincenzi, by deed dated November 11th, 1901, and recorded in Volume 93 of Deeds, at page 18, San Mateo County Records.

4. Lot No. 1 of section 21, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 26.14 acres.

5. BEGINNING on the bank of the Purissima Creek at the point where the line between fractional sections 15 and 16 intersects the same, thence running north between said fractional sections 5.64 chains to a gulch; thence down said gulch south 56° 15′ east 2.80 chains to the bank of the Purissima Creek; thence down the Creek with its meanders south 60° 15′ west 3.10 chains; thence south 60° 45′ west 2.50 chains; to the place of beginning, containing about 1 acre, and being part of fractional section No. 15 in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. BEGINNING on the line between sections 16 and 21, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and at a point 16 chains east of the quarter section post in the road leading up the Creek; thence east on said line 14 chains to Purissima Creek; thence up the Creek with its meanders north 23° west 3 chains; thence north 40° 15′ east 2 chains; thence north 25° 15′ east 7.80 chains to the line between sections 15 and 16; thence along said line north 5.64 chains to Simmon's and Beckwith's corner; thence north 64° 15′ west 0.95 chains to the road; thence along the road south 15° 20′ east 2.80 chains; thence south 38° west 5 chains; thence south 18°30′ west 5.50 chains; thence south 28° 30′ west 6 chains; thence south 64° west 11 chains; thence south 60° west 5.15 chains to the place of beginning. containing 10 acres.

7. COMMENCING at a post 20 chains from the Coast Bank, running thence south 17° 30′ east 20 chains to the corner of Joseph E. Selleck's 40-acre tract; thence south 72° 30′ west 24.16 chains to edge of Coast bank; thence along said bank in a southerly direction to a corner post; thence leaving Coast and running north 72° 30′ east 54.84 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence north 72° 30′ east 29.37 chains up a ridge to head of first gulch; thence south 45° east 10.45 chains down said gulch to Lobitas Creek to an alder tree 12″ in diameter standing at the mouth of said gulch upon which tree there are three notches; thence up Lobitas Creek to mouth of Willow Gulch; thence north 30° west 33.44 chains to Selleck's corner; thence south 54° west 29.68 chains; thence south 72° 30′ west 40.62 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence south 72° 30′ west 34.15 chains to the point of beginning, containing 577 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.88 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company by deed dated September 22, 1905.

8. BEGINNING at a post on ridge standing in middle of Redwood Road of Bailord and Kinnerson, thence running north 31° 30′ east 4.50 chains to a post; thence south 78° 30′ east 8.25 chains; thence south 65° east 5.50 chains to Lobitas Creek to a redwood tree 48″ in diameter, marked with 3 notches. on right bank of said Creek; thence down said Creek south 48° west 3.75 chains; thence south 35° west 5.74 chains; thence south 48° west 6.50 chains to a redwood tree 24″ in diameter standing on the right bank of the Creek at the mouth of the gulch; thence up the gulch north 57° west 9 chains; thence north 38° west 4.73 chains to a post; thence north 31° 30′ east to the place of beginning, containing 19.50 acres, being a portion of the Rancho Canada. Verdey Arroyo de las Purissima.

9. Lot No. 1, and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 8, and the fractional sections 16 and 17, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing together 935.92 acres; all that portion of Lot No. 1, of section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., situated north of the County Road leading from Purissima House up Purissima Creek and containing 2½ acres, more or less; Lot No. 2, in section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 20.91 acres.

EXCEPTING, however, from the foregoing lots or parcels of land the following lots or parcels:

(1) A parcel of 2.79 acres, being a portion of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to William Buzzell by deed dated April 13, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 39, San Mateo County Records.

(2) A parcel of 10 acres, being a portion of fractional section 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Patrick Flyn by deed dated October 17, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 148, San Mateo County Records.

(3) A parcel of 36.16 acres, being a part of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to W. A. Simmons and J. S. Blackwell by deed dated April 13, 1864 and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 425.

(4) The right to use and possess a certain spring of water conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Silas Hovious by deed dated October 12, 1861, and recorded in Volume 2 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 41, San Mateo County Records.

(5) A parcel of 50 acres, being a fractional portion of sections 16 and 17, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to George Duncan by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 497, San Mateo County Records.

(6) A parcel of 13.22 acres, being a fractional portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to R. H. Hatch, by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 108, San Mateo County Records.

(7) A parcel of 5 acres, being a portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to Silas Hovious by deed dated February 3, 1868, and recorded in Volume 8 of Deeds, at page 346, San Mateo County Records.

(8) A parcel of 5 acres, known as the "Cemetery Tract."

(9) A parcel of 5 acres, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated April 23, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 189, San Mateo County Records.

(10) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 518, San Mateo County Records.

(11) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to the trustees of the Purissima School District by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 520, San Mateo County Records.

(12) A parcel of 9.33 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company, by deed dated September 22, 1905.

10. The east portion of Lot No. 1, as per map of the J. de H. Denniston portion of the Rancho Corral de Tierra, containing about 12 acres of land.

IN THE COUNTY OF TEHAMA

BEGINNING at a point where the north line of the Wilson Tract intersects the slough or old channel of the Sacramento River, said line being known as the Bennet Line, thence following along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 15° 30′ west 12.50 chains; thence north 24° 30′ west 9.31 chains; thence north 29° 45′ west 4.37 chains; thence north 14° 30′ west 10.60 chains; thence north 28° 30′ west 14.65 chains; thence north 27° 15′ west 11.08 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 6.20 chains, from which an oak tree marked 68 and 69 bears south 40° west 0.60 chains distant; thence north 60° west 8.15 chains; thence south 77° west 5.30 chains; thence south 19° 30′ east 2.53 chains; thence south 85° west 5.27 chains; thence south 50° 30′ west 5.19 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 4.70 chains; thence north 46′ west 7.36 chains; thence north 75° west 4.20 chains; thence north 49° west 8.96 chains to the present channel of the Sacramento River; thence following down and along the east bank of the Sacramento River by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

South 32° west 8.05 chains; thence south 74° 30′ west 16.04 chains; thence south 11° 30′ west 22.50 chains; thence south 24° east 9.52 chains; thence south 36° 30′ east 3.92 chains; thence south 12° east 5.05 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 24.67 chains; thence south 66° east 22.72 chains; thence south 45°30′ east 3.30 chains; thence south 33° east 8.06 chains; thence south 28° 30′ east 3.35 chains; thence south 18° east 2.53 chains; thence south 35° 30′ east 2.75 chains; thence south 14° east 3.10 chains; thence south 1° west 2.56 chains; thence south 16° 30′ east 2.54 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 3.15 chains; thence south 7° east 5.72 chains; thence south 9° 30′ east 3.29 chains; thence south 3° 30′ east 4.74 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 2.67 chains to the old channel of the Sacramento River; thence following up and along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 37° 30′ east 2.22 chains; thence north 44° east 2.17 chains; thence north 44° east 1.94 chains; thence north 27° east 3.46 chains; htence north 29° east 2.51 chains; thence north 3° east 4.10 chains; thence north 33° west 1.83 chains; thence north 36° 15′ east 29.25 chains; thence south 49° east 3.68 chains; thence north 41° east 7.39 chains; thence north 62° east 3.88 chains; thence north 8° 30′ east 6.79 chains; thence north 17° east 4.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 589 acres, more or less, being part of the "Capay Rancho" known as "Snaden Island."

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 756 of the official surveys of the said County of Yolo, at a point a little north of west from the quarter section corner between sections 3 and 4, township 6 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., thence south 77° east along the upper line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756 20.54

chains to the back corner of Hester's 10-acre tract; thence south 13° west 2.50 chains; thence south 77° east 40 chains to a point on the west bank of the Sacramento River, 10 rods below the northeast corner of the said Swamp Land Survey No. 756, thence down the said river with its meanders south 10° 25′ west 4.64 chains; south 3° 25′ west 5.40 chains; south 30° 30′ west 12 chains; south 45° 10′ west 7.21 chains; thence leaving said river north 75° 30′ west 56.50 chains to the back line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756; thence north 19° 10′ east along said back line 28.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 167.55 acres of land.

2. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 361, 363, 897, and 985, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed lands of the County of Yolo, being portions of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. A fraction of 2.10 acres, beginning at a point at the inside base of the Sacramento River levee, about 30 feet north from the cross-levee, and running thence north 18° west, along the inside base of said levee, 151 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 216 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 49 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 980 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 80 feet; thence in a direct line to the place of beginning, being a portion of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The south half of section 9; the south half of section 10; the south half of section 12; all of section 13; the south half and the northeast quarter of section 15; all of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 19; all of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of section 22; all of section 23; all of section 24; the northwest quarter of section 28; and the northeast quarter of section 29;—all in township 8 north, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. The south half, and the northwest quarter of section 3; all of section 4; all of section 5; the northeast quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 6; the north half of section 8; the north half of section 9; the north half of section 10; and the northwest quarter of section 11;—all in township 9 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. The southeast quarter of section 31; the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section 32; the south half of section 33; and the southwest quarter of section 34; all in township 10 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

7. All of section 1; all of section 2; the east half of section 11; the north half of the south half; the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the south half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter, of section 12; and the north half of the northeast quarter of section 13; all in township 11 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

8. The west half of the northwest quarter of section 5; and the north half, and the west half of the southwest quarter of section 6; and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 7; all in township 11 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

9. All of section 25, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 118 acres; the south half, and the south half of the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 98 acres, of section 26; all of section 35; the south half, the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 104 acres, of section 36; all in township 12 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

10. All of sections 30 and 31, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 504 acres; and all of the west half of the west half of section 32, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 40 acres; all in township 12 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

1. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, designated as Lot 1, Loop and Meserve Tract, as per map recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, EXCEPTING that part included in the right of way of the Southern Pacific Company.

2. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, being part of the "Sycamore Tract," as shown o nthe map of the land partitioned by Loop and Meserve, recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 16 as shown on said Map, thence south along the west line of said Lot 16 and the prolongation thereof 25.92 chains; thence north 68° 45′ west 12 chains; thence north 15° east 21.78 chains; thence east 6 chains, more or less, to the place of beginning.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situate in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Lots Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, of the "O'Neil & Haley Tract," of the said City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. That portion of Swamp and Overflowed Land Survey No. 1158, described as beginning at the northwest corner of section 21, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence east 18.06 chains; thence south 65.55 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 21.62 chains to the west line of said section; thence north 53.65 chains to the place of beginning, containing 107.63 acres.

2. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as beginning at the northeast corner of section 20, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., running thence south 53.65 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 34.12 chains; thence north 59° 38′ west 13.31 chains to the center line of said section; thence north 28.21 chains; thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning, containing 162.53 acres.

3. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as the southeast quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The southwest quarter of section 16, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 337, 411, 1079, and 1160, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed Lands of the County of Yolo.

6. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1106, described as beginning at a point 16.19 chains north from the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 12.03 chains; thence north 22.21 chains; thence east 4.20 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 5.24 chains; thence south 76° east 5.16 chains; thence south 16.56 chains to the place of beginning, containing 23.59 acres.

7. Those parts of Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 333 and 277, described as beginning at a redwood post standing at the south corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 782, and situated south 43° 40′ west 41.50 chains from the Sacramento River; thence south 64° east 16.39 chains; thence south 69° east 38.67 chains; thence south 21° west 6.60 chains to the southeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 333; thence west 58.70 chains to the northeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 277; thence south 47.25 chains; thence west 13.75 chains; thence north 76° west 5.16 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 13.05 chains; thence north 59° west 5.83 chains; thence north 73° 15′ west 10.44 chains; thence south 71° 30′ west 6.33 chains; thence north 43° 40′ east 70.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing 254.32 acres.

8. Beginning at a point where the west boundary of Swamp Land Survey No. 627 is intersected by the section line dividing sections 21 and 28, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west about 90 chains to the southwest corner of section 20, same township and range; thence north about 75 chains to the back levee of Reclamation District No. 307; thence southeasterly along said levee about 115 chains to a point marking the northwest corner of said survey No. 627; thence south along the west boundary line of said survey to the place of beginning, containing about 425 acres, in Swamp Land Surveys No. 1041 and No. 1158.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

Lot Lettered "L", in Block 140, of Horton's Addition to the City of San Diego, according to the official map thereof.

All of the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA

1. A portion of that certain ranch known as the Rancho San Miguel or Rancho Arroyo de los Nueces y Golgones, the first tract being the south half of Lot 7, hill land, and containing 228 acres, and the second tract being the north two-thirds of Lot 8, hill land, containing 425.93 acres.

The following is a particular description of said tracts by metes and bounds as made on partition, for which reference is made to the map and plat of survey of partition of said Rancho now of record in the office of the County Clerk of Contra Costa County, viz.:

BEGINNING at station white oak tree marked S1-11 on the segregating line between the hill and valley lands of the San Miguel Rancho; thence north 62° 2′ east 92.16 chains to post AB; thence north 17.70 chains to post SM-23; thence south 45° west to post SM-24; thence north 48° 9′ west along the ranch boundary 93.70 chains to post TP-2; thence south 46° 45′ west 56.83 chains to post JP; thence south 68° east 6 chains to post SL-14; thence south 23° 30′ east 40.97 chains to post SL-13; thence south 67° 15′ east 10.72 chains to post SL-12; thence south 0° 45′ east 27.08 chains to the point of beginning, containing 653.93 acres, more or less.

2. That portion of the Rancho Monte del Diablo which is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at post SM-24, situated at the corner of the Rancho Monte del Diablo and San Miguel Rancho, thence north 45° east 8.85 chains to station post SM-23; thence north 6° west, leaving the Rancho boundary, 3.45 chains to station post No. 3P Co.; thence along the boundary of land now or formerly in controversy between Francisco Galindo and Josiah Sturges, north 44° 30′ west 74.90 chains to station post No. 2P Co.; and thence north 32° 45′ west 27.34 chains to station post D; thence leaving the lands in controversy above named, running south 77° 30′ west 3.59 chains to station post D-2; thence south 12° west 23.35 chains to station post TP2; thence along the boundary of the above named Ranchos south 48° 9′ east 93.70 chains to the point of beginning, containing 147.41 acres, more or less.

(The two parcels of land last above described, situated in the County of Contra Costa, are claimed by the Cowell Portland Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property, and all of the parcels of land hereinafter described are claimed by the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property.)

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF EL DORADO

1. The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8; the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 9; the southwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 20; the north half, the north half of the southwest quarter, the north half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; and the south half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22; all in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. A parcel of land in section 7, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of said section 7, and running diagonally across said quarter section along the line of a fence on land now or formerly owned by Mr. Morrison, until it intersects the quarter of quarter section line and adjoining Mr. Morrison's to the County Road; thence along the center of said road to the east line of section 7; thence along said line south to the place of beginning, containing 41-2/3 acres.

3. The Schwalm Marble Quarry Mine and Lime Kiln site, being Mineral Entry No. 723 in the Series of the United States Land Office in Sacramento, California, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 38, embracing a portion of section 8, in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Marble Valley Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California.

4. A parcel of land, being a portion of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21, and running thence due west 1320 feet to the northwest corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence due south 825 feet to the fence between the lands originally claimed by W. W. Faber and Hugh B. Taylor; thence northeasterly 1437 feet on the line of said division fence to a point on section line between sections 21 and 22, which said point is 264 feet due south from the northeast corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence 264 feet due north to the place of beginning.

5. The east half, the southwest quarter, and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 7; the northwest quarter of section 8; the east half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 18; the west half of section 29; and the east half o fthe northeast quarter of section 30; all in township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

6. The Blue Marble Quarry Mine, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 50, embracing a portion of section 7, township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Pilot Hill Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California, and containing 20.66 acres.

7. The southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF KERN

Section No. 23, in township 32 south, range 33 east, M. D. B. & M., with the exception of a strip of land 100 feet wide, lying equally on each side of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and excepted in deed of Southern Pacific Railroad Company to Henry Cowell, dated May 5, 1892, and recorded in Volume 53 of Deeds, page 298, Kern County Records.

IN THE COUNTY OF PLACER

The north half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 22, township 13 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

Lot 5, in the block or square bounded by "K" and "L", 28th and 29th Streets, in the City of Sacramento, as laid down upon the official map thereof.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Battery Street, distant thereon 40 feet southerly from the intersection of said easterly line of Battery Street with the southerly line of Filbert Street, thence southerly 80 feet along said easterly line of Battery Street; thence easterly parallel with Filbert Street 50 feet; thence northerly parallel with Battery Street 120 feet to the said southerly line of Filbert Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Filbert Street 25 feet; thence southerly parallel with Battery Street 40 feet; thence westerly parallel with Filbert Street 25 feet to the said easterly line of Battery Street and the place of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

1. Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot in the City of Santa Cruz heretofore conveyed by Henry Cowell to one Hamilton, said point being on the northwesterly line of the San Jose Road, thence north 29° 27′ east 9.09 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence north 14° 40′ east 16.39 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence south 75° 30′ west 20.30 chains; thence south 10° east0.19 chains to a post; thence south 70° 20′ east 8.74 chains; thence south 1.99 chains; thence south 33° east 1.47 chains; thence south 4° east crossing a brook 3.94 chains; thence south 1° east 6 chains; thence south 61° 15′ west 1.60 chains to a post at the northwest corner of the said Hamilton lot; thence south 60° 30′ east 3.375 chains to the point of beginning, containing 17.874 acres.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the City of Santa Cruz and described as follows:

Beginning at the junction of the northerly line of Mission Street with the westerly line of River Street at a spike from which the southeast corner of Mission and River Streets bears south 79° 29′ east 40.28 feet distant; thence north 3° 50′ east 130.33 feet along the westerly line of said River Street to an iron spike on the south side of an alley; thence north 87° 57′ west 54.83 feet along the southern line of said alley to the boundary of a lot now or formerly owned by Dr. Sargent; thence south 13° 52′ west 31.78 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 88° 44′ east 9.90 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 1° 49′ west 100 feet to an iron spike in the northerly line of said Mission Street; thence south 88° 44′ east 46.96 feet along the northerly line of said Mission Street to the point of beginning, being lot No. 22, in block No. 1, of the City of Santa Cruz, and a part of lot No. 18 of the same block.

3. The southwest quarter of section 8, township 10 south, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 160 acres.

All the undivided ON-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN BENITO

1. Lots 4, 5, 12, and 13, of section 28; the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10, the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 30, all in township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.; also the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32, township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. Lots 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, of section 14; and lot 4, of section 24; all in township 14 south, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Tres Pinos, bounded and described as follows:

A strip of land 100 feet wide, commencing on the easterly line of the station ground of the Southern Pacific Railroad 50 feet equally on each side of the said railroad as the same was formerly laid, thence running southeasterly 882.50 feet in its center line to the easterly line of Santa Ana Street, containing 2.02 acres of land, and being 897 feet on its northerly line and 869 feet on its southerly line, excepting the rights which one Charles Peck may have acquired to a small portion of said strip above described.

The railroad or motor road known as the Tres Pinos and Cienega Railroad, together with the roadbed, right of way, terminal facilities and rolling stock of the same.

WITNESS, the HON. THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 11th day of December, 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners.
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-27-9

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 1121 SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 14, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

46th ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF

THE PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

DECEMBER 31, 1913

ASSETS:

Loans on Real Estate	$16,340,427.09
Loans on Approved Collateral	1,727,312.32
Loans to Policyholders	5,130,586.93
Bonds Owned	3,285,814.50
Real Estate, including Home Office Bldg.	1,094,257.41
Interest Accrued	378,350.21
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums—	
Life Department	568,428.09
Accident Department	379,017.12
Cash on Hand	428,754.05
Other Assets	5,204.27
Total Admitted Assets,	**$29,338,151.99**

LIABILITIES:

Reserve on Policies	$25,081,596.33
Claims in Process of Adjustment	327,651.49
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance	155,268.23
Reserved for Taxes Payable 1914	125,000.00
All Other Liabilities	269,105.74
Total Liabilities,	**$25,958,621.79**
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Surplus Set Aside for Future Dividends to Policyholders	1,435,368.79
Surplus, Unassigned	944,161.41
Total,	**$29,338,151.99**

New Life Business Written, 1913 (Paid-for Basis)	$ 24,088,667.00
Total Life Business in Force, 1913 (Paid-for Basis)	145,040,193.00
Total Cash Income, 1913	9,079,865.75
Premium Income Accident Department, 1913	1,944,836.04
Total Paid Policyholders in 1913	3,478,697.78

Increase in Life Business in Force (Paid-for Basis)	11,731,179.00
Increase in Assets	3,095,146.07
Increase in Cash Income	880,769.19
Increase in Reserve	2,474,630.65
Increase in Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned	464,414.22

Surplus (Assigned and Unassigned Exclusive of Capital) **$2,379,530.20**

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Watching And Waiting

Critics of President Wilson's policy as to Mexico are at a great disadvantage inasmuch as the policy has been only vaguely defined. In a general way it is known that the President is opposed to war and to Huerta, and that he has been waiting and watching for something to turn up. The probability is that he had reason to expect an early solution of the problem, and that developments have not justified his hopes. Maybe he was misled as to Huerta's resources. Assuredly he had no adequate conception of the Dictator's tenacity. Whatsoever the facts, not till Mexico has been pacified will it be possible to say whether or not the President has acted wisely. In the meantime it is not wise to pour out copious criticism. Nobody is better informed as to the situation than the President himself, and it is possible that if his critics were as well informed as he they would coincide in his judgment.

His Excellency's Press Bureau

There are eighteen editors and reporters on the State payroll. The figures are Senator John B. Curtin's. Senator Curtin hopes to become the Democratic candidate for Governor, and therefore he is a censorious and querulous critic of the Administration, and as such he has been prying into affairs at Sacramento and gathering materials for campaign speeches. What he says about the Administration press bureau is not new. We have many times taken occasion to refer to that bureau, but not in terms of disparagement; only by way of comment on the foresight and sagacity of that most practical of politicians, the Governor of California. The new freedomite school of politics has made the press bureau an essential part of the equipment of every civic patriot aware of the importance of keeping in mind the sentiment that a man must eat. In the old pre-primary days the welfare of the job-chaser was looked after by the "organization," but now the job-chaser must have his own organization, and what he must attend to above all things is publicity. The power of the press has been greatly increased by the direct primary system. Personal organs have taken the place of party organs. Now the cheapest way for a Governor to acquire personal organs is to hand out jobs to hungry newspaper men. So naturally we find Governor Johnson, a scientific economist, saving his own money and using the money of the taxpayers to support a press bureau. Of course the idealists will say that Governor Johnson has created a poison squad and is demoralizing the press of the State, but the idealists are impracticable persons who never stop to reflect that to advance the greater good you must sacrifice principle to expediency.

The Hearst Argument

"Every argument in favor of forcing American vessels to pay these tolls is a railroad argument." So declareth the Hearst papers. Also: "Let no one be deceived by the issues that have been set up. There are always public men who naturally side against their own country in any dispute with a foreign country, and these are talking volubly of alleged treaty obligations and construing the Hay-Pauncefote treaty against the interests of this country. These, of course, are helping the railroads." In other words the only honest argument is the Hearst argument. Dissent from this fine gentleman who impugns the honesty and sincerity of everybody who thinks it wise to live up to treaty obligations, the incurring of which made the canal possible, and automatically you are branded as a traitor to your country and a railroad hireling. It is descending to Mr. Hearst's level to wonder what he's getting out of it, but it is hard to refrain knowing as we do that it is characteristic of men of a certain type to judge others by themselves. Besides, it is quite logical to wonder in this instance, since, if the argument for tolls is the railroad argument the argument against tolls is the steamship argument. We don't know whether it is more advantageous to be for the shipping or for the railroad interest, but of late we have heard it said that our statesmen are beginning to realize that whatever helps the railroads helps business and whatever injures the railroads injures business. We have also been led to believe that the Interstate Commerce Commission looks after railroad rates. Naturally we wonder at the perfervidness of Mr. Hearst; also at the warmth of his espousal of the steamship cause.

New Material For the Senate

The Hon. Roger C. Sullivan of Illinois is a candidate for the United States Senate, and as a consequence patriots are throwing conniption fits in the strongholds of Progressive Democracy. Mr. Sullivan is the man whom Mr. Bryan singled out for special invective some months prior to the Denver convention. He referred to the Illinois boss as a person who employed the methods of a road agent, and asked for his head upon a charger. Things have changed since then; Bryan hasn't, to be sure, but other things, and some of them very important, have. The government has been brought back to the people, and there is no telling what the people will do. The people of Illinois elected J. Ham Lewis to the Senate, and the same people may elect Roger Sullivan; not that Lewis and Sullivan are men of the same type but that the people are whimsical and capricious. Then again, there are the curious ways of Providence by which people are rebuked for their sins. Providence may have it on the cards to chasten us with a Senate as with scorpions. With Ashurst of Arizona and Works of California among the first fruits of the New Freedom is it unreasonable to look forward to a Senate numbering among its shining lights the Hon. Roger Sullivan of Illinois, the Hon. Tom Taggart of Indiana, (who is also a candidate) and Boss Flynn of Pittsburg who was purified at Armageddon?

The American Inquisition

The Pope has put the works of Maeterlinck on the Index Expurgatorius. Which doubtless reminds many a free-born American citizen that this is the country where a man may read what he pleases never saying "by your leave" to any prince or potentate; that here he may think his own thoughts, say his own say and be happy or miserable as he likes. "Hail Columbia!" the proud citizen is wont to exclaim in a fit of patriotic enthusiasm, "this is the home of the free, the refuge of the gagged." Here is where the spirit of mankind has thrown off its last fetters. Priceless are the victories we have won from the empire of darkness. No tyrant, no creed, no church lays its heavy interdict upon the growth of human thought in this glorious land. So let us jubilate. But here comes Secretary McAdoo to drop a wet blanket on our ecstasies and give us pause. Sojourning in our midst, here where the joy of living is still allowed some rope, the music of the dance fills his ears, and he is seized with the impulse to shake a leg. He was on the point of letting go when suddenly his subconscious mind warned him of the folk at home in Washington, D. C. "I'd like to do the tango," he said, "but what would Wash-

ington say?" Aye! there's the rub. Washington, the capital of this free country, converted to Puritanism and grape juice by the Professor and the Admiral of the Piffle would raise its eyebrows were a Cabinet officer to dance the tango. Chemical purity is the ideal of Washington, D. C.; in other words downright, nauseating hypocrisy. Professional prostitution is to be suppressed in Washington. Even now you cannot have wine served with your dinner on Sunday night in Washington. Washington, where there is probably more private vice in proportion to population than in any city in America is outwardly becoming a model village. And there is a moral coventry in Washington with a nation-wide jurisdiction for all men of exalted position. If our advanced civilization has rejected the grosser applications of force by which opinion was wont to be controlled there are others just as effectual. There is a moral coventry everywhere as much to be dreaded as the stern solitude of the dungeon. The inquisition of the fagot and the flame is no more, but its successor is the inquisition of obloquy and hatred. Thought is not free in a country where the press is afraid to oppose class legislation, or where if you say what you think you are branded as a tool of the sinister interests. It is far from free when by reason of the following that a demagogue commands the newspapers dare not tell the truth about him. There are chains which men forge that fret the soul if they do not canker the body and the clanking of them is to be heard in every community.

Poor Old Marshall!

"A court," says the editor of the Bulletin, "is always venturing upon uncertain ground when it goes beyond the law in a case and presumes to enunciate a general policy," and this, we learn from the same authority was the practice of Chief Justice Marshall, whose interpretation of certain clauses of the Constitution is now "almost as binding as the Constitution itself." A terrible old despot was Marshall—according to the new idea. Between him and the Constitution there was a malign collusion under the consequences of which this country has been staggering and suffering for more than one hundred years. The Constitution is bad enough but Marshall was worse. Any Progressive editor can tell you, in a general way, how Marshall betrayed his country by seizing upon the Constitution and reading into it his own partisan prejudices; also, how his dead hand has reached across the century strangling the best interests of the Republic. How greatly were the men of his own time deceived by Chief Justice Marshall! They harbored none of the suspicions that have found lodgment in the breasts of the Heneys of this generation. The Revolutionary hero, friend of Washington and biographer of the Father of his Country, enjoyed universal confidence at a time when veterans of the Revolution were scattered through all the States, when upon the tribunal over which he presided was concentrated the gaze of the very people who adopted the Constitution. There had been great opposition to the Constitution. On its most material points it was the subject of the gravest differences of opinion. Also it was subject of the most bitter political controversy. Nevertheless Chief Justice Marshall reconciled it to the universal judgment of the country. It was a mighty task that he performed. He entered upon an untried field. Before his time only two decisions had been rendered by the court. Never before had the world known of such a science as the law of a written Constitution. There were no precedents to guide; nothing but the rules of the common law which he applied to the business of promulgating the principles of civil government and adjusting the rights and powers of conflicting sovereignties. When his judgments were rendered, party as well as partisan spirit was hushed. An earnest Federalist, devoted to the principles of his party, no trace of his partisan views was to be found in his decisions, and they passed by universal consent, without criticism, into the fundamental law of the land, to remain unquestioned and unchallenged till the birth of the New Freedom. When he died the bar of Charleston adopted resolutions which contained these words: "Even the spirit of party respected the unsullied purity of the judge, and the fame of the Chief Justice has justified the wisdom of the Constitution and reconciled the jealousy of freedom with the independence of the judiciary." Until this generation, as has been said, Chief Justice Marshall has been recognized as the man who brought the country through the experimental period in which was settled the question whether the Constitution should stand or fall. But now as it is perceived that the Constitution should fall and that life, liberty and property should be at the mercy of the mob in Congress represented, naturally Marshall should come down from his pedestal.

The Waning of Personal Liberty

Maybe before long the people will see that it is to the courts they must look for the safeguarding of their rights and not to the small-fry politicians of Congress whose principal industry is mending their fences. For several years the politicians have been manufacturing a sentiment against the courts, and the effect is more or less apparent, for the courts are not so securely hedged in by the bulwarks of the law as to be callous to public sentiment. Steadily growing throughout the land is the sentiment that ours is a government not of law but of majorities, and that the Executive power should be supreme. This sentiment is expressed in the demand for the short ballot. It is reflected in the applause given to the President and to the Executives of some of the States for coercing the legislative branch of government. As a consequence there have been many startling invasions of liberty; as for example the suspending of habeas corpus privileges in West Virginia during the strikes of 1912, the placing of a Washington town under martial law in order to enforce the liquor law, and the forbidding of newspaper reports of executions in Minnesota. These things were mentioned the other day by Edgar M. Cullom, former Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York during an address to the New York State Bar Association. Of the decisions of the West Virginia courts he said: "These decisions exalt the military power beyond any height hitherto known in this country. They assert the power of the military at the uncontrolled discretion of a single man to dispose of the life and liberty of any person within the State, not by way of detention till the termination of an insurrection, not where life is taken in the actual clash of arms, but purely as a punishment for acts which may not be offences at law." Judge Cullom related that a young lady acting as secretary to the Governor, recently placed the town of Copperfield, Wash., under martial law because the civil authorities failed to close the saloons. "Thus," he said, "one violation of liberty and law leads to another till the practice becomes common, and I imagine that a majority of the Prohibitionists at least will be found to approve the practice as long as it is exercised to accomplish ends which they desire." Of the Minnesota law forbidding reports of executions Judge Cullom declared that the court decisions supporting it "enunciated a doctrine fatal to the liberty of the press." So-called eugenics law placing restraint on marriage Judge Cullom characterized as "simply silly." He went on to say that the present day tendency was to make all human shortcomings crimes. "In New York," he said, "we now have over two hundred felonies and over double that number of misdemeanors." "No trade or calling is so limited," he said, "no society or association so insignificant, the advocates of no hobby or nostrum so few or so wanting in influence as to be denied the privilege of having a new misdemeanor created. Misdemeanors have become so common that there is speculation among the curious as to how many the average decent citizen will ordinarily commit in a day." Judge Cullom might have added that whatever the State government neglects the Federal government looks after. If the State has made it almost impossible to go through the day without committing a crime, Uncle Sam is seeing to it that nobody shall be able to do anything without being seen. There is now before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce a bill approved by the President for the creation of a Trade Commission. The President says that the purpose of the Trade Commission is to "smell around all the time in search of rats." Former Attorney-General Wickersham says that the bill would establish an unprecedented system of espionage upon all corporate business. The bill provides for the general rummage of private books and papers without any corresponding protection to the citizen for the surrender of his right of privacy. Since eschewing the notion that the best kind of government is the one that gives the most liberty to the citizen

we have been taking enormous strides toward the other extreme. And judging from the bills now before Congress the country will have no certainty of relief from the agitation against business until the Supreme Court of the United States further expounds the meaning and extent of the original anti-trust or Sherman law that was passed in 1890.

Sneers At American Literature

The London Saturday Review, a journal whose aversion to everything American is like unto that which the devil is reputed to have for holy water, has been sneering at American literature. The only names in American literature worth mentioning, says the London weekly, are Emerson, Walt Whitman, Hawthorne, Harte and Bryant. Collier's Weekly wants to know what's the matter with Poe, O. Henry and Mrs. Wharton. Nothing is the matter with them, to be sure, but are we so short of names that we must mention O. Henry and Mrs. Wharton in the same breath with Edgar Allan Poe? If so we ought to hold our tongue. The cleverness of O. Henry is not to be disputed; nor is it to be denied that Mrs. Wharton wrote at least one good book, but neither is to be given the high rank in the Republic of Letters that is universally granted to Poe. Considering the comparatively short time in which this country has been producing literature it has done remarkably well. In the same period Great Britain with all its ancient seats of learning has not done so much better as to be justified in regarding us with scorn. She has reason to point with pride to the long roll of illustrious names adorning the literature of the nineteenth century, but they are not all matchless. If numerically she is stronger, there is this to be said,—that the genius of American literature impressed itself on the literature of England and gave it a certain direction. It is saying a great deal to say that Edgar Allan Poe's "multiform genius has proved a dominant influence on European literature." It would probably make the editor of the Saturday Review frothe at the mouth to tell him that Edgar Allan Poe shaped the future of English literature. If we told him so he probably would stigmatize us as impudent yankees. So we prefer merely to quote an English critic, and that is all we have done. We have been quoting Mr. Charles Whibley of London, a scholar and an author recognized in England as a learned and discriminating critic. The Saturday Review says we have had but one poet, and that he wrote only one poem. His name wasn't Poe. Mr. Whibley, speaking of Poe, says: "His poetry once thought to be the empty tinkling of a cymbal, is now recognized as the last expression of verbal beauty." He also tells us how Poe influenced Baudelaire and Mallarme, both of whom translated him into French, and how through them he influenced English poetry. Further, he tells us that Poe "touched no kind of story without making it a type for all time"; that M. Huysmans emulated his erudition while Gaboriau cheapened his mystery; that from France he penetrated every country of Europe becoming as familiar in Spain as in Scandinavia. Of course we know it was Poe that inspired our modern mystics as well as our decadents. We know that he revived the novel of adventure of the South Seas; that he inspired Stevenson as well as Swinburne, and those who wish to see how far his influence has extended should read his esthetic views and then go to Oscar Wilde and find how the Irishman reveled in the American's epigrams and pardoxes. We quote: "The defenders of naturalism uphold it on the ground of its truthfulness. Its truthfulness is its one overwhelming defect." Just like Wilde? Yes, but it happens to be Poe. The sentiment has been elaborated thus: "If an artist must paint decayed cheeses his merit will lie in their looking as little like decayed cheeses as possible." Obviously this is Chestertonese—but it was written by Edgar Allan Poe. But enough of Poe. There are others. There is Bret Harte, who unquestionably influenced Kipling. There is Mark Twain who ranks not far beneath the best of the Victorians, and surely Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Sidney Lanier are to be classed with some of the men who made English literature in the nineteenth century. In England men of letters have one great advantage over the men of letters of this country. As in England there are critical perceptions keener than ours, a man of genius wins recognition from his contemporaries. In this country so great a man as Poe remained obscure for many years after his death, and even now we see Ambrose Bierce become a neglected classic in his lifetime.

The Wild Pigeons

By Katherine Tynan

Moan of the wild pigeons,
When the boughs are bare,
Sets my heart to remember
Loves and days that were.

Moan of the wild pigeons,
Sets my heart to weep,
Wakens the ancient sorrow,
Nodding into sleep.

Moan of the wild pigeons,
North wind and the snow,
Where the kind ones traveled,
I am fain to go.

Ye are asleep, my beloved,
Out in the night and rain,
The moan of the wild pigeons
Breaks my heart again.

Perspective Impressions

The contest for the Senate in the Progressive party is between a wild ass and a mild asininity.

To "slay the thing they love" most men would have to commit suicide.

Without knowing them we are prejudiced against most of the women whom the newspaper photographers snapshot on incoming liners.

How times change! Ten years ago the man who went to the defense of the Southern and Union Pacific would have incurred the deepest and darkest suspicions.

Readers of Town Talk were given many glimpses of the interior mechanism of Dr. Aked long before he made his star play for publicity.

It appears to be the consensus of pulpit opinion that Dr. Aked isn't on the orthodox level.

Every once in a while the papers remind us that the Iroquois Club is still in being.

Study of sunspots has not prevented Father Ricard from cultivating a mordant literary style and a sense of humor.

Orestes Zamor has been made President of Haiti. We'll hear of Orestes again when they chase him from the palace or fill him full of lead.

Rudolph Spreckels has roped, thrown and branded a party of his own, but it's no cinch bet that the capricious one will be true to it.

The Spreckels conference took place in Stockton for an obvious reason.

They say chemistry proves that meat is venison. Make your own joke, dear.

Will Chet change the name of his paper to "Fresno Progressive"?

Perhaps Dr. Aked has just discovered Renan's Life.

According to the Call, when Miss Pearring was on the witness stand telling her story of seduction there was one man of eager ear nearer to her than all others. That man was Dr. Aked, best booster of the underworld drama and apostle of scatteration.

ington say?" Aye! there's the rub. Washington, the capital of this free country, converted to Puritanism and grape juice by the Professor and the Admiral of the Piffle would raise its eyebrows were a Cabinet officer to dance the tango. Chemical purity is the ideal of Washington, D. C.; in other words downright, nauseating hypocrisy. Professional prostitution is to be suppressed in Washington. Even now you cannot have wine served with your dinner on Sunday night in Washington. Washington, where there is probably more private vice in proportion to population than in any city in America is outwardly becoming a model village. And there is a moral coventry in Washington with a nation-wide jurisdiction for all men of exalted position. If our advanced civilization has rejected the grosser applications of force by which opinion was wont to be controlled there are others just as effectual. There is a moral coventry everywhere as much to be dreaded as the stern solitude of the dungeon. The inquisition of the fagot and the flame is no more, but its successor is the inquisition of obloquy and hatred. Thought is not free in a country where the press is afraid to oppose class legislation, or where if you say what you think you are branded as a tool of the sinister interests. It is far from free when by reason of the following that a demagogue commands the newspapers dare not tell the truth about him. There are chains which men forge that fret the soul if they do not canker the body and the clanking of them is to be heard in every community.

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neers At American Literature

The London Saturday Review, a journal hose aversion to everything American is ke unto that which the devil is reputed to ave for holy water, has been sneering at merican literature. The only names in merican literature worth mentioning, says e London weekly, are Emerson, Walt Vhitman, Hawthorne, Harte and Bryant. ollier's Weekly wants to know what's the atter with Poe, O. Henry and Mrs. Whar-n. Nothing is the matter with them, to e sure, but are we so short of names that e must mention O. Henry and Mrs. Whar-n in the same breath with Edgar Allan oe? If so we ought to hold our tongue. he cleverness of O. Henry is not to be isputed; nor is it to be denied that Mrs. Vharton wrote at least one good book, but either is to be given the high rank in the epublic of Letters that is universally ranted to Poe. Considering the compara-vely short time in which this country has een producing literature it has done re-arkably well. In the same period Great ritain with all its ancient seats of learning as not done so much better as to be justified in regarding us with scorn. She has reason to point with pride to the long roll of illustrious names adorning the literature of the nineteenth century, but they are not all matchless. If numerically she is stronger, there is this to be said,—that the genius of American literature impressed itself on the literature of England and gave it a certain direction. It is saying a great deal to say that Edgar Allan Poe's "multiform genius has proved a dominant influence on European literature." It would probably make the editor of the Saturday Review frothe at the mouth to tell him that Edgar Allan Poe shaped the future of English literature. If we told him so he probably would stigmatize us as impudent yankees. So we prefer merely to quote an English critic, and that is all we have done. We have been quoting Mr. Charles Whibley of London, a scholar and an author recognized in England as a learned and discriminating critic. The Saturday Review says we have had but one poet, and that he wrote only one poem. His name wasn't Poe. Mr. Whibley, speaking of Poe, says: "His poetry once thought to be the empty tinkling of a cymbal, is now recognized as the last expression of verbal beauty." He also tells us how Poe influenced Baudelaire and Mallarme, both of whom translated him into French, and how through them he influenced English poetry. Further, he tells us that Poe "touched no kind of story without making it a type for all time"; that M. Huysmans emulated his erudition while Gaboriau cheapened his mystery; that from France he penetrated every country of Europe becoming as familiar in Spain as in Scandinavia. Of course we know it was Poe that inspired our modern mystics as well as our decadents. We know that he revived the novel of adventure of the South Seas; that he inspired Stevenson as well as Swinburne, and those who wish to see how far his influence has extended should read his esthetic views and then go to Oscar Wilde and find how the Irishman reveled in the American's epigrams and pardoxes. We quote: "The defenders of naturalism uphold it on the ground of its truthfulness. Its truthfulness is its one overwhelming defect." Just like Wilde? Yes, but it happens to be Poe. The sentiment has been elaborated thus: "If an artist must paint decayed cheeses his merit will lie in their looking as little like decayed cheeses as possible." Obviously this is Chestertonese—but it was written by Edgar Allan Poe. But enough of Poe. There are others. There is Bret Harte, who unquestionably influenced Kipling. There is Mark Twain who ranks not far beneath the best of the Victorians, and surely Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Sidney Lanier are to be classed with some of the men who made English literature in the nineteenth century. In England men of letters have one great advantage over the men of letters of this country. As in England there are critical perceptions keener than ours, a man of genius wins recognition from his contemporaries. In this country so great a man as Poe remained obscure for many years after his death, and even now we see Ambrose Bierce become a neglected classic in his lifetime.

The Wild Pigeons

By Katherine Tynan

Moan of the wild pigeons,
When the boughs are bare,
Sets my heart to remember
Loves and days that were.

Moan of the wild pigeons,
Sets my heart to weep,
Wakens the ancient sorrow,
Nodding into sleep.

Moan of the wild pigeons,
North wind and the snow,
Where the kind ones traveled,
I am fain to go.

Ye are asleep, my beloved,
Out in the night and rain,
The moan of the wild pigeons
Breaks my heart again.

Perspective Impressions

The contest for the Senate in the Progressive rty is between a wild ass and a mild asininity.

To "slay the thing they love" most men would ve to commit suicide.

Without knowing them we are prejudiced ainst most of the women whom the news-per photographers snapshot on incoming liners.

How times change! Ten years ago the man o went to the defense of the Southern and ion Pacific would have incurred the deepest d darkest suspicions.

Readers of Town Talk were given many mpses of the interior mechanism of Dr. Aked g before he made his star play for publicity.

It appears to be the consensus of pulpit opinion that Dr. Aked isn't on the orthodox level.

Every once in a while the papers remind us that the Iroquois Club is still in being.

Study of sunspots has not prevented Father Ricard from cultivating a mordant literary style and a sense of humor.

Orestes Zamor has been made President of Haiti. We'll hear of Orestes again when they chase him from the palace or fill him full of lead.

Rudolph Spreckels has roped, thrown and branded a party of his own, but it's no cinch bet that the capricious one will be true to it.

The Spreckels conference took place in Stockton for an obvious reason.

They say chemistry proves that meat is venison. Make your own joke, dear.

Will Chet change the name of his paper to "Fresno Progressive"?

Perhaps Dr. Aked has just discovered Renan's Life.

According to the Call, when Miss Pearring was on the witness stand telling her story of seduction there was one man of eager ear nearer to her than all others. That man was Dr. Aked, best booster of the underworld drama and apostle of scatteration.

Varied Types

CLXIV—JACOB J. GOTTLOB

By Edward F. O'Day

"One of my brightest employes was J. J. Gottlob, who was born in 1860 and entered my employ in 1882, remaining twelve years. He traveled as treasurer with several of my road attractions for two seasons, and in 1885 I made him treasurer of my Bush Street Theater in San Francisco, of which he ultimately became manager. . . . During the time Gottlob managed my California interests I gave him carte blanche, and to show what I thought of him, I may mention that he handled my exchequer and I never needed to look at the accounts he handed me, such was the implicit faith I had in his judgment and loyalty to my interests. He assuredly is the most popular and respected manager in California."

These lines, gentle reader, are taken from that storehouse of information, that mine of theatrical riches, M. B. Leavitt's "Fifty Years in Theatrical Management." If you are interested in the theatre of America and do not know the book, lose no time in making its acquaintance. It will tell you about the past of the playhouses, about the parents and grandparents of the players you are interested in today; it will give you theatrical orientation and so increase your theatrical enjoyment.

With Leavitt's words in mind I went to Mr. Gottlob—Jake Gottlob he is called by his familiars—and accused him of being an oldtimer in the theatrical business. He is a quiet, soft-spoken gentleman, and like many others who are quiet and soft-spoken, not to be intimidated. My accusation failed to daunt him. He acknowledged the corn.

"If Leavitt has it in his book," said Gottlob, "I suppose it must be true. If thirty-two years in the game make one an oldtimer I suppose I must admit that I am not exactly a debutante. Thirty-two years! Almost a lifetime, isn't it? But it doesn't seem so awfully long. Perhaps that is because thirty of those years, come April, were spent in San Francisco.

"How did I get into the business? Just drifted naturally into it. I was born in Boston, and while I was still at school there I managed a big church fair. Walking matches were the fad of the moment, and I introduced them at the church fair. And I got Henry Ward Beecher and other noted men to lecture. The result was that this church fair which everybody expected to be a failure, proved quite a success. Emboldened by this I went to New York and dabbled in walking matches there. We had six-day walking matches at Madison Square Gardens; the walkers walked all day and all night too. Theatrical people used to drop into the Gardens to see them walk after the shows were over. Naturally I met a lot of actors and managers. It was there I first met Nat Goodwin. And it was there I made the acquaintance of M. B. Leavitt.

"I went to work for Leavitt. He had a number of road companies that started from New York, and he sent me out with some of them. In 1885 he sent me out to San Francisco to be the treasurer of the Bush Street Theatre. At that time Leavitt had companies which played all the territory from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. Charles Frohman was his advance agent. Al Hayman, afterwards the founder of the Theatrical Syndicate, was manager of the Bush Street Theatre just before I arrived in San Francisco. When I arrived Jay Rial was manager. He was succeeded by Charles P. Hall. I succeeded Hall as manager.

"When I came to the Bush Street Theatre, Kate Castleton and Harry Phillips were playing there. The city was crazy over Kate Castleton. She was the toast of all the men about town.

"Dave Warfield was an usher at the Bush Street Theatre, and he was not an awfully bad usher either. But he was a better mimic. There was a great character on the gallery door known as 'Big Jim.' When boys that Charlie Hall knew would come to the theatre without the price of tickets, Hall would holler upstairs, 'All right, Jim! Two!' and 'Big Jim' would let them in. Many a time Warfield mimicked Hall's voice to get his friends into the gallery free of charge, and 'Big Jim' never knew the difference.

"Great old days those were! Hoyt and Thomas were here then, and all of Hoyt's plays were given at the Bush Street Theatre. What a hit they made! Then there were Alice Atherton and Billy Edwin, M. B. Curtis in 'Sam'l of Posen,' Harry Dixie in 'Evangeline,' John T. Raymond, Willie Collier and Charlie Reed in 'The City Directory,' Nat Goodwin, Crane in 'The Senator' and Georgie Drew, Ethel Barrymore's mother.

"The Standard, the home of Billy Emerson's Minstrels, was right across the street from the Bush Street Theatre. Bush street from Montgomery to Kearny and Kearny from Bush to Market constituted the Rialto at that time. That was the beginning of the Cocktail Route which afterwards extended to Powell and Market when the Baldwin was built. Everybody used to promenade along the Rialto of a Saturday afternoon, and Dolly Adams and Kitty Reed and other beautiful women who wore beautiful gowns used to set the fashions. Chenoweth's Reception and Gobey's were the favorite saloons. There was also a place in a basement at Sutter and Kearny where the Hotel Sutter stands, known as Harry Grimm's, which was much frequented by actors. Gunst's cigar store was across the street, and they used to be around there a great deal too.

"The favorite hotels for actors were the Occidental and Lick; the Brooklyn was for those who couldn't afford the best. But remember, there was no 'room and bath' in those days. Another favorite place for actors was the original Hammam Bath, and when I say 'original,' I mean exactly what I say: it was the first Hammam in the United States. That was the place on Dupont street, and it was built back from the sidewalk line, as if the owners of the property knew that Dupont was going to be widened and become Grant avenue. All the sports like Muldoon and the swell actors used to go to the Hammam, and they were proud to tell you so.

"And all the swell actors used to hire buggies on Sunday and drive out to the Cliff House. The swagger stable was Fagan's on Bush between Montgomery and Kearny. Lots of world-famous stars must remember that drive to the Cliff House and the toll gate on Point Lobos Road where they paid their twenty-five cents.

"I was at the Bush Street Theatre for eight years and then I went to the California with Al Hayman, George Broadhurst coming out from Dakota to succeed me as manager at the Bush. That was in '92. I stayed at the California for three years, and then Friedlander, Mel Marks and myself took over the Columbia on Powell street. The Columbia was a success from the first night. We opened on Friday, May 13, 1895, and our first attraction, the Frawley company, played for thirteen weeks. We had the Frawley company for five seasons running, and having overturned a theatrical superstition, we always tried to open their engagement on the thirteenth of the month.

"The Frawleys opened in 'Sweet Lavender.' It was a great company. In addition to T. Daniel himself there were Jane Kennark, leading woman, Blanche Bates, Macklyn Arbuckle, Harry Corson Clarke, Hope Ross, Phosa McAllister, H. S. Duffield, Harry Blakemore and Fred Perry. A lot of these have been stars since. For the second Frawley season Blanche Bates became our leading woman, and we had in addition to the others named Gladys Wallace for ingenue, Tyrone Power, Frank Worthing, Maxine Elliott and Madge Carr Cooke.

"The mention of Madge Carr Cooke reminds me of something. After their first season at the Columbia we had taken the Frawleys to Honolulu for a very successful engagement. We planned another trip after the end of their second season. But we had had trouble with Gladys Wallace, our ingenue, and we made up our minds it would be inadvisable to take her to Honolulu. Frawley told us that Madge Cooke had a daughter of sixteen, a pretty, sweet, bright little girl who was at school in Brooklyn. He thought she would be a good ingenue. So we wired for her, and she came west, a nice girl with short dresses, long curls and big goggles. She watched Gladys Wallace in her various parts and when we got on the steamer for Honolulu Frank Worthing and Blanche Bates coached her. We opened in Honolulu in 'Shenandoah' and she made a great hit, an immediate hit. That was the beginning of Eleanor Robson's stage career.

"It's a strange thing that the three ingenues of the Frawley company married millionaires Hope Ross married a millionaire of Boston; Gladys Wallace married a tinplate magnate of Chicago; and Eleanor Robson married August Belmont. All three left the stage for good after marrying.

"When we first ran the Columbia the Baldwin was the leading theatre here. It was the 'combination house' which got all the big attractions. We had no set plans when we opened the Columbia, but the Frawley season of thirteen weeks was a great success, and we followed it with the Bostonians, another big success. We were really formidable opponents of Hayman at the Baldwin; so one day he sent for us, and we all got together. Soon afterwards we bought out Hayman's interest in the California and Baldwin, and Al went East, not with a great deal of money He's many times a millionaire now. After the Baldwin burned in '98, the Columbia became the

(Continued on Page 12.)

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MEMBERS

The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange

An Elegy

H. M. M.

By George Sterling

Thank God for tears, for he is gone—
  Another shadow taken hence;
And now no touch of him is on
  The estranging harp-strings of the sense.

He who was but a thought that ceast
  Endures no more save in our own—
Claustral, content, assoiled, releast,—
  His brother-dead alone as lone.

To memory of us and him
  Come not our deeds of gentleness:
Plaudit and gift lie far and dim;
  Reproofs retain their old excess.

Old ardors lose their forfeit fire.
  Remains, to us who stood so blind,
Of all desires a last desire:
  The wish that we had been more kind.

But One hath shut a secret door
  On one who never shall return,
Tho time the vernal stars restore,
  And earth the blossoms for his urn.

—Carmel, Cal.

St. Valentine's Song

By F. Goodyear

ım the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity,
know the way to heaven via love and Christian charity;
rescue prisoned damozels by climbing up their back tresses,
ıd bring to sentimental youths the autographs of actresses.
a saintly way I "devil" for the witless would-be sonnetteer:
escribe your mistress' eyebrow, I'll extemporise upon it here!
aid the loves of Zoophytes as well as Homo Sapiens',
ıd teach sonorous Chanticleer to serenade his happy hens;
eet phantasies I bring to plants—to poppies and to marguerites—
ıd almost soulful thoughts to him who sauer-kraut with lager eats.
short, as far as all-embracing love and Christian charity,
ım the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity!

wake susceptibilities, though seldom with success immense,
granite and in many other geologic specimens:
quote without my Lempriere the loves of all the goddesses,
know the odes of Sappho and the pattern of her bodices;
weep like any crocodile and sigh with plan insidious,
I've analysed for use the Ars Amandi of Ovidius;
I draw in colored chalks the whole of Solomon's economy,
And know the tragic tale of King Candaule's fatal bonhomie;
I know the very rouge employed to color up Pomponia,
And quote the merry widows down from Helena to Sonia.
In short, as far as all-embracing love and Christian charity,
I am the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity!

In fact, when I have mastered what is meant by homoousia,
When Nonconformist sermons scarcely make me any drowsier,
When Gothic-window attitudes don't give me quite so stiff a knee,
And when I know precisely when are Advent and Epiphany;
When I can understand the creeds, Nicene and Athanasian;
When bishops don't afflict me with convulsions Rabelaisian;
In short, when I am garnished, swept, and properly depaganized,
The Fiend himself shall say by such a saint he ne'er was agonized!
For theologic doctrine since the era Anno Domini
Is just about as clear to me as Double Dutch or Romany.
But still, as far as all-embracing love and Christian charity,
I am the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity!

Encore Verse

When I can tell for certain a dalmatic from a crozier,
And do without a West End tailor, jeweller, and hosier;
When I can see the moral force of keeping nuns untrystable,
And ban (with Paul and Cantuar) the late Deceased Wife's Sister Bill;
When I distinguish doctrine trans- and con-substantiational,
And see why Education Bills must be denominational;
When I can grasp the papal anti-modernist encyclical,
You'll say that I in saintly castigation of Old Nick lick all!
For though I cannot find beneath a hot and itchy halo ease,
And know far less of Jerome than of Abelard and Heloise,
My Christian love and sympathy can never need apology,
And still I am the model saint of all the hagiology!

The Elixir

By Joseph Montet (From the French)

Our excellent comrade, Prosper Landry, is a very happy man. You will be able to judge for yourself.

Last Sunday he took the train for Chantilly with no particular purpose in view, or rather with the idle purpose of the true Parisian who invariably goes where he will find a crowd.

On that particular Sunday the crowd was in two places. Half of the people were at the Champ de Mars, where a second edition of the "Carrousel" was being given; the other half were at Chantilly, where the famous "Prix du Jockey Club" was to be run.

Landry had seen the "Carrousel" on the previous day so he decided for Chantilly and the races.

At a quarter to one o'clock he found himself within the sacred precincts of the weighing-in ring, having made up his mind to enjoy a day as a simple spectator, or rather, as a calm philosopher having no connection with the turf and quite firmly resolved not to risk a single louis on the back of any horse. And so he was idly sauntering along, with hands behind his back, when he suddenly came into sharp collision with the very shabby hat of a small man who was rapidly walking in the opposite direction with his head bent down and having the appearance of being plunged in profound reflection.

"Diable!" said Prosper Landry, doubling himself up.

"Sapristi!" said the little man, lifting his head.

When the shabby silk "stove-pipe," which the shock of their collision had firmly fixed on the head of the unknown, was removed, Landry saw a small, clean-shaven face and a somewhat sharply retrousse nose surmounted by a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Monsieur Lagarrigue!" cried Prosper.

"Ah!" said the small man. "Do you know me?"

"Do I know you? Why, you certainly have given me enough lessons in my time!"

"Where?"

"Why, at Bordeaux, where I used to be one of the pupils in chemistry."

"Really! And what is your name?"

"Prosper Landry."

"Of course, of course! Now I remember! You were indeed one of my bad pupils!"

"Oh, professor, only in chemistry!"

"What do you mean by 'only?' Why, chemistry is the greatest science in the world, the most prolific one, and certainly the most wonderful!"

"Do you still teach it?"

"No, I have retired. And you, what are you doing?"

"I am a journalist," said Prosper Landry.

"And, may I ask, did you come here in quest of news?"

"Yes and no."

"Well, my boy, I am at present preparing for you a wonderful piece of news."

"What is that?"

"A new discovery which I have made and which is bound to revolutionize the world of turf and races. I shall attempt the first experiment today."

"And of what does this experiment consist?"

"Simply in being able to make any horse, in any race, the winner!"

"You are surely joking!"

"Not at all. You will soon have an absolute proof of what I claim, and seeing that my secret will be known to the world tomorrow, there is no harm in giving it to you today."

And taking the arm of our friend the little man dragged him off into one of the side paths.

"And now for my explanation," said the professor. "But first, kindly note the fact that ordinarily I do not care about races. I am not interested in any stable, nor in any agency for bets, neither do I gamble on the races myself. Nevertheless during the past six months I have missed only one meeting, and that was owing to an attack of influenza which I contracted one day at Auteuil, where I was obliged to walk for three hours in snow and slush. And why this constant attendance at the meetings, you will ask? Because it was only there that I found the subject-matter that enabled me to pursue my investigations."

"What investigations do you mean?"

"A most interesting problem of physiology. You are no doubt ignorant of the fact that the normal physical strength of every animal organism can be varied to an astonishing degree by the influence of certain phenomena. The energy of the nerves and the vigor of the muscles depend to a large extent upon inheritance and exist in proportion to the racial characteristics and the quality of the blood. Now then, having established this point, and taking as a basis a certain average amount of power natural to each animal, one may safely say that if ten horses equally matched should be intelligently selected, there is not one but at some given moment would be able to show himself superior to the others. The reason for this is a combination of physical or physiological circumstances resulting at that particular moment in carrying its natural energy at its maximum of intensity—Do you follow me?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Very well then. What is sometimes called the 'training' of a horse is nothing else than the application of this very same principle. The entire art of the successful trainer consists in leading a horse gradually and methodically to an ideal state of physical aptitude, so that he will at a certain given time, say during two or three minutes, exert his maximum of muscular effort. All the cleverness of the racing news reporters who foretell a winner, and of the betters who try to profit by their betting, consists in their ability to penetrate the secret of that art and to foresee the results for such and such a horse in such and such a race. This amounts to a sort of mathematical calculation, or what is called the 'performance' of a horse. And through the comparisons of these performances the probabilities of the race are deduced. Can you follow me?"

"Perfectly, professor."

"Just here is where I intervene. One day, I said to myself, 'These mathematical calculations are all very well, but how easily could these calculations be overthrown? Simply by introducing a new element whose sole intervention would be sufficient to annihilate all the other elements. To decide upon the chances that a horse has of winning, one admits that the horse, granted certain physical resources, which he is known to possess, can furnish only a limited amount of effort, an amount known before hand and almost surely determined. Now, suppose it is possible, by some mysterious means, at a certain given moment, and for a short lapse of time—say a quarter of an hour, for instance—that this same amount of effort could be doubled. The horse thus operated upon, will, of course, be invincible and that because in a lot of horses of the same age and almost of the same class, the difference of the physical power between the best and the worst of them will never be in the proportion of two against one, that is, of the double.'

"An unsolvable problem, you say? Not at all. Today chemistry and medicine have at their command marvelous resources. Men are experiencing it almost daily. Nothing illustrates it better than the story of the old man, who late in life had been obliged to fight a duel. He went on the eve of the duel to find his doctor, asking him the advertised guarantee for his failing force. On the morrow the old man showed an unhoped for vigor. The third day he may have been perhaps as feeble as ever.

"But what does it matter? The desired result had nevertheless been obtained. Why not use the same principle with a racing horse? Another career is at stake, so another cordial has to be found. A cordial which, when given at the right time and in the required dose, would double or even triple the energy of a horse and suddenly transform him into an irresistible champion. Suppose that a man had such an elixir, and could dispense at will this source of magical and invisible vigor? That man will be able to control every single race! He would hold in his hand the result of every race. He would be the god of the turf; he could play with the horses as one can play with the pieces at a game of chess. The only necessary condition is that he must have someone to help him. And such help is easily enough found amongst the rabble that usually surrounds the stable, where consciences are to be sold to the highest bidder. The very first man to whom I proposed my scheme accepted it. To him it is evidently a matter of business: to me it means merely the interest of a dilettante. I could win a fortune today by staking a five-franc piece but I am content merely to verify a hypothesis.'

"But, professor, what kind of guarantee have you?"

"You mean so as not to become my own dupe. Why, the very best guarantee you can find? I have taken Chance as accomplice. How? That is quite simple. Five races are to be run. Well for every race I have put the names of each horse in a hat, and then have drawn one of the names without looking. Then I give the list of the names to my man. One hour before the races start I tell him to give each of the designated horses twenty drops of my elixir. How he will be able to accomplish this I do not know and it does not matter. Nevertheless I am positive that at this moment the thing has been done. And there he is, even now, coming to speak to us."

At that moment a small, mean-looking individual dressed in a very loud plaid suit, came

(Continued on Page 13.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Poems About San Francisco

CXXXII—ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Jean Campbell MacMillan

(The following poem by Jean Campbell MacMillan was published recently in Goodwin's Weekly of Salt Lake City. The author may live in Salt Lake, but it is evident that she has seen and loved San Francisco.)

After the day has drifted into the vast unknown
And the night has painted with purple the white of the city's stone;
After the boats lie idle, and the fisher-fleet is still;
And the sunset seems but an echo of color behind the hill—
After the ships ride anchor, and their masts in the starlight loom;
And the waves lap up their shadows, and the gray gulls seek the gloom,
There enters the hour of silence, when the tide steals back to the sea,
And the voice of the Great Creator speaks low to my soul and me.

The Spectator

In the Advertising Department?

The question arises, Is Dr. Aked on the editorial staff of the Examiner, or does he belong to the advertising department? The query is prompted by his screed in Monday's paper entitled "The Biter Bit!" This effusion is simply a two-column boost for Hearst's monthly magazine "Good Housekeeping." That it was written to order may be taken for granted. It has all the ear-marks of an advertisement, and none need be surprised if the business manager of "Good Housekeeping" uses extracts from it in future publicity campaigns. Doubtless he will be ordered to do so by Hearst who knows the value of a name like Dr. Aked's for advertising purposes. "I take my hat off to 'Good Housekeeping'," Dr. Aked says in concluding this article. The line would look quite fetching on a bill board or in an advertising circular.

A Tribute to Hearst

The soul of Dr. Aked is wrought to ecstacy because Dr. Wiley is on the staff of Hearst's "Good Housekeeping" and is writing articles exposing quacks and fakers. Because Dr. Wiley lashes the swindlers who sell electric belts Dr. Aked jubilates at the top of his voice. Dr. Wiley becomes in Dr. Aked's eyes one of the heroes of Christendom. And William Randolph Hearst who employs both Dr. Wiley and Dr. Aked is another. When he thinks of Hearst, his employer, Dr. Aked cannot restrain his running pen. Hearst, he says, "is so rich that he is utterly reckless of expense or of risk. His wealth enables him to do what Iago's wife wanted to see done; he puts in the honest hand of Dr. Wiley a whip to lash the rascal naked through our world. He is too rich to be intimidated; too big to be blackmailed; too strong to be silenced." All must have noticed before this what an overpowering effect wealth has upon the mind of Dr. Aked. He never speaks of his friend John D. Rockefeller without alluding to his millions; he never mentions his former church in New York without reminding us that it is one of the richest congregations in the United States. Dr. Aked has a reverential attitude toward Mammon; he would not for the world speak ill of the Golden Calf. But that is not the point just now. I should like to dwell a moment on his panegyric he writes, at so much per line, on his employer, the owner of "Good Housekeeping" and the Examiner.

The Stamping Ground of Fakers

It is not hard to prove that Hearst is not only "utterly reckless of expense or of risk," as Dr. Aked says, but also utterly reckless of consistency. While he pays Dr. Wiley to "lash the rascal naked through our world," he is not averse to taking the rascal's money. Hearst is not the bitter foe of the faker and the quack that Dr. Aked believes or pretends to believe he is. The rascal with a nostrum to advertise is not turned down cold at the advertising counter of the Hearst publications. Was it Vespasian who pointed out to Titus that money, no matter how vile its source, had no smell? Hearst may never have read the story in Suetonius but he holds the same belief. There are publications in the long Hearst list to which the rascal finds easy entrance. Dr. Aked foams with fury, he cannot be calm when he thinks of the swindlers who sell the panaceas which, to use his own words, "will cure every disease under the sun from a wooden leg to chronic impecuniosity." Has Dr. Aked never seen any of these advertisements of swindlers in any Hearst publication? If so, it must be because he has never looked for them. Let me call his attention to a Hearst magazine which is the stamping ground of fakers.

Some Unlashed Rascals

I refer to the American Sunday Monthly Magazine which is given away with the Sunday Examiner as well as with the Sunday issues of the other Hearst newspapers. There are plenty of unlashed rascals advertising in this Hearst publication. Dr. Wiley would have a year's work cut out for him if he engaged to expose them all. Let us take a look at them. Here is an advertisement which bids you "read our free book; it tells you how to cure all curable ailments by oxygen, Nature's way." No doubt this oxygen nostrum will cure "every disease under the sun from a wooden leg to chronic impecuniosity." Here is another that bids you "reduce your flesh." And how? "Simply wearing it (the apparatus advertised) will permanently remove all superfluous flesh." And here is an electric vibrator which must be cousin-german to the electric belt which so excited the wrath of Dr. Wiley and Dr. Aked, for "it will chase away the years like magic; your self-respect even will be increased a hundredfold." This wonderful appliance will cure "rheumatism, headache, constipation, kidney disease, lumbago, catarrh, skin diseases, deafness, weak eyes, general debility, nervousness, etc., etc." Here too is a nostrum that removes wrinkles. Says the advertiser: "The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish." Here is an advertisement that bids you "become a doctor of chiropractic and make $3,000 to $5,000 a year" because forsooth "a chiropractor is needed in every home." Here too are corn and bunion magicians innumerable; a seer who pleads, "let me read your character from your handwriting"; guaranteed methods of curing crooked spines at home; and a "twentieth century wonder" that removes all facial uglinèss and "brings back Nature's beauty." The most interesting I have reserved for the place of prominence. It is a "Big Seller!!!" and you are invited to grow rich by peddling it. And of what does it consist? Of "concentrated extracts for making whiskies, liquors, cordials of all kinds at home. Wanted in every home. A few minutes does the work. Makes the real article. ONE TASTE MAKES A CUSTOMER FOR LIFE. No license required." Here in other words is something that saves you from the contamination of the corner saloon or, if you live in dry territory, the blind pig. What does Dr. Aked think of that? Are there not rascals here to be lashed? And all these advertisements are to be found in the February 8 issue of Hearst's American Sunday Monthly Magazine. When Dr. Aked and Dr. Wiley have lashed all these they may turn their attention to the Examiner whose advertising columns are still open to quacks who cure "blood poisoning" as it is euphemistically called and fakers who announce "cancer cured at home."

Right-o!

Two prominent women were discussing Dr. Aked at the Town and Country Club the other afternoon. One was vehemently pro-Aked; the other was energetically anti-Aked. Said the first:

"I tell you that intellectually Dr. Aked is the heir of all the ages."

Said the second:

"Yes, the hot air!"

The discussion ceased.

Long Memories

"Some folks have criminally long memories," said the man that winds the ferry clock. He was speaking to the Hon. James D. Phelan's press

J. C. WILSON & CO.

Members { New York Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
The Stock and Bond Exchange, S. F.

Offices—MILLS BLDG. and PLACE HOTEL, S. F.

Branch Offices—Los Angeles, San Diego, Coronado Beach Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wash.

agent who, having just crossed the bay after a tour of the State, stopped to chat for awhile with the live wire of the water front. He wanted to know whether Mr. Phelan had many boosters along the wharves. As soon as he mentioned the name of the gallant young Democrat the clock-winder made the observation about folks with long memories. A look of astonishment spread over the press agent's face. "It's surprising," the clock-winder went on, "how many of Steve White's old friends there are roaming over this State." The look of astonishment on the press agent's face deepened. The clock-winder had a faraway look in his eyes. He continued: "You know Steve had a very strong hold on the affections of many people. His friends loved him. After his return from Washington, broken in health, there was heartfelt sympathy for him all over California, and just before he died, when the Legislature was in session it was thought that it would cheer him up to pay him the tribute of a complimentary vote for the Senate. There was only a little bunch of Democrats at Sacramento, and they couldn't do anybody much good. They could just pay a man a small compliment. Why not pay it to poor Steve, the noblest Democrat in the State? To be sure, eh?"

The press agent was mystified, but he nodded assent. He had no recollection of the history of those days. His memory was not criminally long.

"Well," said the clock-winder, "they didn't pay the compliment to Steve."

"No?"

The clock-winder blew a whiff from his pipe, and like the Captain of the Hesperus a scornful laugh laughed he. "No," he said; "they didn't give it to Steve. You see there was a young Democrat with oodles of money, who had lots of political power at that time. He wanted the complimentary vote. He has always been crazy for that sort of thing. Protests were not heeded. He said the complimentary vote might do him some good some day when Democrats were in the majority. So they gave it to him."

"Who was he?" asked the press agent.

"His name is James D. Phelan." And the clock-winder smiled.

Shaw and Angellotti

The news come to me from Los Angeles that among members of the bar there is deep solicitude for Justice Lucien Shaw of the Supreme Court. Justice Shaw's term expires this year, and two strong men have already entered the field to contest for his seat. One of them is Judge James of Los Angeles, and the other is Judge Murphy of Del Norte. These men are experienced and active campaigners, while Justice Shaw is no campaigner at all. Justice Shaw is a jurist of the old school, wedded to the best traditions of his profession, who would rather retire to private life than go into the highways and byways in quest of votes. All lawyers feel that the defeat of Justice Shaw would be a severe blow to the State's highest tribunal. He has had twelve years' experience, and he is one of the most industrious men on the bench. Many lawyers feel that Justice Shaw would make a worthy successor to Chief Justice Beatty, and to that exalted position it is generally conceded that he could be elected without an effort, but Justice Angellotti having announced his hope of becoming a candidate and having armed himself for the fray Justice Shaw considers that his confrere has a prior claim that should be respected. But Justice Angellotti, who, it is believed, would have no difficulty in being re-elected to the associate justiceship, has now a fight on his hands, and it is by no means certain that his career on the bench will not be brought to a close. So the situation is one that has given rise to the gravest apprehensions among the friends of all concerned including the court itself. My Los Angeles informant tells me the suggestion has been made that the complications might be straightened out by an amicable arrangement between the two justices whereby they would switch their positions in the campaign.

When His Pocket Nerve Is Touched

As a supervisor of San Francisco Paul Bancroft is unquestionably devoted to the interests of labor. All San Francisco supervisors love the unions and have much greater faith in the soundness of union principles than Dr. Aked has in the epistles of Paul. But when union principles come in conflict with a supervisor's private and personal interests the principles of self-service become paramount. Thus we find Supervisor Paul Bancroft appealing to the Supreme Court to put a crimp in the eight-hour law. As a supervisor Paul Bancroft upholds the eight-hour law, but as a litigant he is opposed to the eight-hour law. He is one of the defendants in a suit brought by the Barber Asphalt Paving Company to recover an assessment for street work in San Diego. One of the objections made by the defendants to the assessment is that there was a stipulation in the contract that no person should be required to labor more than eight hours a day. The Supreme Court has decided that this objection is without merit. Justice Melvin, who wrote the opinion of the court, says it is admitted that the eight-hour provision does not render a contract void unless in the notices calling for bids a like requirement is inserted. The court was asked to extend the doctrine in the Bancroft case and to hold that where the general custom of the authorities in charge of the work is to demand a clause in every contract similarly limiting the hours of labor, the bidder is presumed to be influenced thereby just as if the notices and specifications had set forth such limitation as one of the necessary parts of the contract. It was argued that knowing this custom the bidder would be influenced to ask more for the work than would be charged if he were not bound by the requirement respecting the hours of labor. Justice Melvin observed that the answer to this is that custom does not necessarily control a contractor.

3 Daily Trains

To Portland, Tacoma, Seattle

SHASTA LIMITED—Extra Fare $5

Lv. San Francisco, Ferry Station, 11:20 a. m.

Drawing Rooms	Stenographer
Compartments	Stock Reports
Three-Room Suites	Barber Shop
Observation Car	Shower Bath
Ladies' Parlor	Valet Service
Library	Ladies' Maid

First Class Tickets Only

PORTLAND EXPRESS

Lv. San Francisco, Ferry Station, 1.00 p. m.

Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars
Observation Car
Dining Car to Portland
All Classes of Tickets

OREGON EXPRESS

Lv. San Francisco, Ferry Station, 8:20 p. m.

Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars
Dining Car to Portland
All Classes of Tickets

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915

Among the Scenic Wonders of America

THOSE OF THE

Rocky and Sierra Mountains

STAND FORTH PRE-EMINENT

Marvelous Scenic Attractions seen from the car window without extra expense for side trips:

Pikes Peak	Glenwood Springs
Royal Gorge	Castle Gate
Grand Canyon of the Arkansas	Salt Lake City
Collegiate Peaks	Great Salt Lake
Mount Massive	Glistening Beds of Salt
Tennessee Pass	Mirage Land
Eagle River Canyon	Pilot Mountain
Canyon of the Grand River	Grand Canyon of the Feather River

WESTERN PACIFIC
DENVER & RIO GRANDE

Illustrated booklets descriptive of "The Scenic Route to the East" free on request.

E. L. LOMAX
Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager, San Francisco, Cal.

FRANK A. WADLEIGH
Passenger Traffic Manager, Denver, Colo.

MAYERLE'S GERMAN EYEWATER

Is A Wonderful Home Treatment for Eye Afflictions

Is Absolutely Harmless and highly recommended for strained, sensitive, weak, watery, inflamed, gluey, itchy eyes, crusty or granulated eyelids. At Druggists, 50c; by mail, 65c.

TWO GOLD MEDALS and DIPLOMA OF HONOR

Awarded at California Industry Exposition, also Mechanics Fair, October, 1913. Twenty Years of Practical Experience in Scientific Eye Training of Complicated Cases and Children's Eyes.

GEORGE MAYERLE
Graduate German Expert Optician

960 Market Street, San Francisco
Opposite Empress Theatre

Office Phone: Kearny 711
Residence Phone: Franklin 277
Residence: Marquette Apts., 965 Geary St.

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

He is bound by the law alone. "If," he said, "as counsel assert, the stipulation respecting the hours of labor is one which may not be lawfully enforced the contractor is at liberty to ignore the custom, to treat it as 'more honored in the breach than in the observance,' and to demand the execution, by the proper officer of the city, of a contract not containing the objectionable matter."

A Dream Tour

The round-the-world aviation race is good advertising if nothing else, and it provides a lot of fine material for newspaper stories, but it does not appear to be taken seriously away from home. Well informed persons regard the thing as impracticable. And it would seem to be so in view of what happens when an aviator takes a short trip down the Coast. Some time ago M. Jules Vedrines, who says he wants to "loop the globe," almost came to grief in his flight from Paris to Cairo. In his passage over the Taurus Mountains he was helpless above desolate peaks where no help could be obtained in case of need. He knew nothing about air conditions in that part of the world and was perilously blown about. If an aviator attempted to make the flight round the world he would have experiences worse than that of the daring Vedrines. To get from America to Europe he would have to fly from St. John's, Newfoundland to Cape Farewell, Greenland, 640 miles; thence to Iceland, 620 miles; next to the Faroe Islands, and finally to Norway, 420 miles. No one has yet flown 600 miles over an ocean; and what about meteorological conditions above the berg strewn seas of the Far North? Where are the aviators going to alight? Who is going to provide the hospitalities of a desolate country in a region piercingly cold and tempest riven? Part of the proposed circumnavigating route is along the Kamschatka peninsula in Asia, one of the bleakest wastes on the earth's surface and enshrouded by dense fogs all summer. It is believed that if scientists started in today to map sky currents on the round-the-world course they would finish the job nine years after the Fair closed.

Ned Has the Wanderlust

Ned Greenway is thinking of setting forth once more, "strange countries for to see." It was ever thus. Once the lure of travel grips a man, he can never be happy for long in one place. If, as Washington Irving said (was it Irving or Goldsmith?) the traveler drags a "lengthening chain," the fact remains that it is a pleasant chain, especially when one travels as Greenway does, armed with letters that admit him everywhere to the circles of the elect. Ned will spend most of his time in Paris with Walter De Mumm, but wants to see Berlin and Vienna which he has never visited. He will sojourn in Vichy and of course will not miss the Grand Prix. Meanwhile Ned's proficiency in the newest dances is the amazement of men who are younger than Ned in years but older in their arteries. He has had lessons from the Cranes and from the Maurices who have been his special care ever since their arrival here. Ned says he does the new steps "for his health." That's what they all say. Ned preserves his health by not worrying about it; he dances for the love of dancing.

Rowell and the Bulletin

Politicians are speculating as to whether Fremont Older is going to put the Bulletin behind his old friend James D. Phelan or his former fighting-partner of the graft prosecution Frank Heney. The accredited Progressive candidate for the Senate, Chet Rowell, is not entering into their speculations. Rowell's announcement of his candidacy was "played up" in the other local papers as a matter of news, but not in the Bulletin. Progressive organ though it is, the Bulletin gave Rowell just fifteen lines, fifteen scant lines in which the writer of the item did not fail to mention that Heney was also a candidate. If Governor Johnson were in a position to dictate to Older he would undoubtedly protest against this shabby treatment of the man whom he would like to see carry the Progressive primary against Heney. But Hiram is not in a position to tell Older what to do. Hiram has not treated the Bulletin's editor with consideration during the past three years. He feels that he is mighty lucky to get the Bulletin's support for his own candidacy and has no hope of commandeering it for his associates on the Progressive slate.

The Mayor's Forty Winks

"Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus!"

It was Sergeant-at-Arms Tiv Kreling of the Board of Supervisors, the classical scholar of the City Hall, who murmuired these learned words at the Cort Monday night. Tiv was sitting in a box, "laughing his head off" at McIntyre and Heath when he paused long enough in his merriment to wax high-browish. The prominent Olympians who sat with him stared in wonderment.

"Homer used to take forty winks," explained Tiv in a whisper; "so why not His Honor?"

And he pointed to where Mayor Rolph was nodding in his aisle seat. "Mission Jim" is probably the first man who ever dosed at a performance of "The Ham Tree"; but then Monday is a fatiguing day in municipal circles.

A Family Fortune

Some may have been surprised to learn that all the members of the Sloss family contributed from their millions for the refinancing of certain big enterprises in which one or two Slosses are particularly interested. But those who know the Slosses took this as a matter of course. I am told that in a very special sense the Sloss fortune is a family fortune. That is to say, all the members of the Sloss family look upon their money as belonging equally to all. They do not jeal-

The Best Suits $25 Can Buy

The man that comes to this store desiring to spend twenty-five dollars for a suit of clothes will be wearied before finishing should he attempt to inspect each model in every fabric that we can show him at that price.

This tremendous assortment assures a model best suited to a man's figure and a fabric becoming and to his taste.

And all this vast stock of clothing is the very best of its class. It has a style that is inimitable—the woolens are the freshest, the newest, the most beautiful produced this season; the tailoring the very best that the most skillful tailors can turn out.

Nowhere in America can $25 purchase more sterling clothing value.

The Hub
Chas. Heilus & Co.
726 MARKET ST.

ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

SAN FRANCISCO

Paid-Up Capital.....$ 4,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits .....$ 1,600,000
Total Resources $40,000,000

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North German Lloyd Again Leads All Lines

The North German Lloyd landed more passengers, First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage, in the Port of New York during 1913 than any other line, repeating its marvellous record of 1912. Here are the official figures as compiled by the United States Landing Agent:

	First Cabin	Second Cabin	Steerage
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD,	18,348	35,130	164,536

The North German Lloyd, with all its services, landed the greatest number of passengers in the United States—288,744—on 249 trips, an average of a steamer every thirty-five hours.

The North German Lloyd, in the Northern Service, carried 20 per cent. of all the First Cabin passengers entering New York; 15.66 per cent. of the Second Cabin and 20.98 per cent. of the Steerage passengers, with more than a score of lines competing.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
ROBERT CAPELLE
General Pacific Coast Agent
250 Powell St., near St. Francis Hotel and Geary St., San Francisco

ously segregate and calculate their individual riches. It is a case of "all for one and one for all." The family tie is very strong among the Slosses as it is among the Gerstles, and they all regard it as quite a natural thing to help out when money is needed by one of their family. This community of interest is by no means common in our wealthy families. Bickering and mutual jealousy are rather the rule than the exception between millionaire parents and their children as well as between brothers and sisters.

Souvenirs at Tavern

The name of V. Rigaud on a bottle of perfume is in itself an assurance of its merit. In La Lilas M. Rigaud has produced a new and delightful perfume of extreme delicacy of scent; the subtle odor of lilacs being liberated in every drop. The Rigaud laboratories also produce Parfum Mary Garden, a scent so widely known that any new product of this manufacturer is intantly established in popular favor. The management of Techau Tavern has recently received a large shipment of La Lilas which will be presented to all ladies who are present at the cafe on Saturday afternoons.

FOR ECONOMY AND CLEANLINESS

USE

WELSH ANTHRACITE BRIQUETTES

Suitable for Furnace and Grates

Price $15.00 Per Ton Delivered to Your Residence

Anthracite Coal Corporation

TELEPHONE KEARNY 2647

If you don't

fully realize the tremendous difference that eyeglasses make in your appearance, compare your old style eyeglasses with "Equipoise". Look in the mirror and be convinced—then you will

Wear "Equipoise"

W. D. Fennimore J. W. Davis A. R. Fennimore

California Optical Co.

Makers of Good Glasses

181 Post St. 2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

The Elixir

(Continued from Page 8.)

and stood in front of Prosper and the professor.

"Did you do it?" asked the professor of chemistry.

"It is done."

"To all six of them?"

"To all six." And the small man went on his way.

"Pardon me, professor," said Prosper Landry, touching his ex-teacher on the arm, "but you have just said a word that puzzles me."

"And what is that?"

"You have just asked the man whether it had been done to all six horses. Well, there are only five of them."

"True; but that is because on the principal race, the race for which will be awarded the prize of the Jockey Club, I have taken two horses instead of one."

"Why?"

"Simple curiosity on my part. And now, my dear boy, I am going to leave you."

"One last word, professor," said Landry. "Would you have any objection to showing me your list?"

"None whatever. You might keep track of the races. It will amuse you."

Left by himself, Landry opened the paper the professor had given him. He stood for a moment quite motionless, lost in deep thought.

"And why should I not," said he, "considering it only costs five francs? I might as well risk it?"

Going to a bookmaker's, he put five francs on Fra Diavolo at two against one. Diavolo won the race with Fred Archer on his back.

Gravely Landry cashed in his fifteen francs. He pocketed his original five francs and put the ten francs just won on Ninive II, whose odds were sixteen to one. Ninive II arrived first and Landry cashed in one hundred and seventy francs. Very coolly Landry scanned his list over, and put his whole one hundred and seventy francs on Old Rascal at the same odds as Ninive II.

Old Rascal winning by a head, Landry pocketed 2,890 francs.

For the prize of the Jockey Club the list had the names of two horses, Upas and Sycamore. Landry made two parts of his gains, put one half on Sycamore at ten, and the other half on Upas at forty. Both horses arrived together. After the usual reduction had been made, Landry cashed 8,660 francs on Sycamore, and 30,345 francs on Upas. Total: 39,005 francs. Then, by squeezing all the bookmakers, he put 39,005 francs on Georgiana, with odds of 12 to 1. Georgiana won.

The last race had been run and the huge hippodrome was slowly emptying itself. When he reached the weighing ring, Landry found his ex-professor, Lagarrigue, his small eyes fairly snapping with the pure joy of a savant whose problem has been solved.

"Well," said the professor with a triumphal air, "who was right?"

"You were, professor. And so was I," said Landry modestly.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, only that I put five francs on the first race, and then kept on doing 'paroli' the whole time."

"Then," said the little man simply, "according to my calculations your gains amount to 468,060 francs?"

"Correct to a sou!"

"Then," concluded Lagarrigue, putting the arm of his old pupil within his own, "you are going to treat me to a glass of beer."

"With pleasure!" said Landry.

And seeing the state of the shabby hat with which the professor's head was still adorned, he added in an amiable tone:

"My gratitude will go further, my dear professor. I will see that your hat gets a pressing."

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6)

city's first class theatre. We extended our interests until in time we had the Columbia, the California, the Macdonough in Oakland, and were interested with Morosco and Meyerfeld in the Grand Opera House."

All of which brings Gottlob's career within easy hailing distance of the present time, and forms, I trust, a not uninteresting gloss on the words which I have quoted from Leavitt's book. The subsequent career of Gottlob and Marks is pretty familiar to all. Even post-fire newcomers need not be instructed in regard to the Van Ness Theatre and the New Columbia.

Gottlob is a theatrical optimist who has never learned how to be eloquent on the subject of hard times.

"When you have a good attraction," he says, "nothing can hurt you, not even in that most sensitive spot, your gallery. There are good seasons and bad, as in every other business; but he is a poor merchant who wastes his time bemoaning hard times—he might be much better employed preparing to get the full benefit of prosperity. If some shows prove to be bad let us remember that no manager knowingly sends a failure on the long and expensive journey across the continent. The railroads, you know, charge just as much fare for a bad as for a good actor. Let us bear in mind that the producing managers are doing the best they can, and encourage them as much as possible, at least to the extent of appreciating the good things they send us."

Certainly that isn't asking too much of the most blase and exacting first-nighter, is it?

At the Cecil

Mrs. E. L. Finlaw was hostess to eight friends during the week when she entertained at a luncheon party at the Hotel Cecil. Miss Elma Baily assembled a group of friends for luncheon on Saturday last. Her guests were belles of the younger set. Cecil T. Wacher, a business man of Mexico City and his bride, are spending their honeymoon at the Cecil.

Mr. Property Owner

Have you not always some slight repair—stopped basin, broken window cord, or electric light won't work? We will assume all your repair expenses and bother for a small monthly rate. Our representative will call at your request.

PHOENIX REPAIR COMPANY

J. de la MONTANYA, Manager

Nevada Bank Building 14 MONTGOMERY ST.

Phone Douglas 822

MOTORS

Hampton Electric Co.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS

Pacific Coast Representatives of

DIEHL Motors and RICHMOND Motors

502 MISSION ST.

Phone Sutter 3266 SAN FRANCISCO

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Is Maxine to Marry?

Is Maxine Elliott thinking of marrying again? And with the position which she has gained for herself in English society, will she be contented with a mere commoner for her next husband? The questions are suggested by the fact that Anthony Wilding, the British tennis champion, has been paying a great deal of attention to the beautiful Maxine of late, attention which seems to be far from distasteful to her. Wilding spent most of last autumn, a returned traveler tells me, at Maxine's house at Bushey. During his stay the statuesque actress gave some very swagger tennis parties, entertaining the Duke of Marlborough and the great barrister F. E. Smith among others. When Maxine was playing in "Joseph and His Brethren" at Beerbohm Tree's theatre, Wilding was usually to be seen waiting for her at the stage door. Then Wilding went to the Riviera as the guest of the Craig Biddles. Shortly afterwards the very successful run of "Joseph" came to a sudden and unexpected end, and London gossips said that the fair Maxine's eagerness to go to the Riviera was the reason. But it seems incredible that Maxine would be content with less than a duke.

At the Supper Dance

There was a terpsichorean sensation at the St. Francis supper dance Monday night in young Senor Lagaretto of Rio Janeiro who did the Argentine tango as it had never been done in San Francisco. Everyone stopped to see the young South American go through his paces and everyone wondered who he was. He was with the Henry Lunds and there were many inquiries about him. Senor Lagaretto is one of the young land barons of Brazil. His father who owns hundreds of thousands of acres along the Amazon was at one time Brazilian consul in San Francisco when he formed a friendship for Consul Lund of Sweden. The young man has come to California to study agriculture and horse breeding and will remain several months. He is rather small and interestingly Andalusian in appearance. His tango is not essentially different in its steps from that of professionals, but the rhythm and fire of his dancing are what count, so says Count Montgelas who was one of the most delighted spectators Monday night. For partners Senor Lagaretto danced with Mrs. Lund and Mrs. Greenfield who is one of the most graceful young matrons of the tea dances. She was very stunning in a black and white gown shot with orange. Young Baron Henry Von Schroeder who is out here for a visit with his family was another star of the supper dance Monday when a large number of theatre parties gathered at the St. Francis. Baron Henry covered himself with glory in the valse hesitation with Miss Marian Stone, and the other dancers paused to watch them. Miss Gertrude Jolliffe was another of his partners. She wore the most sensible dancing frock of the evening, a "tango gown" of white chiffon with full soft pleats; the skirt bordered with a hand painted pattern of roses.

Romance Rumors

The end of the season may bring formal acknowledgment of several interesting engagements. Anyway they are in the air and everyone is wondering whose will be the next. Two of the Tevis boys are counted among possible fiances of the quite near future. Lloyd, the oldest of the brothers who has never cared a rap for society or aviation and has persistently declined to be interested in girls, has surrendered suddenly and completely, so 'tis said, to the graces of a pretty Menlo Park belle and the families of both are delighted. This is one of the "sure things," according to authorities in the younger set. Brother Lansing is also counted among the soon-to-be-betrothed, although another bright young bachelor who is a beau of the Junior Assemblies may be regarded as his rival. Both are conspicuously devoted to the same attractive girl who was hostess at a tea dance the other day when both were her guests and evenly divided her favor. The very young set is keenly interested in the romance. Then there is Isabel McLaughlin, voted one of the most attractive girls in society this season, with a direct unaffected charm that is very winning. At the dinner given by her stepfather, Dr. McEnery, at Burlingame last week everyone thought her engagement to one of the young bachelor guests might be announced. But it wasn't, and rumor remains unconfirmed for a while. Miss McLaughlin is one of the important heiresses of the smart set, but the fiance of rumor has prospects of his own, so there is no hint of "fortune hunting." Another interesting rumor concerns Dr. Tracey Russell, popular bachelor of the Burlingame set whose devotion to a very pretty young matron recently divorced is considered most significant. Tracey Russell has been devoted to any number of belles in his time, but always in a casual platonic way. Sentimentally he has been impervious. But this time there is more than a suggestion of real romance.

Esther May Visit Here

Since the George B. Maryes are coming to California for the spring and summer months, society is hoping to have a glimpse of the Harry Oelrichs' who may be persuaded to come West and visit them. The Maryes have been building a home in Burlingame that will be ready for occupancy this month and they will be interesting additions to the peninsula set. Mrs. Oelrichs who of course was handsome Esther Moreland, has a lot of friends here and it is quite likely the newlyweds may cross the Continent. Mrs. Eleanor Martin has already sent them an invitation to visit her. Speaking of Mrs. Martin, she is radiant these days over the good news from Peter. He is still at an eastern sanitarium but in the past few weeks has improved wonderfully in health and spirits, and his recovery is said to be but a matter of months. This will be good news to scores of other people with whom Peter was always a favorite.

The Lents Are Gone

The Eugene Lents are off to Europe with their children where they will remain at least six months, maybe a year. Europe is no strange world to Eugene Lent, though it's years since he made the trip. Two years of boyhood he spent as a student in Paris, and years after he made a trip to France, England and Italy. This time he will spend some weeks in one of the spas in Germany. He is in need of a rest and he is going to take it. A large crowd of friends went to the ferry to see the Lents off. People wondered whether there was to be a dance in the ferry building.

Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Queen

No happier selection for Queen of the Mardi Gras could have been made. Mrs. Peixotto brings to the position not only beauty and grace but an originality and cleverness that have given her an enviable reputation as a hostess. And this same originality is sure to find expression in a most unexpected manner before the ball is over. The Royal Court will be held in the Sun Court of the Palace and will be surrounded by the double row of boxes as in previous years. Supper will be served in the adjoining main restaurant, the red room and the men's grill and while the accommodations are really enormous the attendance promises to be so great that reservations of tables for supper should be made early. The supper rooms will be thrown open when the ball begins and those who have reserved tables will be free to occupy them throughout the evening both before and after supper. The tickets of admission are five dollars and the supper will be served at two dollars and fifty cents per plate. Table reservations can be made with the maitre d'hotel.

A Charity Tea Dance

Society is manifesting a keen interest in the tea dance to be given for the benefit of the Vocational Training School at 1810 Devisadero street in the ball room of the St. Francis next Tuesday afternoon between the hours of four and seven. Many prominent folks are going to lend their presence to make the affair a big success. The committee of ladies in charge has decided not to have professional dancers, but in their stead the latest terpsichorean novelties will be exemplified by Mrs. Fred McNear, Miss Enid Gregg, Mrs. Otto Irving Wise, Miss Marion Walter and Morgan Gunst, the Misses Milo and Margaret Abercrombie, Mrs. Melville Sweitzer and Daniel Aronson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick

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Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. William Lange, Mr. and Miss E. Herrscher, Miss Leah Beckett and Harold Maundrell, Mrs. Sylvanus Farnum and Miss Edith Simpson. Tickets, which include tea, are $1.50 and can be obtained at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s or the St. Francis news stand, while boxes are $15.00. Tables can be reserved on application at the St. Francis Hotel.

Innovation at Palace

The cosmopolitanism of San Francisco was never more strongly emphasized than by the wholehearted happy way in which society seized on the idea of the dinner dance which was introduced as a complement to the Thes Dansants which are held every Saturday afternoon in the Palm Court of the Palace. As a spectacle this beautiful Sun Court filled to capacity with a great throng of handsomely gowned women invariably makes a deep impression on every stranger who comes to the city and is fortunate enough to see it. The dinner dance begins were the "Thes Dansants" leave off, continuing from seven to nine-thirty p. m. Dinner is served in the Court or in the main restaurant and guests are enabled to enjoy dancing between the courses as the music is practically continuous. During the dinner dance entrance to the Court is gained through the dining room. The dinner dances have been increasing in popularity and there has been a strong demand of the management to continue them even after the beginning of Lent, but this has not been decided as yet.

Del Monte Notes

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kemmler are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte. The very attractive and pretty little bride was Miss Marguerite Drake of Los Angeles and San Francisco. Miss Drake traveled extensively, studied abroad and was one of the most popular belles. Her many friends will be sorry to learn that she is to make her home in New York. Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Moss from Seattle were given a very warm reception upon their return to the hotel. They are very much interested in the coming golf tournament. The reunion of the insurance men of the Pacific Coast is bringing together representatives from Seattle, Portland, Denver, Spokane, San Francisco and other towns. A "Happy Family" of about twenty-five are enjoying the golf links, bathing tank and driveways. Edward W. Maher and the Misses Maher with Mrs. Crane and Master Crane from New York were a jolly party at the hotel for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Pratt from San Jose are to spend a few days. Mrs. E. W. Mathewson was welcomed back to the hotel, returning from the southern part of the State and eager to be on the links again. Quite a few Eastern people are now at the hotel. They take great delight in all the open air sports and are seen golfing, bathing and riding and some have taken very interesting walks. The ball on Saturday evening was very charming in every detail. The orchestra played the most tempting of music. From the Presidio of Monterey came a large number of officers and a few of the young girls of the post. There were many couples who did the tango.

At the Green, Pasadena

In connection with the dance at Hotel Green last Saturday many dinner parties were given. Among those entertaining were Mr. and Mrs. William E. Grattan who had with them Mr. and Mrs. Harry Green and Mr. and Mrs. Norbert M. Murray. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Neustadt had Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Miss Cora Auten, Miss Gleatina Green and Messrs. Eric Kobbe, Turner and Charles Baxter. Colonel and Mrs. Mason entertained a small party, and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Martin had five guests. Guests later joined the dancers in the ball room of the hotel. During the week many dinner parties were given at the hotel and among those entertaining were the Misses Bettina and Winifred Taddock who had with them Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mavor, Robert Kinsman, and Louis Sands. Mr. and Mrs. John T. Greenwood entertained the Misses Grace and Nettie Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Thomson, Mrs. M. K. Tomlinson and Mrs. G. A. Vedder. Another dinner party was made up of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wilson, M. H. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Wilson and Miss Carmony. Mrs. Francis Lewis had Bishop and Mrs. Joseph H. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Munoz. Thomas Sprague had Mr. and Mrs. Pope and Colonel Williams.

The Tait Clientele

"Where shall I lunch"' is a troublesome question with many. In search of variety and differentness one's patience is ofttimes taxed to the utmost. Rare is the place that can hold the same noonday patronage month in and month out. One's string of moods is somewhat similar to a line of many colored beads in that each reflects the tint that comes within its focus. And speaking of moods and fancies, to say nothing of the desires of the "inner man," I honestly believe that the one cafe in town which succeeds in holding a regular luncheon clientele is the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. There is always something new and diverting to be seen and heard there every day between 11:30 and 2. And the dainty and appetizing repast served at fifty cents is well worth twice the price asked for it.

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"Milestones"

By Theodore Bonnet

After years of waiting we have come to know two of the new generation of English playwrights. A few weeks ago we met Edward Knoblauch at the Columbia where his "Kismet" steeped us in the atmosphere of the Orient. Now he is with us again. This time with his collaborator Arnold Bennett in "Milestones." "Milestones" is a milestone in the history of the San Francisco theatre. It marks the entrance point of the new school of English dramatists. Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones and the others whose types have become stale and unprofitable we shall not hear much of hereafter. They now seem almost Early Victorian in their drawing-room drama of rebellious Susans and vulgar Tanquerays, and Lord Quex profligates. Even Shaw, though still vigorous and virile, is nevertheless on the wane, so much like repetitions are his cynicisms and paradoxes. But Bennett, Galsworthy, Barker, Masefield—these are new names to conjure with, and mark you! we shall know all these dramatists presently. Like Shaw they have written plays that are printable and readable, and these plays are selling in the book-stands, and to read them is to wish to see them. All these English playwrights have been studying the drama of the Continent, and like the Continental dramatists they are trying to fashion out of the vast and impenetrable mysteries of life either a little explanation or a little philosophy. The result is that they give us plays with new ideas. "Milestones" is a good specimen of the new school. It is as different from other plays as was "Kismet." It appeals to no strange emotions. Its situations are not at all unfamiliar. In the theatre we have all met before the hard-hearted father who objects to his daughter marrying the man she loves; also, the mother with social prestige who objects to her daughter marrying out of her class. The spendthrift young nobleman, the silly-ass nobleman, the maiden aunt who was disappointed in love—these are stage figures that have done service for hundreds of playwrights, but not in the manner in which they are doing service for Bennett and Knoblauch. "Milestones" comes of a laudable impulse to express something that was in the hearts of the authors—the idea that youth, which must be served, is the season of hope, enterprise and energy and that age is crabbed, meticulous and conservative. There is intellectual excitement in this play. It stimulates thought. If you care for that sort of thing you may discover much that is symbolical in the three acts, but it is not for its significance that "Milestones" is most highly to be valued, but rather for the mere story of it. It is a succession of delightful, well-invented scenes by means of which three generations pass before your eyes. You meet the living, breathing symbols of three stages of human existence and you become absorbed in the obvious processes of things. You see the self-conceit of the young contrasted with the self-sufficiency of the old. You see youth wane, and after spring autumn come, and when deep under the ashes lie the life of youth you find that years do not make sages; only old men. The passing spectacle is intensely interesting and full of excitement, at times pleasurable and at time conducive to melancholy. The distinguishing merit of the authors of the play is that while they are not slaves to theatrical tradition yet they have fallen under the spell of the theatre. They realize that the playwright may be theatrical without being damned. They see and feel in terms of the theatre. It is the bane of nearly all attempts to write plays about past times that the effort to reproduce the atmosphere stifles reality. There is no such defect in "Milestones." The externals are there, but the essential spirit is behind them. Throughout there is a fineness of touch and subtlety of tones, and the characterizations are like fine lace-work as to detail. A mighty fine play is "Milestones," and a mighty fine company is playing "Milestones." But notwithstanding the excellence of the company Mr. Stanley Warmington easily stands apart by his portrayal of the character of John Rhead in the three widely separated periods of that individual's existence. Here is an actor capable of producing a wide range of types. He appears as a sturdy young man, a rotund middle-aged man, a withered and decrepit old man, and so flexible does his physique appear that one cannot conceive what the real individual is like. But it is not only his genius for "make-up" that astonishes. The characteristics of the three stages of man he renders with sharpness of outline and extraordinary felicity. His may be art of illusion, but it is also the art of representation.

Gossip of the Theatre

Hofmann With the Symphony

A great big audience had occasion last week to felicitate itself upon having participated in an important historical event in the career of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. For we heard not only the magnificent Concerto (D minor) of Rubenstein but the great Josef Hofmann in the piano part. This superb composition well suited to test every capacity of an accomplished musician Hofmann played with splendor and in reverential spirit, bringing out all its wealth of nuances. Through the medium of the conductor Hofmann seemed to communicate his inspirational mood to the orchestra. The bandsmen achieved distinction in this number. It was a glorious performance. I expected to see the men of the orchestra, every one of them, from the placid looking concert master to the drummer who looks like a Christy drawing get upon their feet by way of tribute to the art of the master with whom they had the honor to play. But they didn't. Perhaps there is something in the symphony code of proprieties that forbids. Also I wondered what Hofmann thought of Beethoven as rendered by Hadley on this occasion. Certainly it lacked depth of feeling, and the sublimity that is always Beethoven's was not in it. Rehearsals are needed, if not for the letter, for the spirit. While Balzac has had few to agree with him that music can exist without execution, surely all agree that execution never made music. The orchestra redeemed itself in the last number. There was no suggestion of an anti-climax after Hofmann in the Strauss "Rondo." Hadley seems to be very happy in the Strauss technique, and the men seem to glory in the individualism it allows them. Personally I'm glad they do for I love Strauss and I must say they pictured for us the crazy pranks of Tyll Owlglass vividly. Someone once said of this that it left in its trail a whiff of sulphur and violets. No wonder the audience left the theatre electrified and liking Mr. Hadley better than ever.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

GEORGE DAMEREL

Of Merry Widow fame who will appear supported by a company of twenty in the Viennese operetta "The Knight of the Air" next week at the Orpheum.

And Still We Laugh!

This makes the third time that McIntyre and Heath have played "The Ham Tree" in San Francisco. And before that we saw the "Georgia Minstrel" stunt at least twice at the Orpheum. So this medicine to purge melancholy is far from new. Stale? Nothing of the sort! Laughter comes when McIntyre and Heath call just as readily today as it did when their fun was new to us. What other merrymakers can spring the old jokes and make us hilarious? McIntyre and Heath can. We know their show so well that we can tell offhand when the "big moments" are coming, but that does not diminish their power to extract guffaws. The laughter at the Cort this week is just as loud, just as spontaneous, just as fresh as was the laughter that good old day when the two blackface comedians first brought their trunk and their battered trombone onto the Orpheum stage. "Henry" and "Alexander" have probably made more sides ache, have cracked more funnybones than any other characters on the stage today. They have added materially to the gaiety of the nation. Mention their names and you get a smile; repeat one of their classic jokes and you are rewarded with a laugh. People go to see "The Ham Tree" again and yet again because its mirthful possibilities

seem to have no end. Perhaps when we have seen it a dozen times we shall begin to tire of it. But I am not positive on that point.

—E. F. O'D.

A Modest Actor

The best actor at the Orpheum this week is Bobby, a dog. He is the sweetest, cleanest, daintiest dog ever seen on any stage. He is also a very modest dog. You actually think of his modesty because he is so much like an actor and at the same time so unlike some actors, especially one actor who appears in the same bill with him. This actor works harder and appeals more persistently and obviously for an encore than any actor I ever saw. But Bobby, who impresses you as a dog sensible of the part he is playing, not at all like the average dog in the familiar animal act, appears to be thoroughly satisfied with the interest he legitimately awakens and the applause he gets, and when the act is over he quits like a little man. Really this Bobby is a model actor, yet he is only one of a trio of acrobats. The other two are men—the Maxine brothers—who do some wonderful things, but whose greatest achievement is what the dog does. You feel all the while that he is their dog, that they raised him, that for his manners and his accomplishments he is indebted to them, and on the dog's account you applaud the Maxines. There are some other enjoyable individuals at the Orpheum this week. The most pretentious of them is Gertrude Barnes, an exotic young woman with not an ounce of superfluous flesh and some dresses. Her act has the merit of novelty, and it wears exceedingly well. The breeziest of the new comers is W. H. Murphy in a travesty sketch called "The School of Acting." It is uproarious fun from beginning to end and the end is a scream.

—T. B.

The Ninth Symphony Concert

The ninth symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Cort next Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock sharp. Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, will be the soloist and there is every indication that the house will be a capacity one. The program, the most interesting one of the entire season, follows: Bach, Concerto No. 3, G Major, for String Orchestra; Beethoven, Concerto in D Major, for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 61, Mr. Kreisler; Sibelius, Legend from the "Kalevala," "The Swan of Tuonela"; Tartini, "Devil's Trill," accompaniment strings and harmonium, Mr. Kreisler; Smetana, Overture to "The Bartered Bride." Seats are on sale at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler and Chase and the Cort, and attention is called to the fact that seats for the tenth concert with Jean Gerardy, the great Belgian 'cellist as soloist, may also be purchased now.

The Kreisler Recitals

There will be something different in the recitals of violin music to be given by Fritz Kreisler, the great Austrian violinist, at the Cort, Sunday afternoon, February 22, at 3 o'clock and at Scottish Rite Hall, Thursday night, February 26, at 8:30 o'clock. Kreisler's great gifts and popularity make him one of the greatest artistic missionaries of the age. No violinist can bring together such audiences as his; none create greater enthusiasm. The social world has gone mad over the dance. Kreisler anticipated this tendency some years ago when he began to arrange old dance pieces for concert performance. The charm of the music as he plays them is irresistible and he is restoring a love for the old movements they used to inspire. Since Kreisler's last appearance here some six years ago, he has won recognition as the leading violinist of the world, and if he is given a reception in keeping with his excellence as an artist, the houses will be filled to overflowing. The programs which are not too "severe" follow: First recital—Suite in E Major, Bach; Grave, Friedemann Bach; Chanson Louis XIII et Pavane, Couperin; Prelude and Allegro, Pugnani; Sarabande et Allegretto, Corelli; La Chasse, Cartier; Variations, Tartini; Melody in D Minor, Gluck; Romance in A Major, Schumann; Rondo in G Major, Mozart; Caprice Viennois, Kreisler; Three Caprices, Paganini. Second recital— Sonata in D Major, Handel; Adagio and Fugue in G Minor (for violin alone), Bach; Concerto for Violin in E Minor, Op. 64, Mendelssohn; Sarabande, Sulzer; Menuetto, Pugnani; Scherzo, Dittersdorf; La Precieuse, Couperin; Fugue, Tartini; Lied Ohne Worte, Mendelssohn-Kreisler; Canzonetta Indienne, Dvorkak; Tambourin Chinois, Kreisler. Seats are on sale at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co.,

EMMA TRENTINI

The famous star of "The Firefly" at the Cort.

JOHN McCORMACK

The noted tenor who will give concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, February 15, Tuesday evening, February 17, and Sunday afternoon, February 22, and at Ye Liberty, Oakland Thursday night, February 19.

Kohler & Chase and the Cort; prices 75c to $2.00, box and loge seats $2.50.

Milestones" Another Week

"Milestones" at the Columbia is one of the most notable hits of the season. The second and last week of the engagement will see the playhouse crowded to the doors. The final performance takes place Saturday night, February 21, the company leaving for Los Angeles, the only other city in this State to see the production this season. The De Koven Opera Company, under the direction of Daniel V. Arthur, will present the celebrated light opera classic, "Robin Hood," at the Columbia for two weeks commencing Monday night, February 23. The company numbers sixty people and has as the star of the cast Miss Bessie Abott of the Metropolitan, New York and the Grand Opera, Paris, for whom Mascagni wrote "Ysobel," and who is making her first appearance in light opera. The advance sale of seats opens next Thursday.

A Circus at the Empress

"A Day at the Circus," a miniature comedy circus that has packed Sullivan & Considine houses on its tour of the circuit, will be the headline attraction at the Empress next week. It is said to be the best imitation of a real circus ever attempted on the stage. There are clowns, ponies, dogs and many other features of the big tent. Richard Milloy and Co. will offer one of Roland West's newest and best dramatic playlets, "The Fighter and the Boss." Barton and Lovera have an act that is original in comedy and sensations. Miss Lovera is a charming woman and a splendid dancer. Joe Whitehead will introduce a carload of "squirrel food" and will show some soft shoe dancing. Katerine Klare is a human thrush from whose throat come the sweet songs of old Ireland. Sylvester, the Talkative Trickster, will prove a delightful item. He has several new tricks. The Essanceescope showing the world's best photo-plays, rounds out the bill.

John McCormack's Concerts

With his voice more beautiful and sympathetic than ever and with his art more perfect and mellow, John McCormack, the young Irish tenor who at the age of twenty-five divided the honors at the world's leading opera houses with such stars as Melba, Tetrazzini and Mary Garden, will return for a series of three concerts, the first of which will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. McCormack is today the greatest living lyric tenor and as a concert artist he is as beloved as Schumann-Heink or Mischa Elman. There is a certain personal charm about these three artists that make them pre-eminent in the hearts of the public. The accompanist will be Vincent O'Brien, the head organist and choir-master of St. Mary's Cathedral in Dublin who first "discovered" the genius of the young tenor and gave him his first instructions. Duncan Macbeath, a Scotch-Irish violinist, will be the assisting artist. McCormack's numbers include the Recitative and Aria from Handel's "Jeptha," the Aria from the French opera "Fortunio" by Messager, the "Finale" of Act III of Leoncavallo's "La Boheme," Schumann's "Intermezzo," Hue's J'ai Pleure en Reve" and Allitsen's impressive "The Lord is My Light" which no one living sings like John McCormack. Then for those who love the old Irish melodies he will sing "She Moved Thru the Fair," "A Lagan Love Song," "Kathleen Mavourneen" and of course no McCormack audience will be satisfied without "I Hear You Calling Me," "Mother Machree" and "Acushla" as extras. Mr Macbeath's violin numbers will include the "Adagio," Ries; "Minuet," Beethoven; "Meditation," Massenet; and "La Precieuse," Kreisler-Couperin. The second concert will be given Tuesday night, February 17, when the star will sing the Aria "Ah Moon of My Delight" from Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden," "Du bist wie eine Blume," Schumann, "Meine Liebe ist Gruen," Brahms, "Pleading," Elgar, by special request "Mother O' Mine" by Tours and a number of other splendid works, one of which is a song by Mischa Elman the violinist. The group of Irish works will include "Down by the Sally Gardens," "In Fanaid's Grove," "The Next Market Day" and "She Moved Thru the Fair." The farewell concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, February 22. In Oakland McCormack will repeat the glorious opening program next Thursday night, February 19 at Ye Liberty Playhouse at 8:15 p. m.

FRITZ KREISLER'S $20,000 GUARNERIUS

MARY GARDEN

Coming back to the Tivoli Opera House with the Chicago Opera Company.

Gerardy, "King of the 'Cello"

The next atttraction to be offered by Manager Will. L. Greenbaum will be Jean Gerardy, the famous violoncello virtuoso who will give three concerts here during the week commencing Sunday, March 8 and who will have the assistance of Gabriel Ysaye, the young Belgian violinist whose playing made a deep impression here when he appeared with his illustrious father last season. Gerardy is one of the only three violoncello soloists who have won world-renown during the past decade and as a brilliant and sympathetic soloist he is without a peer. The Gerardy tone is as charming, sympathetic and warm as is the Mischa Elman tone and this means no little; both of these artists make their instruments veritably sing. After the Gerardy events Manager Greenbaum will give way to the season of grand opera at the Tivoli, resuming his concert season about the middle of April. We are promised Mischa Elman, "the Caruso of the Violin" and the splendid "Flonzaley Quartet" which Josef Hofmann told Mr. Greenbaum he considered the finest permanent musical organization in the world.

"Winter's Tale" on Films

Another double bill will be presented at the Tivoli next week and from the subjects chosen it should prove the best drawing card yet offered

JEAN GAUNTIER

Who will appear in "A Daughter of Old Ireland" at the Tivoli.

[illegible]

The Grand Opera Plans

[illegible] the wonderful business. This lady, who is acknowledged to be the world's greatest soprano, will make her first appearance in San Francisco singing the title role in Verdi's "Aida" on the night of March 2. Her first appearance in San Francisco in "Lucia" has created [illegible] in the community. There will follow Opera performances [illegible] given by the very best [illegible] Chicago Grand Opera Company, of which Cleofonte Campanini is general manager and general musical director. This is not only an organization of the very first class, but includes in its roll of singers some of the most famous names of the opera and a thousand [illegible] by comparison. Its repertoire will be sung in French, Italian and German and [illegible] will be sung "all of [illegible] that have gained fulfillment in humanity's long struggle in Europe and the United States." The sale of season tickets began on Tuesday morning at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s with an immense demand, and will continue at the same place until Saturday evening, March 7, and the sale of seats for single performances will begin Monday morning, March 9. Mail orders for season tickets will be received and filled now, and mail orders for one or more performance will be received and filled in the order of their receipt as near the desired location as possible, after the close of the season sale and before the opening of the single sale. Special attention will be paid to out of town patrons and all communications should be directed to and checks made payable to W. H. Leahy, manager of the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco. The season, for which reduced rates are made to purchasers, includes twelve operas and season subscribers will be entitled to reserve for any of the four performances outside of the season, at the subscription price, before the sale of single seats begins. Full information concerning the repertoire, artists and prices can be obtained at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s

Tetrazzini Coming

Luisa Tetrazzini is not singing in grand opera this year, but is enjoying the most successful concert tour of her brilliant career under the direction of her friend and manager of many years, Alex W. G. Leahy. Her appearances in the principal cities of the East have been the occasions for veritable ovations and after her last concert in the New York Hippodrome a week ago Sunday night, Mr. Leahy wired his secretary, Harry Campbell, that the receipts reached the generous figure of $11,200. The next day a New York critic said: "Her voice improved with each season. It is now more liquid, warmer in the lower register and sonorous in the forte. The perfection of her technic exhibits itself in her wonderful legato, that ardently desired trait of singers, and in her exquisite [illegible] which [illegible] as well as accurate, swift and [illegible] every note in her register. Encores followed every selection and vehement applause greeted her every appearance." Mme. Tetrazzini is [illegible] westward and will give only two concerts at the Tivoli, Thursday evening, March 5, and Saturday afternoon, March 7. Seats will range from one to three dollars and will be ready at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s Friday morning, February 27.

The White Slavery Films

"Traffic in Souls," the wonderful photo-drama founded upon the Rockefeller white slavery investigation, will enter upon the fourth and final week in this city at the Savoy Sunday afternoon, having been witnessed by throngs of well satisfied patrons. It is the most remarkable "movie" ever shown in San Francisco. It is big in many ways—in its staging, in the scope of the play, in the moral lesson it teaches. The performances are continuous, beginning at one o'clock and continuing until eleven in the evening. "The Crime of the Law," a powerful drama of penological problems by Rachel Marshall, author of "The Traffic," will begin a limited engagement at the Savoy February 22, with a strong company of capable players.

Viennese Operetta at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces an exceptionally fine bill for next week with six entirely new acts. George Damerel who made such a hit as Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow," with the assistance of a company of twenty, will present for the first time in this city the successful Viennese operetta "The Knight of the Air" which is still packing the houses in Europe. It is adapted from the Viennese of Leo Stein, one of the authors of "The Merry Widow," and Felix Dörbach and the music is by the celebrated German composer Hermann Dostal. During his recent visit to Vienna Morris Rosenfeld Jr., President of the Orpheum Circuit, witnessed the performance of "The Knight of the Air" and was so taken with it that he immediately purchased the American rights. Leo Carrillo, a Californian boy who has [illegible] himself at the head of his career as a monologist [illegible] in this city and is generally accepted as one of the best entertainers in vaudeville, will delight with his inimitable Chinese and Italian dialect stories and monologs. Louis Dacre will exhibit his powers as a hypnotist and mentalist. "The [illegible]" Adam Lidy who won great popularity in bicycling pastimes, and his assistants of a number [illegible] company, will present a skit called "Lively Collegians." Chick Sale in a [illegible] and brilliant impersonations. Sidney Phillips will

[illegible] Photo by [illegible] in [illegible] Scene, [illegible] in San Souci, [illegible] Angeles, at the Lyceum Theatre

SCENE FROM "TRAFFIC IN SOULS"
The [illegible] photo-play at the Savoy Theatre

sing. His list includes "Mother Machree" and "I Hear You Calling." Next week will be the last of Maxine Brothers and their fox terrier. It will also conclude the successful engagement of Gertrude Barnes whose costumes have created quite a sensation. Miss Barnes will sing all new songs.

Mack's Farewell

Andrew Mack will say farewell to local theatre-goers next week when he will offer at the Alcazar, for the first time in San Francisco, his splendid play of American military life, "The Bold Soger Boy," from the pen of Theodore Burt Sayre who also furnished Mack's other highly successful dramatic vehicle, "Tom Moore." The scenes of "Soger Boy" are laid at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, and the story is a charming and delightfully human one, replete with stirring dramatic and love situations and many amusing and humorous comedy scenes. Mack will sing several melodious compositions of his own together with some of the sweet old ballads of the Emerald Isle. In the long cast of characters he will have the excellent support of Louise Hamilton, Annie Mack Berlein, Louise Brownell, A. Burt Wesner, J. Frank Burke, V. T. Henderson, W. J. Townshend, Edmond S. Lowe, Ralph Bell, Edward McCormick, Frank Wyman, David W. Butler and S. A. Burton. The production will be an elaborate and complete one. The farewell appearance of the Celtic star will be made on Sunday night, February 22. Following his engagement comes a most extraordinary attraction in the person of the little society dancer Mrs. Douglas Crane who will make her first appearance at the Alcazar in the first production on any stage of Louise Closser Hale's sensational dramatic and dancing role of Missy. She will be supported by the full strength of the Alcazar company, by Frank Elliott, the young English actor who was brought to this country by Charles Frohman as leading man for Blanche Bates, and by Howard Hickman, an old Alcazar favorite who will return to the cast in this production. Several other equally prominent players have been engaged. The sale of seats for Mrs. Crane's engagement will open on Monday morning, February 16 and the first performance will be given at the Monday matinee, (Washington's Birthday), February 23.

"The Firefly" at the Cort

To all lovers of good music, the presentation of Mlle. Emma Trentini in Arthur Hammerstein's latest contribution, "The Firefly," is a revelation of what a composer of artistic music can accomplish in lifting an operatic organization above the plane of commonplace musical comedy. "The Firefly" proves that beautiful and lasting music and clean and clever humor belong in the arrangement of an operatic attraction. Mlle. Trentini will be seen in the pleasing and effective role of a little Italian street singer. Otto Hauerbach has provided the story and Rudolf Friml the entrancing musical setting. It opens at the Cort Sunday for an engagement of two weeks.

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HERE'S ONE FOR THE KIDDIES
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The World's Wisest Mule
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A Merry Wag with a Bunch of Squirrel Food

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Violinist. The most fascinating figure in the world of music, whose supreme attributes, intellectual, technical, interpretative, temperamental, give him a special place among the greatest artists of all time.

GERARDY Belgian 'Cellist Friday, March 13 Soloist 10th Concert

SEATS 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. Box and Loge Seats, $3.00. Ready now at box offices Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

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KREISLER
The World's Greatest Master of Violin Playing Will Reveal the Full Measure of His Beautiful Art in
TWO VIOLIN RECITALS
At the
CORT—SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 3 P. M.
SCOTTISH RITE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 8:30 P. M.
Tickets, 75c to $2.00. Box and Loge Seats, $2.50. At usual places now.

JOHN
McCORMACK
The Great Irish Tenor
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 15th at 2:30
NEXT TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 17th and
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 22nd
Tickets, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's. Sunday at Hall.

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NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT, FEB. 19th at 8:15
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Last Time Saturday Night—McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree"
BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 15th
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Arthur Hammerstein Presents
EMMA
TRENTINI
In the New Comedy Opera
"THE FIREFLY"
Ensemble of 60. Orchestra of 25
Night and Saturday Matinee Prices, 50c to $2
NOTE—Rosemarie Blain will sing the leading role at the Wednesday matinee when the prices will be 25c to $1.00.

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The Most Widely Discussed Motion Picture Ever Produced
ALL SEATS 25c
Com. February 22—"THE CRIME OF THE LAW"

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Commencing Monday Night, February 16th
Matinees, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
FAREWELL WEEK OF
The Distinguished Irish Actor
ANDREW MACK
Supported by His Own Company and the Alcazar Players in the First Production in this City of Theodore Burt Sayre's Splendid Dramatic Play
"THE BOLD SOGER BOY"
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c
Next Week—Announcement Extraordinary!
MRS. DOUGLAS CRANE in a New Play
"HER SOUL AND HER BODY"
Opening Washington's Birthday Matinee, February 23rd

TIVOLI EDDY STREET NEAR MARKET TURNER & DAHNKEN CIRCUIT
Photo-Plays de Luxe
Today—Last Times of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Vagabond Soldier"
Starting Sunday:—Another Big Double Bill
Shakespeare's
WINTER'S TALE
A Masterpiece by Milano, and
A DAUGHTER OF OLD IRELAND
A Romantic Story of the Emerald Isle
Continuous, 12 M. to 11 P. M., Daily
Matinee, 10c; Evenings, 10c and 20c

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A GREAT NEW SHOW
MR. GEORGE DAMEREL of Merry Widow Fame and Company in the Viennese Operetta "The Knight of the Air" by Leo Stein and Bela Jenbach. Music by Herman Dostal; CHICK SALE, Humorous Impersonator of Rural Character Studies; LEO CARRILLO, Dialect Stories and Mimicry; LOUIS HARDT, the Gentleman Athlete in "As in a Dream"; ANNA LEHR & CO. in a dramatic playlet "Little California"; SIDNEY H. PHILLIPS in Songs with Willie White at the Piano; MAXINE BROTHERS and BOBBY; WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS. Last Week of "That Wonderful Girl" GERTRUDE BARNES. New Songs.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

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Second and Last Week Begins Monday, February 16th
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Klaw and Erlanger Present the Dramatic Masterpiece
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Direction of Joseph Brooks
Wednesday Matinee at Special Prices, 25c to $1.50
Monday, January 23 BESSIE ABOTT in "Robin Hood"

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Manipulation by professional operators played no part in the general rise in stocks and bonds that accompanied the decline in rates for money last week. Many professional operators sold stocks early in the week because they felt sure the market was in for a "healthy reaction." They were so confident of this that they sold stocks short to an enormous extent and this made the market technically strong. The market had done so well and looked so strong early in the week that it seemed too good to be true and lasting. The rise in prices has not been too indiscriminate, however, and the very fact that pronounced weakness developed in the Rock Island issues and some of the minor industrials proved that speculation had not run mad. Those who doubt the soundness of the situation should look beyond New York and note the rise in British consols from the lowest point they have touched in December, to the current quotations, within two months. French rentes have also gone up and all sorts of shares dealt in on the London stock exchange and the Continental houses have shown quite as much improvement as have those with which New York is familiar. Money has been growing easier week by week, but it seems probable that discount rates are near the bottom. In a sense they are low enough and further declines, if long sustained, would indicate that credits are restricted. After advancing sharply early in the week the stock market became reactionary on Thursday, and the bears thought their "healthy reaction" was at hand. A quick rise in the copper shares started another covering movement and the market turned strong again only to give way when the Rock Island issues upset the market by declining to the lowest point reached in years. New York Central was also a bad actor. Hope prevails in industrial circles and the snarls and moans of the calamity howlers are drowned out by the roar of the blast furnaces and the rattle of the looms and other machinery of manufacturing all over the country. Nobody believes that President Wilson will permit Congress to check the general improvement in business for it is upon results that the Federal Administration must rely for support in election campaigns to come. Stocks should be bought on all the bear drives as the underlying conditions are sound and will ultimately give us a higher market.

Wheat—The wheat market ruled rather heavy early in the week but turned strong later in the week and made the highest prices on this move on Saturday. World's shipments have been very moderate; advices from Liverpool claim that Australia will have less wheat for export this year than last, and with the big decrease in Argentine surplus it would seem now as if North America would be required to furnish a large proportion of Europe's necessities for the coming year. This however need cause no uneasiness in any quarter, as without material damage to the prospective winter wheat crop the United States can fill up a great many holes from deficiencies of other countries. The cold wave had some effect on prices, as well as the light Northwestern receipts, although there is very little wheat being sold for export, or to domestic millers. The Chicago market is so much out of line based on the Southwestern markets that a good deal of wheat has been sold to arrive at Chicago from Kansas City and Omaha. This should have a bearish effect on the Chicago price next week. The market however is a very narrow affair and until the crop scare period arrives there will be nothing but a scalp in it either way.

Corn—Corn was both weak and strong at times. The discouraging feature to the bulls is the fact that the cash demand is not very active. Southwestern markets were again quite heavy, feeders being pretty well supplied, and the East has not got to the point where additional supplies are needed. There was quite a little selling by the old bear crowd and it created a bearish feeling amongst the trade, with the result that the market becomes oversold and rallies very easily. Receipts are moderate and unless a better demand springs up prices will undoubtedly go lower.

Cotton—Of late the statistical position of cotton has been transformed from a bullish to a bearish situation. In December the visible supply of American cotton was about 750,000 bales smaller than it was at the corresponding time last year. Today it is about the same as one year ago and indications are that it will be larger than last year by the end of the month. In the meantime the visible supply of foreign cotton has held the big increases over last year's holdings, and the result is that the world's visible is now the largest on record for this time of year. During the past week the world's visible supply of American cotton increased relatively compared with last year's variations, 203,000 bales and the relative increase for the week of foreign cottons compared with one year ago is 70,000 bales, making a total relative increase of all kinds for the week of 273,000 bales compared with one year ago. These developments were made possible by the large movement of American and foreign cottons to market during the past week, and the smaller spinners' takings of American for the period compared with the corresponding period of last year. The south marketed 380,000 bales during the past week against 257,000 bales last year and the Bombay movement for the week was 145,000 bales versus 84,000 one year ago. Under ordinary conditions such a showing would have a very depressing influence on the market, especially with cotton selling in the neighborhood of 12¾ cents at the ports. It is possible therefore that the statistical showing this week will make an unfavorable impression on the trade at large, and the chances are that prices will seek a lower level for the time being. If we should get a further break to, say, 1150 for the May option, we believe cotton can be bought at this figure as conditions change from time to time and the futures are selling at such a big discount under the spot prices that there will have to be a readjustment soon.

They were sitting side by side on the sofa when the young author said: "Yes, I have a new volume in the press."

"How I envy that volume," said the roguish girl, blushing.

When he saw the point they were both very happy.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAURICE HAYES, Deceased—No. 15,132; Department 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Maurice Hayes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, 901-905 Hearst Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Maurice Hayes, deceased.

CATHERINE TIETJEN,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

PAUL T. FRATESSA, Attorney for Executrix,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORA CATHERINE STONE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within nine (9) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Minnie F. Goodwin at the office of Stafford and Stafford, H. I. Stafford, Rooms 504-518 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Dora Catherine Stone, deceased.

MINNIE F. GOODWIN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Dora Catherine Stone, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 17, 1914.

STAFFORD and STAFFORD,
H. I. STAFFORD, ROLAND BECSEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
504-518 Grant Bldg., 1095 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

C. C. P. Secs. 1490—1492

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Estate of J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, sometimes known as J. C. Franks, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at Room 1051 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, January 24, A. D. 1914.

FRED. C. FRANKS,
Administrator.

JOHN T. CAREY, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 1051 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-24-5

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ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,859; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET RYAN, Deceased.

BRIDGET KILKENNY, as Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Margaret Ryan, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 16th day of February, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department number Ten, probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell all the real estate of the said decedent as set forth and described in said petition to which reference is hereby had and made.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, January 8, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attorneys for Petitioner,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-17-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO DETERMINE HEIRSHIP

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,449; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

CITATION

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To ALICE M. COWELL and ALEXANDER F. MORRISON, executors of the last will and testament of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, ALICE M. COWELL, THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, a corporation, FRANK TRALAGO, JOHN MINKEL, LAWRENCE MANEY, JAMES RIORDAN, FRITZ PALM, THOMAS BYRNE, F. A. LANCE, J. VALENTE, FRANK CALDERA, MARTIN RODEREIGUEZ, PAOLA MARAKI, JOE BENATE, BERNARDO RICCO, RUDOLPH LABISH, MANUEL S. CALDERA, JOE JUAREZ, PETER MARTELLI, and LILLIAN A. HOWARD, F. A. PALMER, HENRY WILLEY, C. S. PRICE, J. W. LINSCOTT and G. A. BOND, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and any and all other persons interested, or claiming any interest, in the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, whether known or unknown and whether named herein or not.

GREETING:

BY ORDER OF THIS COURT, You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Judge of this Court, at the court room of Department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 2nd day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why this Court should not ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, and all interests therein and to whom distribution should be made, and then and there to appear and exhibit to the above entitled Court your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate.

The name of said deceased was Ernest V. Cowell;

The names of the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased are Alexander F. Morrison and Alice M. Cowell;

The names of all persons who have appeared in the course of the administration of said estate up to the time of making the order for the issuance of this citation, claiming any interest in said estate are as follows: Alice M. Cowell, The Regents of the University of California, a corporation, Frank Tralago, John Minkel, Lawrence Maney, James Riordan, Fritz Palm, Thomas Byrne, F. A. Lance, J. Valente, Frank Caldera, Martin Rodereiguez, Paola Maraki, Joe Benate, Bernardo Ricco, Rudolph Labish, Manuel, S. Caldera, Joe Juarez, Peter Martelli, and Lillian A. Howard, F. A. Palmer, Henry Willey, C. S. Price, J. W. Linscott, and G. A. Bond, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell;

And the real estate of which said decedent died seized or possessed, so far as known, is described as follows:

REAL ESTATE

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

1. A parcel of land in the City of Oakland, commencing at a point on the westerly line of Linden Street, distant thereon 222 feet and 3 inches southerly from the southerly line of 21st Street; thence southerly along the said line of Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence westerly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet; thence northerly parallel with Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence easterly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 16, Block "B", Survey of the Northern Extension of Oakland.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Haywards, known as Lot. No. 13 of the "Lawrence Tract, Haywards, Alameda County, State of California," said lot being 50 feet by 100 feet.

IN THE COUNTY OF MARIN

Beginning at a stake driven in the southerly line of First Street in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, at a point 503 feet and 7 inches westerly from the northeasterly corner of a lot conveyed by J. O. B. Short and Jacob Short to E. Schwiezen by deed dated March 9th, 1869, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of said County of Marin, in Volume "H" of Deeds, at page 225; thence southerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with the said First Street 150 feet; thence northerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet to the southerly line of the said First Street; and thence easterly along the southerly line of said First Street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 4, of Block. No. 3, in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, as surveyed by Hiram Austin, Civil Engineer.

IN THE COUNTY OF MERCED

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19; the south half of the southwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and Lots 3 and 4 of section 28; the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of section 29; the north half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2 and lot 8 of the southeast quarter, all in section 30; the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 31; Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in the northwest quarter of section 32; and Swamp and Overflowed Land Surveys No. 34 in sections 29 and 30, containing 20-69/100 acres; No. 29 in sections 29 and 32, containing 47-26/100 acres, and Nos. 45, 87, 88, 376, and 378, in sections 28, 30 and 32—all in township 5 south, range 13 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of the Gabilan Creek, near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the Official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence north 14° west 13 chains along the boundary of the Rancho Los Vergeles to stake-V-No. 1 on the United States Official Survey of la Natividad Rancho; thence south 35° west 21.40 chains along the boundary of Natividad Rancho to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 56° east 17:50 chains to a stake in the bed of Gabilan Creek, marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 3° 15′ east 14.55 chains up Gabilan Creek to the place of beginning, containing 21.46 acres.

Being lot 1 of the partition of La Natividad Rancho made and entered on April 18th, 1865, on the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson, et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al., and being also a fractional portion of section 26, township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of Gabilan Creek near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence south 3° 15′ west 14.55 chains to a stake marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 56° west 17.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 35° west along the west line of Rancho La Natividad 14 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 56° east 25.06 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;" in the bed of Gabilan Creek; thence south 35° west 32.22 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 70° east, crossing the Gabilan Creek 24.32 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH;"; thence north 88° 45′ east 144.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; V; JH;" in the bed of the Gabilan Creek; thence north 8° 45′ west 8 chains to station No. 14 of the official map of the Rancho La Natividad; thence north 3° west 13 chains to station No. 15 of said map; thence north 36° west 8 chains to station No .16 of said map; thence north 53° 16′ west 17 chains to station No. 17 of said map; thence north 21° 16′ west 11 chains to station No. 18 of said map; thence north 8° 45′ east 8 chains to station No. 19 of said map; thence north 37° west 33 chains to station No. 20 of said map; thence north 18° west 25.50 chains to station No. 21 of said map; thence north 53° 15′ west 28.70 chains to station No. 22 of said map; thence south 57° 15′ west 19.40 chains to station No. 23 of said map; thence south 15° west 3.33 chains to station No. 24 of said map; thence south 65° 15′ west 27.37 chains to station No. 25 of said map; thence south 48° west 16 chains to station No. 26 of said map; thence south 50° 30′ west 20 chains to station No. 27 of said map; thence south 17° west 11 chains to station No. 28 of said map; being the place of beginning—containing 1363.80 acres.

Being Lot No. 2, as the same is delineated and so de signated on the Map of Commissioners to make partition of La Natividad Rancho in partition proceedings which were entered among the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al.; and being also fractional portions of sections 24, 25, 35 and 36 in township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.; and sections 30 and 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the Gabilan Creek where the northern line of the Gabilan Rancho and J. W. Patton's northern line on the Natividad Rancho join; thence running south 88° 45′ west to the southeasterly corner of the farm now or formerly owned by August Johnson; thence along a picket fence which is or was the eastern boundary of said Johnson's farm northerly to the land formerly owned by James Houston and later by Henry Cowell; thence along said Cowell's line north 88° 45′ east to the Gabilan Creek; thence along the middle of said Creek to the place of beginning, containing about 50 acres. Being a part of the Natividad Rancho and known as Lot 18 as per the County Map of the County of Monterey made by St. John Cox and Fehy in 1877, being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. BEGINNING at the most southern corner of the Los Vergeles Rancho in the center of Gabilan Creek, thence along the boundary line between said Rancho and the Rancho Cienega del Gabilan, north 45° east 14.78 chains to a post in the corner of Lot 2 of Natividad Rancho; thence leaving said Rancho boundary north 45° 30′ west 16.50 chains to a cottonwood tree 18 inches in diameter marked "LVI"; thence south 56° west 1.10 chains to the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek, from which a willow tree 10 inches in diameter bears north 56° east 10 links distant; thence meandering up the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek and along the boundary of said Rancho Los Vergeles southerly to the place of beginning, containing 11.10 acres. Being designated upon the map which accompanies the decree of the District Court of the Twentieth Judicial District of the State of California, entered on the 21st day of July, 1875, in the case of Arabella A. Stokes et al. vs. Josephine Winterburn et al., as Lot 6, the same being a portion of the Rancho Los Vergeles, and being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

1. Lots Nos. 1 and 2, of section 6, township 8 north, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at the northeast corner of the Merkley Ranch at a redwood stake set on the east bank of the Sacramento River, which stake is south 79° 45′ west from an oak tree 2½ feet in diameter, standing at the southern extremity of the Half Way House buildings, and running thence north 79° 45′ east 4.20 chains; thence south 71° 15′ east 2.49 chains to the north side of an oak tree 18″ in diameter (Blazed); thence south 69° 30′ east 6.11 chains to an oak tree 8″ in diameter (blazed); thence south 71° 15′ east 9.61 chains to the end of an old ditch; thence south 74° 30′ east 3.77 chains to back fence; thence north 2° 30′ east along fence 10 chains to fence; thence south 2° 30′ west 2.62 chains from south line of 10-acre tracts; thence north 50° west along fence 7.74 chains to corner; thence along fence south 86° west 5.29 chains to corner of board fence; thence north 89° west along board fence 12.17 chains to corner of fence on east side of road; thence south 79° 45′ west at 0.67 chains on top of levee continue same course, in all 7.60 chains, to the Sacramento River; thence with the east bank of said River down stream to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being part of section 11, township 8 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southwesterly line of Main Street, distant thereon 137 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence southesaterly parallel with Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence northeasterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 694 and 703.

2. COMMENCING at the intersection of the northwesterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches to the northwesterly line of Mission Street; thence northeasterly along said line of Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

3. COMMENCINB at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon 97 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the intersection of said line of Spear Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 40 feet; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 40 feet; thence northeasterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the said southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

4. COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Clay Street with the easterly line of Sansome Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Clay Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence northerly parallel with Sansome Street 122 feet to the southerly line of Merchant Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Merchant Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the easterly line of Sansome Street; thence southerly along said easterly line of Sansome Street 122 feet to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 130, 131 and part of No. 132.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN JOAQUIN

1. BEGINNING at a point 8.65 chains west from the east boundary line, and 50 links north from the south boundary line of section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 31.85 chains; thence south 33.82 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 64.55 chains; thence north 15.35 chains; thence west 8 chains to the left bank of the Mokelumne River; thence along said left bank following its meanderings upstream to a point which would be intersected by a line running parallel with and 5.63 chains north from the township line between townships 4 and 5 north; thence east on said imagined line 16 chains; thence south 1.78 chains; thence east 50.40 chains; thence north 16.78 chains; thence east 36.86 chains to a post; thence south 20.13 chains to the point of beginning, containing 326.84 acres. Being portions of section 1, township 4 north, range 4 east; section 36, township 5 north, range 4 east; section 6, township 4 north, range 5 east; and section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, all M. D. B. & M.

2. All of those certain lots in the City of Stockton known and designated as Lots Nos. 5 and 8, and portions of Lots Nos. 1, 3, 7, 13 and 14, all in Block No. 64 east of Center Street, according to the map and survey of the said City of Stockton, commencing for the same at a point on the south line of Channel Street, in said City of Stockton, 75 feet easterly from the southeast corner of the intersection of Hunter Street and Channel Street; running thence easterly along the south line of Channel Street 85 feet; thence at right angles southerly 150 feet to the north line of said Lot 8; thence at right angles easterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the north line of Weber Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Weber Avenue 50 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the northwest corner of said Lot 8; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Lot 6 of said Block 64, 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet to the east line of said Hunter Street; thence at right angles northerly along said east line of Hunter Street 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 75 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet to the point of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the northwest corner of the tract assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence along the Coast north 20° 15′ west 14.40 chains; thence north 74° west 11 chains; thence north 40° 15′ west 10 chains; thence north 34° 15′ west 20 chains; thence north 43° 45′ west 25 chains; thence north 4° west 20 chains; thence leaving the Coast north 28° 30′ east 101.78 chains; thence south 81° 15′ east 30.90 chains; thence south 8° 20′ east 30.17 chains; thence south 84° 35′ east 190.65 chains to a point in the southeast boundary line of the official survey of said Rancho; thence on and along said line south 4° east 47.60 chains to the northeast corner of the tract assigned by the Referees aforesaid to Josefa de Haro Denniston; thence following the line of said tract north 84° 35′ west 84 chains; thence south 25° 30′ west 95 chains to the place of beginning; containing 1815.12 acres; said tract having been assigned to Augustine Guerrero by the Referees aforesaid and being marked No. 2 on the map of said partition. EXCEPTING all that parcel being a portion of the above described premises bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on a bluff on the Pacific Ocean, being the southwesterly corner of a tract of land now or formerly belonging to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence north 25° 30′ east 62.86 chains; thence north 56° 15′ west 38.93 chains to a stake in the line of fence; thence following said fence north 64° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 29° west 0.76 chains; thence north 23° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 16° west 0.76 chains; thence north 8° 30′ west 3.72 chains; thence north 28° west 7.02 chains; thence north 36° 30′ west 7.70 chains to the line of land now or formerly belonging to Victoriano Guerrero; thence following said line south 28° 30′ west 45.27 chains to a stake on the bluff bank of the Pacific Ocean; thence following said bluff bank south 20° east 5.62 chains; thence south 4° west 2.27 chains; thence south 12° 15′ east 4.54 chains; thence south 17° 45′ east 5.65 chains; thence south 37° 45′ east 1.75 chains; thence south 83° east 0.91 chains; thence 37° east 10.60 chains; thence south 54° 15′ east 4.45 chains; thence south 46° east 4.55 chains; thence south 69° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 6° east 3.41 chains; thence south 37° 30′ east 1.55 chains; thence south 4° 30′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 19° 15′ east 7 chains; thence south 41° 30′ east 7.21 chains; thence south 61° east 3.85 chains; thence south 60° east 3.33 chains; thence south 87° 30′ east 2.73 chains; thence south 63° east 4.55 chains; thence south 58° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 46° 30′ east 3.48 chains; thence south 30° 20′ east 9.17 chains to the point of beginning, containing 430.72 acres.

2. COMMENCING at the northwest corner of that portion of the Rancho El Corral del Tierre (Palomares) bordering on the Ocean, assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence south 25° 30′ west 14.24 chains; thence south 64° 30′ east 16,23 chains to Denniston Creek; thence north 10° 30′ west 11 chains; thence north 22° west 2.55 chains; thence north 12° 15′ east 3 chains; thence north 27° east 1.50 chains; thence north 13° 30′ west 2.20 chains; thence north 84° 35′ west 7 chains to the point of commencement, containing 16.92 acres.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the County Road forming the easterly boundary line of the large tract of land owned by Owen McMahon, deceased, at the time of his death, at the easterly corner of the tract of land conveyed to Elizabeth Owen McMahon by Elizabeth Catherine Hamlin, Ellen Maria Barry and Margaret Anna Lennon by deed dated February 25th, 1892, and running thence south 42° 36′ west 35.15 chains; thence south 48° east 27.75 chains; thence north 42° 36′ east 35 chains to the County Road; and thence along the County Road to the place of beginning, containing about 108 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.39 acres conveyed by Henry Cowell to W. D. K. Gibson for right of way purposes by deed dated November 27th, 1900, and recorded in Volume 88 of Deeds, at page 207, San Mateo County Records, and also a parcel of 1 acre conveyed by Henry Cowell to Giovanni Devincenzi, by deed dated November 11th, 1901, and recorded in Volume 93 of Deeds, at page 18, San Mateo County Records.

4. Lot No. 1 of section 21, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 26.14 acres.

5. BEGINNING on the bank of the Purissima Creek at the point where the line between fractional sections 15 and 16 intersects the same, thence running north between said fractional sections 5.64 chains to a gulch; thence down said gulch south 56° 15′ east 2.80 chains to the bank of the Purissima Creek; thence down the Creek with its meanders south 60° 15′ west 3.10 chains; thence south 60° 45′ west 2.50 chains; to the place of beginning, containing about 1 acre, and being part of fractional section No. 15 in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. BEGINNING on the line between sections 16 and 21, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and at a point 16 chains east of the quarter section post in the road leading up the Creek; thence east on said line 14 chains to Purissima Creek; thence up the Creek with its meanders north 23° west 3 chains; thence north 40° 15′ east 2 chains; thence north 25° 15′ east 7.80 chains to the line between sections 15 and 16; thence along said line north 5.64 chains to Simmon's and Beckwith's corner; thence north 64° 15′ west 0.95 chains to the road; thence along the road south 15° 20′ east 2.80 chains; thence south 38° west 5 chains; thence south 18°30′ west 5.50 chains; thence south 28° 30′ west 6 chains; thence south 64° west 11 chains; thence south 60° west 5.15 chains to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres.

7. COMMENCING at a post 20 chains from the Coast Bank, running thence south 17° 30′ east 20 chains to the corner of Joseph E. Selleck's 40-acre tract; thence south 72° 30′ west 24.16 chains to edge of Coast bank; thence along said bank in a southerly direction to a corner post; thence leaving Coast and running north 72° 30′ east 54.84 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence north 72° 30′ east 29.37 chains up a ridge to head of first gulch; thence south 45° east 10.45 chains down said gulch to Lobitas Creek to an alder tree 12″ in diameter standing at the mouth of said gulch upon which tree there are three notches; thence up Lobitas Creek to mouth of Willow Gulch; thence north 30° west 33.44 chains to Selleck's corner; thence south 54° west 29.68 chains; thence south 72° 30′ west 40.62 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence south 72° 30′ west 34.15 chains to the point of beginning, containing 577 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.88 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company by deed dated September 22, 1905.

8. BEGINNING at a post on ridge standing in middle of Redwood Road of Bailord and Kinnerson, thence running north 31° 30′ east 4.50 chains to a post; thence south 78° 30′ east 8.25 chains; thence south 65° east 5.50 chains to Lobitas Creek to a redwood tree 48″ in diameter, marked with 3 notches, on right bank of said Creek; thence down said Creek south 48° west 3.75 chains; thence south 35° west 5.74 chains; thence south 48° west 6.50 chains to a redwood tree 24″ in diameter standing on the right bank of the Creek at the mouth of the gulch; thence up the gulch north 57° west 9 chains; thence north 38° west 4.73 chains to a post; thence north 31° 30′ east to the place of beginning, containing 19.50 acres, being a portion of the Rancho Canada Verdey Arroyo de las Purissima.

9. Lot No. 1, and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 8, and the fractional sections 16 and 17, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing together 935.92 acres; all that portion of Lot No. 1, of section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., situated north of the County Road leading from Purissima House up Purissima Creek and containing 2½ acres, more or less; Lot No. 2, in section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 20.91 acres.

EXCEPTING, however, from the foregoing lots or parcels of land the following lots or parcels:

(1) A parcel of 2.79 acres, being a portion of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to William Buzzell by deed dated April 13, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 39, San Mateo County Records.

(2) A parcel of 10 acres, being a portion of fractional section 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Patrick Flyn by deed dated October 17, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 148, San Mateo County Records.

(3) A parcel of 36.16 acres, being a part of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to W. A. Simmons and J. S. Blackwell by deed dated April 13, 1864 and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 425.

(4) The right to use and possess a certain spring of water conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Silas Hovious by deed dated October 12, 1861, and recorded in Volume 2 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 41, San Mateo County Records.

(5) A parcel of 50 acres, being a fractional portion of sections 16 and 17, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to George Duncan by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 497, San Mateo County Records.

(6) A parcel of 13.22 acres, being a fractional portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to R. H. Hatch, by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 108, San Mateo County Records.

(7) A parcel of 5 acres, being a portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to Silas Hovious by deed dated February 3, 1868, and recorded in Volume 8 of Deeds, at page 346, San Mateo County Records.

(8) A parcel of 5 acres, known as the "Cemetery Tract."

(9) A parcel of 5 acres, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated April 23, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 189, San Mateo County Records.

(10) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 518, San Mateo County Records.

(11) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to the trustees of the Purissima School District by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 520, San Mateo County Records.

(12) A parcel of 9.33 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company, by deed dated September 22, 1905.

10. The east portion of Lot No. 1, as per map of the J. de H. Denniston portion of the Rancho Corral de Tierra, containing about 12 acres of land.

IN THE COUNTY OF TEHAMA

BEGINNING at a point where the north line of the Wilson Tract intersects the slough or old channel of the Sacramento River, said line being known as the Bennet Line, thence following along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 15° 30′ west 12.50 chains; thence north 24° 30′ west 9.31 chains; thence north 29° 45′ west 4.37 chains; thence north 14° 30′ west 10.60 chains; thence north 28° 30′ west 14.65 chains; thence north 27° 15′ west 11.08 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 6.20 chains, from which an oak tree marked 68 and 69 bears south 40° west 0.60 chains distant; thence north 60° west 8.15 chains; thence south 77° west 5.30 chains; thence south 19° 30′ east 2.53 chains; thence south 85° west 5.27 chains; thence south 50° 30′ west 5.19 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 4.70 chains; thence north 46′ west 7.36 chains; thence north 75° west 4.20 chains; thence north 49° west 8.96 chains to the present channel of the Sacramento River; thence following down and along the east bank of the Sacramento River by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

South 32° west 8.05 chains; thence south 74° 30′ west 16.04 chains; thence south 11° 30′ west 22.50 chains; thence south 24° east 9.52 chains; thence south 36° 30′ east 3.92 chains; thence south 12° east 5.05 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 24.67 chains; thence south 66° east 22.72 chains; thence south 45°30′ east 3.30 chains; thence south 33° east 8.06 chains; thence south 28° 30′ east 3.35 chains; thence south 18° east 2.53 chains; thence south 35° 30′ east 2.75 chains; thence south 14° east 3.10 chains; thence south 1° west 2.56 chains; thence south 16° 30′ east 2.54 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 3.15 chains; thence south 7° east 5.72 chains; thence south 9° 30′ east 3.29 chains; thence south 3° 30′ east 4.74 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 2.67 chains to the old channel of the Sacramento River; thence following up and along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 37° 30′ east 2.22 chains; thence north 44° east 2.17 chains; thence north 44° east 1.94 chains; thence north 27° east 3.46 chains; htence north 29° east 2.51 chains; thence north 3° east 4.10 chains; thence north 33° west 1.83 chains; thence north 36° 15′ east 29.25 chains; thence south 49° east 3.68 chains; thence north 41° east 7.39 chains; thence north 62° east 3.88 chains; thence north 8° 30′ east 6.79 chains; thence north 17° east 4.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 589 acres, more or less, being part of the "Capay Rancho" known as "Snaden Island."

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 756 of the official surveys of the said County of Yolo, at a point a little north of west from the quarter section corner between sections 3 and 4, township 6 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., thence south 77° east along the upper line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756 20.54

chains to the back corner of Hester's 10-acre tract; thence south 13° west 2.50 chains; thence south 77° east 40 chains to a point on the west bank of the Sacramento River, 10 rods below the northeast corner of the said Swamp Land Survey No. 756, thence down the said river with its meanders south 10° 25′ west 4.64 chains; south 13° 25′ west 5.40 chains; south 30° 30′ west 12 chains; south 45° 10′ west 7.21 chains; thence leaving said river north 75° 30′ west 56.50 chains to the back line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756; thence north 19° 10′ east along said back line 28.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 167.55 acres of land.

2. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 361, 363, 897, and 985, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed lands of the County of Yolo, being portions of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. A fraction of 2.10 acres, beginning at a point at the inside base of the Sacramento River levee, about 30 feet north from the cross-levee, and running thence north 18° west, along the inside base of said levee, 151 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 216 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 49 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 980 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 80 feet; thence in a direct line to the place of beginning, being a portion of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The south half of section 9; the south half of section 10; the south half of section 12; all of section 13; the south half and the northeast quarter of section 15; all of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 19; all of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of section 22; all of section 23; all of section 24; the northwest quarter of section 28; and the northeast quarter of section 29;—all in township 8 north, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. The south half, and the northwest quarter of section 3; all of section 4; all of section 5; the northeast quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 6; the north half of section 8; the north half of section 9; the north half of section 10; and the northwest quarter of section 11;—all in township 9 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. The southeast quarter of section 31; the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section 32; the south half of section 33; and the southwest quarter of section 34; all in township 10 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

7. All of section 1; all of section 2; the east half of section 11; the north half of the south half; the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the south half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter, of section 12; and the north half of the northeast quarter of section 13; all in township 11 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

8. The west half of the northwest quarter of section 5; and the north half, and the west half of the southwest quarter of section 6; and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 7; all in township 11 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

9. All of section 25, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 118 acres; the south half, and the south half of the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 98 acres, of section 26; all of section 35; the south half, the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 104 acres, of section 36; all in township 12 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

10. All of sections 30 and 31, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 504 acres; and all of the west half of the west half of section 32, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 40 acres; all in township 12 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

1. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, designated as Lot 1, Loop and Meserve Tract, as per map recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, EXCEPTING that part included in the right of way of the Southern Pacific Company.

2. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, being part of the "Sycamore Tract," as shown o nthe map of the land partitioned by Loop and Meserve, recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 16 as shown on said Map, thence south along the west line of said Lot 16 and the prolongation thereof 25.92 chains; thence north 68° 45′ west 12 chains; thence north 15° east 21.78 chains; thence east 6 chains, more or less, to the place of beginning.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situate in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Lots Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, of the "O'Neil & Haley Tract," of the said City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. That portion of Swamp and Overflowed Land Survey No. 1158, described as beginning at the northwest corner of section 21, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence east 18.06 chains; thence south 65.55 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 21.62 chains to the west line of said section; thence north 53.65 chains to the place of beginning, containing 107.63 acres.

2. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as beginning at the northeast corner of section 20, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., running thence south 53.65 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 34.12 chains; thence north 59° 38′ west 13.31 chains to the center line of said section; thence north 28.21 chains; thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning, containing 162.53 acres.

3. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as the southeast quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The southwest quarter of section 16, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 337, 411, 1079, and 1160, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed Lands of the County of Yolo.

6. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1106, described as beginning at a point 16.19 chains north from the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 12.03 chains; thence north 22.21 chains; thence east 4.20 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 5.24 chains; thence south 76° east 5.16 chains; thence south 16.56 chains to the place of beginning, containing 23.59 acres.

7. Those parts of Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 333 and 277, described as beginning at a redwood post standing at the south corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 782, and situated south 43° 40′ west 41.50 chains from the Sacramento River; thence south 64° east 16.39 chains; thence south 69° east 38.67 chains; thence south 21° west 6.60 chains to the southeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 333; thence west 58.70 chains to the northeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 277; thence south 47.25 chains; thence west 13.75 chains; thence north 76° west 5.16 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 13.05 chains; thence north 59° west 5.83 chains; thence north 73° 15′ west 10.44 chains; thence south 71° 30′ west 6.33 chains; thence north 43° 40′ east 70.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing 254.32 acres.

8. Beginning at a point where the west boundary of Swamp Land Survey No. 627 is intersected by the section line dividing sections 21 and 28, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west about 90 chains to the southwest corner of section 20, same township and range; thence north about 75 chains to the back levee of Reclamation District No. 307; thence southeasterly along said levee about 115 chains to a point marking the northwest corner of said survey No. 627; thence south along the west boundary line of said survey to the place of beginning, containing about 425 acres, in Swamp Land Surveys No. 1041 and No. 1158.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

Lot Lettered "L", in Block 140, of Horton's Addition to the City of San Diego, according to the official map thereof.

All of the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA

1. A portion of that certain ranch known as the Rancho San Miguel or Rancho Arroyo de los Nueces y Golgones, the first tract being the south half of Lot 7, hill land, and containing 228 acres, and the second tract being the north two-thirds of Lot 8, hill land, containing 425.93 acres.

The following is a particular description of said tracts by metes and bounds as made on partition, for which reference is made to the map and plat of survey of partition of said Rancho now of record in the office of the County Clerk of Contra Costa County, viz.:

BEGINNING at station white oak tree marked S1-11 on the segregating line between the hill and valley lands of the San Miguel Rancho; thence north 62° 2′ east 92.16 chains to post AB; thence north 17.70 chains to post SM-23; thence south 45° west to post SM-24; thence north 48° 9′ west along the ranch boundary 93.70 chains to post TP-2; thence south 46° 45′ west 56.83 chains to post JP; thence south 68° east 6 chains to post SL-14; thence south 23° 30′ east 40.97 chains to post SL-13; thence south 67° 15′ east 10.72 chains to post SL-12; thence south 0° 45′ east 27.08 chains to the point of beginning, containing 653.93 acres, more or less.

2. That portion of the Rancho Monte del Diablo which is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at post SM-24, situated at the corner of the Rancho Monte del Diablo and San Miguel Rancho, thence north 45° east 8.85 chains to station post SM-23; thence north 6° west, leaving the Rancho boundary, 3.45 chains to station post No. 3P Co.; thence along the boundary of land now or formerly in controversy between Francisco Galindo and Josiah Sturges, north 44° 30′ west 74.90 chains to station post No. 2P Co.; and thence north 32° 45′ west 27.34 chains to station post D; thence leaving the lands in controversy above named, running south 77° 30′ west 3.59 chains to station post D-2; thence south 12° west 23.35 chains to station post TP2; thence along the boundary of the above named Ranchos south 48° 9′ east 93.70 chains to the point of beginning, containing 147.41 acres, more or less.

(The two parcels of land last above described, situated in the County of Contra Costa, are claimed by the Cowell Portland Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property, and all of the parcels of land hereinafter described are claimed by the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property.)

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF EL DORADO

1. The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8; the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 9; the southwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 20; the north half, the north half of the southwest quarter, the north half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; and the south half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22; all in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. A parcel of land in section 7, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of said section 7, and running diagonally across said quarter section along the line of a fence on land now or formerly owned by Mr. Morrison, until it intersects the quarter of quarter section line and adjoining Mr. Morrison's to the County Road; thence along the center of said road to the east line of section 7; thence along said line south to the place of beginning, containing 41-2/3 acres.

3. The Schwalm Marble Quarry Mine and Lime Kiln site, being Mineral Entry No. 723 in the Series of the United States Land Office in Sacramento, California, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 38, embracing a portion of section 8, in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Marble Valley Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California.

4. A parcel of land, being a portion of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21, and running thence due west 1320 feet to the northwest corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence due south 825 feet to the fence between the lands originally claimed by W. W. Faber and Hugh B. Taylor; thence northeasterly 1437 feet on the line of said division fence to a point on section line between sections 21 and 22, which said point is 264 feet due south from the northeast corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence 264 feet due north to the place of beginning.

5. The east half, the southwest quarter, and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 7; the northwest quarter of section 8; the east half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 18; the west half of section 29; and the east half o fthe northeast quarter of section 30; all in township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

6. The Blue Marble Quarry Mine, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 50, embracing a portion of section 7, township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Pilot Hill Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California, and containing 20.66 acres.

7. The southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF KERN

Section No. 23, in township 32 south, range 33 east, M. D. B. & M., with the exception of a strip of land 100 feet wide, lying equally on each side of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and excepted in deed of Southern Pacific Railroad Company to Henry Cowell, dated May 5, 1892, and recorded in Volume 53 of Deeds, page 298, Kern County Records.

IN THE COUNTY OF PLACER

The north half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 22, township 13 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

Lot 5, in the block or square bounded by "K" and "L", 28th and 29th Streets, in the City of Sacramento, as laid down upon the official map thereof.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Battery Street, distant thereon 40 feet southerly from the intersection of said easterly line of Battery Street with the southerly line of Filbert Street, thence southerly 80 feet along said easterly line of Battery Street; thence easterly parallel with Filbert Street 50 feet; thence northerly parallel with Battery Street 120 feet to the said southerly line of Filbert Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Filbert Street 25 feet; thence southerly parallel with Battery Street 40 feet; thence westerly parallel with Filbert Street 25 feet to the said easterly line of Battery Street and the place of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

1. Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot in the City of Santa Cruz heretofore conveyed by Henry Cowell to one Hamilton, said point being on the northwesterly line of the San Jose Road, thence north 29° 27′ east 9.09 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence north 14° 40′ east 16.39 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence south 75° 30′ west 20.30 chains; thence south 10° east0.19 chains to a post; thence south 70° 20′ east 8.74 chains; thence south 1.99 chains; thence south 33° east 1.47 chains; thence south 4° east crossing a brook 3.94 chains; thence south 1° east 6 chains; thence south 61° 15′ west 1.60 chains to a post at the northwest corner of the said Hamilton lot; thence south 60° 30′ east 3.375 chains to the point of beginning, containing 17.874 acres.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the City of Santa Cruz and described as follows:

Beginning at the junction of the northerly line of Mission Street with the westerly line of River Street at a spike from which the southeast corner of Mission and River Streets bears south 79° 29′ east 40.28 feet distant; thence north 3° 50′ east 130.33 feet along the westerly line of said River Street to an iron spike on the south side of an alley; thence north 87° 57′ west 54.83 feet along the southern line of said alley to the boundary of a lot now or formerly owned by Dr. Sargent; thence south 13° 52′ west 31.78 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 88° 44′ east 9.90 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 1° 49′ west 100 feet to an iron spike in the northerly line of said Mission Street; thence south 88° 44′ east 46.96 feet along the northerly line of said Mission Street to the point of beginning, being lot No. 22, in block No. 1, of the City of Santa Cruz, and a part of lot No. 18 of the same block.

3. The southwest quarter of section 8, township 10 south, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 160 acres.

All the undivided ON-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN BENITO

1. Lots 4, 5, 12, and 13, of section 28; the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10, the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 30, all in township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.; also the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32, township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. Lots 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, of section 14; and lot 4, of section 24; all in township 14 south, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Tres Pinos, bounded and described as follows:

A strip of land 100 feet wide, commencing on the easterly line of the station ground of the Southern Pacific Railroad 50 feet equally on each side of the said railroad as the same was formerly laid, thence running southeasterly 882.50 feet in its center line to the easterly line of Santa Ana Street, containing 2.02 acres of land, and being 897 feet on its northerly line and 869 feet on its southerly line, excepting the rights which one Charles Peck may have acquired to a small portion of said strip above described.

The railroad or motor road known as the Tres Pinos and Cienega Railroad, together with the roadbed, right of way, terminal facilities and rolling stock of the same.

WITNESS, the HON. THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 11th day of December, 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-27-9

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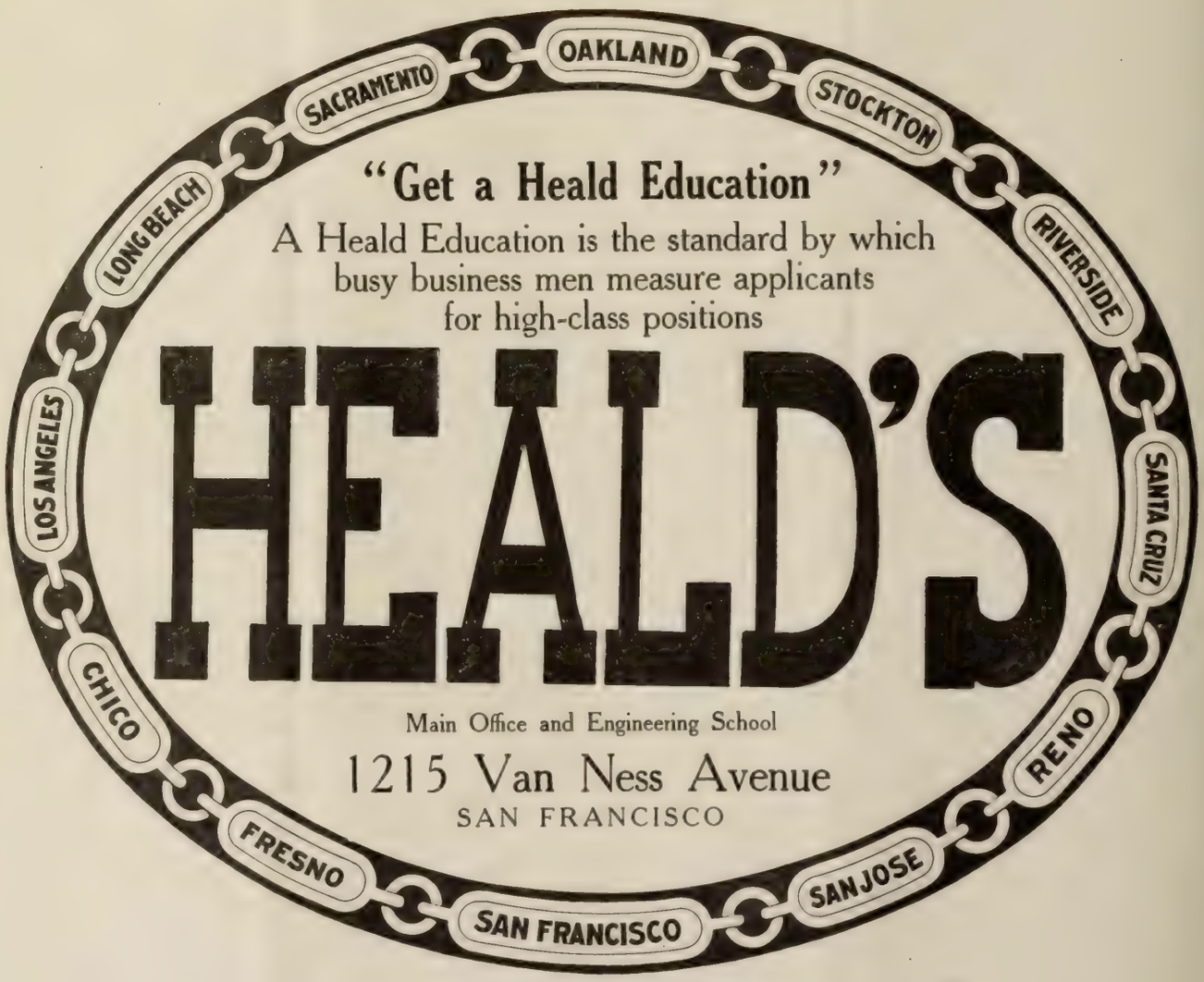

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIII. San Francisco, February 21, 1914 No. 1122

MRS. DOUGLAS CRANE
Who will appear in a dramatization of "Her Soul and Her Body" at the Alcazar next week.

TOWN TALK

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The Father Of His Country

George Washington once observed that it was to be lamented that great characters were seldom without a blot. Doubtless Washington himself was not immaculate, but he is the one man of history about whom there is no dispute. Of him it has been said "he conducted to the tomb a fame whiter than it was brilliant." There is no question as to what he was or what he did. By his sweetness and strength of character, his firmness, his wisdom, his moderation, he overcame the prejudices of ignorance and habit, the petty cavils of partisans, the distrust of great and little men; by his healing counsels he composed the distractions of conflicting sovereignties and moulded the colonies into a nation. No man was ever more concerned about the future of this country than George Washington, and we can best honor him and show our love for him by reading his Farewell Address and taking it to heart as the scripture of our political religion. That address was written as a warning for all time. The preparation of it occupied many of Washington's leisure moments. It was written and rewritten, and it was passed around for suggestions and amendments to the wisest men in the councils of the nation. Today it stands as a noble monument to its author's wisdom, zeal and patriotism.

Reserve and Reticence

He is "a man of wonderful reticence and reserve," says a magazine writer, who has been discussing President Wilson's confidential Texas friend and adviser. Which reminds us that old Sam Johnson speaking of the poet Gray observed that he was "dull in a new way, and that made people think him great." It was because of Gray's "reticence and reserve" that Johnson thought him dull. Reserve is a narrowing, hardening quality that disqualifies a man for agreeable companionship, and Sam Johnson loved congenial companions above all things. But reserve is also an element of strength, and it does excellent work in the world as a check on babbling sentiment, and on the ebullience of boisterous natures. It is not always to be taken, however, as a sign of great mentality. There was really some justification for Sam Johnson's interpretation of Gray's reserve. It often happens that the man of rigid reserve is extremely dull. Also it often happens that reserve is a man's principal asset, for in certain occupations it counts more than anything else. As a rule, however, the man of rigid reserve is not a man whose friendship is worth cultivating. Either he has a supercilious habit of mind or a mistrust of others, and assuredly he has neither a cordial nature nor any capacity for fidelity and interchange of kind offices. Reserve is a power cultivated for protection and cherished as an armor of defense. The strongest minds and the natures most to be relied upon are essentially unreserved.

Wall Street Is Dead

"Wall street is dead," says Editor Reedy of St. Louis. He has just returned from a visit to New York where he found that there wasn't as much wine opened as formerly or as much easy money in sight. There has been a revolution, says Reedy. Big Business is now amenable to law. The President has set the law above business. By reason of all of which Editor Reedy is jubilant. Perhaps we should all rejoice that Wall street is dead, but there are so many folk in mourning that the choral odes of joy are scarce and the sobbing almost universal. Indubitably there has been a revolution. But revolutions seldom bring gladness. The suffering that accompanies them falls upon the innocent as well as the guilty, and nothing ever remains of them but what was ripe in the conscience of the masses. Revolutions usually illustrate how much easier it is to pull down than to build up. It is in time of revolution that the whirlpool of the hour engulfs the growth of years. Wall street may be dead, but there is a loud call for first aid to the injured from all sections of the country. A few weeks ago we were told that things were looking up, but the signs of depression are still visible in many States. Confidence has not been restored, but undoubtedly Big Business is amenable to law, not the law of the land but the law as enunciated in the White House. It is not that the President sets the law above business, but that he is inclined to set himself above the law. But our guess is that before the end of his term he will consider it to his advantage to alter his views as to his functions. For after all, prosperity is a thing not to be despised, and really it doesn't pay, not even a politician, to convert Big Business into little business.

Another Kind of Revolution

They had a revolution in Mexico not many years ago, and they are not through with it yet. The good that's to come of it remains to be seen. Lovers of freedom and self-government and other things that are little more than names rejoiced when Porfirio Diaz was driven out of the country. Many of our college professors and Progressive editors hailed the downfall of Diaz as a blessing and a triumph of Democracy, but if now you were to ask any Mexican who is not a bandit what he thinks of the Revolution he would tell you that nothing worse ever happened to any country under the sun. Nevertheless Diaz was a despot. There's no disputing that. But for many years, under Diaz, Mexico had order at home and peace abroad. Justice was fairly well if roughly administered. Mexican finance improved in character, and trade was expanding rapidly. This long period of calm succeeded a succession of storms, or rather one continuous storm going through various phases. Though a despot Diaz behaved very much like some of our latter day Presidents. He left Republican forms standing; he kept up a Congress, popular elections, etc., and never called himself anything but President. To be sure he ruled the Congress with an iron hand, but on the whole the results were better than our Presidents achieve with a gloved fist full of patronage. Of one thing we may be certain,—the individual in Mexico enjoyed a greater measure of personal freedom than the individual enjoys in this country. The truth is that Diaz was a mighty good despot, as popular a one as ever lived. But he made enemies, and his enemies, not the people, overthrew him. He had made friends, too, and they were embittered and provoked to savage reprisals. On the whole we cannot be sure that we ought to agree with the college dons and the Progressive editors who voiced the sentiment that the downfall of Diaz was good for Mexico and for the world.

The Protest That Was Heeded

Governor Johnson appears to have awakened to a realization of the infructuosity of the intimacy that he incurred at Sacramento a year ago. Promising in his Lincoln Day address "that if re-elected he would eliminate partisanship from State politics, he added that he wanted to do it at the last session of the Legislature, but a protest was made, and he had to be content with the establishment of the non-partisan principle in county elections." This would seem to imply that Governor Johnson no longer cares to share responsibility for all the sins of omission and commission imputed to the freakiest deliberative body that ever brooded over affairs of State. Hitherto he has permitted it to be understood that the Legislature served as a ready instrument for the execution of his designs. Indeed he has modestly assumed credit for everything that was done by the Legislature. Assuredly he permitted the impression to be made on the general mind that the Legislature at its last session stood ever ready to fetch and carry at his beck and nod. But now we are told that he wanted to reform the election laws so as to eliminate partisanship, but was obliged to heed a protest and be content with a compromise. In other words he wasn't the autocrat we have been led to suppose. He has taken us into his confidence to that extent, but his candor goes no further. For instance he does not name the author of the protest. Who is the big boss that called a halt at Sacramento?

The Governor's Challenge

The Governor is very proud of the achieve-

ments of the Legislature. In his Lincoln Day speech he challenged his opponents to name a single commission they would today abolish. This is a challenge not to be lightly accepted as politicians very well know. No candidate, unless he is in need of a guardian, will set himself in advance of public opinion, and, as we all know, you can fool all the people some of the time. Governor Johnson's commissions haven't been in existence very long, and the people haven't yet learned how generous some of the commissions are with the public funds. Governor Johnson is especially proud of the workmen's compensation act, and he dares any candidate to challenge its principles. Of course no candidate is looking for trouble, but perhaps it would not be fatal to indulge in a little criticism of this act. Why should it be dangerous to complain that the act discriminates against certain kinds of labor? A candidate may heartily approve the principle of the act and at the same time regret that it makes no provision for the poor but honest servant girl. Doesn't the servant girl vote? And is there no sympathy for the poor servant girl? Is it impossible to organize the poor servant girl? And what about the farm laborer? Are the farmers who ride in their automobiles, the farmers to whom Governor Johnson is extremely deferential, so much more numerous than the men who really cultivate the soil and harvest the crops that it would be dangerous to discuss the principle of political expediency that caused the agricultural industry to be let alone? This is indeed the day of the uplift, the man above property, etc., and the back-to-the-farm movement is greatly in need of encouragement, but it would seem that Governor Johnson holds the man of the plow that Markham sang in supreme contempt, and it would seem also that the workmen's compensation act that makes it advisable for all workingmen to live and work in the city where they can get insurance, is an act designed to make it more difficult than ever for the farmer to get help. Doubtless this compensation act is really charged with dynamite, but it is by no means certain that if exploded the injured would all be on one side.

To Abolish the Party System

Nowadays the political reformer must keep himself busy devising and inventing new schemes of reform. Schemes of reform constitute his political capital, and if he has no innovation to propose and to fight for he is bankrupt. Now, to keep the streams of reform from running dry in a country where there are innumerable gardens of political ambition to be kept constantly in bloom by irrigation, the job chaser must be always tapping ancient sources at second-hand for a new supply. Thus we find Sidney Van Wyck, gubernatorial aspirant, running on a platform of one plank—a Legislature with but a single chamber. There is probably nothing older in the science of government than the idea that the legislative power should reside in one house, but it has never found much favor among statesmen since the ancient Carthaginians tried the single chamber with disastrous results. John Adams wrote three volumes to prove that the single chamber is impracticable, but Sidney, who has probably no recollection of John or acquaintance with ancient or medieval governments, is convinced that all the evils of government are to be abated by giving him a chance to experiment with what he conceives to be a style of legislature that has never been tried. Equally at a loss for ideas is the Governor of our State, a gentleman of the provincial lawyer type described by Edmund Burke as one who knows as little of the principles of government as a titmouse knows of the gestation of an elephant. Of all the reforms that have been agitated in the Middle West the only one hitherto neglected by our Governor is that which contemplates the destruction of the party system of government. So to avoid the appearance of absolute sterility the Governor has taken up this reform, and he is employing it as material for a campaign slogan. It may be of interest to the Governor as well as to his constituents to learn that this very subject is discussed in an excellent work on Public Opinion and Popular Government by A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University. As Governor Johnson has great respect for college presidents and professors the Lowell work ought to engage his serious attention, as, according to Professor A. V. Dicey it "adds a great deal to the author's high reputation." According to President Lowell the system of party government exists with more or less vigor under every form of modern democratic government, and he has an explanation of this phenomenon. He says that democracy is the attempt to govern in accordance with the public opinion of the vast mass of the citizens. Now, in a State which consists of many millions of citizens who, after all, can from the nature of things answer to any public question only by a plain "No" or "Yes," it is absolutely essential that the persons, whether Conservatives, Liberals or Radicals, who on the whole agree together, should get the information and receive the discipline necessary for giving expression to their agreement; and party government is the best machine invented for collecting and expressing the opinion of citizens. President Lowell holds that the party system is the outcome neither of virtue nor vice, but of necessity.

A Theme For An American Play

Rudyard Kipling is of the opinion that the curse of this country is too much immigration. This we learn from Mr. Ashton Stevens the noted critic of the drama, who has been telling the readers of the Chicago Examiner what Kipling's idea is of the Great American Play—to be written. It appears that not long ago Kipling was discussing the matter with one of our "producing managers." "What you ought to produce over in your country," said Kipling, "is a vast allegorical drama dealing with the danger of immigration. Picture first the Pilgrim Fathers leaving Old England for the New, there freely to espouse the religious precepts closest to their hearts and minds. Picture in massive canvases and arrays of people the wars with the Indians, with the mother country, of North and South, wars ever in the pursuit of freedom. Then picture forth mercilessly the upspringing of Mammon and the armies of alien labor sweating to assuage the glut of the American millionaire. Picture the ships, the floating slums, the ships docking and emptying their bowels of the scum of Europe. There's your warning drama. And entitle it "Us—U. S." Surely a great theme, a greater than any that supplied inspiration for the historical dramas of Ibsen. None but a poet of the highest order could give this theme adequate treatment. It would call for the imagination and the art of the classic poets of Greece who brought the synod of Olympus on the stage to show the movement of the tide of fate and destiny on whose dark bosom men were swept to inevitable catastrophe. But now that the theme has been suggested where are we to find the poet to do it justice? Is there a mute, inglorious Goethe in our midst? Our guess is that he is yet to be born, and we don't mind saying that we have no confidence in Witter Bynner, author of "The Tiger." Mr. Bynner has shown that he has blank verse to dignify a theme, but that does not argue that his muse has pinions to soar to the heights where the Kipling drama is waiting to be born. Inclined as we are to the opinion that this drama must wait on genius we would move as a substitute the writing of a warning play in the Aristophanic vein, a play such as George Ade might turn out. There is no reason why a play designed to warn a people against its curses and its follies should be serious drama. If the Athenians were moved only to laughter by Cleon with his face smeared with the lees of wine the general effect of the comedy was quite as beneficial as the solemn reproaches of "The Trojan Dames." George Ade might find inspiration in the very theme suggested by Kipling. Surely there is abundant excellent material for humor of the Rabelaisian brand in those Pilgrim Fathers who, (if we may be pardoned for reviving an old but true joke) fell first upon their knees and then on the Aborigines. If the author cared to be allegorical he could borrow a little from Moliere, and by means of a Tartuffe indicate the source of all the hypocrisy that flowed from the Mayflower into the veins of the nation. Coming down to the latter-day curse—immigration—what a splendid allegorical figure the typical college professor would make! For if immigration has become a curse it is because of the corruption of an educational system that takes its philosophy as well as its pupils from the slums of Europe. There was a time when we used to assimilate and convert our immigrants. We made good Americans out of them. Now with every university a Socialist center we only intensify the ignorance and prejudices imported from abroad. Let us hope that George Ade may deem this big theme suitable to his temperament.

Varied Types

CLXV—MRS. DOUGLAS CRANE

By Edward F. O'Day

Did Mrs. Douglas Crane know that she was telling a most remarkable story? Sitting there in the parlor of Fred Belasco's flat, with her back to the piano and the light, with eagerness in the forward slant of her body, excitement in the tilt of her piquant chin, animation blazing in her big blue eyes and a tense emphasis in the pounding of her tightly clenched little fists, did she realize that her career was made of the precious stuff which the artist of fiction weaves into beauty? Had she time in the swift unfolding of her narrative to apprehend that in this career of hers where suffering wrought on character but could not break the adamant of purpose, where that which was due to will and that which was due to chance became inextricably entangled and where the happiness of a dream come true was not delayed too long—to apprehend that for her goal's attainment there was the miracle of Life and Art working together? Something of the sort must have been in that active mind. But with a dream come true one is too happy for much analysis.

It is only in mathematics that parallel lines cannot meet. That paradox is proved by Mrs. Douglas Crane's story. I shall not attempt to give it as she poured it out to me. Mrs. Crane talks finely because she has the knack of breathing life into words, but her narrative would overflow my limits.

Ivy Paine, for that was the maiden name of Mrs. Douglas Crane, was born in Australia. She received the education of a gentlewoman, but the most important thing she learned was that there could be no life-happiness for her unless she plucked up her roots and sought a more congenial soil. Brought up by staid grandparents in an atmosphere of perpetual restraint where her longing for love and the knowledge of life could never be satisfied and where her definite determination to become a great actress excited nothing but horror, she resolved to seek opportunity in the United States. With very little money and only one plan, that of achieving theatrical expression somewhere, sometime, somehow, she arrived in this city about three years ago.

She had a hard time of it. Having promised not to go on the stage during the life of her grandfather, she kept away from theatrical managers. But she had no book-keeping and no stenography, so no employer wanted her. Finally, by pretending that she could typewrite, she obtained a position with a firm of horsedealers and stablemen in Valencia street. She made out bills and wrote tags for auction sales in a little cubbyhole over the stable.

"But I have always loved horses," she says, "and I didn't mind that."

She lost this position through incompetence, her futile struggle with a Blickensderfer proving her undoing. She got another place in a shipping office, but she lost that too. Meanwhile she had been going to night school to fit herself for a business job, but she was not yet proficient. There was only one thing she could think of to do. She went to the kindly horsedealers and begged them to take her back. They couldn't afford to.

"But," said one of them in jest, "we pay stable boys a dollar a day to exercise our horses. You might try that."

"Please let me!" said Miss Paine, and I can imagine how those blue eyes blazed at the horsedealer.

She borrowed a divided skirt from a girl friend and exercised horses for a dollar a day. One day she took a horse to the Presidio, put him through his paces for an officer who needed a mount, and made the sale. She's proud of that.

When she had enough typewriting and stenography to impress an employer Miss Paine obtained a position in the law office of J. W. Dorsey, a gentleman of whom she speaks in the most affectionate terms. And now, her grandfather dead, she began her life-work. She had a natural aptitude for dancing and resolved to enter the theatre by that door. She practiced steps night after night; she studied the methods of this and that inspirational or classic dancer. She got in

Bushnell photo.

MRS. DOUGLAS CRANE

touch with a professional dancer named Corita and they prepared a dancing number together. But Ivy Paine knew her limitations and made up her mind that she must get some instruction in acting. So she went one night to the Butler-Nelke School of Acting. She was very disappointed to find a hundred pupils there, and when no notice was taken of her she got up and left without paying the dollar fee. When Fred Belasco introduced her to Fred Butler a few days ago the first thing Mrs. Crane said was:

"Mr. Butler, I owe you a dollar."

Miss Paine resolved to seek a try-out at the Orpheum. Her partner Corita was afraid of the ordeal, so she went alone. John Morrissey whom she knew by sight was standing in front of the boxoffice. She walked up and down O'Farrell street half a dozen times before she had the courage to address him. Corita would not go to the theatre for the try-out, and Miss Paine knew only one solo dance, the Blue Danube. She danced it for John Morrissey. He asked for more, so she "faked" a Spring Song. He liked that better than the first and wanted more, so she "faked" a Salome. That made an impression on him. He explained that he could only give her coast bookings, told her she had talent for dancing and advised her strongly to go to New York and endeavor to get a dancing part in some big production. Miss Paine danced for Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Havens in their Piedmont home, and with the money thus earned and a little more managed to reach New York.

She had letters from John Morrissey to Florenz Ziegfeld and Pat Casey, but inspirational and classic dancers were a drug on the theatrical market. This was the hardest period of Mrs. Crane's career. She learned to know what a terrible city New York is for the penniless and what terrible people lie in wait there for the defenseless girl who is good-looking.

"New York," she says, "is full of people who will give everything, soul and body, to attain their ends; and it is also full of people who exact everything from the striver in exchange for that which he strives after."

Shabby, badly nourished, seeking an engagement on her merit alone, Miss Paine was turned down at one manager's office after another. Finally she got a job doing inspirational dances in a cabaret. Harrison Grey Fiske happened in one night and recognized her talent. He gave her work. So did Winthrop Ames. She followed Violet Romer in the part of the dancer in "Kismet." Then she married the painter Douglas Crane and took him away from his brushes and his canvases to do society dancing.

During that time of stress in New York, about May two years ago, the mother of the girl Mrs. Crane boarded with sent her daughter a copy of the Smart Set. Mrs. Crane borrowed it and happened on a story, "Her Soul and Her Body" by Louise Closser Hale. It was the story of a girl with generations of good breeding behind her, like Mrs. Crane, who burst her bonds, like Mrs. Crane, and went from her New England home to Boston to become an inspirational dancer, just as Mrs. Crane went to New York. It was the story of the terrible people this girl met in Boston and of the danger her innocence exposed her to. In the end the girl's innate fineness, the strength that was hers through breeding saved her from the greatest peril of all.

The experience of the heroine of "Her Soul and Her Body" was Mrs. Douglas Crane's experience. She did not, of course, go into details: but the depth of feeling she showed in telling me of that story, the manner in which she said to me, "There was never truer phrase written than 'the easiest way'; how easy that way is and how hard it is to keep in the other way!" and the impressiveness with which she assured me, "That story printed itself on my soul"—these things and others showed that Mrs. Crane had passed through the fiery ordeal, that like the "Missy" of the story she had been, not burned

(Continued on Page 19)

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The Lady and Her Hat

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Would you mind saying a word about the lady who doesn't take her hat off in the theatre till the last minute? She appears to be under the impression that the ordinance requiring the removal of hats in the theatre is operative only when the curtain goes up. I'm not hard to please, and if a woman had a good reason for keeping her hat on till the curtain goes up I'd not say a word, but as she has to take it off some time why not take it off as soon as she sits down? I've noticed that the average woman likes to size up the audience as soon as possible after getting into the theatre. I like to do the same thing. It relieves the tedium of waiting. Then why should not I have the same privilege as the woman with the hat? This is the day of equal rights, but the woman with the hat doesn't know it. She is behind the time as her hat often proclaims. I have been trying to find out why she obstructs my view till the curtain goes up. Several of my friends have guessed. One says she wants the audience to see the hat. Another says she dressed her own hair, and knowing it's a "fright" hates to show it up in the light. A very estimable lady tells me that if she takes off her hat before everybody is seated some one will come in and muss it up while passing by. Whatever the pretext I submit that the ordinance should be respected; not only because it is a good ordinance, but because it was the first of its kind. We owe much to Dr. Rottanzi, the author of the ordinance. The civilized world is more or less indebted to him, for the practice that was compelled by law in San Francisco has become the custom all over America and Europe.

Yours truly,
—Theatregoer.

Dr. Aked and Some Women

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: When the Diggs-Caminetti case was being tried before Judge Van Fleet Dr. Aked and a number of women were in the court room drinking in the testimony. They didn't budge, no matter how filthy it was. When Maury Diggs appeared in the police court in the Pearring case Dr. Aked and a crush of women were again in evidence. One paper stated that Dr. Aked occupied the seat nearest to Diggs, where he was in no danger of missing a single word of that nasty mess. During the Western Fuel case, a much more important case than either of the Diggs cases for the student of our court procedure, Dr. Aked never appeared in Judge Dooling's court and there were no women in evidence. Now, what I want to know is this: Do Dr. Aked and these women go to court to see how justice is administered, or do they think that sins against chastity are the only sins to which they should address their frowns? I am asking, not passing judgment. Another question: Are the women who go to these dirty hearings the sort of women for whom Dr. Aked writes his sexual dissertations in the Examiner?

Inquisitively,
—A Police Court Reporter.

A Question

Editor Town Talk, Sir: In all this useless and tiresome discussion over Rev. Charles F. Aked's renunciation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, no one seems to have discovered a perfectly plausible reason why the learned doctor should not subscribe to this teaching of the church. To admit its truth would give the Saviour, in the estimation of the doctor, the only marked advantage over our garrulous advocate of Aked egotism and thus place him in a secondary position.

Yours sincerely,
—John T. Mason.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

State Ownership in France

Figures just published in Paris indicate that the government of France is incapable of acting as a common carrier except at great cost to the country. France owns two railroad systems. For one system the net profits have decreased steadily in the last four years, have diminished in fact by fifty-six per cent. For the other system the decrease in five years has been sixty-one per cent. Both systems made a better showing under private ownership. The papers of Paris are devoting considerable space to this matter, and even the Socialists who favor State ownership have been unable to challenge the figures on which the bad showing is based.

To Uncover Old Arena

The municipality of Paris intends to uncover the arena of Lutece (the ancient name of Paris), on the outskirts of the city, which is the greatest relic of the Gallo-Roman epoch. The artists of Paris have been agitating for its restoration since 1870, when the work was begun, but it was stopped by the Franco-Prussian war. The arena was built probably in the second century by the Emperor Hadrian, and was among the largest in the world. Its greatest diameter is 128 meters, while the Coliseum at Rome is only 59, and the arena at Nimes only 69. The arena is elliptical in form and shows the ruins of architectural decoration and sculpture of rare beauty. It is purposed, when restored, to turn the place into the largest theatre in the world.

Thumb Prints and Art Frauds

It is proposed by a Parisian professor that the Bertillon system of thumb prints be employed to prevent the frauds which are growing so frequent in the sale of costly pictures. He suggests that the painter put his thumb print on his picture and also on file with the recognized art institutes. Rodin says the scheme is practicable, not only for pictures but also for statues. The great objection is that the art frauds are usually perpetrated in connection with the reputed works of giants like Coreggio, da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, Corot and so on. It is a bit late in the day to obtain the thumb prints of these men.

Wealthy Desert Berlin

Berlin is rapidly losing the residents who possess a million marks, which is only a quarter of what a man must have to be an American millionaire. They are flocking to regions where the taxes are lower. Forty-six persons who have incomes of $12,500 a year, or five per cent on $250,000, left Berlin in 1911-13. There have also been many departures of those whose fortunes total $100,000 to $200,000.

Begging Pays in London

London, it is asserted, is now more infested with professional beggars than ever before. In the West End and in the city they are at almost every street corner. While outwardly these parasites are men of rags, actually they are often men of substance. The London Mendicity Society calculates that more than $500,000 is given away to beggars every year. "The streets of London are not paved with gold, but they never disappoint the beggar," remarked a detective. "Many in the 'profession' make really excellent incomes, and in private life are quite 'nuts' of Suburbia. It is no exaggeration to say that the average beggar, fully acquainted with the tricks and wiles of his art, earns more than the average man."

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Senator Works has registered as a Republican. And the cat came back!

Wonder if Dr. Aked knows that his views about the birth of Christ were enunciated by Julian the Apostate?

Senator Gore may be the victim of a frame-up, but as he is not above wantonly injuring others we find it hard to extend our sympathy.

Every time we read or hear about grand opera we think of that opera house in the Civic Center which we are not going to get.

"Is it possible," says the good and pious Dr. Aked, "to imagine anything sweeter and saner than 'How one mother told her child the secret of life?'" Yes, doctor, for a healthy imagination it is possible.

We extend our sympathy to Dr. Aked, forced for the first time to accept a position not unanimously offered.

So United States District Attorney Preston has recommended a lady-lawyer for the position of first assistant. What jury will deny her a verdict?

It has been discovered that whale meat is good to eat. The price therefore, it is to be supposed, will soon be next to prohibitive.

Once more the rivalry between San Francisco and Los Angeles has been abolished by talk and handshake. Does anybody believe it will stay abolished?

Unless the Progressives pick up a little in the Registration returns Governor Johnson will soon remember that he had a previous engagement with the doctor.

When she snatched that glass away from Bill what was Mrs. Bryan afraid of?

Says William Howard Taft: "The truth is that the Progressive party was born in a passion and lived in an excitement that cannot be maintained permanently." The former President appears to have a punch or two left.

Dr. Aked says he expounded "Twentieth Century Christianity" long before Dr. Eliot. But Dr. Eliot still has that five-foot shelf, an advertising scheme that Dr. Aked may envy but cannot appropriate.

"Boss" Murphy of Tammany is probably approaching the end of his political career. President Wilson and Governor Glynn have formed a combination to loosen his grip on the New York democracy, and it turns out that the former boss, Richard Crocker, has long regarded Murphy as a handicap to Tammany Hall.

Going To Work

By James Stephens

School was only yesterday, and yet it was finished for ever. The little world of green fields, of wide walls covered with maps, of well-thumbed, dog's eared books, of all kinds of friendships, jealousies, and competitions had already faded so distantly that it seemed faint as a dream.

About him now were wide, long streets, and all the bustle and movement of a strange world. Outside, cars with their eager drivers were spanking past; there were cags and trams, lorries and bicycles—a very whirlpool of movement, which seemed to have neither direction nor purpose. They came from all sides, and they went away from every side without as much as a look at him. The footpaths were equally thronged. So many different people, and all grown up! Only now and again were boys to be seen. The world had suddenly become moustached and grave, and yesterday a moustache was the badge of age! It seemed that the world was full of people who had moustaches and spectacles. Yesterday a person who wore spectacles was called "Old Four Eyes." It meant a silly person, an incompetent, at whom one flung snowballs or clods in their season, and whom one held at a distance always.

A fat man was waddling along the road, but no person looked or made fun of him. A woman fought with her umbrella, which had become twisted among parcels—not a living soul laughed at her! A driver had just set down his fare, and, climbing to his seat again, he slipped on the greasy wheel and fell, but nobody shouted the funny things which were customary.

These matters would have been enough to make one die of laughing yesterday, but yesterday was undoubtedly dead, and today was a world in which he had no part. Things had always centered about him before. Lessons, fights, games, all had swung in his immediacy, not alone within focus, but actually within reach of his hand, and here, suddenly, he was out of focus and out of touch. There were happenings on every side, which had nothing to do with him. None of the drivers of these cabs and cars looked to him for approbation or assistance. Not a tram-man suggested that he would do anything for him. The very cyclists kept their eyes for themselves as they whizzed steadily past. No one stopped even for a minute to ask him a question, or to say—"It's a very nice day!" or "That's a fine building over yonder!" Nobody said a word. They went here and there, and if he did not get out of their way, they got out of his without so much as looking at him.

He was lonely, it is true, but he was not unhappy. A curious person has no time to be miserable, and he was very curious. There were such multitudes of things to look at and listen to—the never-ceasing stream of people who came towards him on the pavement, and the hurrying swarm of those who caught up passed and disappeared every moment. Where did they come from, and to what places were they going? They appeared before him, vital and human, for one brief moment, and then they disappeared. Had he anything to do with them? Was there no point of contact between himself and these hurrying strangers? Were they hastening utterly out of his sight, or would they return tomorrow or the next day to clap him on the shoulder and say—"You and I must know each other well: we will walk together and tell our secrets to each other and be friends"; for, without knowledge, he knew that people must be friends, and that no other life than that of friendship is possible.

He had these feelings, but not these thoughts, and even the feelings were not verifiable because the sun was shining, and the bustle and movement of the world forbade any exercise other than those of eyes and ears, but somewhere, without effort and without cognizance, he was recording and storing away impressions and intricacies, raw stuffs of every kind, which his mind would digest later on when it got a little time to itself.

Meanwhile, there was something to be done which did not admit of loitering. He looked again at the paper in his hand: it was crumpled and dirty, but he clung to it as to an anchor. The penciled address on it was almost indecipherable, but, although he knew it by heart, he read it again with the same care as at first. At the end of each street he had asked some hurrying stranger "Did he know the way to ——— street?" and they had all given him a complicated direction, of which he could remember nothing but the first turning. He halted again and asked one of those flying nobodies, and the stranger replied without looking at him—"You are almost beside it," said he; "it is the second turn on the right," and the stranger melted away as all the others had done.

He paced on. All kinds of thoughts were in his mind. Perhaps that man did not really know where the street was. He might have answered only to get rid of him, or he might have thought honestly enough, that he was giving the proper direction and yet was mistaken, for in a place of the hugeness of this city one mgiht easily be mistaken. There were streets everywhere, and off each street other streets branched endlessly. It did not seem possible that one could know with such readiness where any particular place was in such a congeries of streets: furthermore, he had a feeling that the place for which he was seeking could not be so easily discovered as the man's remark implied. It was only one street off! Can one reach a place of wonder and terror in half-an-hour's easy walking? One should take ship and fight through savage forests and naked

(Continued on Page 19.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Poems About San Francisco

CXXXIII—MISS SAN FRANCISCO

By John Northern Hilliard

(John Northern Hilliard is a story writer and poet who belongs to the Carmel coterie of literati. A beautiful poem of his on the Stevenson Monument in Portsmouth Square has already appeared in this series. The following vigorous song was written for the Call during the Portola celebration.)

Strangers come from the ends of the earth, through the gates of the summer sea,
From the land of palm and the land of pine and the Ice King's sovereignty,
From the dreaming South and the star-crowned North, all bent on the self-same quest,
To bend the knee in fealty to the Queen of the Golden West!

Oh, Boston is a maiden prim, a bit of prude is she,
And cold as the breath of bergs that beat down from the ice-locked sea;
New York is haughty—a trifle naughty with a touch of the parvenu.
But San Francisco, Miss San Francisco's a thoroughbred through and through.
(Boom! Boom!)
A thoroughbred through and through!

Light of the stars is in her eyes, red gold is in her hair,
Her face is flushed with the salt sea winds and her lips the rose ensnare,
She dabbles her feet in a silken sea, her couch is the mountain's breast,
A Guinevere of the Golden Gate—the Queen of the Golden West!

Oh, New Orleans is a jocund jade—a minx with her cigarette,
Miss Philadelphia's a Quaker gray—but a bit of a sad coquette;
Madame Chicago's a dowd, they say, a trifle bourgeois, too,
But San Francisco, Miss San Francisco's a thoroughbred through and through.
(Sis—Boom!)
A thoroughbred through and through!

Lovers have come from the ends of the earth to fling themselves at her feet,
Cavaliers from the overseas, high lords in their own conceit;
She has smiled on all, she has welcomed all, but the heart of the maiden—ah,
It beats today, as of yore, for one, Don Gaspar Portola!

Oh, Baltimore's a languorous belle, Savannah has ennui,
And Kansas City (gossips say) sometimes goes on a spree,
St Louis is a bit straitlaced, New Haven is too blue,
But San Francisco, Miss San Francisco's a thoroughbred through and through
(Eh, Boys?)
A thoroughbred through and through!

The Spectator

New Way of Exclusion

An interesting "tip" comes to me from Washgton. It has to do with Commissioner of Imigration Caminetti's plan for shutting out Japhese, Chinese and Hindus. According to my formant who writes me that I may rely on his formation, Caminetti has devised an ingenious ethod of excluding the undesirable Orientals. ıst how the thing will be worked out in detail am not told, but the key to Caminetti's solution the difficult problem is the hookworm. This ry bad disease is prevalent in Japan, Southern hina and India, especially among the coolies who nstitute the undesirable element of which our riental immigration so largely consists. The ommissioner of Immigration, I am told, will ake this fact the basis of new regulations of the ost stringent sort which will have all the ficacy of a strong exclusion law. Perhaps it was cause "Cam" felt that in the hookworm he had strong weapon to wield, that he took such a deled stand when he appeared before the House ommittee on Immigration last Friday.

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he Hookworm in Amador

My informant states that it was the study of the hookworm conducted in Caminetti's home county of Amador which resulted in the Commissioner of Immigration fixing on the disease as a bar to aliens from the East. It seems that certain miners employed in the Kennedy Mine in Amador were found to be afflicted with the scourge. Persistent attempts were made to trace the disease to its origin, but for a long time without success. But it was finally found that it had been brought to the Kennedy Mine by European miners who had worked on the Simplon Tunnel. Further investigation showed that hookworm was prevalent among the diggers of the Simplon, and that it had been brought to the Alpine country by Hungarian miners. It seems that the hookworm is quite prevalent in Hungary. The miners who brought it to Amador were not Hungarians, but they had worked with the Hungarians and had caught the disease from them. Then they had brought it to Amador where they gave it to others. And this brings out another important point. The hookworm is contagious, I am told; not infectious. Of course nobody under suspicion of having the hookworm would be admitted to this country, no matter whether he came from the Orient or the Occident. The value of Caminetti's discovery is obvious.

The Vision That Broke the Clock

The ferry clock was the cause of a great deal of profanity last week. When the ferry clock stops or in anywise goes wrong commuters are thrown into confusion no less confounded than that which ensues when ferry boats collide in a fog. The ferry clock was out of business for several days last week. And the clock winder almost lost his job, for he was the cause. He broke a spring by giving an extra twist to the key. Haled before the Harbor Commissioners to explain the mishap he said it was due to absence of mind. "My thoughts were not on the clock," he said.

"What were they on?" Commissioner Dwyer sternly demanded.

"On Dr. Aked's favorite topic," was the reply. And the clock winder blushed at his own admission. "I had been looking at a slit skirt," he said.

"What's that got to do with Dr. Aked?" Dwyer asked.

The clock winder looked as though he marveled at Dwyer's ignorance. "Did you read Aked's criticism of 'Peach Bloom'?" he asked.

"I never read Aked," said Dwyer.

"Oh, you ought to read him. He's as good as Boccaccio." Dwyer had never heard of Boc-

caccio. The mystified look on his face betrayed his ignorance. "Well, as good as Fanny Hill," said the clock winder. And then he went on to tell that Dr. Aked had an article last week on a brothel drama, and that he expressed his gratitude to the author for starting him thinking about a virgin who spent her night in a house of prostitution. "Now," said the clock winder, "just as I was winding the clock I had a vision of what I thought was a cross-section of Dr. Aked's brain."

"What was in it?" asked somebody whose name doesn't appear in the minutes.

"I'd hate to tell you," said the clock winder; "but it was what made me break the clock."

Jimmy in Distress

Shortly after the meeting of the commissioners, at which, by the way, the clock winder was acquitted on the ground of sufficient cause, I met the shrewd philosopher, and he asked me if I had heard about poor Mr. Phelan's distress. I told him I had not. "Well," he said, "the Iroquois Club passed a resolution the other night clearly defining its position on the question raised by the proposed Constitutional amendment designed to make the whole State dry and to destroy the wine and brewery interests. Of course the club took the fundamental Democratic position which is a position of hostility to all sumptuary laws."

"What has that to do with Mr. Phelan?" I asked.

"If you'd been in the club when Jimmy showed up," said the clock winder, "you'd have soon learned how the resolution affected him. Jimmy is making his fight for the Senate in his customary fashion; that is, Jimmy is playing all ends against the middle. He doesn't want to be committed to any proposition about which there is a bitter controversy. He told some of the Iroquois braves that they had no right to commit the party on the Prohibition question. They told him they were going to make the fight in the State Central Committee, and then he went up in the air. So you see Jimmy is facing a very embarrassing situation. He knows he has a good many long-hair dyspeptics on his staff, and therefore he'd like to see the Democratic party sidestep the liquor question. But he has to fish or cut bait. Drinking grape juice in Los Angeles and wine in the Bohemian Club will not keep him out of trouble."

The Ultimatum of the Artists

Eight of the country's most noted decorative artists are now at work on the Fair grounds, completing canvases which they began in their studios in various parts of the United States. The men are Childe Hassam, H. M. Bancroft, Charles Holloway, Frank Du Mond, Edward Simmons, William de L. Dodge, Robert Reid and Arthur Mathews, and they have improvised studios at one end of the Palace of Machinery where they are engaged in putting the finishing touches to their mural decorations for the different courts of the Exposition. For a time it looked as though their work would be interrupted. There is a rule positively forbidding smoking on the Fair grounds, a rule which has been rigidly enforced by Director of Works Harris D. H. Connick ever since the construction of the Fair got under way. All the artists are smokers and are used to smoking as they work. When Connick found them smoking he told them about the rule and delicately conveyed to them that they must put away their pipes, cigars and cigarettes. Immediately the octet of artists was up in arms. "No smoking, no pictures" was the ultimatum they issued. It was an impasse. Work came to a standstill. Connick was firm, so were the artists. Then somebody told Connick that the mural decorations at the St. Louis Exposition were far below the standard of the noted artists who had painted them and that the explanation was that the no-smoking rule had been enforced at St. Louis to the detriment of the painters' inspiration. When he heard that Connick gave way. The artists smoke at their work, but they are very careful with their matches.

Mrs. Austin On Mate-Love

Mary Austin has been writing on "Mate-Love and Monogamy" for Hapgood's weekly. What Mrs. Austin says on this subject is not so interesting to me as how she says it. I'm not at all interested in the lady's views of sex questions, but I have taken a belated interest in her literary attainments. Strange as it may appear I had no intimate acquaintance with this noted author until I met her in the pages of the weekly. She is one of the few representatives of the contemporary literati whose wares I had never sampled. Yet I had no doubt of her skill as a literary artist. I had received assurance on that point from many critics, among them several friends in whose judgment I had confidence. From them I received the impression that Mary Austin was another George Eliot, a prose-writer of the first rank, a stylist, a Sir Philip Sidney in skirts. But it appears from "Mate-Love and Monogamy" that Mary Austin is really not concerned with artistic writing. She scorns the melodiously-woven sentence. Even artifice does not appeal to her, and as to the clang-tint of words—not for Mary. Valda, her lady of straw on whom the thesis is pinned wearied of a goody-goody husband, and fell in love with a Social Reactionist. And: "He and Valda made between them a high ground which somehow carried them sheer over the heads of Valda's husband and some ties of the Reactionist's, on which they breathed for a time, at least Valda breathed, rarefied, heavenly airs." Shade of De Quincey! What's all this about? I asked. After a second and third reading of this sentence I concluded that I had received a wrong impression. Perhaps, I thought, Mary Austin affects the Pateresque. What she aims at obviously is not clarity, but the complexity recommended by the esthetic pagan Englishman. I read on till I came to this: "The Reactionist had retired before it into a wobbly little pinnacle of a situation that since he no longer loved Valda he couldn't do her the respect to pretend that he had any obligation to anything beyond his own susceptibilities; and I had plucked Valda away in time, I hoped, to keep her from seeing the pit of cold egotism into which he immediately toppled." Here is strange rhetoric and grammar as wobbly as the little pinnacle of a situation into which the Reactionist retired. Ah! Mary Austin's is the periodic style—the long sentence holding clauses in suspense, but there is no sheperding of them to sonorous close. They are forgotten and allowed to stray off into the aching void.

Some Puzzling Sentences

At times Mary Austin is terse, clear and picturesque. As, for instance, when she tells us that the Reactionist admitted to Valda that "he had pillaged her most sacred treasury in the interest of a cheap, transient indulgence." But often she is as ponderous and vague as this: "It is not uncommon to find women cutting themselves off from the highest manifestations of sex life by destroying its root in the interest of those same preferred aspects which are not recognized as

North German Lloyd Again Leads All Lines

The North German Lloyd landed more passengers, First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage, in the Port of New York during 1913 than any other line, repeating its marvellous record of 1912. Here are the official figures as compiled by the United States Landing Agent:

	First Cabin	Second Cabin	Steerage
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sex at all." She goes on: "It is important to remember in this connection that it isn't necessary, in order to be contributory, for a sex encounter to be dramatic. It is not so much its range as the content and continuity with other frames of behaviour, that constitute its value." I don't dare articulate my guess as to what Mrs. Austin is driving at in some of these sentences. As to the one quoted last, I make not the faintest attempt to interpret it. It is evident, however, that Mrs. Austin's obscurity is intentional. Had she been more explicit she might have shocked even Dr. Aked. For instance when Valda tells her that love is not the same for man and woman Mrs. Austin observed: "It depends on how far you get with it." She adds that the Reactionist "never caught up with Valda's stride"; also, "Valda wanted to be loved by the Superman, and his (the Reactionist's) style was early-Victorian." Again: "It is not uncommon to hear wives complain of want of spiritual rapport with their husbands when all that is required is to have the machinery of sex set in order." On these points Mrs. Austin need go no further.

A Compliment to Percy

When Attorney-General Webb petitioned the Supreme Court for a rehearing in the Deseret Water, Oil and Irrigation Company case, he was met with a smashing answer from A. H. Ricketts, attorney for the plaintiff and respondent and Metson, Drew and Mackenzie and Horatio Alling who are of counsel. The Chronicle drew attention to the vigorous language in which Webb's contentions were torn to shreds in this answer. But the Chronicle man who extracted the juice of this legal document overlooked one good thing. I refer to the concluding paragraph in which the attorneys paid their respects to our City Attorney as follows: "In attempting, therefore, to interject the question of the Hetch Hetchy, when in fact the decision can have no bearing whatever on any phase of that matter, the City and County Attorney places himself in the position of being willing to prostitute the widespread desire for the success of that project for the purpose of covertly assisting his superior officer in a matter which can never possibly have any bearing upon that project." I asked a prominent lawyer what he thought of this solar plexus delivered on the body legal of Percy Long and he said: "I'm afraid they give Percy credit for knowing too much and for a machiavellianism which is beyond his intellectual powers." The most unkindest cut of all!

The Worried Candidates

Senator John Bunyan Sanford of Ukiah, the Gray Eagle of the Democracy, came to town a few days ago and formally announced his candidacy for the governorship. Then he tripped over a wire in a telephone booth at the Hotel Manx and broke his leg. While he was lying on his back in the St. Francis Hospital he had many callers. Among others who came to his bedside and showed a great deal of interest in his condition were Senator John B. Curtin of Sonora, candidate for governor, Fred Hall of Bakersfield, candidate for governor, Sidney Van Wyck of San Francisco, candidate for governor and Lorin Handley of Los Angeles, candidate for governor.

"What I am trying to figure out," said Sanford to a non-political friend who called, "is whether they were eager to see me get well or whether they came with a secret hope of finding that I had broken, not my leg but my neck."

A Sign of the Times?

Have you noticed that there have been a number of automobile auctions recently? I have seen them advertised, and I am told that you can get a good motor car quite cheap, as a great many of them are going under the hammer. Some of them are cars which the owners can no longer support and other come from those curious concerns which lend you money when you want to buy a car and haven't enough money by half or one-third to pay cash. There are a number of these motor financing companies and I understand that they do a big business. These automobile auctions may or may not be a sign of the times. We must remember that California ranks second among the States in the number of its automobiles and that some percentage of buyers must be people who cannot afford to maintain the expensive luxuries they hanker after. However that may be, it is certainly a sign of the times that a number of our rich men have laid up their motor cars indefinitely. Quite a few men reckoned in the millionaire class drop off a California street car at the entrance of the Pacific-Union Club these days instead of driving up in their limousines. Economy is the slogan of the rich just now, and the first step toward economy consists in cutting out gasoline bills.

The Senatorial Race

Down in the southland there has been a prodigious revulsion of political feeling. Thus far the registered Republicans of Los Angeles outnumber the Progressives two to one. In San Diego the proportion is six to one. And down in that section Republicans are flocking to the Registrar's as though they thought election day was week after next and the proposition to be voted on involved the question of life or death. Samuel M. Shortridge was down there last week, and he was greeted everywhere as though he were a political messiah come to redeem the people and reconstruct the Ancient Freedom. They gave him a banquet in San Diego. He was celebrated by the press of Los Angeles. The editor of the Santa Ana Blade, a Progressive paper, caught the enthusiasm and committed his paper to Shortridge for the Senate. Of course, being one of Governor Johnson's commissioners he is for Johnson for Governor. Judging from the strength that Shortridge has developed no Republican will care to enter the race against him.

Arrested for "Exposure"

A typical instance of feminine meddlesomeness was supplied this week by Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Sullivan, the stormy petrels of our ocean beach. Two lads went bathing in the surf last Sunday. They were properly garbed in bathing suits. After a dip they sat on the sands to take a sun bath, and in order to raise a tan on their necks and shoulders they unbuttoned the straps of their bathing suits and exposed part of their breasts to the air. Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Sullivan summoned a policeman and had them arrested. On the following morning Police Judge Deasy promptly dismissed the charges against them. The stormy petrels of the beach were indignant.

"How can we get justice when a member of the District Attorney's office takes the part of these offenders?" they demanded.

Then they explained that Harry Mackenzie, an Olympic Club athlete and a member of Fickert's staff who was in court when the charges were dismissed, was in the habit not only of bathing at the beach but also of running along the sands in his bathing suit. In great indignation over their discomfiture they went to the Bond and Warrant Clerk's office and tried to get a warrant for Mackenzie's arrest. When it was refused they were more than ever convinced that a dire conspiracy existed to prevent them from "getting justice."

Willing White Slaves

Congress recently passed a law which closed all the houses in the red light district of Washington. The passage of the law was the signal for one of the most strenuous campaigns for the reclaiming of fallen women that the East has ever witnessed. The various charitable organizations arranged to take care of all the women—to provide homes and secure employment for them. The result of a week's missionary work has disclosed the fact that out of five hundred women living in the red light district only twenty-one expressed a willingness to reform. And yet local uplifters who are champions of the red light abatement law prate about the abolition of prostitution and the emancipation of white slaves.

James Turned Lorin Down

The latest bit of gossip that is being passed along in hotel corridors and other places where politicians most do congregate is to the effect that Lorin Handley of Los Angeles won't be a candidate for Governor because James D. Phelan refuses to finance his campaign. The President of the Board of Public Works of Los Angeles is

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not endowed with riches. He cannot afford to embark on a gubernatorial campaign unless somebody else puts up the necessary funds. On this account he was advised by his friends to keep out of the fight. But before taking their advice he came to San Francisco and talked the matter over with the Democratic candidate for the Senate. The names of Phelan and Handley had been coupled by the newspapers, and the statement was made that they would be running mates; so it was natural enough that Handley should seek this conference. But he found the young millionaire unsympathetic. Phelan, it seems, could or would give him no assurances of financial assistance in his campaign. So Handley went back to Los Angeles pretty disconsolate, and it is extremely unlikely that he will get into the gubernatorial campaign.

The Air Race 'Round the World

The eastern papers and the papers of Europe do not seem to be taking the air race 'round the world as seriously as it is taken in this neck of the woods. Of course the Hearst papers all over the country treat it as a feasible project, but then the man who is pushing it is Arnold Kruckman, Hearst's aerial expert. The Excelsior of Paris points out that motors and aviators will not be sufficiently advanced to undertake it by 1915. It thinks the race would degenerate into a battle between aeroplane houses, the richest only being able to engage in it on account of the expense of provisioning the pilot and transporting fifteen or twenty aeroplanes and motors. It says that the prize would hardly cover the expense and doubts whether one aviator could fly five hundred kilometers a day for three months in all sorts of weather, in all climtaes and under all conditions. It points out that Emanuel Helen in the Coupe Michelin succeeded in covering each day five hundred kilometers during more than a month on the same track. But he still has pains in his legs and must use a cane when he walks. Excelsior also remarks that if a change of pilot were allowed the race would lose much of its interest.

Another Objection

A writer in the New York Times points out other difficulties. He admits that six or seven hundred miles of water can be crossed where a few hundred miles of travel in any direction will bring you to some land. But he thinks that traveling from Iceland to the Faroe Islands, a mere dot in the ocean six or seven hundred miles away, is another matter. He reminds us that the late Aviator Grace lost his way in the twenty miles across the English Channel. An aviator, he says, cannot take his "points" as a mariner does, and a compass is not sufficiently reliable for such long stretches unless the goal be a large continent, in which case the particular point of landing is merely incidental. As for Eastern Siberia, he imagines that the projectors of the race cannot be very familiar with it. To patrol such a dreary waste by troops, as is proposed, and to establish a sufficient number of supply stations he considers folly, since ten miles out of the course an aviator would be as helpless as in mid-ocean.

In the Hospital

Milton H. Cook, our popular young captain of the leather industry, has been seriously ill in the hospital. For a time his life hung in the balance, but he was saved by a transfusion, his uncle Leonidas J. Scooffy supplying the blood, and he is now on the road to recovery. During his convalescence he has been keeping track of political happenings. "Milt" has a deep scorn for so-called progressives, and the activity of the cits who pose as political reformers is affecting his temperature a little.

"Davy Crockett was a little advanced for his age," said Milt to a caller the other day. 'Be sure you're right; then go ahead' takes too much for granted. How often do you know you're right in politics? I move to substitute: 'Till you know you're right, stand pat!'"

An Expert Opinion

Joseph Meany, an inspector for the Board of Public Works, was a witness during the investigation of the charges made by Supervisor Nelson in connection with the building of the new City Hall. Meany had been inspecting this job, and he testified as to the strength of the girders that span the new supervisors' meeting room. He thought that a heavy shock might loosen the rivets and bring the girders down, causing loss of life if the board happened to be in session.

"But you don't think it would matter much," said Alec Vogelsang banteringly, "if a few supervisors were killed?"

"True," said Meany, "but there might be other people in the room."

The Mystery of Edwin Drood

Is there any mystery about his murder? The Dickensians who arranged the recent trial at which Gilbert Chesterton presided and George Bernard Shaw was foreman of the jury, must have thought so. But if there ever was a mystery, Mrs. Alice Meynell solved it thirty years ago. Writing in the Century of Luke Fildes, the illustrator of Dickens' last novel, Mrs. Meynell told how the artist penetrated part of the author's secret when he emphasized in his pictures the scarf which Jasper wore in the later chapters. The scarf was the instrument of murder. When Dickens found that Fildes had guessed so much he feared that he was telling his story too fast. Mrs. Meynell continued: "Finding that Mr. Fildes knew a great deal, Charles Dickens went on to make the principal revelation which concerned the central figure; he told his illustrator that Jasper was to be brought to justice in the end of the story." So there is no doubt that Jasper murdered Edwin Drood. As Mrs. Meynell said, "The secret that Charles Dickens intended to keep, and kept in effect, was the manner of the discovery." If there is any mystery it is, Who and what was Mr. Datchery? There is a problem for the Dickensians! Their conviction of Jasper was superfluous. We all knew he was guilty.

Parfum Trentini at Tavern

The atmosphere of refinement and respectability at once apparent to all who visit Techau Tavern is one of the chief reasons for the constantly increasing patronage of the ladies who find this cafe an ideal place for rest and refreshment during afternoon shopping hours. In appreciation of this patronage it is the custom of the management to present each lady guest with a handsome souvenir every Saturday afternoon. Parfum Trentini, in dainty bottles, will be the souvenir attraction this Saturday afternoon.

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By TANTALUS

The Stage-Struck Goulds

The visit to San Francisco of the charming Lady Decies and her stalwart Irish husband brings to mind the very interesting fact of the strong predilection of the Gould family to the stage. Lady Decies' mother was Edith Kingdon, an invaluable member of the Daly company when Ada Rehan was the leading lady and John Drew leading man. Besides her beauty Miss Kingdon had talent and a good social position. George Gould, the head of the family, fell madly in love with her. And so they were married. And now, besides oodles of money and a better social position, she has six fine children and a record as a very successful wife. One of her daughters—the eldest—married young Drexel whose sister married Lord Maidstone, cousin of our own George Hatton who was present at the wedding. The second daughter, Lady Decies, married at the tender age of seventeen Lord Decies. His younger brother married Kittty Gordon, the London actress, some sixteen years ago. We had the pleasure of seeing the stunning Kitty recently at the Cort. Not much of an actress but beauteous. I believe they stranded somewhere near Los Angeles, but Kitty continues on her stage career. Lady Decies' father's brother Howard married Katherine Clemmons, a San Francisco woman, whose stage career extended over several years. The unhappy story of their wedded life is still fresh in the minds of newspaper readers of divorce scandals. Mr. Howard Gould is frequently reported in the dailies now as married or engaged to another stage divinity. Frank Gould, another uncle, and his wife, a Miss Kelly of New York, a daughter of a millionaire, were divorced, and Frank married another Miss Kelly—this time of the stage. She was quite without distinction up to the time of her marriage. Frank was so stage-struck that he endeavored to make her a London star. However, as we don't hear of her since his efforts in that direction maybe they agreed it was better not. Last, but by no means least, in the public eye was Anna Gould. As a young girl she became engaged to Harry Woodruff, an actor whom she met by going about with brother Howard. Brother George didn't approve of the engagement at all because Harry was an actor. He said, "If Harry becomes a lawyer, all right, marry him." So they sent Harry to Harvard and Anna to Europe where she met Count Castellane and married him. Then the Goulds withdrew their support from Harry and he returned to the stage where he made his mark. He has an excellent social position, is a perfectly clean American citizen and writes his own checks. The magazines sometimes tell us of his summer home on Nantasket Island. He has never married but he should worry. After a stormy life with the despicable count, Anna divorced him and married the Prince de Sagan who seems to be a lot better than the little count. The world is waiting anxiously to see if the Rota will grant Castellane's prayer to have his marriage to Anna annulled upon his accusation that before the ceremony she frivolously remarked "O, well if we are unhappy we'll get a divorce. I am an American." In view of all the circumstances, that the wife complied with all the religious requirements at the time of the marriage, that she endured her husband's horrible treatment for years and bore him several children, it seems hardly likely that the Vatican would go so far as to dissolve the marriage.

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Democratic Nobles

Lord Decies and his American Lady are far from being haughty, exclusive, stuck-up or whatever you prefer to call that silly condition of artificial hauteur one so often associates with high rank. They are natural, hearty, merry human beings with a large capacity for innocent enjoyment. They enjoyed everything hugely in San Francisco—the shops, the streets, the hills, the Cliff House and the seals, the Park and Chinatown. The Goulds never spoiled Vivien, so we may attribute her pleasant way to good upbringing. Decies' charming good nature is hereditary. The Beresfords are a distinguished Irish family whose annals are full of swashbucklers, viveurs, duellists, frolickers and gallants. They left their impress on Irish politics in the good old days just before and just after the Union when an Irish gentleman mixed in politics for the fun and excitement just as a Hillsboro gentleman goes in for polo or aeroplanes. Decies wouldn't be a true Beresford if he were different.

Helping the Camera Man

At the tea dances and the dinner dances and the supper dances nobody had a better time than Lord and Lady Decies. The less attention was paid to them, the more they were taken for granted the better they liked it. Some of our parvenus who dote on pomp might learn of them. You've noticed how certain grand dames of our parish accept all the subservient attentions of the hotel concierge when alighting from their limousines. In contrast I saw Lady Decies at the Fairmont throw open the door and leap out before the concierge was half way across the sidewalk. And I saw her help a camera man from one of the papers. As she started into her motor the click of the photographer's machine fell upon her ear. She turned and laughed.

"It seems to me I heard a click," she said. "Did you get a good picture?"

The knight of the lens wasn't sure.

"Then I must pose for you," said Lady Decies.

And with the assistance of the smiling Lord Decies she posed for half a dozen snaps. How many of our society ladies would do as much?

Our Fashionable Women

Mme. Clara Butt was quoted last week as having said that we are not up to the moment in style in our town, that she saw London ladies last year wearing the modes now the vogue here. Goodness! haven't we got over being tardy in taking up the latest thing? It always hurts our feelings to be told we're not modish or that there is any fault to be found with our climate. But by Clara—we should worry. Stylish is the last adjective anyone could think of applying to that talented lady. True, she has individuality in dress—a sort of "I'm to be queen of the May, mother" style that impresses one as having been advised and designed by her so respectable looking husband to suit her unusual heroic physique. 'Tis said he is the one responsible for the cultivation of her extraordinary voice. Perhaps he has an instinct for clothes. Now, if the ultra-stylish Mary Garden were to criticise us then would we harken, but Mary is probably too diplomatic to hurt our feelings. It is quite true, though, about our being slow to adopt radical styles of dress. We buy what our shops have, and comparatively few of the women who have an instinct for clothes take the trouble to find out what is really being worn in fashion centers. Many of the women who go to Paris and New York are too conservative to return clad in the mode of the moment. Mrs. Templeton Crocker is a striking exception. And every time she wears an unusual hat at an unfamiliar angle, people talk about her originality. Mrs. Crocker, like Mrs. Joe Tobin and Enid Gregg would look different from other women in any kind of clothes because they have the cachet, but evidently they give intelligent thought to what suits them and go in for the prevailing fashion. Mrs. Crocker appears oftener than any other of our women in the dernier cri. Enid Gregg, the profile of whose body is an artist's dream, is another who has the courage of her penchant for the new, but her selections often run to the whimsical. Every time I see her I long to lead her to an artist who will persuade her to study the coiffure of one of Romney's portraits of Lady Hamilton (the one with the hand extended toward a strange flower). Not that Miss Gregg resembles the portrait but if she would do her hair that way

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her style now perilously near the bizarre would be improved. Some of our very wealthy society ladies do not go in for fashion effects—Mrs. Frederick Kohl, for instance, whose splendid beauty shines in conventional garments. Others seemingly endeavor to be stylish and original, but are unsuccessful. Why don't they employ some artist in dress to study their styles? For instance Joseph in New York who does that great service for wealthy ladies of the stage world and New York society.

More Engagements Coming

Three more engagements are rumored in the younger set that seems to have contributed most of the romance of the season. Lovely Ruth Winslow who has been one of the favorites of the Burlingame and Menlo Park contingents since her debut two years ago, may soon announce her betrothal to an out-of-town beau. Ruth Winslow who is the daughter of Mrs. "Ham" Wallace, the former Sally Stetson, has the unusual and happy combination of intelligence and beauty. She is tall and slender, with a beautifully poised head that artists have admired, and with a most refreshing sense of humor. One of her intimate girl friends is Lee Girvin whose engagement to Lloyd Tevis was announced last week. Miss Winslow's devoted cavalier belongs to a family prominent for years in the northern part of the State and is, I believe, a connection of Mrs. William Tubbs. Another belle of the very young set counted among the engaged girls is Louise Wallach. She belongs to the Belvedere coterie that includes the Mailliards, Pages and Wilsons. It is a member of the Mailliard clan who is the reported fiance of this attractive maid for whom Mrs. John Mailliard gave a large luncheon early in the season. However the fiance belongs to another branch of the family. The third rumor is that Marie Louise Black's return from the East may mean an announcement before she departs again for Europe to spend the summer, and select a trousseau, so the gossips say. Miss Black had planned, they say, to visit relatives in New York until she sailed for the other side, but decided instead to return for a fresh start. The young Oakland beau who has been her shadow at tea dances and soirees dansantes is beaming in consequence. Miss Black was called the prettiest debutante of the winter and she has a generous share of the happy personality that wins friends for popular "Cap" Black, her father.

Tango Contest at Mardi Gras

The grand court of the Palace will present a scene of Oriental magnificence when the Queen of the Mardi Gras surrounded by her gorgeous court reviews her loyal subjects and passes judgment on the most expert dancer and the loveliest costume. The decorations will be unsurpassed in lavishness, the opulence of Eastern coloring as shown in the wonderful paintings of Bakst supplying the motif for decoration and costuming. In addition to the regal grandeur of the spectacle there will be an exciting dancing contest before the throne in which it is expected that many of the Burlingame contingent will participate. Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. George Cameron have the matter in hand and under their direction a tremendous success is assured. Reservations for supper tables should be made as early as possible in order to assure proper supper service, as the indications are that even with the increased seating capacity the demand will exceed the number available. It is planned to serve about 1200, using the ball room, the concert room, the main restaurant and the men's grill. Those who reserve tables will have the use of them from 10:30 till the ball is over, thus affording a place of rendezvous between the dances. When making table reservations patrons are requested to give the exact number of suppers ordered. Those not known to the management will give checks when tables are ordered. The price of the admission ticket is $5.00 and of the supper $2.50. All reservations for tables should be made with Mr. Haberle, maitre d'hotel.

At Del Monte

The dance given on Saturday proved a great success. The hotel orchestra played all the new tunes for the Maurice Tango, one step and hesitation waltz. Among the dancers were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Markham, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kirby, Mr. and Mrs. B. Mayhew, Mr. and Mrs. David Moss, E. W. Purdy, A. Marpole, R. A. Welsh, H. J. Ashles, E. E. Ainsworth, Joseph Blethen, H. H. Cotton, M. F. Backus, L. Campbell, Atholl McBean, Mesdames W. H. Henshaw, W. Brevart, O. Plunkett and the Messrs. L. Noyer, F. F. Crowe, M. F. Folsom, G. W. Fischer, R. M. Price, Capt. A. Poillon, Major Collins, Capt. and Mrs. Gleaves, Capt. and Mrs. Coughlan, Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright, the Misses Warner and Grant. Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt arrived on Saturday to spend the week-end. They took some of the important motor drives and Mr. Hewitt spent considerable time on the golf links. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bayne are to remain at the hotel for a few days.

Notes of Coronado

Lieut. and Mrs. Conger Pratt, recently married here, are spending their honeymoon at Hotel del Coronado and were the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Robinson Jr. on Saturday evening preceding the "Baby Costume Ball"; also at the England vs. America polo game of Sunday at the Coronado Country Club. Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Freeman who spent their honeymoon here have returned to Coronado. G. S. Garritt of this city arrived at Coronado on Friday and was the dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Dupee that evening. Among the arrivals from San Francisco are Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker and Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. F. Klamp of Honolulu are at the Cecil during a month's stay in San Francisco. They are on a world tour. They are accompanied by their young daughter. Former U. S. Judge James H. Beatty of Idaho is a guest with Mrs. Beatty during a visit here. State Senator W. A. Sutherland accompanied by Mrs. Sutherland is at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Kronmiller entertained a party of ten friends at dinner on Sunday last. Miss Farnsworth of Visalia is the guest of Mrs. Mary Hyde. Mrs. James H. Hough of Stockton has been at the Cecil.

Tait's in the Forefront

San Francisco is famous the world over for her cafes. Ever since the days of '49 she has held an unique position in this respect. Nowhere else in the country can one find such a charm and air of differentness as pervade the dining places of this city. And in the forefront of all is the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. You thoroughly enjoy eating in this place, so appetizing and tempting is the food served. And when it comes to pleasing and high-class entertainment, it certainly deserves more than passing mention. No matter when you dine there, there is always a varied and interesting entertainment bill.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Trentini at The Cort

There are people who hunger and thirst for opera comique and that can be lured away from the movies and even from vaudeville and the drama by good voices in light comic opera. Hence "The Firefly" at the Cort, which has for its raison d'etre Emma Trentini, a very diminutive but well-proportioned lady who works seriously and very hard indeed to get the funny situations "over" to an eager audience. She is from the world of grand opera, which doubtless accounts for the palpable fact that with many natural endowments that go to the making of a soubrette she hasn't any "ways." To compensate, however, she has a voice of charming quality and much strength. How superior in artistic achievement it is compared to voices of ladies usually the centres of solar systems it would be hard to say as the musical composer has written her no numbers to reveal her vocal possibilities. There are in the score one or two "catchy tunes" which some folk liked so well that they hummed them on the way out—a good sign that the public has taken to the show. Others in the cast who sing well are Mellville Stuart and William Wolff. The latter does a bass solo with male chorus accompaniment which "takes." Stuart, notwithstanding an inadequate facial make-up or rather lack of any, scores act by act through the force of his long-extended opera comique experience, his well placed baritone voice and his beautiful English pronunciation and refined manners—in short, his physique and technique. Oscar Figman as a brow-beaten private secretary of a shrewish, wealthy widow is a factor in the success of the show. He has a comical way of looming upon the view as if happening in from nowhere, and, after he gets in, of attitudinizing about in a "I-don't-know-what-I'm-here-for" sort of way and wearing upon his surprised countenance a "Julia loves me" expression. There are some pretty young chorus girls but they haven't anything exciting to do. Their clothes, although fresh looking, do not impress one as having been designed with a view to arouse feelings of covetousness in the female bosom (except an evening coat of Miss Trentini's which makes an effective finale to the third act). Neither is there anything in the sartorial scheme that I should fancy would go to the manly head. I might except the smart-looking yatching shoes of the chorus ladies. I don't mean that the chorus does any high kicking. Indeed, it is a distinct disappointment that there is not even a near tango in the show. Fancy presenting a musical production sans la danse at this psychological moment when people not doing it themselves want to see others doing it! This is not to disparage the terpsichorean specialty of Betty Barnell and John Hines in the last act, which, to say the least, is strenuous. However, we must remember that Miss Trentini the star is temporarily out of grand opera.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

The Great Irish Tenor

It was fitting that John McCormack should open his recital in San Francisco with Handel, for Nature dedicated both to music. Besides, while Handel expounded the universal idiom of music McCormack is an exponent of the universal idiom of song. He sang Handel with exquisite feeling and with flawless art, and when he finished his first numbers from "Jeptha" one had only to glance to right or left to see tears frankly flowing from eyes young and old. Another number in the same devotional spirit was the Allitsen setting of the twenty-seventh psalm. No sermon on "strength from above" could be so eloquent as John McCormack's sweet singing of the solemn words. The pathetic "J'ai pleure en reve" (Hue) was sung with such depth of pathos that the audience was visibly moved and demanded a repetition. In all these songs not only was there the golden appeal of the heaven-born gift of song, but the evidences as well of all things that prove mastery of the essentials of a difficult art—breath control, phrasing, shading and enunciation. It is in Italian that John McCormack is most brilliant and alive. He gave us this time but one number—an aria from Leoncavallo's Boheme, and he gave it with a dramatic intensity that only the skilled operatic artist is capable of exhibiting. And then, and then!

MARIE DRESSLER
In "The Merry Gambol" which reopened at the Gaiety Thursday night, February 19.

John McCormack sang Irish songs as only he can sing them. His is a voice that gets into the blood—the kind that the melomaniac delights in, the voice that touches and kindles the imagination. Ah! how it wakes in the heart sympathy for the sorrows of the Green Isle! McCormack is one of those rare singers who render the soul as well as the senses in song. The lectures of all the statesmen of Ireland could not do as much for Home Rule as those sentimental lyrics "My Lagan Love" and "She Moved Thru the Fair," as sung by McCormack with minor arpeggios and dainty embellishments. As long as John McCormack can sing "The Minstrel Boy" there will always be multitudes to proclaim "I'm Irish and proud of it."

—Helen M. Bonnet.

The Farewell of John McCormack

That glorious singer John McCormack will give his farewell concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, February 22 at 2:30 p. m. On this occasion the artist will sing a special request program, and it promises to be a veritable feast of song. There have been over one hundred demands for the great tenor solo from Puccini's "La Boheme," almost as many for the "Salve D'Amore" from "Faust" and half a dozen other operatic works, and McCormack will sing at least two or three of these besides a lot of German, French, English and Irish ballads. The program will be made up of works not on the previous offerings with the favorites promised as encore or extra numbers. There will be an air of informality about the concert, the tenor singing the numbers greatest in demand just as if in a parlor. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's, and the box office at Scottish Rite Auditorium will be open Sunday after ten o'clock.

The Gerardy Concerts

The concerts to be given by Jean Gerardy, the world's greatest violoncellist, promise to be red-letter events in our musical history. The visit of a great 'cello virtuoso is in itself a rare occasion, but when the artist announces such supporting stars as Gabriel Ysaye and Frank LaForge, then indeed does the attraction become a genuine "all star combination." The Gerardy-Ysaye-LaForge concerts will be given at the Columbia on two Sunday afternoons, March 8 and 15, and mail orders may now be sent to Will. L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s. On Thursday afternoon, March 12 at 3:15 p. m. this great aggregation will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Mrs. Crane at the Alcazar

A most extraordinary attraction will be offered at the Alcazar beginning at the Monday matinee (Washington's Birthday) when "the little daughter of the dance," Mrs. Douglas Crane, will make her local dramatic debut as Missy, the dancer, in the first production on any stage of Louise Closser Hale's new, sensational and brilliant play, "Her Soul and Her Body." Mrs. Hale who is one of America's leading actresses, as well as a writer of renown, has made the dramatization of her play from her own successful novel of the same name which appeared recently in one of the Eastern magazines. The story is one of a great dancer, a young New England girl who at the outset of her career meets and falls in love with a man of the world. The conflict that little Missy goes through forms the chief theme of the play which is replete with strong, tense and dramatic scenes and has a delightful comedy vein. Mrs. Crane will introduce some new dances of the inspirational school. This will be the first time that local theatregoers have ever seen the little dancer in anything but the modern ballroom dances. In "Her Soul and Her Body" she will dance her own creations, "The Moth and the Flame" to the accompaniment of Ambrosio's "Canzonetta"; "Love's Awakening" to the music of the "Scene Dansee" from Delibe's Ballet, "La Source"; and an inspirational dance done to Chopin's "Minute Waltz." The incidental music will be a big feature of the production. It has been especially composed by Harry J. Curtaz, the well known local artist, and is of rare beauty. Frank Elliott, an English actor of great prominence who came to this country under Charles Frohman's management, to appear in the leading role with Blanche Bates in "The Witness for the Defense," will make his first appearance at the Alcazar as the man who comes into Missy's life. An old Alcazar favorite Howard Hickman has been brought out from New York to create the role of the dancing master, and Adele Belgarde will return to the Al-

cazar players as the landlady. Louise Brownell, Katheryn Icily, Burt Wesner, Kernan Cripps and Edmond S. Lowe will also be in the cast. Mrs. Hale is in San Francisco to assist Stage Director Butler with the rehearsals and to be present at the premiere. No expense has been spared to make this one of the banner productions in the history of the Alcazar.

"Robin Hood" with Bessie Abott

The next attraction at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday, will be Bessie Abott and the de Koven Opera Company in an ambitious revival of the comic opera classic "Robin Hood," with a large chorus, a special orchestra, and a cast of grand opera principals. Heading the company is Bessie Abott, a lyric soprano from the Grand Opera, Paris, and Metropolitan, New York, who is making her first appearance before American audiences in a light opera part, and who has not been heard here since the engagement of the Metropolitan company that was interrupted by the great fire. On that night Miss Abott was to sing Carmen, with Caruso and Scotti. Henriette Wakefield, contralto from the Metropolitan, will appear as Alan-a-Dale and sing the favorite "O Promise Me." Other singers of note will be Jerome Daley as the blacksmith, James Stevens as Little John and Ralph Brainard in the title role. George B. Frothingham of the original Bostonians, who created the comedy role of Friar Tuck, will be again seen in his celebrated impersonation. Mr. Frothingham has played this part more than five thousand times. The chorus of pretty girls, manly men and good voices has been kept almost intact from the revival at the New Amsterdam, and the augmented orchestra is under the direction of Joseph Sainton. Matinees during this engagement will be given on Saturdays only.

"The Merry Gambol" Continues

"The Merry Gambol" is once more cavorting at the Gaiety, with Miss Marie Dressler as the principal rider in a merry vehicle that has been hailed as the finest melange of mirth, melody and girls that has visited San Francisco in many months. Miss Dressler has entirely recovered from the illness that interrupted her engagement and is her exuberant, unctuous self again in a role which will be remembered by theatregoers long after the engagement at the Gaiety has terminated as the finest impersonation the star of "Tillie's Nightmare" has ever offered a laughter-loving public. In the cast with Miss Dressler are Gene Luneska whose singing voice and personality are assets in musical comedy; Charles Judels, whose Italian characterization is one of the features of "The Merry Gambol"; Charles Mason who with his "saengerfest" chorus boys offers a novelty as entertaining as it is harmonious; Charles Purcell who is sustaining the reputation he created as a comic opera star in "The Chocolate Soldier," and Alf and Gladys Goulding whose singing and dancing help to liven a performance that is sumptuous in costumery and scenery and rehearsed to the point of absolute perfection.

GABRIEL YSAYE

With Gerardy, the king of the violoncello, at Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoons, March 8 and 15, and Ye Liberty, Oakland, Thursday afternoon, March 12.

European Acrobats at Empress

Headlining a great bill at the Empress will be an act that furnishes many thrills. The Adas Family of seven gymnasts will make their first appearance in America after three years of triumph at the famous London and Paris Hippodromes. Five women and two men are in this excellent troupe. They carry one of the most beautiful wardrobes ever worn by an acrobatic attraction. John R. Gordon and Co. will present one of the biggest screams ever, a rattling comedy "What Would You Do?" Supporting Gordon are such capable artists as Elliott J. Simms, Lelith Belmont and Gertrude Graham. The Four Ladella Comiques will contribute a comedy acrobatic act that is thrilling and funny. The American Comedy Four, billed as Monarchs of Mirth and Melody, have voices of unusual quality. Ned Nestor and Bess Delberg offer a bit of musical comedy called "In Love" that is replete with clever dances, bright comedy and new songs. Rouble Simms is an eccentric cartoonist. The Essanceescope pictures, educational and comedy, will complete the bill.

Another Week of Trentini

There remains but one more week of the engagement of Emma Trentini in "The Firefly" at the Cort. "The little devil of the opera" has won her way into the heart of music-loving San Francisco. As a matter of fact, she was safely entrenched there five minutes after she had made her appearance on the Cort stage last Sunday night. Harry Lauder comes to the Cort on Monday, March 2.

Tetrazzini at Tivoli

San Francisco is once more to hear the golden notes of the greatest prima donna of the age, Luisa Tetrazzini who is now making a complete transcontinental tour under the direction of W. H. Leahy, her discoverer. Tetrazzini has recently added to her laurels by her remarkable voc-

ROSA RAISA

The Polish soprano with the Chicago Grand Opera Company coming to the Tivoli Opera House for two weeks commencing Monday, March 16.

alization in the leading cities of Europe and her receptions at the hands of her admirers have eclipsed all previous ovations. That she holds a remarkable place in the hearts of Americans is shown by the numerous offers received by Manager Leahy for the diva to appear in cities where she has not yet been heard, each offer being accompanied by a large financial guarantee. The previous tours made by Tetrazzini resulted in a shower of gold pouring into the box offices of the theatres where she was announced to sing. Everywhere theatres were sold out before the singer appeared. San Francisco will hear her but twice this season, at the Tivoli, Thursday evening, March 5, and Saturday afternoon, March 7. The assisting artists will be Rafael Diez, tenor, Yves Nat, pianist, and Pietro Caso, flutist. Seats will range in price from three dollars to a dollar and will be placed on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s Tuesday morning.

The Grand Opera Repertoire

Great interest is manifested in the season of grand opera to be given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli for the two weeks commencing three weeks from next Monday night, and the demand for seats for the season is very large. At Sherman, Clay and Co.'s, where the sale is now in progress, choice locations are going with a rush and the sale will continue until Saturday evening, March 7, the sale of single seats commencing the following Monday. Monday evening, March 18, the engagement will be ushered in by the first performance in San Francisco of Alberto Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo," with Titta Ruffo, Rosa Raisa, Amedeo Bassi, Francesco Federici, Henri Scott, Gustave Huberdeau, Edmond Warnery, Ruby Heyl, Frank Preisch and Constantine Nicolay, Cleofonte Campanini conducting. The complete repertoire follows: March 17, 8 p. m., "Aida," with Carolina White, Julia Claussen, Amedeo Bassi, Giovanni Polese, Henri Scott, Gustave Huberdeau, and Rosina Galli and International Ballet, Campanini conducting. March 18, 2 p. m., "La Boheme," with Maggie Teyte, Aristodemo Giorgini, Giovanni Polese, Francesco Federici, Mabel Riegelman, Francesco Daddi, followed by Grand Ballet Divertisement and Dance of the Hours, from "Gioconda," with Rosina Galli, Giuseppi Sturani conducting. March 18, 8 p. m., "Louise," with Mary Garden, Leon Campagnola, Hector Dufranne, Louise Berat and forty other artists, Campanini conducting. March 19, 8 p. m., "Herodiade," with Carolina White, Campagnola, Julia Claussen, Armand Crabbe, Huberdeau, and incidental dances by Rosina Galli and Corps de Ballet, Charlier conducting. March 20, 8 p. m., "Thais," with Mary Garden, Dufranne, Campagnola or Warnery, Huberdeau, Campanini conducting. March 21, at 2 p. m., "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rosa Raisa, Aristodemo Giorgini, Francesco Federici and Ruby Heyl, Giuseppe Sturani conducting, followed by "Pagliacci," with Titta Ruffo, Jane Osborn-Hannah, Bassi and Crabbe, Campanini conducting. March 21, 8 p. m., "The Jewels of the Madonna," with Carolina White, Bassi, Polese and Berat, Campanini conducting. March 22, 4:30 p. m., "Parsifal," with Julia Claussen, Otto Marak, Clarence Whitehill, Allen Hinckley, Henri Scott, Hector Dufranne, Ruby Heyl, Stanislaus Grundgand, Armand Crabbe, Emilio Venturini, Desire Defrere, Minnie Egener, Helen Warrum, Mabel Riegelman and Beatrice Wheeler, Campanini conducting. March 23, 8 p. m., "Tosca," with Mary Garden, Polese and Campagnola, Campanini conducting. March 24, 8 p. m., "Lohengrin," with Rosa Raisa, Julia Claussen, Marak, Whitehill and Hinckley, Campanini conducting. March 25, 8 p. m., "Barber of Seville," with Titta Ruffo, Florence Macbeth, Giorgini and Scott, Sturani conducting. March 26, "Manon," with Mary Garden, Campagnola, Dufranne and Huberdeau, Charlier conducting. March 27, "Don Giovanni," with Titta Ruffo, Carolina White, Rosa Raisa, Giorgini, Huberdeau, Trevisan and Scott, Campanini conducting. March 28, 2 p. m., "Madame Butterfly," with Maggie Teyte, Bassi, Federici, Margaret Keyes and Minnie Egener, Sturani conducting, followed by a Grand Ballot Divertisement. March 28, 8 p. m., grand farewell performance, program to be announced later.

Bessie Clayton at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a program of great novelty and merit. Bessie Clayton, "The Queen of Dance" who has the distinction of being the only American danseuse who has ever been engaged by the French Government and who is now enjoying a brief leave of absence, will appear in a series of her own terpsichorean creations. Miss Clayton will be supported by Ned Norton, Ada Ayres, Lee Shaw and a carefully selected company of European dancers who will present as a special feature the Argenteno Tango Octette. Francis Dooley, the favorite song writer and composer assisted by Corinne Sayles, a clever, lively and engaging comedienne will have witty songs and dialogue. Hans Robert who starred as "Checkers" will with the assistance of a competent company perform Allan Woolf's latest comedy hit "A Daddy by Express." Sylvia Loyal and her Pierrot will in-

EMMA TRENTINI

The celebrated prima donna who is delighting local music-lovers with her work in "The Firefly" at the Cort.

FRITZ KREISLER

The world's greatest master of the violin who gives two violin recitals. At the Cort, Sunday, February 22 and Scottish Rite, Thursday, February 26.

troduce a novel act in which dog training, juggling, tight-wire walking are the component parts and which is climaxed by the appearance of a flock of seventy pigeons. Clark Martinetti and Joe Sylvester, the boys with the chairs, will provide a sidesplitting acrobatic novelty. Next week will be the last of Chick Sales and Louis Hardt. It will also close the triumphal engagement of George Damerel and his company in the sparkling operetta "The Knight of the Air."

The Kreisler Concerts

Fritz Kreisler, the world's greatest violinist, is in our midst and Sunday afternoon at the Cort and Thursday night at Scottish Rite Hall will reveal the full measure of his beautiful art. Mr. Kreisler is under the local management of Frank W. Healy and will not be heard in any other city in Northern California. This fact has caused such an influx of mail orders from out of town patrons as is seldom known. Parties will come from as far South as Fresno, from points as far North as Chico and the bay cities will all be represented at the Kreisler recitals. Nine years ago Mr. Kreisler appeared in San Francisco in a small hall and very few music lovers were on hand to hear him. Nine years ago musicians proclaimed Kreisler as one of the foremost exponents of his art in the world, but it has remained for the general public to make of his recitals financial successes in keeping with his excellence as an artist. This season Kreisler's tour is the most triumphant of his career and the greatest demonstration of approval ever accorded a violinist was his recently when at the close of his recital in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, the audience rose in a body and with cries of bravo and other exclamations of delight and admiration, recalled him many times. Tickets are on sale now at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Cort Theatre and Kohler & Chase.

"Bride of Lammermoor" at Tivoli

"Winter's Tale" and "A Daughter of Old Ireland," the two subjects which have pleased patrons of the Tivoli all week, will be shown for the last times today. For the week beginning Sunday another double bill will be offered. One feature will be "The Bride of Lammermoor," which, as "Lucia," has been sung so often by Tetrazzini in the local house. The filmatization of Scott's romance is in three parts, the principal roles being assumed by two players well known to San Franciscans, Constance Crawley whose "Everyman" created a sensation here and Arthur Maude who has often appeared with Miss Crawley. The second feature is entitled "Princess Alexia's Escape" and shows a thrilling series of adventures in Russia. The customary comedy film will enliven proceedings and the orchestral numbers will include selections from "Lucia."

"The Crime of the Law" at Savoy

"Traffic in Souls," the sensational photo-drama, will be shown for the last times at the Savoy today, and beginning with the Sunday matinee there will be presented at the "playhouse beautiful," for the first time in San Francisco, what is heralded as the season's biggest dramatic success, "The Crime of the Law," a new play by Rachael Marshall, remembered here as the author of "The Traffic," which was given to the world last summer from the Savoy to go to Chicago for a run

BESSIE ABOTT

Who makes her first appearance in San Francisco since the night of Tuesday, April 17, 1906, when a featured member of the Metroplitan Grand Opera Company singing with Caruso and Scotti in Carmen, at the Columbia next week in "Robin Hood."

JOHN
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GREAT FAREWELL CONCERT
"A FEAST OF SONG"
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 22 at 2:30
Tickets, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's. Sunday at Hall.
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Arthur Hammerstein Presents
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TRENTINI
In the Comedy Opera Delight
"THE FIREFLY"
Book by Otto Hauerbach—Music by Rudolf Friml
NOTE—Rosemarie Bloan will sing the leading role at the Wednesday matinee; special prices, 25c to $1.00. Night and Saturday Matinee Prices, 50c to $2.
Next Monday, March 2—HARRY LAUDER

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Starting Sunday Matinee, February 22nd
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"THE CRIME OF THE LAW"
A Startling Revelation of Prison Life, by Rachael Marshall
Author of "The Traffic"
A Splendid Cast of Sterling Players—Perfect Production
Night Prices: 25c to $1.00. Matinees Monday (Washington's Birthday), Wednesday and Saturday, 25c and 50c.

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Commencing Monday Matinee
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Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
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Belasco & Mayer Have the Honor to Present
MRS. DOUGLAS CRANE
In the Leading Role of Missy, the Dancer in the First Production on Any Stage of the Brilliant New Play
HER SOUL AND HER BODY
By Louise Closser Hale
Prices: Night, 25c to $1. Matinees, 25c to 50c

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Today—Last Times of "Winter's Tale" and "A Daughter of Old Ireland"
Week Starting Sunday, February 22nd
Another Double Bill!
THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR
Sir Walter Scott's Romance, and
PRINCESS ALEXIA'S ESCAPE
A Thrilling Story of Russia
Continuous, 12 M. to 11 P. M., Daily
Matinee, 10c; Evenings, 10c and 20c

which is still progressing. "The Crime of the Law" has proven most sensational. It tells the story of a young man who is thrown into the hands of the police through the theft of money to pay his mother's doctor bills. The prison turns him into a criminal demon. In one act the interior of a State prison is reproduced—death house, dungeons, straight jacket rooms and dark corridors. There is here an expose never attempted before by a dramatist. The company is made up of excellent players. There will be a special matinee on Washington's Birthday.

Miss Vivienne at Matinee

The management of the regular weekly Matinees of Music given under the auspices of Kohler & Chase makes an exceptionally interesting announcement this week. The soloist engaged for this Saturday will be Miss Rena Vivienne, the well known prima donna soprano. She was for several years with the Savage Opera Company and one of her principal triumphs was in Madame Butterfly. Miss Vivienne also sang in Brussels with success, and only recently was prima donna of the Tivoli.

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Going to Work

(Continued from Page 8.)

enemies to come to any place worth winning to.

At the end of this street also he halted, and although his heart began to beat painfully, yet he was chilled. There was a sensation of emptiness at the pit of his stomach. He felt that now he had come so near to the end he would be glad not to search any further. The end was too definite, too immediate. Half-an-hour was not sufficient time to make one accustomed to any consummation. He might have turned and walked away again, but there was no place to go to. He would not be allowed back to school, and his parents were away in England—he walked on.

At the next turning he halted again, and asked another man where ——— street was.

The man looked at him.

"This is it," said he calmly. He raised his hand slightly and pointed, "There it is," said he, and he also went quickly away.

He was standing by the very street. Six paces more, and he was standing in it. It was a narrow place. Two lines of high houses frowned over a long strip of road. The road was dotted here and there with a few cars, and there were perhaps half-a-dozen people walking in it. It was very silent.

He walked down the street consulting his crumpled piece of paper, and at a certain house he halted. Then he put the scrap of paper in his pocket, and knocked very gently on the door.

BESSIE CLAYTON

"The Queen of Dance" next week at the Orpheum.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

but scorched, and that the knowledge of evil fell upon her soul and almost crushed it.

All this wrought upon her character, as I have said, and helped to make her the Mrs. Douglas Crane of today. Her ordeal passed through triumphantly, married, acclaimed and sought after as a successful dancer, there was still that unsatisfied dramatic ambition. Mrs. Crane had gone a long way from the livery stable, but a good part of the road was still to traverse. Let us see now if parallel lines never meet.

The St. Francis tea dances brought Mrs. Crane to San Francisco; the special engagement at the Orpheum widened the scope of her admirers. One day a lady at the tea dance said to Mrs. Crane:

"There is a Mrs. Hale here. She has a play and would like to interest you in it."

Mrs. Crane was presented to Mrs. Hale who sat at a tea table. Mrs. Crane was not interested, for she thought Mrs. Hale was one of the innumerable army of vaudeville sketch writers.

"What is the name of your play?" she asked.

"'Her Soul and Her Body,'" answered Mrs. Hale.

Mrs. Crane's eyes are quite wonderful, and again I can imagine how they must have blazed at those words.

"Then you are Louise Closser Hale and you have dramatized my story!" exclaimed Mrs. Crane.

"I almost jumped over the tea table into her arms," she says.

Louise Closser Hale was in San Francisco playing a character part with Henry Miller in "The Rainbow." She had turned her Smart Set story into a play and had taken it to Fred Belasco.

"It is wonderful," he told her, "but there isn't an actress in America who could play the principal part. A dancer couldn't do the acting, and an actress couldn't do the dancing."

Louise Closser Hale repeated Fred Belasco's words to some friends. One of them knew Mrs. Douglas Crane, was sure that she could both dance and act the part. So. Mrs. Hale went to the tea dance to meet Mrs. Crane. Two careers converged and found contact that day.

Somewhere in the world of Boston Mrs. Hale found the girl who was leading the life which Mrs. Crane was leading in the world of New York. She put that girl into a story and sent her message straight to the soul of Mrs. Crane. Mrs. Crane went through her trial as the girl of the story had gone through hers. Who shall say how much the story helped her? And now the time has come when the irresistible urge which took Mrs. Crane away from her Australian home, put her in a San Francisco stable, sent her to night school and to a lawyer's office, landed her in New York penniless and overjoyed to obtain work in a noisy cabaret, exposed her to all that an unprotected girl with beauty, red blood and ability must face in the cruel contest which we call life, that urge, that passion is about to find satisfaction in a stage career. Monday Mrs. Crane opens at the Alcazar in "Her Soul and Her Body." Is it any wonder she says there is an earthquake inside her every time she thinks about this consummation of her desires? Failure is not in her thoughts; only an overflowing gratitude for the opportunity to find her natural expression in the drama. Having heard her story I cannot think that she will fail. She did not fail in New York when bigger things were at stake. Besides, when parallel lines mock at mathematics by coming together, success, not failure must follow the miracle.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Trading was not very active in most of the market leaders the past week, but they held their own very well and most of them made slight gains for the week. Copper shares were strong. Bonds were active and the best ones strong. A very severe break in some Standard Oil subsidiaries hit a group of speculators that specialize in them, but did not affect the general market. Taken as a whole the market was firm, but buyers are picking up stocks and bonds with due regard to their security, which means that no wild boom is to branch out. Railroad stocks were helped by a decrease in idle cars and better weather in the west. Lehigh Valley was offered freely when it became known that the movement of anthracite in January had been light. The winter has been too mild for this branch of the coal trade and stocks accumulated by dealers and consumers do not need replenishing. New York Central has to bear the trying pressure of real liquidation. The poor showing made by its Lake Shore division last December has frightened holders because they hoped the traffic would pick up after the close of navigation on the Great Lakes. They have been selling it steadily ever since the crash came in New Haven. The two systems have common interests in New England and many investors hold or did hold both stocks. Rock Island shares and the collateral bonds secured by the stock of the old railway company again made new low records and closed the week very weak. These bonds look very cheap because they represent stock holdings of real value and at their present price buyers could afford to do without their interest for three years, while the dividends that pay the interest would be put back into the property. In that event Rock Island common and preferred stock would be wiped out completely. Gould stocks have been acting badly. Missouri Pacific has lost nearly all its ground it had gained and small sales of Denver and Rio Grande told the story of their inherent weakness. Missouri Pacific is hurt more by the prospects of paying assessments on the weaker stocks that it holds than by its own condition. Steel stocks held well and showed slight advances. It looks like a trading market for the time being but good stocks look like working to a higher level.

Wheat—The wheat market has ruled a little firmer the past week, advancing about a cent and closing the week with advance well maintained. This upturn in prices is probably due more to Chicago conditions than any others, and may to a large extent be attributed to covering by professional shorts on the theory that the cold wave which keeps coming down from the northwest may possibly affect the unprotected wheat fields of Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma. The cash situation is about normal, some export sales being confirmed from the southwest as well as some spring wheat from Duluth. The domestic situation, however, is at a standstill. The Liverpool market has shown a strong undertone and sent higher prices every day last week. The Argentine surplus has been cut down to 35,000,000 bushels and the Australian crop is said to be below last year. Outside trade is very light and the market at the present looks like a scalping affair until we can determine the extent of damage if any caused by the cold weather in the winter wheat belt.

Corn—This market has been very firm also, and while the net gain has not been of material consequence there has been an undertone of considerable strength and a good fair reaction has resulted. The trouble with the corn market seems to be that the professional element is decidedly against the price and this feeling of lower prices seems to be almost unanimous, with the result that the heaviest pressure on the futures comes from the bears and the outside investors are absorbing corn on a liberal scale and the market soon becomes oversold. The cash situation, however, has not changed for the better; in fact the east is buying nothing and without any good demand it is felt that an increase in receipts, which is likely with cold weather will be a very depressing influence.

Cotton—Pending the development of something of an important nature the market continues to rule quiet and somewhat irregular, displaying no decided tendency, although the undertone seems somewhat stronger and a slight advance was scored towards the close of the week. The closing strength was brought about by the Government's figures on supply and distribution showing the consumption for January to have been 540,000 bales against 482,000 last year. This was a surprise as the trade were looking for not more than last year. Receipts continue very large for this season of the year and as the quality this year is poor the demand for this grade of cotton has fallen off and gives the market a weak undertone. Variations in the world's visible supply for the week were not only bearish as regards the available of American cotton, but were also bearish as regards the supply of foreign cotton The world's visible supply of foreign cotton is now 400,000 bales more than last year and the total of all kinds is 500,000 bales more than last year. While indications are that receipts at all United States ports will run ahead of last year the coming week, it is thought that spinners' takings will appear less bearish in the future, as after this time last year they started to fall off. It is for this reason that the trade thinks the market is low enough for the present, because values are at about the lowest levels touched thus far this season and the impression prevails that there will be a revival in trade buying on any dip. Outside trade continues very quiet and until something develops of an important nature a scalping market will be in order.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

C. C. P. Secs. 1490—1492

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Estate of J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, sometimes known as J. C. Franks, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at Room 1051 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, January 24, A. D. 1914.

FRED. C. FRANKS,
Administrator.

JOHN T. CAREY, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 1051 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-24-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO DETERMINE HEIRSHIP

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,449; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

CITATION

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To ALICE M. COWELL and ALEXANDER F. MORRISON, executors of the last will and testament of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, ALICE M. COWELL, THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, a corporation, FRANK TRALAGO, JOHN MINKEL, LAWRENCE MANEY, JAMES RIORDAN, FRITZ PALM, THOMAS BYRNE, F. A. LANCE, J. VALENTE, FRANK CALDERA, MARTIN RODEREIGUEZ, PAOLA MARAKI, JOE BENATE, BERNARDO RICCO, RUDOLPH LABISH, MANUEL S. CALDERA, JOE JUAREZ, PETER MARTELLI, and LILLIAN A. HOWARD, F. A. PALMER, HENRY WILLEY, C. S. PRICE, J. W. LINSCOTT and G. A. BOND, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and any and all other persons interested, or claiming any interest, in the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, whether known or unknown and whether named herein or not.

GREETING:

BY ORDER OF THIS COURT, You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Judge of this Court, at the court room of Department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 2nd day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why this Court should not ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, and all interests therein and to whom distribution should be made, and then and there to appear and exhibit to the above entitled Court your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate.

The name of said deceased was Ernest V. Cowell;

The names of the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased are Alexander F. Morrison and Alice M. Cowell;

The names of all persons who have appeared in the course of the administration of said estate up to the time of making the order for the issuance of this citation, claiming any interest in said estate are as follows: Alice M. Cowell, The Regents of the University of California, a corporation, Frank Tralago, John Minkel, Lawrence Maney, James Riordan, Fritz Palm, Thomas Byrne, F. A. Lance, J. Valente, Frank Caldera, Martin Rodereiguez, Paola Maraki, Joe Benate, Bernardo Ricco, Rudolph Labish, Manuel, S. Caldera, Joe Juarez, Peter Martelli, and Lillian A. Howard, F. A. Palmer, Henry Willey, C. S. Price, J. W. Linscott, and G. A. Bond, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell;

And the real estate of which said decedent died seized or possessed, so far as known, is described as follows:

REAL ESTATE

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

1. A parcel of land in the City of Oakland, commencing at a point on the westerly line of Linden Street, distant thereon 222 feet and 3 inches southerly from the southerly line of 21st Street; thence southerly along the said line of Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence westerly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet; thence northerly parallel with Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence easterly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 16, Block "B", Survey of the Northern Extension of Oakland.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Haywards, known as Lot. No. 13 of the "Lawrence Tract, Haywards, Alameda County, State of California," said lot being 50 feet by 100 feet.

IN THE COUNTY OF MARIN

Beginning at a stake driven in the southerly line of First Street in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, at a point 503 feet and 7 inches westerly from the northeasterly corner of a lot conveyed by J. O. B. Short and Jacob Short to E. Schwiezen by deed dated March 9th, 1869, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of said County of Marin, in Volume "H" of Deeds, at page 225; thence southerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with the said First Street 150 feet; thence northerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet to the southerly line of the said First Street; and thence easterly along the southerly line of said First Street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 4, of Block No. 3, in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, as surveyed by Hiram Austin, Civil Engineer.

IN THE COUNTY OF MERCED

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19; the south half of the southwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and Lots 3 and 4 of section 28; the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of section 29; the north half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2 and lot 8 of the southeast quarter, all in section 30; the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 31; Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in the northwest quarter of section 32; and Swamp and Overflowed Land Surveys No. 34 in sections 29 and 30, containing 20-69/100 acres; No. 29 in sections 29 and 32, containing 47-26/100 acres, and Nos. 45, 87, 88, 376, and 378, in sections 28, 30 and 32—all in township 5 south, range 13 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of the Gabilan Creek, near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the Official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence north 14° west 13 chains along the boundary of the Rancho Los Vergeles to stake-V-No. 1 on the United States Official Survey of la Natividad Rancho; thence south 35° west 21.40 chains along the boundary of Natividad Rancho to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 56° east 17:50 chains to a stake in the bed of Gabilan Creek, marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 3° 15′ east 14.55 chains up Gabilan Creek to the place of beginning, containing 21.46 acres.

Being lot 1 of the partition of La Natividad Rancho made and entered on April 18th, 1865, on the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson, et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al., and being also a fractional portion of section 26, township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of Gabilan Creek near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence south 3° 15′ west 14.55 chains to a stake marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 56° west 17.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 35° west along the west line of Rancho La Natividad 14 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 56° east 25.06 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;" in the bed of Gabilan Creek; thence south 35° west 32.22 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 70° east, crossing the Gabilan Creek 24.32 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH;"; thence north 88° 45′ east 144.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; V; JH;" in the bed of the Gabilan Creek; thence north 8° 45′ west 8 chains to station No. 14 of the official map of the Rancho La Natividad; thence north 3° west 13 chains to station No. 15 of said map; thence north 36° west 8 chains to station No .16 of said map; thence north 53° 16′ west 17 chains to station No. 17 of said map; thence north 21° 16′ west 11 chains to station No. 18 of said map; thence north 8° 45′ east 8 chains to station No. 19 of said map; thence north 37° west 33 chains to station No. 20 of said map; thence north 18° west 25.50 chains to station No. 21 of said map; thence north 53° 15′ west 28.70 chains to station No. 22 of said map; thence south 57° 15′ west 19.40 chains to station No. 23 of said map; thence south 15° west 3.33 chains to station No. 24 of said map; thence south 65° 15′ west 27.37 chains to station No. 25 of said map; thence south 48° west 16 chains to station No. 26 of said map; thence south 50° 30′ west 20 chains to station No. 27 of said map; thence south 17° west 11 chains to station No. 28 of said map; being the place of beginning—containing 1363.80 acres.

Being Lot No. 2, as the same is delineated and so de signated on the Map of Commissioners to make partition of La Natividad Rancho in partition proceedings which were entered among the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al.; and being also fractional portions of sections 24, 25, 35 and 36 in township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.; and sections 30 and 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the Gabilan Creek where the northern line of the Gabilan Rancho and J. W. Patton's northern line on the Natividad Rancho join; thence running south 88° 45′ west to the southeasterly corner of the farm now or formerly owned by August Johnson; thence along a picket fence which is or was the eastern boundary of said Johnson's farm northerly to the land formerly owned by James Houston and later by Henry Cowell; thence along said Cowell's line north 88° 45′ east to the Gabilan Creek; thence along the middle of said Creek to the place of beginning, containing about 50 acres. Being a part of the Natividad Rancho and known as Lot 18 as per the County Map of the County of Monterey made by St. John Cox and Fehy in 1877, being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. BEGINNING at the most southern corner of the Los Vergeles Rancho in the center of Gabilan Creek, thence along the boundary line between said Rancho and the Rancho Cienega del Gabilan, north 45° east 14.78 chains to a post in the corner of Lot 2 of Natividad Rancho; thence leaving said Rancho boundary north 45° 30′ west 16.50 chains to a cottonwood tree 18 inches in diameter marked "LVI"; thence south 56° west 1.10 chains to the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek, from which a willow tree 10 inches in diameter bears north 56° east 10 links distant; thence meandering up the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek and along the boundary of said Rancho Los Vergeles southerly to the place of beginning, containing 11.10 acres. Being designated upon the map which accompanies the decree of the District Court of the Twentieth Judicial District of the State of California, entered on the 21st day of July, 1875, in the case of Arabella A. Stokes et al. vs. Josephine Winterburn et al., as Lot 6, the same being a portion of the Rancho Los Vergeles, and being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

1. Lots Nos. 1 and 2, of section 6, township 8 north, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at the northeast corner of the Merkley Ranch at a redwood stake set on the east bank of the Sacramento River, which stake is south 79° 45′ west from an oak tree 2½ feet in diameter, standing at the southern extremity of the Half Way House barbecue and running thence north 79° 45′ east 3.30 chains, thence south 71° 15′ east 2.49 chains to the north side of an oak tree 18″ in diameter (Blazed); thence south 69° 30′ east 6.11 chains to an oak tree 8″ in diameter (blazed); thence south 71° 15′ east 9.61 chains to the end of an old ditch; thence south 74° 30′ east 3.77 chains to back fence; thence north 2° 30′ east along fence 10 chains to fence; thence south 2° 30′ west 2.62 chains from south line of 10-acre tracts; thence north 50° west along fence 7.74 chains to corner; thence along fence south 86° west 5.29 chains to corner of board fence; thence north 89° west along board fence 12.17 chains to corner of fence on east side of road; thence south 79° 45′ west at 0.67 chains on top of levee continue same course, in all 7.60 chains, to the Sacramento River; thence with the east bank of said River down stream to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being part of section 11, township 8 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southwesterly line of Main Street, distant thereon 137 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence northeasterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 694 and 703.

2. COMMENCING at the intersection of the northwesterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches to the northwesterly line of Mission Street; thence northeasterly along said line of Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

3. COMMENCINB at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon 97 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the intersection of said line of Spear Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 40 feet; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 40 feet; thence northeasterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the said southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

4. COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Clay Street with the easterly line of Sansome Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Clay Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence northerly parallel with Sansome Street 122 feet to the southerly line of Merchant Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Merchant Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the easterly line of Sansome Street; thence southerly along said easterly line of Sansome Street 122 feet to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 130, 131 and part of No. 132.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN JOAQUIN

1. BEGINNING at a point 8.65 chains west from the east boundary line, and 50 links north from the south boundary line of section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 31.85 chains; thence south 33.82 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 64.55 chains; thence north 15.35 chains; thence west 8 chains to the left bank of the Mokelumne River; thence along said left bank following its meanderings upstream to a point which would be intersected by a line running parallel with and 5.63 chains north from the township line between townships 4 and 5 north; thence east on said imagined line 16 chains; thence south 1.78 chains; thence east 50.40 chains; thence north 16.78 chains; thence east 36.86 chains to a post; thence south 20.13 chains to the point of beginning, containing 326.84 acres. Being portions of section 1, township 4 north, range 4 east; section 36, township 5 north, range 4 east; section 6, township 4 north, range 5 east; and section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, all M. D. B. & M.

2. All of those certain lots in the City of Stockton known and designated as Lots Nos. 5 and 8, and portions of Lots Nos. 1, 3, 7, 13 and 14, all in Block No. 64 east of Center Street, according to the map and survey of the said City of Stockton, commencing for the same at a point on the south line of Channel Street, in said City of Stockton, 75 feet easterly from the southeast corner of the intersection of Hunter Street and Channel Street; running thence easterly along the south line of Channel Street 85 feet; thence at right angles southerly 150 feet to the north line of said Lot 8; thence at right angles easterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the north line of Weber Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Weber Avenue 50 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the northwest corner of said Lot 8; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Lot 6 of said Block 64, 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet to the east line of said Hunter Street; thence at right angles northerly along said east line of Hunter Street 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 75 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet to the point of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the northwest corner of the tract assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence along the Coast north 20° 15′ west 14.40 chains; thence north 74° west 11 chains; thence north 40° 15′ west 10 chains; thence north 34° 15′ west 20 chains; thence north 43° 45′ west 25 chains; thence north 4° west 20 chains; thence leaving the Coast north 28° 30′ east 101.78 chains; thence south 81° 15′ east 30.90 chains; thence south 8° 20′ east 30.17 chains; thence south 84° 35′ east 190.65 chains to a point in the southeast boundary line of the official survey of said Rancho; thence on and along said line south 4° east 47.60 chains to the northeast corner of the tract assigned by the Referees aforesaid to Josefa de Haro Denniston; thence following the line of said tract north 84° 35′ west 84 chains; thence south 25° 30′ west 95 chains to the place of beginning; containing 1815.12 acres; said tract having been assigned to Augustine Guerrero by the Referees aforesaid and being marked No. 2 on the map of said partition. EXCEPTING all that parcel being a portion of the above described premises bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on a bluff on the Pacific Ocean, being the southwesterly corner of a tract of land now or formerly belonging to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence north 25° 30′ east 62.86 chains; thence north 56° 15′ west 38.93 chains to a stake in the line of fence; thence following said fence north 64° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 29° west 0.76 chains; thence north 23° 30′ west 0.76 chains; thence north 16° west 0.76 chains; thence north 8° 30′ west 3.72 chains; thence north 28° west 7.02 chains; thence north 36° 30′ west 7.70 chains to the line of land now or formerly belonging to Victoriano Guerrero; thence following said line south 28° 30′ west 45.27 chains to a stake on the bluff bank of the Pacific Ocean; thence following said bluff bank south 20° east 5.62 chains; thence south 4° west 2.27 chains; thence south 12° 15′ east 4.54 chains; thence south 17° 45′ east 5.65 chains; thence south 37° 45′ east 1.75 chains; thence south 83° east 0.91 chains; thence 37° east 10.60 chains; thence south 54° 15′ east 4.45 chains; thence south 46° east 4.55 chains; thence south 69° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 6° east 3.41 chains; thence south 37° 30′ east 1.55 chains; thence south 4° 30′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 19° 15′ east 7 chains; thence south 41° 30′ east 7.21 chains; thence south 61° east 3.85 chains; thence south 60° east 3.33 chains; thence south 87° 30′ east 2.73 chains; thence south 63° east 4.55 chains; thence south 58° 45′ east 3.03 chains; thence south 46° 30′ east 3.48 chains; thence south 30° 20′ east 9.17 chains to the point of beginning, containing 430.72 acres.

2. COMMENCING at the northwest corner of that portion of the Rancho El Corral del Tierre (Palomares) bordering on the Ocean, assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence south 25° 30′ west 14.24 chains; thence south 64° 30′ east 16.23 chains to Denniston Creek; thence north 10° 30′ west 11 chains; thence north 22° west 2.55 chains; thence north 12° 15′ east 3 chains; thence north 27° east 1.50 chains; thence north 13° 30′ west 2.20 chains; thence north 84° 35′ west 7 chains to the point of commencement, containing 16.92 acres.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the County Road forming the easterly boundary line of the large tract of land owned by Owen McMahon, deceased, at the time of his death, at the easterly corner of the tract of land conveyed to Elizabeth Owen McMahon by Elizabeth Catherine Hamlin, Ellen Maria Barry and Margaret Anna Lennon by deed dated February 25th, 1892, and running thence south 42° 36′ west 35.15 chains; thence south 48° east 27.75 chains; thence north 42° 36′ east 35 chains to the County Road; and thence along the County Road to the place of beginning, containing about 108 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.39 acres conveyed by Henry Cowell to W. D. K. Gibson for right of way purposes by deed dated November 27th, 1900, and recorded in Volume 88 of Deeds, at page 207, San Mateo County Records, and also a parcel of 1 acre conveyed by Henry Cowell to Giovanni Devincenzi, by deed dated November 11th, 1901, and recorded in Volume 93 of Deeds, at page 18, San Mateo County Records.

4. Lot No. 1 of section 21, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 26.14 acres.

5. BEGINNING on the bank of the Purissima Creek at the point where the line between fractional sections 15 and 16 intersects the same, thence running north between said fractional sections 5.64 chains to a gulch; thence down said gulch south 56° 15′ east 2.80 chains to the bank of the Purissima Creek; thence down the Creek with its meanders south 60° 15′ west 3.10 chains; thence south 60° 45′ west 2.50 chains; to the place of beginning, containing about 1 acre, and being part of fractional section No. 15 in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. BEGINNING on the line between sections 16 and 21, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and at a point 16 chains east of the quarter section post in the road leading up the Creek; thence east on said line 14 chains to Purissima Creek; thence up the Creek with its meanders north 23° west 3 chains; thence north 40° 15′ east 2 chains; thence north 25° 15′ east 7.80 chains to the line between sections 15 and 16; thence along said line north 5.64 chains to Simmon's and Beckwith's corner; thence north 64° 15′ west 0.95 chains to the road; thence along the road south 15° 20′ east 2.80 chains; thence south 38° west 5 chains; thence south 18°30′ west 5.50 chains; thence south 28° 30′ west 6 chains; thence south 64° west 11 chains; thence south 60° west 5.15 chains to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres.

7. COMMENCING at a post 20 chains from the Coast Bank, running thence south 17° 30′ east 20 chains to the corner of Joseph E. Selleck's 40-acre tract; thence south 72° 30′ west 24.16 chains to edge of Coast bank; thence along said bank in a southerly direction to a corner post; thence leaving Coast and running north 72° 30′ east 54.84 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence north 72° 30′ east 29.37 chains up a ridge to head of first gulch; thence south 45° east 10.45 chains down said gulch to Lobitas Creek to an alder tree 12″ in diameter standing at the mouth of said gulch upon which tree there are three notches; thence up Lobitas Creek to mouth of Willow Gulch; thence north 30° west 33.44 chains to Selleck's corner; thence south 54° west 29.68 chains; thence south 72° 30′ west 40.62 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence south 72° 30′ west 34.15 chains to the point of beginning, containing 577 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.88 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company by deed dated September 22, 1905.

8. BEGINNING at a post on ridge standing in middle of Redwood Road of Bailord and Kinnerson, thence running north 31° 30′ east 4.50 chains to a post; thence south 78° 30′ east 8.25 chains; thence south 65° east 5.50 chains to Lobitas Creek to a redwood tree 48″ in diameter, marked with 3 notches, on right bank of said Creek; thence down said Creek south 48° west 3.75 chains; thence south 35° west 5.74 chains; thence south 48° west 6.50 chains to a redwood tree 24″ in diameter standing on the right bank of the Creek at the mouth of the gulch; thence up the gulch north 57° west 9 chains; thence north 38° west 4.73 chains to a post; thence north 31° 30′ east to the place of beginning, containing 19.50 acres, being a portion of the Rancho Canada Verdey Arroyo de las Purissima.

9. Lot No. 1, and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 8, and the fractional sections 16 and 17, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing together 935.92 acres; all that portion of Lot No. 1, of section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., situated north of the County Road leading from Purissima House up Purissima Creek and containing 2½ acres, more or less; Lot No. 2, in section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 20.91 acres.

EXCEPTING, however, from the foregoing lots or parcels of land the following lots or parcels:

(1) A parcel of 2.79 acres, being a portion of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to William Buzzell by deed dated April 13, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 39, San Mateo County Records.

(2) A parcel of 10 acres, being a portion of fractional section 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Patrick Flyn by deed dated October 17, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 148, San Mateo County Records.

(3) A parcel of 36.16 acres, being a part of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to W. A. Simmons and J. S. Blackwell by deed dated April 13, 1864 and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 425.

(4) The right to use and possess a certain spring of water conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Silas Hovious by deed dated October 12, 1861, and recorded in Volume 2 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 41, San Mateo County Records.

(5) A parcel of 50 acres, being a fractional portion of sections 16 and 17, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to George Duncan by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 497, San Mateo County Records.

(6) A parcel of 13.22 acres, being a fractional portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to R. H. Hatch, by deed dated September 10, 1866 and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 108, San Mateo County Records.

(7) A parcel of 5 acres, being a portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to Silas Hovious by deed dated February 3, 1868, and recorded in Volume 8 of Deeds, at page 346, San Mateo County Records.

(8) A parcel of 5 acres, known as the "Cemetery Tract."

(9) A parcel of 5 acres, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated April 23, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 189, San Mateo County Records.

(10) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 518, San Mateo County Records.

(11) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to the trustees of the Purissima School District by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 520, San Mateo County Records.

(12) A parcel of 9.33 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company, by deed dated September 22, 1905.

10. The east portion of Lot No. 1, as per map of the J. de H. Denniston portion of the Rancho Corral de Tierra, containing about 12 acres of land.

IN THE COUNTY OF TEHAMA

BEGINNING at a point where the north line of the Wilson Tract intersects the slough or old channel of the Sacramento River, said line being known as the Bennet Line, thence following along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 15° 30′ west 12.50 chains; thence north 24° 30′ west 9.31 chains; thence north 29° 45′ west 4.37 chains; thence north 14° 30′ west 10.60 chains; thence north 28° 30′ west 14.65 chains; thence north 27° 15′ west 11.08 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 6.20 chains, from which an oak tree marked 68 and 69 bears south 40° west 0.60 chains distant; thence north 60° west 8.15 chains; thence south 77° west 5.30 chains; thence south 19° 30′ east 2.53 chains; thence south 85° west 5.27 chains; thence south 50° 30′ west 5.19 chains; thence north 88° 30′ west 4.70 chains; thence north 46′ west 7.36 chains; thence north 75° west 4.20 chains; thence north 49° west 8.96 chains to the present channel of the Sacramento River; thence following down and along the east bank of the Sacramento River by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

South 32° west 8.05 chains; thence south 74° 30′ west 16.04 chains; thence south 11° 30′ west 22.50 chains; thence south 24° east 9.52 chains; thence south 36° 30′ east 3.92 chains; thence south 12° east 5.05 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 24.67 chains; thence south 66° east 22.72 chains; thence south 45°30′ east 3.30 chains; thence south 33° east 8.06 chains; thence south 28° 30′ east 3.35 chains; thence south 18° east 2.53 chains; thence south 35° 30′ east 2.75 chains; thence south 14° east 3.10 chains; thence south 1° west 2.56 chains; thence south 16° 30′ east 2.54 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 3.15 chains; thence south 7° east 5.72 chains; thence south 9° 30′ east 3.29 chains; thence south 3° 30′ east 4.74 chains; thence south 11° 30′ east 2.67 chains to the old channel of the Sacramento River; thence following up and along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 37° 30′ east 2.22 chains; thence north 44° east 2.17 chains; thence north 44° east 1.94 chains; thence north 27° east 3.46 chains; htence north 29° east 2.51 chains; thence north 3° east 4.10 chains; thence north 33° west 1.83 chains; thence north 36° 15′ east 29.25 chains; thence south 49° east 3.68 chains; thence north 41° east 7.39 chains; thence north 62° east 3.88 chains; thence north 8° 30′ east 6.79 chains; thence north 17° east 4.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 589 acres, more or less, being part of the "Capay Rancho" known as "Snaden Island."

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 756 of the official surveys of the said County of Yolo, at a point a little north of west from the quarter section corner between sections 3 and 4, township 6 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., thence south 77° east along the upper line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756 20.54

chains to the back corner of Hester's 10-acre tract; thence south 13° west 2.50 chains; thence south 77° east 40 chains to a point on the west bank of the Sacramento River, 10 rods below the northeast corner of the said Swamp Land Survey No. 756, thence down the said river with its meanders south 10° 25′ west 4.64 chains; south 13° 25′ west 5.40 chains; south 30° 30′ west 12 chains; south 45° 10′ west 7.21 chains; thence leaving said river north 75° 30′ west 56.50 chains to the back line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756; thence north 19° 10′ east along said back line 28.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 167.55 acres of land.

2. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 361, 363, 897, and 985, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed lands of the County of Yolo, being portions of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. A fraction of 2.10 acres, beginning at a point at the inside base of the Sacramento River levee, about 30 feet north from the cross-levee, and running thence north 18° west, along the inside base of said levee, 151 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 216 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 19 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 980 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 80 feet; thence in a direct line to the place of beginning, being a portion of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The south half of section 9; the south half of section 10; the south half of section 12; all of section 13; the south half and the northeast quarter of section 15; all of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 19; all of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of section 22; all of section 23; all of section 24; the northwest quarter of section 28; and the northeast quarter of section 29;—all in township 8 north, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. The south half, and the northwest quarter of section 3; all of section 4; all of section 5; the northeast quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 6; the north half of section 8; the north half of section 9; the north half of section 10; and the northwest quarter of section 11;—all in township 9 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. The southeast quarter of section 31; the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section 32; the south half of section 33; and the southwest quarter of section 34; all in township 10 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

7. All of section 1; all of section 2; the east half of section 11; the north half of the south half; the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the south half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter, of section 12; and the north half of the northeast quarter of section 13; all in township 11 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

8. The west half of the northwest quarter of section 5; and the north half, and the west half of the southwest quarter of section 6; and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 7; all in township 11 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

9. All of section 25, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 118 acres; the south half, and the south half of the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 98 acres, of section 26; all of section 35; the south half, the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 104 acres, of section 36; all in township 12 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

10. All of sections 30 and 31, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 504 acres; and all of the west half of the west half of section 32, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 40 acres; all in township 12 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

1. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, designated as Lot 1, Loop and Meserve Tract, as per map recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, EXCEPTING that part included in the right of way of the Southern Pacific Company.

2. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, being part of the "Sycamore Tract," as shown o nthe map of the land partitioned by Loop and Meserve, recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 16 as shown on said Map, thence south along the west line of said Lot 16 and the prolongation thereof 25.92 chains; thence north 68° 45′ west 12 chains; thence north 15° east 21.78 chains; thence east 6 chains, more or less, to the place of beginning.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situate in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Lots Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, of the "O'Neil & Haley Tract," of the said City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. That portion of Swamp and Overflowed Land Survey No. 1158, described as beginning at the northwest corner of section 21, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence east 18.06 chains; thence south 65.55 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 21.62 chains to the west line of said section; thence north 53.65 chains to the place of beginning, containing 107.63 acres.

2. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as beginning at the northeast corner of section 20, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., running thence south 53.65 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 34.12 chains; thence north 59° 38′ west 13.31 chains to the center line of said section; thence north 28.21 chains; thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning, containing 162.53 acres.

3. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as the southeast quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The southwest quarter of section 16, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 337, 411, 1079, and 1160, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed Lands of the County of Yolo.

6. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1106, described as beginning at a point 16.19 chains north from the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 12.03 chains; thence north 22.21 chains; thence east 4.20 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 5.24 chains; thence south 76° east 5.16 chains; thence south 16.56 chains to the place of beginning, containing 23.59 acres.

7. Those parts of Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 333 and 277, described as beginning at a redwood post standing at the south corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 782, and situated south 43° 40′ west 41.50 chains from the Sacramento River; thence south 64° east 16.39 chains; thence south 69° east 38.67 chains; thence south 21° west 6.60 chains to the southeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 333; thence west 58.70 chains to the northeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 277; thence south 47.25 chains; thence west 13.75 chains; thence north 76° west 5.16 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 13.05 chains; thence north 59° west 5.83 chains; thence north 73° 15′ west 10.44 chains; thence south 71° 30′ west 6.33 chains; thence north 43° 40′ east 70.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing 254.32 acres.

8. Beginning at a point where the west boundary of Swamp Land Survey No. 627 is intersected by the section line dividing sections 21 and 28, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west about 90 chains to the southwest corner of section 20, same township and range; thence north about 75 chains to the back levee of Reclamation District No. 307; thence southeasterly along said levee about 115 chains to a point marking the northwest corner of said survey No. 627; thence south along the west boundary line of said survey to the place of beginning, containing about 425 acres, in Swamp Land Surveys No. 1041 and No. 1158.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

Lot Lettered "L", in Block 140, of Horton's Addition to the City of San Diego, according to the official map thereof.

All of the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA

1. A portion of that certain ranch known as the Rancho San Miguel or Rancho Arroyo de los Nueces y Golgones, the first tract being the south half of Lot 7, hill land, and containing 228 acres, and the second tract being the north two-thirds of Lot 8, hill land, containing 425.93 acres.

The following is a particular description of said tracts by metes and bounds as made on partition, for which reference is made to the map and plat of survey of partition of said Rancho now of record in the office of the County Clerk of Contra Costa County, viz.:

BEGINNING at station white oak tree marked S1-11 on the segregating line between the hill and valley lands of the San Miguel Rancho; thence north 62° 2′ east 92.16 chains to post AB; thence north 17.70 chains to post SM-23; thence south 45° west to post SM-24; thence north 48° 9′ west along the ranch boundary 93.70 chains to post TP-2; thence south 46° 45′ west 56.83 chains to post JP; thence south 68° east 6 chains to post SL-14; thence south 23° 30′ east 40.97 chains to post SL-13; thence south 67° 15′ east 10.72 chains to post SL-12; thence south 0° 45′ east 27.08 chains to the point of beginning, containing 653.93 acres, more or less.

2. That portion of the Rancho Monte del Diablo which is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at post SM-24, situated at the corner of the Rancho Monte del Diablo and San Miguel Rancho, thence north 45° east 8.85 chains to station post SM-23; thence north 6° west, leaving the Rancho boundary, 3.45 chains to station post No. 3P Co.; thence along the boundary of land now or formerly in controversy between Francisco Galindo and Josiah Sturges, north 44° 30′ west 74.90 chains to station post No. 2P Co.; and thence north 32° 45′ west 27.34 chains to station post D; thence leaving the lands in controversy above named, running south 77° 30′ west 3.59 chains to station post D-2; thence south 12° west 23.35 chains to station post TP2; thence along the boundary of the above named Ranchos south 48° 9′ east 93.70 chains to the point of beginning, containing 147.41 acres, more or less.

(The two parcels of land last above described, situated in the County of Contra Costa, are claimed by the Cowell Portland Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property, and all of the parcels of land hereinafter described are claimed by the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property.)

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF EL DORADO

1. The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8; the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 9; the southwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 20; the north half, the north half of the southwest quarter, the north half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; and the south half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22; all in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. A parcel of land in section 7, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of said section 7, and running diagonally across said quarter section along the line of a fence on land now or formerly owned by Mr. Morrison, until it intersects the quarter of quarter section line and adjoining Mr. Morrison's to the County Road; thence along the center of said road to the east line of section 7; thence along said line south to the place of beginning, containing 41-2/3 acres.

3. The Schwalm Marble Quarry Mine and Lime Kiln site, being Mineral Entry No. 723 in the Series of the United States Land Office in Sacramento, California, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 38, embracing a portion of section 8, in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Marble Valley Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California.

4. A parcel of land, being a portion of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21, and running thence due west 1320 feet to the northwest corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence due south 825 feet to the fence between the lands originally claimed by W. W. Faber and Hugh B. Taylor; thence northeasterly 1437 feet on the line of said division fence to a point on section line between sections 21 and 22, which said point is 264 feet due south from the northeast corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence 264 feet due north to the place of beginning.

5. The east half, the southwest quarter, and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 7; the northwest quarter of section 8; the east half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 18; the west half of section 29; and the east half o fthe northeast quarter of section 30; all in township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

6. The Blue Marble Quarry Mine, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 50, embracing a portion of section 7, township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Pilot Hill Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California, and containing 20.66 acres.

7. The southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF KERN

Section No. 23, in township 32 south, range 33 east, M. D. B. & M., with the exception of a strip of land 100 feet wide, lying equally on each side of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and excepted in deed of Southern Pacific Railroad Company to Henry Cowell, dated May 5, 1892, and recorded in Volume 53 of Deeds, page 298, Kern County Records.

IN THE COUNTY OF PLACER

The north half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 22, township 13 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

Lot 5, in the block or square bounded by "K" and "L", 28th and 29th Streets, in the City of Sacramento, as laid down upon the official map thereof.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Battery Street, distant thereon 40 feet southerly from the intersection of said easterly line of Battery Street with the southerly line of Filbert Street, thence southerly 80 feet along said easterly line of Battery Street; thence easterly parallel with Filbert Street 50 feet; thence northerly parallel with Battery Street 120 feet to the said southerly line of Filbert Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Filbert Street 25 feet; thence southerly parallel with Battery Street 40 feet; thence westerly parallel with Filbert Street 25 feet to the said easterly line of Battery Street and the place of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

1. Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot in the City of Santa Cruz heretofore conveyed by Henry Cowell to one Hamilton, said point being on the northwesterly line of the San Jose Road, thence north 29° 27′ east 9.09 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence north 14° 40′ east 16.39 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence south 75° 30′ west 20.30 chains; thence south 10° east0.19 chains to a post; thence south 70° 20′ east 8.74 chains; thence south 1.99 chains; thence south 33° east 1.47 chains; thence south 4° east crossing a brook 3.94 chains; thence south 1° east 6 chains; thence south 61° 15′ west 1.60 chains to a post at the northwest corner of the said Hamilton lot; thence south 60° 30′ east 3.375 chains to the point of beginning, containing 17.874 acres.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the City of Santa Cruz and described as follows:

Beginning at the junction of the northerly line of Mission Street with the westerly line of River Street at a spike from which the southeast corner of Mission and River Streets bears south 79° 29′ east 40.28 feet distant; thence north 3° 50′ east 130.33 feet along the westerly line of said River Street to an iron spike on the south side of an alley; thence north 87° 57′ west 54.83 feet along the southern line of said alley to the boundary of a lot now or formerly owned by Dr. Sargent; thence south 13° 52′ west 31.78 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 88° 44′ east 9.90 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 1° 49′ west 100 feet to an iron spike in the northerly line of said Mission Street; thence south 88° 44′ east 46.96 feet along the northerly line of said Mission Street to the point of beginning, being lot No. 22, in block No. 1, of the City of Santa Cruz, and a part of lot No. 18 of the same block.

3. The southwest quarter of section 8, township 10 south, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 160 acres.

All the undivided ON-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN BENITO

1. Lots 4, 5, 12, and 13, of section 28; the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10, the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 30, all in township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.; also the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32, township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. Lots 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, of section 14; and lot 4, of section 24; all in township 14 south, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Tres Pinos, bounded and described as follows:

A strip of land 100 feet wide, commencing on the easterly line of the station ground of the Southern Pacific Railroad 50 feet equally on each side of the said railroad as the same was formerly laid, thence running southeasterly 882.50 feet in its center line to the easterly line of Santa Ana Street, containing 2.02 acres of land, and being 897 feet on its northerly line and 869 feet on its southerly line, excepting the rights which one Charles Peck may have acquired to a small portion of said strip above described.

The railroad or motor road known as the Tres Pinos and Cienega Railroad, together with the roadbed, right of way, terminal facilities and rolling stock of the same.

WITNESS, the HON. THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 11th day of December, 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners.
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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

California Indicted

A precious thing is reputation, precious to the State as well as to the individual, and therefore even the great commonwealth of California cannot afford to regard lightly the indictment presented at the bar of public opinion by so respectable a journal as the Indianapolis News. There are several counts in this indictment. The first is that after being "dandled in the hand of the protective policy for years" we sent our Governor east to abuse the party "which had for years taxed the country for the bounty given the State's industries." Secondly, it is charged, after getting the exposition under a pledge not to ask government aid we broke the pledge. Thirdly, we passed land laws "contraverting our treaty in the face of the special request from President Wilson made by his secretary of state who personally appeared before the California legislature." Fourthly, while the President was trying to adjust our relations with the Japanese government California Representatives in Congress complicated the situation "by injecting in the immigration bill Asiatic inhibition." Fifthly, California Representatives are organizing for a fight against the repeal of "the iniquitous bounty granted our coastwise shipping." The News concludes: "A fine record, indeed, and consistent to the last for this bounty-fed, sharp-practicing State with whom no obligation, neither its own nor the nation's, is sacred." This is a mighty severe indictment, and considering that the News is an Administration organ it ought to make us somewhat apprehensive. Obviously somebody is keeping tab on California's performances, and perhaps if we don't behave ourselves we may be disciplined. To a large part of the indictment we must plead guilty, but there is something to be said in extenuation of the conduct complained of in one of the counts, and it is this,—that when we were biting the hand that fed us we were in a state of religious frenzy and under the delusion that we were marching on to Armageddon to fight for Roosevelt and the Lord. But, be it said, the obsession did not last long. The Onward Christian Soldiers hymn is now tabu in California, and one hears nothing but the mighty tread of the Republican host as it marches up to the Registrar's office to qualify for election day.

The Issue Between Heney and Rowell

The friendly contest for the Progressive nomination for the Senate between the Hon. Francis J. Heney and the Hon. Chester Rowell is now on. Mr. Heney made the first move toward cementing the ties of friendship by affirming himself in an interview to be the author of the Japanese exclusion bill and declaring Rowell to be a friend of the Japanese. In that interview he said that he presented a draft of the bill now known as the Webb Bill at a conference with Governor Johnson when Rowell was present, and that the Fresno editor protested against any legislation. After thus making out a case against his rival Mr. Heney asked, "What chance has Rowell without either the labor vote or the farmer vote, which he cannot get because of his stand for the Japanese?" Editor Rowell promptly made reply in a Republican leader. His reply was that Heney was no gentleman, having divulged what took place at a "private conference"; also, that he is a liar having given a false report of what was said at the conference. From this one might infer that Rowell was no longer Heney's friend. To that extent his reply is misleading. Rowell has no objection to a man merely because the man is a liar and indifferent to the decencies of social intercourse. Rowell has been intimately acquainted with Heney for years; has known right along that Heney is beset by few of the conscientious scruples that hamper the unprogressive mind, and through the years he has been proud of Heney's friendship realizing as he did that they were birds of a feather and never in more congenial company than when sharing the society of each other.

Eliot Borrows From Morris

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, former president of Harvard, designer of the five-foot book shelf and founder of a new religious cult, has been expressing his views of trades unions. He doesn't believe that trades unions have brought happiness to workingmen. He defines happiness as a state of mind, and says that the desirable state of mind is to be induced not by material rewards but by making the task itself a joy. Our omniscient contemporary, the Bulletin, dissents from this view and tells us that Dr. Eliot speaks as a cloistered scholar who is ignorant of what industrial toil means to the workers. The Bulletin has fallen into an error. Usually Dr. Eliot speaks as a cloistered scholar and utters sublimated nonsense, but when he speaks of the state of mind to be induced by making a task a joy he speaks as a disciple of William Morris, poet, artist, socialist. We don't know whether "News from Nowhere" or the "Dream of John Bull" are among the volumes on the five-foot book shelf, but we are quite sure nevertheless that Dr. Eliot has been reading William Morris and getting his views on trades unions from that great prophet of all the cults of socialism. Now William Morris was not a cloistered scholar. He was an architect, a painter and the founder of the manufacturing and decorating firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co. He was a man skilled in the arts and crafts, and no man ever lived with a greater love for the workingman. William Morris had faith in the principle of joy in the task and none at all in the principle of watching the clock and giving the employer as little return as possible for the wages received.

The Selfish Person

Last week a correspondent complained in the columns of Town Talk of the woman who keeps her hat on in the theatre till the curtain goes up. Which reminds us that too much stress is laid these days on the minor virtues and hardly any on the great qualities that are really of some consequence. Our preachers are so given to discussion of sexual matters, they are so absorbed in reforms touching sexual indulgence, that morality has come to mean for many people little more than abstention from a certain kind of illicit intercourse. There is something extremely beautiful in all the moral virtues clearly understood and properly reduced to practice, and none of them should be neglected. The practice of them is desirable more for the benefit of society than for the salvation of the individual. Where the virtues are practiced there also are the graces in evidence, and it is the graces that make life enjoyable. The graces are the signs of good breeding, and good breeding, broadly speaking, means at once goodness of heart and true Christianity. Now the essentials of goodness of heart are those great virtues, justice, honesty, fidelity, compassion, and above all, perhaps, unselfishness. One of the meanest of the vices is selfishness, but it is exhibited in many of the actions that are concerned with the smaller events of daily life without incurring the reproach it deserves. It takes the form of insisting on little matters to secure one's own comfort in total disregard of others. The woman who would rather obtsruct your view than remove her hat is a selfish person, and though she may possess certain virtues they will hardly compensate for her one great vice.

Aked and the Prohibition Propaganda

The Prohibitionists have broached their barrel in California, and from all parts of the country are marching Hitherward Christian Soldiers of the Hessian brand to preach the Dry-State propaganda. Before long the State will be full of hired orators urging us to kill off some of our principal industries and stand the consequent raise in taxation that we may testify to the world that we are a self-sacrificing people eager to be good according to the lights of the pious and ascetic Puritan. The flow of oratory will be no less copious than the pactolian stream, which will doubtless have the volume of a mountain torrent when the snow is melting, for the Prohibitionists of all the country have their eyes on California, and every backer of the cause has been called upon to contribute. What a great triumph it would be for Prohibition—the carrying of this great State that has spent millions in the development of its viticultural in-

terests! Think of California going dry on the eve of the Exposition! What greater triumph could the Prohibitionists strive for? It may seem preposterous, but not to the men who are putting up the money; and certainly the parasites of the propaganda who preach for coin do not wish to have it so regarded. Our attention has been called to the whole matter by Dr. Aked through the columns of the Examiner. This reverend gentleman has said nothing of the Constitutional amendment to be voted upon. Shrewdly he refrains from making the slightest reference to the campaign. But what he has written was obviously written in the interest of the propaganda that would revolutionize California. He has made use of the columns of the Examiner to boom a silly article written by Dr. L. Mervin Maus, a department surgeon of the army wherein it is argued that the liquor habit is hereditary and that alcohol is ruining the human race. Dr. Aked is a very cunning booster, and about as conscientious in his boosting as the average reformer for revenue. We do not know that Dr. Aked has been hired to agitate for a dry State. We know nothing more than that his method is disingenuous. Speaking of Dr. Maus he says: "One supposes that he is not a man to use words lightly." . . . "This great physician finds for himself a pulpit," etc. . . . "It is not a paid advocate of prohibition who speaks." . . . "It is a high priest of science, a department surgeon." Thus we find Dr. Aked giving weight to the authority that he lovingly quotes. He would have us think that when Dr. Maus utters himself his are the last words to be said on the subject. What does he know about Maus? How does he know that Maus is not a paid advocate? That Maus as a matter of fact does use words lightly is evident enough from what Dr. Aked quotes. Indeed Maus appears to be quite as disingenuous as Aked himself. However, the truth as to Maus is of less importance than the truth as to Aked. Is Aked disinterested except as a public benefactor? And whether he is or not is it the intention of the Examiner to allow him the use of its columns to advocate a propaganda which if successful will destroy millions of dollars worth of property, put thousands of men out of employment, lower the rental value of property and increase taxation?

The Grand Old Multitude

Here is a beautiful specimen of Progressive patter, a dainty nosegay of socialist cant culled from the editorial columns of that ardent lover of mankind the Bulletin:

If we love democracy here in America we love it not for its accomplishments, but for its great principle that the people must be allowed to work out their own salvation. It cannot be worked out for them. Not by the elevation of a few, but by the progress of the multitude do we advance. Such is democracy, clumsy, slow, fallible, incoherent, but yet, in the end, absolutely and eternally right.

How flattering to the multitude! But how often has the multitude, driven without reins, plunged into the abyss! In what period of man's history was the principle of absolute democracy vindicated? Why not love democracy for its accomplishments, when it has any to boast of, rather than for some vague principle defined in general terms that means one thing to one man and a quite different thing to another? There are many glorious accomplishments to the credit of the democracy established in this country in the eighteenth century, and we have always believed that those accomplishments vindicated the principle of self-government under a certain kind of republican institutions. But we have suffered those institutions to lose their virtue. We have greatly altered the scheme of government. The power of the multitude we have come to regard as the right of the multitude, and as a result we are now tossed amid strange forces in the vast abyss of disquietude. Are we soon to attain the certainties of an afternoon golden and unending? Is the multitude working out its salvation, or is it drifting to damnation? Let it not be supposed that we have lost faith in the intelligence of the American multitude. We know that reaction in the affairs of mankind is inevitable. If the masses could by their vote in a single day put the country back to the days of McKinley and the full dinner pail how they would delight in the consummation! And put back with the knowledge they now possess of the delusive danger behind fair outward seeming would the masses thirst and hunger for the fads and fancies of the New Freedom? We think not. Democracy is tolerable on the basis on which it was originally ordered in this country, but when it begins to aim at leveling all men and curbing the creative force which multiplies differences, braving the distempers of frequent elections to accomplish its purpose, it becomes what Burke declared it to be—an illegitimate form of government. Our democracy has yet to learn that the wellbeing of the flesh is not the only desideratum, that the ideal of humanity is something higher, and that human nature is not to be refined by the simple process of giving the crowd its head.

Some Blaine Letters

At this time when there is so much bitter discussion of political questions relating to the Panama Canal we turn with no little pleasure to a book published in 1887 and sold, as the title page informs us "only by subscription." The book is entitled "Political Discussions, Legislative, Diplomatic and Popular" by James G. Blaine. Among other papers to be found in this book are two letters written by James G. Blaine as Secretary of States to James Russell Lowell, Minister to England, in which are discussed the principal features of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as well as the salient points of the controversy lately revived with reference to the Panama Canal. In 1881 the great Powers of Europe were considering the matter of jointly guaranteeing the neutrality of the interoceanic canal then projected across the Isthmus of Panama, and Secretary Blaine wrote to Minister Lowell to inform him as to the sentiments of our Government on this subject. He said that by a treaty made between the United States and the Republic of New Granda which had later become the United States of Columbia, this nation in consideration of certain concessions guaranteed "positively and efficaciously" the perfect neutrality of the Isthmus and of any interoceanic communications that might be constructed. "In the judgment of the President," said Blaine, "this guarantee does not require re-enforcement or accession or assent from any other Power." He added that "any movement with the view of supplementing that guarantee would necessarily be regarded by this nation as an uncalled for intrusion in a field where the local and general interests of the United States of America must be considered before the interests of any other Power save that of the United States of Columbia alone." It is also to be learned from this letter that this country would reiterate its solemn guarantee to Columbia of the rights of sovereignty and property over the territory of the Isthmus, a guarantee which Theodore Roosevelt lost sight of when President of the United States of America. Also it appears from the letter that in Washington in the eighties there was a much clearer understanding than now of what was meant by the free transit of the world's commerce. "In time of peace," said Blaine, "the United States does not seek exclusive privileges for American ships in respect to precedence or tolls through an interoceanic canal any more than it has sought like privileges for American goods in transit over the Panama Railway under the control of an American corporation. It would be our earnest desire and expectation to see the world's peaceful commerce enjoy the same just, liberal and rational treatment." But as Mr. Hearst now argues, the situation has changed inasmuch as the Isthmus now belongs to us. It belongs to us because we were false to the guarantee that we gave to Columbia. It belongs to us though we haven't yet paid for it. All things considered President Wilson has more than a leg to stand on when he raises the question of national honor, but at the same time it appears from the Blaine letters that England's position is not to be greatly strengthened by invoking the old Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. According to Blaine the motive that originally induced this Government to enter into the treaty was the expected aid of British capital in the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal, an expectation that was never realized. Further it appears that the treaty was the result wholly of a misunderstanding and that it was entered into under the most conflicting constructions by the contracting parties. As early as 1857 Secretary of State Cass told Lord Napier that he voted for it in the Senate with the understanding that it abrogated all intervention on the part of England in the Central American territory, and later President Buchanan informed the British Minister that if the Senate had imagined that the treaty could obtain the interpretation placed upon it by Great Britain it would not have passed.

Varied Types

CLXVI—INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

By Edward F. O'Day

"It is so intoxicating to be a woman nowadays that sometimes I feel sorry we can't admit you men to our sex. It is just as well, though; we like you immensely as you are."

That, I submit, is a very charming thing for an advanced woman, a feminist, to say. But to get its full effect you'd have to hear Mrs. Gillmore say it. An exceedingly fascinating woman to talk to, is Mrs. Gillmore. No small part of her fascination resides in her manner of delivering a broadside of compliment like that I have quoted. She makes you feel for the moment that she embodies the whole male sex in you. Under the magic of her smile and the spell of her soft voice you unconsciously idealize yourself. Miserable specimen of humanity that you are, you dream for the moment that there is something grand about you. You pout the chest of self-esteem; you swell to heroic stature; you assume an attitude of superiority to the sex which Mrs. Gillmore represents. But not for long. In another minute you know that Mrs. Gillmore is generalizing; that she has no idea of paying you a personal compliment. And then with inner shame you wonder whether she's laughing at your petty conceit.

There's no use of talking: this feminist movement will go a long way if there are many women in it who can flatter the masculine mind as Mrs. Gillmore does. Subtly, suavely, sweetly she addresses her argument to you as to a higher being concerned with so many weighty matters that this of feminism has simply awaited its turn, to be approved as soon as understood. No matter how unsympathetic you may have felt before, a conversation with Mrs. Gillmore induces a friendly feeling and you go away from her accusing yourself of gross negligence, not to say injustice in having slighted feminism so long. She is irresistible. She is mistress of the argumentum ad hominem, or should I say ad virum? And it's no matter of feminine wile either. She talks to you as man to man. Her feminine persuasiveness is cloaked in facts, but its warmth is tempered to a certain reasonable lukeness that is cousin-german to the coldness of logic. She makes feminism so very humane that you would be a brute to remain antagonistic.

Do you bristle at suffrage? Do you lift the palms and roll the eyes of holy horror at militancy? Mrs. Gillmore knows how to reassure you without yielding an inch of the high ground the feminists have occupied.

"Suffrage," she says, "is only an eddy in the great stream of the feminist movement. The franchise is like the key to your door. It only becomes important when you have lost it. Once women get it they forget it. Here in California, for instance, women take it for granted.

"In America the American man makes militancy unnecessary. In the bulk the American is so different from the English man. Sex against sex the English man is extraordinarily insensate. Remember that in England every extension of manhood suffrage was preceded by violence. Even the men had to break windows and burn hayricks to obtain their rights. This sort of progress always follows a fuss. Did not the Prime Minister say as much to Mrs. Pankhurst on a memorable occasion? If I were in London I should be a militant, though it would take all the courage I possess to slap a policeman's face.

"Militancy has probably put back the cause of suffrage in England, but it has had the effect of making feminism a world movement. After all, the vandalism of the militants has been directed only against the luxuries of the rich. Remember too that every criminal nowadays leave 'votes for women' literature behind him at the scene of his crime."

Perhaps that is a strong dose for you to swallow. It violates your conception of law and order; but Mrs. Gillmore has the courage of her convictions and she is not always in the mood for soft persuasiveness.

"Are they not martyrs, these women?" she continues. "Think of the hunger strike. Do you know that Russian prisoners in Siberia and sailors on the high seas have tried the hunger strike?

INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

And that they have always failed? The women have never failed, terrible as the ordeal is. And they have been subjected to the most awful punishments. I have seen affidavits describing their treatment which you could not print."

Over Mrs. Pankhurst Mrs. Gillmore waxes almost lyrical.

"Such a flame!" she exclaims. "A frail woman defying an august empire! Have we not here the Amazon in modern translation?

"But there is no cause for alarm. The world has nothing to fear from its women. The great movement of feminism of which suffrage is a very small part, is developing the maternal in woman. Remember that the women bring all the men into the world, so all men are their children. We are not turning from the home; we are going to enlarge the home till it includes the whole world. We are not neglecting housekeeping; we are to do the housekeeping of the race. The old way was the way of 'beauty in my home and the devil take the rest.' That selfish way must pass.

"The great international congress of women at Buda-pest went on record in two matters. In the first place it refused to distinguish between mothers. Hitherto the unmarried mother has been called a 'girl-mother.' We are to know no such distinction henceforth. All motherhood is to be sacred. In the second place it declared that no woman living in safety, in happiness, in comfort in her own home while the powers of darkness were loose outside could consider herself a moral woman. Are not these beautiful things?

"You see, the progress of the world has given woman leisure. Machinery is doing most of the work that used to occupy her time. The world is full of women between forty-five and sixty-five years of age whose children have married and settled down, whose homes do not demand a great deal of their time. There must be work for these idle hands. That is the best time of a woman's life. Have you ever noticed what a tremendous amount of work a woman at that age can do? She is indefatigable. She can wear out three younger women in one day. The State ought to take advantage of this energy. Such women should serve on boards, on commissions. They are fully developed in mind, in body and in heart. They are ripe for service.

"We have no quarrel with the past. Gertrude Atherton very justly said that if we were to begin all over again, the same process of development would be necessary. Civilization had to go a long way before women could be more than wives and mothers. It has gone that long way, and the day has come when women may be citizens, artists, companions among themselves, a thousand things. In consequence we have today a woman who is happy as she never was happy before. Do you know, the three happiest faces I have ever seen were the faces of Madame Homer, the singer, Josephine Daskam, the story writer and Josephine Marks Peabody, the poet. These women have fulfilled themselves in every direction, sexually and artistically, and they are full of the joy of a new life. There is a positive intoxication in the discovery that we have capabilities, gifts, genius even of which we never knew.

"I have been struck with the change as it shows itself in the radical groups of women to be found in New York. These women meet at luncheons and at dinners, and how they talk! Their frankness is amazing. You men call us the garrulous sex. Well, we have been garrulous, but we have been inarticulate. Life cowed us, drove us into a corner. We merely looked on. But now we are thrilled, excited, rejuvenated. Through all the centuries we kept quiet about men. We did not tell what we knew. It was the men who talked about the women. Look back through literature. All the frank things were said by men about women. We remained chivalrously silent.

(Continued on Page 12.)

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The fashionable Lenten fare will be tea and ngo.

We were not impressed by Dr. Aked's attempt, add a cubit to George Washington's stature.

In the interest of modesty it's a good thing at the lower a gown is cut the more it costs.

Some newspaper readers love the Sunday mics; others get their fun out of the pulpiteers d college dons who disport themselves in the onday columns.

Isn't it time for clergywomen to loom up in e pulpit and give a masculine tone to twentieth ntury Christianity?

Secretary Bryan says that Roger Sullivan has conception of the dignity that should mark a nator of the United States. Mr. Sullivan ould take a little grape juice and become a adliner in rural vaudeville.

To say the least, those colored wigs are an improvement on rats, switches and puffs.

Ned Greenway's reminiscences are not pleasant reading to the girls of his youth who have no longer a sentimental interest in their birthdays.

Mary Austin says that monogamy is the natural expression of love and to prove it she utters herself like the ghost of Spinoza writing an amorous letter to the Differential Calculus.

It may be all right for the President to be patient with Mexico, but the Powers may become impatient with the President.

"Washington," says Norman Hapgood, "had no humor and little imagination." Which may be true, but would Washington take Gifford Pinchot seriously? If he were to return to the city that bears his name and attend a conference between the President and the Secretary of State would he be able to preserve a solemn demeanor?

Every time we enter a ball room nowadays we are reminded that "Hide, O hide those hills of snow" was written by a very ancient poet.

If the gift of imagination were vouchsafed to everybody there would be nobody to discuss burning question.

It is the paradox of the learned professions that men rise therein because they are weighty. But the contrary is true of the profession of politics. Which explains the kind of government we are getting.

According to Dr. Henry Sloane Claffin of Yale the mentality of the deficient is raised at the university at the expense of the mentality of the super-average. "It is this," he says, "which prevents us from turning out more men of the first order." Also, it should be said, it is this that accounts for the tone and trend of our democracy for Yale is but one of many universities.

Anti-Penrose Fight In Pennsylvania

A Contest for the Senate of Nation-Wide Interest in Which Both President Wilson and Colonel Roosevelt Will Participate

By Robert MacTavish

The senatorial campaign in California can rdly be said to have been formally opened, but fore long the explosion of fireworks will be ard. Meanwhile the whole country has its eye Pennsylvania where a great fight is to be de against the re-election of Boies Penrose. ready the manoeuvring of opposing forces has gun. The great issue in Pennsylvania is the derwood tariff, but there is also a clash of rsonalities, three of the candidates being conspicuous figures in national politics. Besides interest is aroused by the circumstance that the come is expected to affect directly the political ture of Colonel Roosevelt as well as that of nator Penrose, between whom there is a feeling of very bitter hostility. Penrose will be opposed in the primaries as well as at the election. Representative W. D. B. Ainey of Montrose has nounced that he will be a candidate for the publican nomination and has planned a Statewide stumping tour. Ainey was elected as a Progressive but has stood with the regular Republicans in the House. Penrose expects to have y sailing in the primaries. If his nomination assured the lineup for Senator will be Boies nrose, Republican; Gifford Pinchot, Progressive, and A. Mitchell Palmer, Democrat.

n the primaries Pinchot will not be opposed the candidate of the Progressives. The leaders of the anti-Palmer faction in the Democratic rty say that they will have a candidate against lmer and that they can defeat him. This appears unlikely, as Palmer became a candidate at instance of President Wilson and the support of the National Administration is expected to ensure his nomination.

The fight against Senator Penrose will bring into the campaign a notable list of stump speakers, including Colonel Roosevelt. The Bull Moose leaders in Pennsylvania say they have arranged with the Colonel to spend at least two weeks on the stump for the Progressive ticket.

Colonel Roosevelt will have good reason to invade the Keystone State. Pinchot is his personal friend and was one of the most influential figures in the second Roosevelt Administration. Even Roosevelt's enemies concede the Colonel's strength in the Keystone State. He carried it by more than 50,000 plurality over Wilson, and President Taft was a bad third. If the Colonel can defeat Penrose he will again have shown his strength with the mass of Republican voters, which his friends believe will strikingly emphasize his availability for the Republican nomination for President in 1916.

The candidacy of Pinchot has attracted much attention among politicians in Washington. The understanding there is that he is making the race at the request of Colonel Roosevelt.

The location of his residence may play some part in the campaign. A few years ago he was discussed as a candidate for Governor of New York and for years he has maintained a house in Washington. However, he has established a legal residence at Milford, Pike county, Pennsylvania, which is a sufficient reply in a technical sense to the charge that he is an imported candidate.

The Pinchot campaign will be directed by William Flinn, ex-Republican boss of Pittsburg, who managed the campaign for Colonel Roosevelt in Pennsylvania in 1912. Pinchot is wealthy, so is Flinn. It seems, therefore, that there will be no scarcity of campaign funds for the financing of the Progressive candidate.

In A. Mitchell Palmer the Democrats believe that they will have an aggressive candidate. Palmer was one of Woodrow Wilson's floor managers at the Baltimore convention and is regarded as a representative of the Wilson Administration on the floor of the House.

He has dictated virtually all the Federal appointments in Pennsylvania, including postmasters, and this distribution of patronage has made him many enemies. He had intended to be a candidate for Governor, but at the request of President Wilson announced himself as a candidate for Senator.

It is the plan of the President to make the Underwood tariff act an issue. He insisted that Palmer, having been active in its preparation as a member of the Ways and Means Committee and in urging its passage through the House, was the Pennsylvania Democrat best qualified to defend the new tariff system before the people.

Palmer accordingly after a conference of Pennsylvania's Democratic leaders with President Wilson at the White House, gave out a statement that he would be a candidate against Penrose at the request of the President.

Several of the members of the Wilson Cabinet as well as leaders on the Democratic side of the House and Senate and possibly President Wilson himself will make speeches in Pennsylvania in support of Palmer's candidacy.

Senator Penrose has made it clear that he will make his fight for re-election on national issues. That he expects a campaign in which "Penroseism" will figure was indicated by him a few days ago on his return to Washington from a speechmaking trip in Pennsylvania. He also made it plain that he does not intend to sidestep personalities if his opponents engage in that kind of campaign.

In an interview on political conditions in the State he has already denounced Palmer as the worst type of boss Pennsylvania has ever known. He has declared that Ainey was a "half baked" Republican and has referred to Pinchot as a "squatter" in politics.

Palmer's reply to the charge of bossism was

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Jimmy

By E. H. Young

Though he was born of elderly, work-hardened people who had married carefully and late, and had not looked for any child, Jimmy might have been the offspring of beauty yoked with love. He was always good to look on, but in his babyhood he was so beautiful, so fine of limb and delicately strong and, more than all, so well behaved, that his mother could not love him as she would have loved an ordinary boy. She had a secret and disturbing feeling that he was not really hers; for how could this splendor be the son of a woman nearing fifty, who had spent her life in the stern labor of the fields, the cooking of coarse food and the cleaning of pots? She was afraid of something in the shining stranger who lay in his cheap crib and gazed on his surroundings with a serenity to which his birth had given him no right, and, as though some fine gentleman had come to lodge with her, she fancied criticism in his calm grey eyes when he lay among his yellow blankets and she went about her work. He made her conscious of her frowzy garments and dull hair; she thought he must have come, full of wisdom, from some world which had not accustomed him to dirt and poverty, and even the surprised envy of other mothers could not make up for what she missed in him. If he had been wizened, ailing, fretful, she would have known him for her very own, but she felt he was a princeling dropped on her doorstep by some fugitive princess, and instead of holding a sharp little face to her neck and soothing feeble limbs with rough and loving hands, she treated him with a respect she could not conquer, though she knew how surely it was turning love out of doors, a respect due to the far-off and the beautiful, not unallied to hate, and all the nearer to it because the begrudged pain of her aging body had given her no human son, but a new and unwelcome standard by which to judge of life. It was Jimmy who showed her the lines in her own face and her husband's, his broken nails and hers, the poor furnishing of the kitchen; it was he who, before he could speak, taught her that the presence of cocks and hens did not make for cleanliness in the house. And, from the day of his birth, he seemed to be feeding on a happiness that lay within. His mother could not forgive a baby who hardly smiled in answer to the clicking of her tongue, and plainly thought of his father's snapping fingers as big things that hid his view of the white clouds shadowing the mountain, big things that, like the clouds, would pass.

Few confidences passed between that couple, but, one day when Jimmy was lying in the box on wheels that served him for perambulator, his mother said, folding her arms upon a sigh, "'E always 'as a look as if 'e's waitin'. P'raps—p'raps 'e ain't goin' to live."

"Oh, get along, 'e'll live," the father said; and for a while they stared in a penertating silence at the child.

She was glad when she could put him into knickerbockers and send him off to school. Wearing those clumsy clothes he had not his high look of difference from the children of other folks and, in his absence, the little house under the mountain became her home again.

Jimmy was changed by more than a few yards of fustian. The contentment which a wiser civilization would have left him was overlaid by bewilderment and a little fear. He could not learn his lessons, and each morning, as he trotted to school with a red muffler round his neck and his numbed fingers in his pockets, he saw before him a confusion of questions, answers, books and blackboards, more solid and far more formidable than the mountain. He liked the mountain. It was more to him than the house in which he had been born: it frowned and smiled at him as human beings did, but it had a meaning they missed. He could not tell why, for there were no growing reasons in the head that forgot the things the teacher told him, but he could not forget the mountain; it was always there. He liked the streams, too, and the sound of their voices babbling to him as he ran anxiously to school. In the spring there were lambs bleating beside the swollen waters, and from the school house he could hear them still; he could even see them on warm days when the teacher did not shut the door. Jimmy never wanted to run through that door. He knew the time would come when he would be told to go: he only had to wait.

Here, in the bright schoolroom where his knuckles were so often rapped, and in the dinginess of the home where his old parents looked on him with such reserve, he seemed to exist only in the passive mood, or it may be that his activities were not the common ones of men. Certain it is that what made life for other boys were but life's misadventures for him, and he did not regain the radiance born with him until the uneasiness of his school days had passed. Then, recognized as a failure, as one who could not lift any burden from the backs of those who, with hard, unacknowledged patience, had fed and clothed him, and wondered at him and resented him, he was given a few weekly pence for doing odd jobs on the farm where his father still worked doggedly.

No man or woman knew if Jimmy had any guess at his peculiarities, but what all could see was the grave joy on his face. Once more his was the look of one who had heard rare harmonies and seen wonders, and now waited for their second coming, and always he had that air of their second coming, and always he had that air of well-mannered listening for a summons.

In the fields or farmyyard he could be seen, now and then, pausing in his work with head thrown sideways, and a smile on lips that had no foolish droop, but what he did alone on the mountain when he went there after sheep, nobody knew, and perhaps only his mother wondered, and to her, as she watched for his return, there came recollections of old stories she had scorned, and now found herself thinking of with trembling. They came to her in little gusts she wanted to disdain and could not, for they swept through her hard mind and left dim pictures vaguely touched with evil. If he had not grown so tall and strong, with a shapeliness no rough clothes could hide, she would not have been troubled, but beauty linked with his deficiencies, and with the impersonal and gracious charm which he possessed, appeared now not as the superiority of his babyhood, but as some gift that did not come from God. He was of that race divined by all stages of man's growth as one closer to sunlight, to the ivy and the vine, to shy animals, the frolic of winds and the splashed shadows of great trees, than to its human brothers, and though his mother had no stored mental picture of bare limbs and girded lions and flower-crowned heads, she had her deep distrust of the unusual, and there were those remembered tales of men who spoke with the four-footed in solitary places, and perhaps with the two-footed, strangely hooved. Even without these, there could have been no peace for her while her son stayed late on the mountain, or sat half-smiling, half-asleep, by the fireside; living, as she believed, in thoughts beyond her imaging.

That was an odd household. On all nights but those of summer heat, the three, marked with toil and almost speechless, sat about the hearth, the woman forcing her stiff hands to hold a needle and the coarse stuff from which she fashioned garments; the old man with hands hanging loose, the young one with his clasped about his knees, his head and shoulder against the chimney-piece, while the thoughts of all three went their different ways and never met, but made a noiseless confusion in the stuffy room. Through the man's mind there flitted pictures of ploughed fields and pastures, cows and horses, hens pecking round the midden in the farmyard, and, brighter by distance, he had visions of his youth and strength and of a girl he had seen only once, and still remembered because of the way she had of walking and the curve of her neck when she turned to look at him.

For the woman there were no thoughts so soft. She who had worked hard all her days, and found at last a home and a man who did well enough, had not tired in eighteen years of wondering why Fate had ruined her tardy peace by sending her a child to grow into this youth who, having come to the age when he should have followed maidens, sat there smiling, following instead the faint pathways of the hills, and listening for the call that lingered still.

But Jimmy heard it at last, though from a long way off. Nature had had the wisdom to turn his thoughts from maidens, but it had not stifled in him the joyous yearning that comes with youth and spring, and Jimmy knew he wanted something, and grew restless. Now, though the nights were chill after the warm April sun, he did not sit long beside the fire: he went to the door and listened, or fidgetted about the room until his mother told him, harshly, to be still.

He was docile, but a night came when he could not obey that order, and, treading softly he left the cottage to stand in the strip of garden and take in air as if it had been food.

The sky was dark, but it had not the solid blackness of the mountain, and as he looked up he saw the stars come out to look at him so swiftly that it seemed they must all have opened windows at a given word, and leaned from their high places to study him. His pleased consciousness of their company was forgotten in the straining of his ears to catch more clearly the

(Continued on Page 19.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Poems About San Francisco

CXXXIV—SAN FRANCISCO

By Daniel E. Doran

(This little poem is the work of a San Francisco journalist. It is unpretentious, simple and sincere, and that is quite a compliment to anything cast in verse form.)

Twice built, this city by the sea
Makes mock of all calamity;
  Twice born, it jesteth with the Fates
As lightly as before those days
When, wrathful of its happy ways,
  They hurled the measure of their hates.

O noble city built of men!
  Destroyed by Fates in sudden ire,
Undaunted thou didst rise again,
A balm unto our eyes again,
  A queen of fair attire:
Assuming queenly guise again,
To win the laurel prize again,
Mistress of quake and fire!

The Spectator

'he Fascinating Miss Hannan

"Expensively and fashionably gowned in a lack velvet costume, with large, liquid black yes and abundant black hair, her appearance in he purlieus of the Federal law department roused comment that sent startling rumors hrough the building." In short, the lady thus escribed by an Examiner reporter is the kind hat the susceptible masculine eye loves to feast pon, the kind that Disraeli described with a ingle epithet—"adorable." Her name is Genvieve Hannan. Some months ago she made the cquaintance of J. Parker Whitney, a rich young han, with an eye for a slit skirt, and he traveled ver the country with her. When he wearied of er she went to Los Angeles where she made the cquaintance of a man in a cafe whom she marled after three hours' of wine-drinking. Then larris wearied of her, and she came to San Franisco and hit the Whitney trail intent on extortg money from him. Not succeeding she went o the office of John W. Preston, the gallant oung political orator from Ukiah, lately apointed Federal district attorney by President Vilson. Mr. Preston, says the Examiner reorter, "gave Miss Hannan prompt attention, and fter listening to her story he was so deeply imressed that he took Miss Hannan with him bere the grand jury." Blessed body, the grand ury! Divinely instituted to facilitate matters for ldies with a grievance.

'he Hit She Made With Preston

Those "large, liquid black eyes" of Miss Hanan's had so thrilling an effect on the Ukiah rator that her story transported him with rightous indignation. "I consider it a most vicious ise of white slavery," said the gallant, symthetic Preston. Also: "She tells a most raightforward story, which made a great imression not only upon me, but the members of he Federal grand jury. She impressed me as a oman of great refinement." So acute was the npression made on the man from Ukiah by the fined lady with the "large, liquid black eyes," hat he at once issued a warrant for the arrest f J. Parker Whitney for violating the white ave law. Thus we see what a highly beneficent law this is; how nicely it may be made to serve the purpose of refined ladies who have been kind to rich men.

Speaking of Aked

"A great man, a very great man," said the only Gavin McNab, referring to Dr. Aked; "he disposed of Christ and the Barbary Coast in one and the same year."

"Dr. Aked," said Gavin's interlocutor, "deserves the tribute which was once paid by a negro preacher to a white clergyman who occupied his pulpit one Sunday. 'Dis noted divine,' said the black preacher, 'is one of de greatest men of de age. He knows de unknowable, he kin do de undooable, an' he kin onscrew de unscrutable.'"

Italy's Fair Commissioner

Those who know anything about the career of Ernest Nathan, former Mayor of Rome, who has been appointed Italian Commissioner to the World's Fair, must be astounded at the action of the Italian Government in selecting such a man for so important a post. Nathan is the E. P. E. Troy of Rome. He is a busybody, a meddler, a trouble breeder of the incurable kind. A rabid Socialist, he used to harangue the Roman mob in words of the most violent abuse, and his speeches were sent broadcast by the propagandists of Italian Socialism. The statement having been made that Nathan addressed tremendous crowds, a Roman correspondent of an English paper attended one of his Sunday meetings, only to find that Nathan was hurling his invectives for the benefit of a mere handful of people. His former hearers had grown tired of him. As Mayor of Rome he kept the Italian Government in hot water all the time, and it was with a sigh of relief that Rome saw him step down from his position. Nathan's particular aversion is the Pope, and many times he went out of his way to insult the Vatican authorities, using his official position for that purpose. The press of the world told of one occasion when he heaped his filthy abuse upon the Pope at a meeting held near the Vatican. Why Nathan should have been chosen as Commissioner to San Francisco is a mystery, unless the Italian Government wanted to get rid of him.

The Embarrassment of Havens

The financial troubles of Frank Havens and the Peoples' Water Company of Oakland are now the talk of the "street," and according to that talk the "financiering" of Oakland's notable art lover was of a somewhat romantic character in the sense of its having been influenced by the imagination rather than the inexorable laws of commerce and banking. It is said that Mr. Havens made some erroneous calculations regarding the time in which certain properties would acquire a certain value and bonded them accordingly and without incurring the displeasure of any of those watch-dogs of the public interests who are expected to justify the paternalism of government. Perhaps the propping of Mr. Havens' fortune will be attended by some interesting disclosures conclusive of his confidence in the immediate future of Oakland.

Pickering on Fair Board?

Is R. A. Crothers of the Bulletin going to resign from the Board of Directors of the World's Fair to make way for young Loring Pickering? I have heard some talk about this, but whether the matter is under consideration or whether the wish is father to the thought I cannot pretend to know. Crothers has not been active in World's Fair affairs like some of the other newspaper members of the Board. He attends an occasional banquet and that is about all. Pickering who will be the sole proprietor of the Bulletin one of these days, has taken an active interest in the paper since returning from his long sojourn in Europe. He is now in charge of the circulation department and has been pushing a circulation campaign which has already yielded splendid results. Pickering began at the bottom, determined

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[illegible] publication business in all its functions. His method of [illegible] took hold of the Examiner at the [illegible] He has not taken over any of the enmities of the [illegible]

Jury-Box Psychology

[illegible] puzzled by the psychology of the grafter in the [illegible] it appears that when a man who has held public office and acquired the reputation of a grafter becomes a juror in a criminal case that attracts public attention he is strong for conviction. Now [illegible] notorious as a boodling supervisor would be inclined to sympathize with a man accused of taking a bribe and on trial for his liberty. Ex[illegible] is not the case. They have learned that it is dangerous to accept practical politicians of ex[illegible] been cases where the grafter in the jury-box was not satisfied with being himself for conviction: [illegible] demanded that all the jurors should be for conviction. There is one instance so remarkable that the attorneys for the defense have suspected that the "grafter" was fixed by the [illegible] bers of the Legislature notorious for their conscienceless greed were the most ardent sympathizers the prosecutors had. In one of the cases a rascal in the jury-box, a man whose rascality [illegible] denunciation of the defendant. What is the explanation of this state of mind? Is it that the crook deludes himself with the notion that by voting for conviction he gives himself a clean bill [illegible]

The New City Hall

We were confidently assured that San Francisco's municipal offices would be installed in the new City Hall by the time the World's Fair threw open its doors to the world. The assurance gave us a great deal of satisfaction. But alas! was municipal work ever done with the expedition of [illegible] has [illegible] upon the temporary City Hall [illegible] The World's Fair will be [illegible] time. And it's just possible that there will be further renewals later on.

Michael Casey in Portland

[illegible] Casey, has just been in Portland. I gather this interesting news from the Spectator, the weekly journal conducted in Portland by that former militant San Francisco newspaperman Hugh Hume. Whether Portland welcomed Michael Casey with open arms is a subject for great doubt, considering what Hugh Hume who is thoroughly reliable, has to say about Michael's [illegible] Editor Hume says [illegible] Portland [illegible] But the teamsters remembered their last strike and told Michael there was nothing doing. Then, says Editor [illegible] suggested the advisability of a union. Again he was [illegible] seems to have been a failure.

Respects to Michael

[illegible] and the [illegible] he pays his respects to Michael. He is, says [illegible] business is to create strife [illegible] employers. He is a strike [illegible] notorious for his pernicious activity in [illegible] trouble between teamsters and team[illegible] Michael Casey has greatly assisted [illegible] manufactories from San Francisco. [illegible] fore the businessman can open shop, store or factory, he must see Michael Casey, and receive [illegible] this are boycotted; sometimes they proceed calmly in their orbits, despite the boycott; sometimes they join the innumerable caravan that has departed from San Francisco, leaving that city with fewer manufactories than it had eight years [illegible]

Famous in Anecdote

[illegible] up, Hugh: you've [illegible] ing power seem to have faded before the advent of a winter of union discontent. Things are not what they were. Today we think of M[illegible] one whose power has been curtailed. [illegible] of him as a former president of the [illegible] Public Works whose name is inseparable [illegible] a classic of our anecdotage. The story was first told in Town Talk and has gone around [illegible] It is not always told of Michael now[illegible] the fate of all good stories is that they should be variously applied. It was at a meeting during a campaign when Michael was weaving the gar[illegible] Addressing the hardy, horny-handed sons of toil and episcopating as a dignitary of unionism Michael declared:

"You are the tree, and we are the branches."

"True for you, Michael," came a voice from the audience, "but all the fruit grows on the [illegible]

The Ousting of Popper

[illegible] tokens of [illegible] what might be described as dry rot. Not since [illegible] and was President have the braves taken [illegible] a lively interest in club affairs as they are taking now. The pie-wagon is a fine stimulant. For years the club has been under the Popper blight. Max of that ilk directed club affairs to suit himself, which means that he employed it chiefly to pass resolutions swatting men and measures that he didn't like. In its moribund state the club suffered Max to use its waning prestige according to his whims. Some weeks ago Harry Flannery and Tim Treacy got off the reservation to do a little dancing, and they were soon surrounded by sympathetic braves whom they led in an assault on the chief's wigwam. It was captured in short order. Popper resigned and Treacy took charge of the village. Now the club is making a [illegible] Democratic party in California.

Can They Keep It Up?

[illegible] ing point. How many there are who want to [illegible] more who want to take the ermine away from [illegible] But there's a small army of them, and [illegible] busy as bird dogs. At all the balls and entertainments of the pre-Lenten season they have been conspicuous by their activity. They [illegible] out in force at the pageant-dansant of the [illegible] Yacht Club and every last one of them [illegible] to be in the grand march. It was the same story [illegible] Ball. And at all the Lincoln Day and Washington's Birthday celebrations they ex[illegible] patriotism that was almost touching. [illegible] what the organization whether the [illegible] pared with set speeches and outstretched hands [illegible]

North German Lloyd Again Leads All Lines

The North German Lloyd landed more passengers First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage in the Port of New York during 1913 than any other line, repeating its marvellous record of 1912. Here are the official figures as compiled by the United States Landing Agent:

	First Cabin	Second Cabin	Steerage
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD	18,548	55,130	164,536

The North German Lloyd, with all its services landed the greatest number of passengers in the United States—268,744—on 249 trips, an average of a steamer every thirty-five hours.

The North German Lloyd, in the Northern Service, carried 20 per cent. of all the First Cabin passengers entering New York; 15.66 per cent. of the Second Cabin and 20.98 per cent. of the Steerage passengers, with more than a score of lines competing.

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but this year it is more pronounced than ever before. I shall name no names (cui bono?), but some of these judicial aspirants are not mixers, have never before tried to unbend; and they're having an awfully hard time of it. Trying to be a jolly good fellow all of a sudden is one of the most difficult and embarrassing efforts in the world. A number of the candidates have also enlisted the assistance of their wives, remembering acutely that the dear ladies have votes worth getting. It is very strenuous. In fact, it's a killing pace, and I doubt whether some of them can last the whole marathon course.

After Stanford's Dance

Stanford Parlor of the Native Sons gave its annual dance last week, and after the dance all hands adjourned to the Tavern for supper. It was a hungry throng, and there was a great crush at the entrance, everybody trying to enter the door at once. There was pushing and shoving and crowding till many lost their tempers, if not their appetites. In the midst of it a Stanfordite recognized a friend some distance away in the crush.

"A regular bread line," he called out.

"An ill bred line you mean," said the other in disgust.

The Great News Monopoly

The leading newspaper of the country are soon to have a taste of the medicine that most of them have been prescribing for all kinds of commercial combinations. The New York Sun has invoked the Sherman anti-trust law with a view to putting that colossal monopoly the Associated Press out of business. A complaint has been filed with the Attorney-General of the United States arraigning the Associated Press as a monopoly and petitioning for abatement of the evil through action in the courts. The suit is based on the theory that the sale of news and its transmission from State to State is a part of the commerce between the States. It appears that there are several decisions to the effect that the mere transmission of intelligence is commerce, and according to the Sun's complaint the Associated Press is not only engaged in putting restraint on trade but also in destroying the freedom of the press. It is charged that the Associated Press in its effort to secure a monopoly of news early established a rule that it would not sell or furnish its news reports to any newspaper in any city without the consent of all the newspapers in the city holding the Associated Press franchise. It is this rule that enables the newspapers in existence to make it virtually impossible for a rival to enter the field. To strengthen its monopoly the Associated Press made a contract with the Western Union Telegraph Company by which it enjoys special and discriminating advantages. And through the years it has destroyed competition by adopting a rule that no newspaper served with Associated Press news reports should traffic with any rival association.

The Boycott of the Sun

Notwithstanding Associated Press methods several small news bureaus have managed to do business, among them being the Sun News Bureau which has excellent news facilities. This bureau the Sun is able to maintain only by selling its new and competing in a measure with the Associated Press. As a consequence the Associated Press has been trying to destroy the Sun bureau, and it has prohibited every Associated Press subscriber from buying news from that bureau or selling news to the Sun. In the complaint are given many specific instances of the boycott which the Associated Press maintains against the Sun. From all that is alleged in the complaint it appears that the Associated Press is the finest triple-plated, copper-riveted monopoly in all this wide world. Not only does it dictate to its subscribers as to where they should buy and sell their news; it goes so far as to dictate from whom and to whom they should buy and sell their personally owned stock.

Our Standardized News

The Sun's complaint concludes as follows: "Apart from the public policy which forbids the monopolization of any part of commerce or any obstruction to the channels of interstate communication, it is especially prejudicial to the public welfare that the news of the world should be standardized by one association, through which alone the happenings of the world can, if it shall hereafter secure a complete monopoly, reach the citizen. Our constitutional system is based upon the freedom of the press and to this end the great organs of public opinion should be given every facility to present all of the news, and a monopoly which seeks to shape and control the news into one standard form and that form determined by its governing body through its executive officers is a peculiarly objectionable monopoly. Thus a considerable part of the newspaper press of the country has been compelled to print only such news as the said Associated Press sees fit to transmit to its several members, and it has been for many years a matter of complaint that by such control of the news, partial, unfair and partisan statements have been given to the public at large. Even if the Associated Press has not thus abused, as so many citizens have believed and openly charged, its dominating power over the transmission of intelligence, yet it is prejudicial to the public welfare that it should be within its power to determine in what form and to what extent the news of the world shall be given from day to day to the average citizen."

Progressive Registration

What's this story that comes down from Sacramento? It runs to the effect that the Progressives control the County Clerk's office and that deputy county clerks have been appointed, some at salaries, others receiving so much per, to drum up registration. That is not all. The charge is made by the Sacramento Union that these deputies do not bother asking men and women what their party affiliations are. If the would-be voters don't know enough about registration for the primaries to state their affiliations without being asked, the deputies read their minds and put them down as Progressives. Is it possible that this can be true? Can the holier-than-thous stoop to such dishonesty to swell their registration returns? It seems that they can. At least, I have not heard that the charge made by the Union was disproved.

Hadley's New Symphony

Our Henry Hadley "is taking the front rank among American orchestral composers." So affirms an Eastern critic after hearing Mr. Hadley's new Symphony (No. 4) which was played the other day by the Philadelphia Orchestra. The title of the Symphony is "North, East, South and West." It has been played in three cities and the critics in all of them have pronounced it a masterly composition. Here is one of the criticisms: "Hadley's fourth symphony, in D minor, opus 64, is a beautiful work. Mr. Hadley's spirituality and crudition never forsake him, and he is a master of descriptive music. The close chords in the brasses that open the first movement give vivid realization of the frozen North. They resemble the sound you produce in blowing upon your hands to warm them, and suggest vagueness and loneliness of space. And flying ice dust and glittering icicles are scattered by the strings. The archaic music suggests the Arctics. The East has a dance tune treated with much skill, but the movement as a whole is more doleful than passionate. The symphonic painter of a hundred deft touches here lacks the grand manner. Yet both sadness and gaiety are of good oriental coloring. The South fills well its place of scherzo in the symphony. The West is a decidedly brassy number, but withal perhaps the finest of the four. Hadley often resembles Debussy with occasional effects of orchestration from Massenet. But in this movement, his treatment of the three leading themes, or rather the two of them depicting manly vigor and the eternal feminine, he successfully tries a development of polyphonic complexity recalling Wagner's 'Meisl tersinger' music, or that of Richard Strauss, in the best sense. However, the unconscious superiority of the master makes itself felt here, as in nearly all music of the present day."

A Barmecide Concert

Last Wednesday's Examiner contained a very interesting account of a concert given by John McCormack at Knights of Columbus Hall. The article stated that although the singer had given a recital earlier in the evening at Scottish Rite, "the intricate program seemed to have the effect of strengthening his voice rather than tiring it"; that "Mother Machree" evoked prolonged applause from the Knights; and that McCormack also sang "The Minstrel Boy." In fact, "McCormack delighted his brother Knights." All of

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which would be "important if true." But it wasn't true. McCormack is forbidden by the terms of his contract from singing at any public entertainments. His public appearances are confined strictly to his recitals. It was a Barmecide concert which some ingenious newspaperman gave on paper for the benefit of the Knights.

Ned's Two Watches

In the opinion of people socially more expert than I pretend to be, the greatest ball of Ned Greenway's long career as a dancing leader was the ball given by Baron von Schroeder in 1888. It was held in Odd Fellows Hall, then the fashionable hall of the city, and I have been told that it cost the Baron in the neighborhood of $28,000. He was so pleased with the manner in which Ned conducted it that he made him a present of a fine gold watch. The other night when Ned held the last ball of his career as social dictator his admirers again presented him with a gold watch. He began as he ended, with a watch.

"And all the time that has ticked between the two dates," he says, "has been full of fun and friendship."

Promoting Andy

A teacher in the Noe Valley School gave her pupils a lesson in elementary civics the other day. She tried to make them understand what the Presidency meant, but the idea was a bit large for their little heads. She explained and explained again. They were puzzled. She asked if any little boy or girl knew who the President of the United States was. Not a hand was raised. The class was plainly stumped. Finally in desperation she said:

"Children, some of you must know who the President is. Who is it that runs the country, helps make the laws, the great man who has charge of all of us and tells us what we ought to do?"

A light dawned in one little countenance and a hand shot in the air.

"I know, teacher," said the kiddie, "Andy Gallagher!"

Tim and Colonel Bogey

That genial little mineral water impresario Tim McGrath is back in our midst after an extended tour of the South. While Tim was away I read on the sporting page of one of the papers that he was playing golf at the Potter in Santa Barbara. I was curious to hear Tim on the Scottish national pastime, so I asked him how he liked the game.

"Well, you see," said Tim, "the storm washed out all but five holes on the links, so it wasn't so bad."

A Latinist of Bohemia

An actor in town just now, a member of the Lambs Club, tells me an amusing story about a certain pretty well known San Franciscan who has been sojourning in New York for some time. The San Franciscan belongs to the Bohemian Club, and as the Bohemian exchanges courtesies with the Lambs, he established his headquarters at the latter club as soon as he arrived in the metropolis. The courtesy cards of clubs, as everybody knows, are issued for a limited period, but when this San Franciscan's card at the Lambs expired he showed no sign of relinquishing his privileges. So the club manager was instructed to speak to him about the matter. The manager did so, delicately suggesting that as his stay in New York was to be a lengthy one he might deem it worth while to become a regular member of the Lambs. The San Franciscan took umbrage at the suggestion:

"Why," he said, showing a great deal of hauteur, "I do not find the Lambs Club so important. My membership in the Bohemian Club of San Francisco makes me 'persona non grata' at four other clubs in New York."

Mulgrew and the Mass

Frank Mulgrew, newspaperman and Bohemian clubman, had occasion some time ago to visit the Carmelite Convent in the old and picturesque home of the late Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. The rules of the order forbid any outsider from seeing the nuns, and when any communication is necessary it takes place through a grating which allows the passage of the voice but hides the speakers one from the other. In this way Mulgrew spoke to the Lady Prioress of the Carmelites, and in the course of the conversation he mentioned that he was desirous of making a special study of the Catholic Mass. The Prioress was pleased to hear this and encouraged Mulgrew. He explained that he would like to get a book treating the subject as thoroughly as possible, and the Prioress promised to find it for him. Subsequently he received word that the Prioress had a certain book in mind, just the book which would satisfy his needs, but had been unable to find a copy of it on the Pacific Coast. Later Mulgrew received word that the Prioress had sent to St. Louis to a certain publishing house for a copy. In due time he was apprised that the book had arrived. He called at the Carmelite Convent and it was waiting for him. He found that it was a little larger than an unabridged dictionary.

"I've been reading it steadily for three weeks," he says, "and I haven't finished the preface yet."

At the Green, Pasadena

The jungle dance last Friday night was the most unusual social event of the year, and drew a large crowd of merrymakers. The entire Ellis Club of Los Angeles comprising eighty voices was heard in charming numbers. The tropical decorations and the live monkeys supplied an atmosphere of charm and a fine background for the gorgeous costumes. There are now at the Hotel Green guests from practically every part of the country, as well as many European cities, and the social side of the hotel life is more active than it has ever been before. Several different coteries of the winter residents are carrying on their distinct programs of entertainment, with the result that things have never been livelier

After the Morning's Shopping—

If the morning's shopping has been delayed or some afternoon's coming engagement necessitates your staying down town, you cannot find a more delightful place to spend the luncheon hour than the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. The harmonious surroundings and quiet decorations make a most inviting resting place in pleasing contrast to the busy hum of the street. This cafe has long been noted for the uniqueness of its entertainments.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

But now that we have cultivated an intellectual camaraderie among ourselves we are discussing you, without prejudice but with a degree of candor that would take your breath away. For a while we shall be too frank. For the next fifty years there will be revelations that will surprise the world. But that will adjust itself.

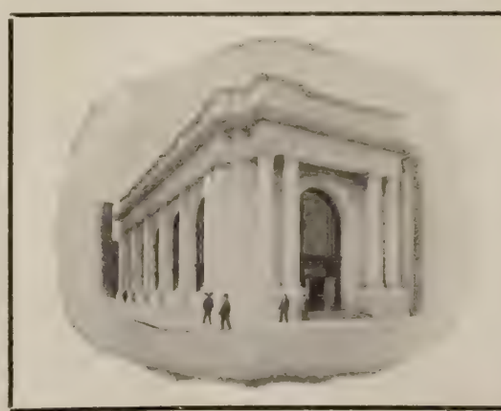
"Meanwhile the business of the world will be done. We need not worry about that. Women will not neglect maternity and the responsibilities of family life, as so many fear. The next generation always comes along with unfailing regularity. You can't legislate against that. Nature takes care of it. There will be smaller families, but that is an economic, not a feminist question.

"After all, the great things of life are love, marriage, parenthood and work. They are bound to have their innings. You can't beat them. But the two great tragedies of women may be done away with: the yearning for maternity which is not satisfied, and the having motherhood thrust upon us against our will. We should be free as air in these matters, and we shall be. It is no longer shameful to be an old maid.

"A single standard of morals? Well, whatever the standard is, it should be the same for both sexes. In the past men have had too much liberty in this, women too little. That is wrong. Women are no better than men, no purer, no more modest. There are no feminine virtues. There is no sex in character or in intellect. Of course in many ways men are miles ahead of us. But we have lacked your opportunities for development. We have not been allowed to cultivate our sense of humor. There are so many things which we have been forbidden to laugh at. And men have enjoyed opportunities of spiritual privacy which women have lacked.

"I should like to write an essay on man, and some day I shall. I have the greatest admiration for men. But I wouldn't presume to make general statements about men such as men have made about women. I should consider that exceedingly impertinent. But some day I shall take man, as it were a piece of bricabrac out of a cabinet, and subject him to a minute inspection."

As Mrs. Gillmore said this her eyes had a faraway look. I was glad of it. I rejoiced that she didn't look at me. I shouldn't have liked her to recognize the fear depicted on my face. A piece of bricabrac! Subjected to her keen scrutiny! We all want to read that essay on man, because we're curious and egotistical animals and love to read about ourselves, but we reserve the right, most emphatically we reserve the right in advance to deny Mrs. Gillmore's findings. Some of them at least. She's such a charming woman that I'm sure a lot of them will tickle our incurable conceit.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Mardi Gras

Most of the gaiety was displayed at supper. In the ball room there was more color than all the bavardes can express in adjectives, but the carnival spirit awoke when the corks began to pop in the three supper rooms. That was about one o'clock. Before that a few of the men, especially the gay blades from down the peninsula, lifted their mood above the sober dignity that was generally in evidence; but among the rest of the throng there was an Ash Wednesday seriousness, not a Shrove Tuesday madness up to supper time. Under the influence of food and champagne the Mardi Gras spirit really came to life. And that was rather late in the entertainment. Have we no natural merriment? Is our exuberance in need of artificial filliping? Or were we a bit overwhelmed by the grandeur of it all? It was grand without a doubt. The costumes were never more gorgeous or more costly. The cheap grotesquerie of other years was conspicuously absent. Beauty was the thought with all, and it was artistically expressed. We may thank Bakst and the Parisians for that, I suppose. Most effective use was made of the new colored wigs by quite a number of women. The whole thing satisfied the eye, but was slow in getting into the blood. It was an affair one was glad not to have missed. But not heady enough to signalize the last of les jours gras.

The Splendid Queen

To be fair, the revelry was held in check by the pageantry. This was more elaborate than ever before, for Joe Redding always goes the limit. It took a good while, and you cannot be a Mardi Gras cutup and watch a spectacle at the same time. Perhaps if a vote were taken it would be found that most of us prefer magnificent pageantry to madcap hilarity. If so, those I heard lamenting the passing of the unrestraint that made the Art Institute balls so worth-while were of a minority with which I choose to align myself. The pageant was a little difficult to follow for those who were not box-holders, but of course the main attraction was Mrs. Edgar Peixotto and we could all feast on her splendid beauty afterwards, as she was a queen who mingled most unaffectedly with her subjects. She was magnificent. A more fitting choice could not have been made. I should not hesitate to place Mrs. Peixotto in competition with any beauty who ever presided at such an affair anywhere. There was no chill on her regal dignity, for Mrs. Peixotto knows how to smile. Robert Reid was a superb giant of a consort and he escorted her about the ball room in the true spirit of carnival. Indeed, the Exposition artists and sculptors set an example of Mardi Gras demeanor which the rest should have followed. They did not wait till supper before unbending. They know how to be gay. Of course they have been to big masquerades abroad. Even in revelry, I suppose, some training is necessary.

The Dancing Contests

There were contests for tangoists and hesitation waltzers. For this feature a space was roped off in the middle of the ball room, and the spectators gathered around, serious and silent. It was really quite a solemn episode. The judges felt the weight of their responsibility. They didn't frown but they didn't smile either. And the megaphone men made all sorts of announcements which everybody tried hard to understand, for all the world as though they were of prime importance. Perhaps a dancing contest was inevitable in the present state of the public mind. But it interrupted the ball for quite a while. I imagine that it was in subtle protest against the gravity of this whole proceeding that Walter Martin in harlequin costume slipped a pretty partner under the rope and one-stepped up and down the enclosed space among the contestants. A little incident, but it afforded amusement, it was such a contrast to the general gravity. And when Fred Burnham, after winning the hesitation prize, clapped his fool's cap on Harry Scott's head, everybody around the ropes shouted with glee. You can see that it wasn't a night of rip-roaring mirth.

Careless Revelers

If the revelers were not utterly carefree, I at least heard about the carelessness of some of them. "Doc" Mundell, the former newspaperman who conducted William J. Burns' local bureau for a time and now has a detective agency of his own, told me that he had been busy for an hour locking doors left open by people who took rooms at the Palace for the purpose of donning their costumes conveniently. The De Sabla jewel robbery at the Mardi Gras ball two years ago taught no lesson, it seems. Mundell said that he found the doors of thirty apartments open. In many of them he saw valuable jewels and purses full of gold on the bureaus. In one room there was a heavy purse and a magnificent ring of diamond and sapphires lying in plain view, and a little boy, evidently left in charge, sound asleep on the sofa! And yet such people would blame the hotel authorities if they were robbed.

A Spanish-American Entente

There were men at this Mardi Grass ball who have not done much unbending in the giddy whirl for a long time. Rudolph Spreckels was there in costume, looking as though he had forgotten for the evening all the responsibilities of uplift politics. And James D. Phelan was there, though not en masque. And whom do you think he entertained in his box party? The Count de Salazar! The Spanish consul who expressed his indignation in Town Talk when James D. at the Commonwealth Club said unpleasant things about Spain! The presence of the Count as Phelan's guest was notice to all who cared to take notice, that a Spanish-American entente had been arranged. The Democratic candidate for the United States Senate has made his peace with the official representative of Spain. That is proof of a diplomatic talent which many people did not know James D. possessed.

The Society of Incorrigible Bachelors

To my way of thinking the prettiest girl in town is a certain one of the modest blush rose type. She is a recent graduate of Miss Blanchard's School and not yet "out," but of course much interested in the beaux and belles she hears the older girls talk about. She asked a lady the other day: "How old is Mr. Humphrey, the president of The Olympic Club—I hear so much about him?" "About forty, I believe." "Well then I think I saw him at The Olympic Club Track Meet, because there was an old gentleman of about that age with gray hair and glasses sitting down holding a watch while my little brother and some other boys ran races. So I supposed he was the president keeping time—and he looked awfully nice." Her friend nearly fainted. She hastened to explain that Willie looks very young

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and is still in the giddiest stage of his existence. He doesn't wear glasses, his thick hair is a shiny brown and he is either giving some kind of party or attending one given for him every single night. Indeed his friends say that he resembles Napoleon in his late-to-bed-and-early-to-rise habit, so occupied is he in the long day with his big law practice and numerous commercial enterprises and in the short night dancing and dancing and dancing. In between he grinds away at classic studies, takes cross-country runs and practices high school equestrian feats and busily guides the destinies of The Olympic Club. But he never seems to find time to get married, much to the despair of mammas with daughters to dispose of; especially as while the mothers are calculating his worthy money-making capabilities the daughters are thinking of his attractiveness.

Bachelors We All Know

What a lot of fine bachelors we have! Consider some of them—whether they are to be pitied or what? Heading my list is Thornwell Mullally. To him must be awarded the palm for physical endowments pleasing to the eye. Girls in their first season, when their frankness is often startling, have been known to declare they could love him to death because he looks so romantic. But it would seem that he is practical and prefers to remain unloved yet living. Charles Hanlon, the attorney, seems determined to remain single. His lovely limousine with all the material surroundings it requires and presupposes seems not to be destined for the enjoyment of domestic life. He is exceedingly good-looking, clever and successful. Possibly his standard of feminine beauty and charm is out of reach of society beauties, for Charles is the legal adviser and platonic friend of several world-renowned stage divinities including Lillian Russell and Anna Held. Herbert E. Law is an eligible also. Though not a genuine bachelor he has become unmarried. His genius for finance is said to have brought him millions and his mentality makes him very attractive. But everyone hopes his difference with his divorced wife will be adjusted some day. Indeed a second wife would find herself persona non grata in San Francisco, so great is the popularity of the charming, pretty Mrs. Law. Louis Schwabacher is often regarded with designing eyes by husbandless ladies. Besides plenty of money he has artistic tastes, and his wife would find herself in an enviable environment. William Greenbaum escapes the thrall of matrimony with much cleverness. He is the nephew of some very rich uncles and is on the high road to wealth himself, being a successful impresario. If a girl were musically inclined—which she'd have to be to attract Greenbaum—think of the lovely time she'd have with all the renowned artists he so kindly brings out here! If she wanted to appear on the stage herself she might even become the Mrs. Gatti-Casazza of the West. But if she failed I really believe William would get a divorce for he adores art for art's sake and has no respect at all for a "nearly" artist. Money with him is a second consideration. That's the reason he will probably become a concert magnate, for the art world is the one sphere in which meretricious goods do not ever make fortunes out of the public.

More of the Tribe

Harry Tevis, medico and dilettante, is growing into the seer-and-yellow without a wife. With his social position, wealth, cultivated tastes and genial disposition it must have been hard for the doctor to elude the flowery fetters of matrimony. But he'd better keep on dodging, for there is no doubt the pursuit is still going on as "he is one swell boy entirely surrounded by money." James Phelan: amiably speaking we allude to him as a young millionaire, but his beard is streaked with silver. The mental demand that has been brought to bear upon that man by processions of lovely society ladies! Ah! but he is wily—no one could catch him. Fancy a mythical Mrs. Phelan and imagine what, besides the companionship of James, she is missing. Wealth? Heaps of it. Social position? I should say so. And think, only think,—if she should be a suffragette—of the pedestal in the civic centre he could place her upon. Isn't it remarkable that some mercenary lady has not married the accomplished Richard Hotaling? 'Tis tradition that many have tried. His bride of course would have to dote upon the drama for he must act—he simply can't help it. What irony of fate that as a youth he did not fare forth to stage-land instead of mewing himself up in his old counting house counting out his money! Had he done so he would long since have been espoused by some lovely theatrical lady burning with ambition and needing an angel like Richard to make her a blazing star and place her in her natural firmament. He, by her encouragement and sympathy would now be shining brightly in the same constellation instead of being a lonely bachelor in Sleepy Hollow—the place where he leads the quiet life. Edward McDonald Greenway! He actually owns to sixty-two. In his reminiscences he does not tell of the generations of society belles who have angled for him. But they have—especially climbers. Fond papas would have financed him as a son-in-law to place their families on a firm social basis and lovely daughters often fell in love with him—for, I'm told, he was a fine looking fellow—is yet—and he has a gay, boyish way that pleases women. He is one of the fortunate individuals without an enemy in the world. Henry Hadley we've had with us long enough to claim him. He is only nearly forty and not quite so rich as he will be when he is sixty-two. But Henry is looked upon with covetous eyes by wealthy widows as well as by ingenue damsels. He is the most stylish thing in musical conductors we have seen and his musical achievements have made him a matinee idol. Last but not least comes our own dean of bachelors—Raphael Weill ,the grand old Frenchman of California. We've all heard mothers and grandmothers tell of his heart conquests and of how beauteous society ladies besieged the White House ostensibly in search of finery but really in the hope of ensaring the handsome, debonair proprietor. He has escaped—but there's time yet. He is only seventy-seven and many a worthy lady with a weakness for fine raiment would gladly have the White House at her disposal. With it a husband so distinguished and beloved of the people as Raphael Weill. If he be permitted to end his days in the peaceful realm of the celibataire, there is still his nephew and heir apparent, Michel—but he is too young to be classified with the "elderly bachelors of about forty."

A CORNER OF ONE OF THE SPACIOUS VERANDAS
HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

Still Others

And then there's Dick Tobin. What girl wouldn't consider herself the luckiest girl in all the world to capture Dick Tobin, the polo hero, the musician, the scholar, the friend of so many great men and women in the world of art and letters? There must be rapture in the thought of presiding over that charming home that Dick Tobin has made for himself at San Mateo, a home that seems to bring the fairyland of the French chateau country to our peninsula. But Dick Tobin shows no sign of exchanging his bachelor's degree for a marriage license. And think of Louis Sloss, the only one of the Sloss brothers who hasn't succumbed to the blandishments of the love god.

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Two Women—A First Night

By Theodore Bonnet

At the Alcazar Monday night the audience had a self-conscious air as though it were assisting at some very important ceremony or religious rite which it was eager to see carried out impressively and with due solemnity. This was natural enough all the circumstances considered. It was an intensely dramatic occasion—the debut of two very charming women—Louise Closser Hale as a playwright; Mrs. Douglas Crane as a star of the drama. Life, 'tis said, is a crisis at every moment, but here were crises not of the commonplace variety; nay, the precious stuff of the drama itself. There was drama on both sides of the footlights. In the audience sat the playwright. What could be more dramatic in the life of a woman than sitting in the crowded theatre watching on the tip-toe of anxiety the first performance of her first play, observing the effect on those around her of the infant child of her brain? What could be more dramatic than the debut in drama of a young woman who for years had looked forward to the event as the goal of her ambition, who had struggled painfully toward it, surmounting heartbreaking obstacles in the long and tedious journey? Here was this young woman vindicating her faith in herself, doing so in a play that faintly mirrors her own life. What a crisis in her career! Surely there was drama enough at the Alcazar Monday night. The poignancy of it was fatal to critical intentions. Now rapt in contemplation of the real and the artificial playing inextricably into each other, now thrilled by the actress whose unutterable desire has penetrated into the world of reality and who has become the interpreter of her own life, I was under the influence of thoughts that made the play at once exciting and irrelevant. Now that I have come out of the spell I can see that this play "Her Soul and Her Body" has a fine idea for its inspiration. It is the story of an innocent country girl bursting with temperament who goes to a big city to express herself in the rhythms of the dance. While studying and giving promise of high achievement she falls in love with a man who becomes intent on making her his mistress. It is the passion of love that gives her inspiration for the dance. On the eve of her debut she discovers that her lover is a married man, and that it is only his carnal appetite that he wishes to gratify. Her love turns to hate, but first her heart is seared and for a brief moment inspiration leaves her and her career threatens to come to an end before it is begun. The theme is handled with delicacy, and there is much of sentimental interest in the play, but the all-important element of suspense is somewhat lacking. This is probably due to the fact that the author disposes too soon of the conflict between the heroine and the lover. What is really the catastrophe of the drama occurs in the second instead of the third act where it belongs in a four-act play. However, the play holds one's interest to the end. But for this no little credit is due to Mrs. Crane. There have been few debuts more curiously expected or more warmly welcomed than hers, and though high expectation is perilous to weak pretensions, this is an instance where it should prove encouraging, for Mrs. Crane is a woman of real talent. Of course it is hard to disengage her from this play. A dancer by profession, she is a living motive, a pledge of the play's reality, but unquestionably she is also an actress. She has grace, a winning personality and a sympathetic voice, and aside from her dancing she plays the part with a fetching simplicity that is always in keeping with the character.

Gossip of the Theatre

Kreisler and the Symphony

The ninth symphony concert was notable in that Fritz Kreisler was the special artist of the day. He played the Beethoven violin concerto with the orchestra and Tartini's "Devil's Trill" and received from the largest audience ever present at the symphony concerts the nearest approach to an "ovation" that a crowd so largely composed of women could give. One does not have to have an intimate acquaintance with the technique of a stringed instrument to appreciate the playing of Kreisler. One does not think of the Kreisler technique. It is as though his art begins where his technique leaves off. The dryest technical passages he phrases with such masterly clarity that everything he plays is galvanized into life and is made to convey some meaning in the form of definite musical ideas. And how he thrills us with his tones that come out of his violin like a mysterious voice exulting, rejoicing, sobbing, weeping, crooning—anything the composer wills. Somebody, I think it was Symons, says that art should never astonish, and therefore the public gives the name of artist to him who can astonish most. Well Kreisler really doesn't astonish. Held thrall to the magic of his music you have no time for astonishment. The orchestra was at its best on Friday, though, truth to tell the instruments seemed to me too loud when they began with Kreisler in the Tartini number. I wonder if Mr. Hadley doesn't long for a nice, large, very soft pedal for use when occasion demands.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Great Vaudeville

It is sheer waste of money to give the patrons of the Orpheum so much for the price of a seat as is given this week. Worse than that it is not good judgment, for while the bill abounds with talent as perhaps it never abounded before there is one thing that might be omitted not only to the pecuniary advantage of the management but to the gratification of the audience. I refer to the played called "A Daddy by Express," written by Edgar Allan Woolf. Edgar is perhaps the worst playsmith that ever conceived the impossible for dramatic purposes. But why talk of the one thing on the bill that does not merit praise? Only because it sticks out like a sore thumb, and is so bad that one can't forget it. But after all it doesn't take up much of one's time, and besides any one of the other acts would compensate for a five-act drama by Mr. Woolf—yes, for five acts and a prologue. The most pretentious of the acts is Bessie Clayton's. Bessie Clayton is a premiere danseuse. She is neither a Genee nor a Pavlowa, but she has distinction and personality, and dances after her own fashion, suggesting at times an incarnation of dawn. She darts about with fluttering hands and twinkling ankles, and on her toes she has the suppleness and grace of the dancer who dances for joy with never a sense of her responsibility to her art. Bessie Clayton comes to us with a troupe of dancers and they are exponents of all kinds of dancing from plantation dancing to ballet dancing. Though this act is the "headliner" for the week, and is pre-eminent by reason of its sumptuosity and artistry it takes no firmer hold of the audience than does Francis Dooley, the typical boulevardier of vaudeville who just happens on to pour out a flood of curbstone witticisms, with a pretty partner for a pretext and a foil. Dooley has the quintessence of the sophisticated manner essential to the outpouring of the Broadway brand of cocktail humor. He comes out at a time when there is always danger of an anti-climax, and gives a new zest to the show. He is rewarded with more laughs than Chick Sales gets, which is saying a good deal. Yet Dooley cannot be said to achieve real distinction in this week's bill, for Orpheum vaudeville this week is like an all-star cast in the drama. Great dancing, fine singing, good comic opera, top-notch monologue, picturesque muscle, facile acrobatics—these are the features, and distinction is achieved only by that awful playlet.

—Theodore Bonnet.

LUISA TETRAZZINI

Who gives two concerts only at the Tivoli Opera House.

The Playing of Kreisler

I made one in that big audience at the Cort Sunday, and when the wonderful concert was half over I asked myself, Why does this Fritz Kreisler appeal to me as Ysaye never appealed, nor Kubelik nor Elman? Of the fact I could have no doubt. Kreisler induced in me a state of rapture such as I had never known before at a violin recital. But the explanation was hard. Finally I said to myself, Is it perhaps because Kreisler is to violinists what Shakespeare is to poets, an emperor among kings? I think so. The other violinists I think of as emotionalists, their temperaments swayed by their own magic music. But

this Kreisler is master, not only of his instrument and through his instrument of his audience, but also of himself. One can imagine Keats swooning in the ecstacy of composition, but not Shakespeare. One can think of Ysaye or the others rapt out of themselves by their own heavenly strains, but not Kreisler. He seems a pure intellect. He transcends mortality. He is superman. Surely Shakespeare had none of the mannerisms of lesser poets. Neither has Kreisler the mannerisms of other violinists. His simplicity is heroic. He has the unconsciousness of a demigod. He walks to the center of the stage like a master workman to his forge, carrying his fiddle as such a workman might carry a hammer. He is grave, as all great workmen are, as Shakespeare must have been when he worked. And Kreisler's work is perfect. Nothing is beyond his power. The program of Sunday had a wide range. Bach and Gluck and Mozart and Schubert were in it, and it would be false to say that Kreisler interpreted one of these masters more faithfully than another. He gave them all complete and flawless expression. To Couperin of the sarabandes, to Tartini of the virtuosity and fire, to the suave Corelli and the refined Cartier he brought gifts to match their own. And when he played a composition of his own, it was with an almost humble seriousness, as though this master hoped for the approval which he had the right to command.

—The Music Lover.

Immortal "Robin Hood"

Age cannot wither or custom stale the masterpiece of De Koven and Smith. It's as pleasing to day as when it made its first sensation. Perhaps more pleasing. We turn to it with delight after an excess of musical comedy and leg shows. The familiar airs are just as fresh, the good old songs just as sweet, the fun just as laughable as when "Robin Hood" was new. And what a splendid company they assembled for this revival! Vivacious Bessie Abott as Maid Marian with a voice of Metropolitan standard; Henriette Wakefield as Alan-a-Dale reminding you of Jessie Bartlett Davis; Helena Morrill, as attractive an Anabel as you ever saw; James Stevens than whom perhaps there never was a better Little John; Jerome Daley, a smiling giant with a splendid basso whose Will Scarlet is a perpetual joy; old George Frothingham in the Friar Tuck role he has played some impossible number of times; Ralph Brainard, as handsome a Robin Hood as any Maid Marian could wish to sing to; Sid Braham, a really high-class low comedian as Guy of Gisborne; and our old friend Phil Branson as the foolish and bibulous Sheriff of Nottingham. How they do enjoy their parts! It seems to be a treat for them as well as for us. The pleasant atmosphere imaginable pervades the theatre, stage and auditorium, during this performance of "Robin Hood." No wonder the songs are enthusiastically encored. Nobody can get too much of "Brown October Ale," "O Promise Me," "It Takes Nine Tailors," the Armorer' Song and "St. Swithin's Chimes." Light opera has few treats like "Robin Hood."

—E. F. O'D

The Gerardy 'Cello Concerts

There are but three world famous violoncello virtuosi before the public and it has been a long time since any of them has visited this city. Just after the memorable April of 1906 we had a series of concerts by Anton Hecking and immediately prior to that month Jean Gerardy played for us at the old Columbia to audiences that crowded the theatre to its utmost capacity. Now Manager Greenbaum announces the return of the Belgian master, Gerardy, at the very zenith of his career, for he has just reached his thirty-fifth year and from all reports is playing in bigger style than ever. Gerardy is a true genius. At the age of ten he was world-famous and as yet no other violoncellist has been able to take his place. His tone is as beautiful, sympathetic and individual on his 'cello as is Mischa Elman's on the violin and his technique is impeccable.

MARIE DRESSLER
In "The Merry Gambol" at the Gaiety Theatre.

HARRY LAUDER
The internationally famous comedian who comes to the Cort Monday, March 2.

Like the Russian violinist and like Schumann-Heink and John McCormack, he possesses the power of reaching the heart as well as the head. With Gerardy will be two other star artists. These are Gabriel Ysaye, the young Belgian violinist who, it is predicted, will follow in the footsteps of his great father, and Frank LaForge, the pianist and composer whose qualifications are too well known here to need exploitation and who is one of the finest accompanists and ensemble players in the world. The Gerardy concerts will be given at the Columbia on two Sunday afternoons, March 8 and 15. At the first concert Gerardy will play the "Variations Symphoniques" by Boellmann, "Suite" in two movements, Boccherini, "Air," Bach, "Abendlied," Schumann and "Am Springbrunnen," Popper, besides taking part in one of the great "Trios" to be announced later. Gabriel Ysaye will play "A Child's Dream" by Eugen Ysaye, "Havanaise," Saint-Saens, "Romanze" in G major, Beethoven and Wieniawski's "Airs Russe." At the second and last concert Gerardy's numbers will include the "Concerto" by Saint-Saens, "Hungarian Rhapsodie," Popper, "Kol Nidrei," Max Bruch, "Wiegenlied," Schumann, "Adagio Pastorale," Haendel, and other interesting numbers. Ysaye Jr. will play some charming numbers and the galaxy of stars will join forces in presenting Beethoven's exquisite Trio in G minor. The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's, where mail orders may now be sent to Will. L. Greenbaum. In Oakland a special program will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Thursday afternoon, March 12 at 3:15 p.-m. For this event seats will be ready at the box office of that theatre on Monday, March 9.

Bert Leslie at the Empress

Several artists prominent in vaudeville will be on the bill at the Empress next week. Bert Leslie, the inimitable "king of slang," will be the headline attraction, supported by a competent company in his latest, "Hogan the Painter." "On the Sidewalks of New York" is the unique offering of Charles B. Lawlor and his two charming daughters, Mabel and Alice. They introduce some of their own songs and street types. Charles Burke and Charles MacDonald are Irish comedians who are well known in vaudeville for their quaint and humorous characterizations which do not offend or caricature the race. Aubria Rich and Ted Lenore, a duo of singers and dancers, will present a dainty act abounding in bright patter, songs and dances. Something that will appeal to the children as well as the grown-ups is offered by Earl Girdeller and his canine comedians. Dave Greene and Jennie Savoy in a rural playlet called "Si Hawkins' Mistake," the Five Musical Robinsons in a musical novelty and motion pictures complete the bill.

"The Merry Gambol" at Gaiety

Marie Dressler in "The Merry Gambol" is now in the first real week of her four weeks' engagement at the Gaiety, and after her illness, is proving her ample capacity to "come back." The great comedienne is surrounded by a company of such excellence and class as causes the observer to wonder, "How can it be done for a dollar?" The production is extravagant in scenery and costumes. Keeler of New York designed the gowns and they are visions of beauty. The electrical effects, particularly in the Exposition Finale, are gorgeous, and the signs of the spendthrift producer are at hand in every episode of Addison Burkhardt's clever libretto. The Marvellous Millers in their dancing specialty are a sensational success; Charles Mason in his "Saengerfest" is musical and humorous; Charles Judels in his role of leading comedian, playing the part of an Italian, has the audience with him all the time; and Gene Luneska with her lyrical soprano voice is charming. Alf Goulding offers several specialties and shows the results of his Pollard training in playing anything from an eccentric parson to a Scot. Gladys Goulding, the soubrette of the company, is a charming figure, and Jeanne Lansford, soprano, Ida Van Tine, dancer and the other principals are clever aids to Miss Dressler.

Bessie Abott in "Robin Hood"

The engagement of Bessie Abott in "Robin Hood" at the Columbia will continue another week. Its two weeks' engagement will come to a conclusion with the performance on Sunday night, March 8. Matinees are given on Saturdays only.

Mrs. Crane Continues

Frederic Belasco of the Alcazar, owing to the tremendous demand for seats, has been forced to break his rule of running each play for one week only, in the case of the present attraction, Mrs. Douglas Crane, "The Little Daughter of the Dance," in Louise Closser Hale's new play, "Her Soul and Her Body." So he will continue this offering for a second week, commencing Monday night.

Marie Lloyd at Orpheum

The theatrical sensation of next week will most certainly be the appearance at the Orpheum of Marie Lloyd, the idol of the London music halls and the queen of all English comediennes. The New York critics are unanimous in declaring Miss

THE AMERICANS STARS OF THE CHICAGO GRAND OPERA COMPANY

Coming to the Tivoli Opera House for the two weeks beginning Monday, March 16.

Lloyd's songs to be the cleverest that have been brought to this country. They also say that "she puts them over with rare skill, that her articulation is perfect, every syllable being most distinct and that her performance is a rare treat." In addition to Miss Lloyd there will be five other new acts. Eva Taylor, a comedienne of great talent and popularity will present with the assistance of a capable little company Lawrence Grattan's laughable comedy "After the Wedding." Binns, Binns and Binns, "the Vagabonds of Comedy and Music,'" will exhibit their skill on a variety of instruments and will introduce mechanical comedy effects. Alcide Capitaine, known in Europe as "the Perfect Gymnast," a woman of exceptional grace, beauty and symmetry, will perform marvelous feats on the swinging trapeze. The Hockney Company who hail from Belgium will present for the first time in this city a novel mixture of gymnastic unicycle feats. Foster and Lovett have a laughing act which they call "Who's Who." There will be only two holdovers, Francis Dooley and Corinne Sales and the Queen of Dance, Bessie Clayton and her company of Europeans.

A Thriller at Tivoli

"The Bride of Lammermoor" will be presented at the Tivoli for the last times today and for the week commencing Sunday, with the exceptions of Thursday night and Saturday afternoon, when Tetrazzini sings, "Through Fire to Fortune," a remarkable five part photo-play will be shown for the first time in this city. This extraordinary picture which bears the sub-title of "The Sunken Village," is by California's playwright, Clay M. Greene, who also plays the part of Henry Barrett, a Wall street plunger, in the film. In "Through Fire to Fortune" a new thrill has been filmed. It consists of an unusually realistic portrayal of a fire in a coal mine and the destruction of an entire village. The cost of production was tremendous but the producers are thoroughly satisfied with the result. A snappy Keystone comedy will furnish contrast and the music by the Tivoli orchestra will be up to the high standard established by that excellent organization.

Police Play at Savoy

The remarkable interest taken in "The Crime of the Law" which will begin its second week at the Savoy tomorrow afternoon, seems to indicate that this startling play will continue an uninterrupted run of several weeks. Presenting an entirely new theme, it has caused more discussion than any play seen here for many seasons. Like "The Traffic," Rachael Marshall's former play, "The Crime of the Law" deals with actual life seldom seen or even read about by the average person. Matinees will continue to be given Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

The Chicago Grand Opera Co.

The one big topic in musical and society circles is the coming season of grand opera to be given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli during the two weeks beginning Monday, March 16. From the subscription sale of seats the engagement will be tremendously successful. The company boasts of many Americans on its list of artists. First and foremost stands Mary Garden. In the Italian operas the greatest soprano is also an American, Mme. Carolina White. Other great American sopranos are Jane Osborn-Hannah, Mabel Riegelman, a Californian, Minnie Egener, Helen Warrum, Beatrice Wheeler and Florence Macbeth. Miss Macbeth will be heard as Gilda on the opening night when the great Titta Ruffo will sing the title role in "Rigoletto." Allen Hinckley, Henri Scott and Clarence Whitehill are three American singers who have repeated their great European triumphs in America. The Chicago Grand Opera Company maintains a chorus school, and from the ranks of this training school for American singers the members of the great chorus are selected. In all the presentations the American singer is considered equally with the foreign artist, and to look through the casts of the greatest productions which the company has made is to realize that American opera and opera in America will soon be synonymous. The sale of seats for single operas will commence at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s one week from Monday morning.

The Tetrazzini Concerts

No concert announcements of the present season have created the interest occasioned by those

RACHAEL MARSHALL
Author of "The Crime of the Law" which is appearing at the Savoy.

of Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini who will be heard here twice next week at the Tivoli, on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. Her present concert tour is by all odds the most successful she has ever made. The largest auditoriums in the various cities she has visited have been all too small to accommodate the throngs desirous of hearing her and everywhere it has been necessary to place chairs on the stage. Mme. Tetrazzini's assisting artists are Rafael Diez, a young tenor of renown, Yves Nat, the distinguished pianist who accompanied her on her previous visits here, and Pietro Caso, flutist. Thursday's program is as follows: Piano solo, Polonaise, Chopin, Yves Nat; Aria from "Herodiade," Massenet, Rafael Diez; Aria from "Pescatore du Perle," Bizet, Tetrazzini; Piano Solos, "Why?" "Hallucination," Schumann, Yves Nat; Arias from "Fra Diavolo," Auber, Tetrazzini; Persian Serenade, Wars; L'Ultima Canzone, Tosti; Heimliche Afforderung, Strauss, Rafael Diez; Rhapsodie, De Koven; Serenata, Brahms, Tetrazzini; Piano Solo, Second Rhapsodie, Liszt, Yves Nat; Polonaise from "Mignon," Thomas, Tetrazzini. The program for the farewell concert of Saturday will be entirely different. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Lauder at the Cort

William Morris will present Harry Lauder, the great Scotch comedian, at the Cort for six matinee and night performances, beginning next

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HER SOUL AND HER BODY
By Louise Closser Hale
Matinees, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c
To Follow: HERBERT KELCY and EFFIE SHANNON in "YEARS OF DISCRETION"

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

Monday afternoon. Lauder is on his sixth tour of America. The company selected to appear with Lauder includes the celebrated English dramatic actress, Mona Garrick in a series of impersonations; Irene Bercseny, the Hungarian gypsy cimbalist; Alfred Latell and Elsa Vokes in "A Dog of Fantasy"; the English contralto Miss Ethel Bourne; Erno Rapee, the Hungarian court pianist, and Jack Ark, the Australian athlete in a unique diabolo exhibition. Mr. Lauder's new repertoire will include "It's Nice to Get Up in the Mornin', But Nicer to Lie in Bed," "Ta, Ta, My Bonnie Maggie Darlin'," and "The Sojer." Among other old favorites he will render "A Wee Deoch and Doris," "She's the Lass For Me," "She Is My Daisy," "Same as His Faither Was Before Him," "The Kilty Lads," "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," "I Love a Lassie," and "The Saftest o' the Family." Emma Trnetini in "The Firefly" closes with Saturday night's performance.

JEAN GERARDY
World's premier 'cellist who appears at the Columbia Sunday afternoons, March 8 and 15.

The Last Symphony

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give its tenth and last symphony concert of its 1913-1914 season Friday afternoon, March 13, at the Cort. Jean Gerardy, the celebrated Belgian 'cellist, will be the soloist. The complete program follows: Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 5, E minor, Op. 64; Lalo, Concerto for 'cello and orchestra, Mr. Gerardy; Boellmann, "Symphonic Variations" for "cello and orchestra, Mr. Gerardy; Wagner, Overture, "The Mastersingers." Tickets will be ready March 9 at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and the Cort Theatre.

Jimmy

(Continued from Page 8.)

voice that mingled with the little noises of the night and the eternal falling of the streams. He thought it was most constant in the water, and as he sat on one of the white stones that stood before the porch, he closed his eyes and listened to that music. Sometimes, from within the house, he heard the murmuring of speech, less real to him than any sound outside, and only when he was called in to bed did he rise and stretch himself and become aware of the necessity for sleep.

His mother stepped back as he passed in, for his face was set and his eyes were dazzled into a wildness of expression by the light, but his "Good-night" was mild enough, and soon she heard the creaking of his bed as he laid himself on it.

The sigh with which she herself turned on her side to sleep had in it something of a despairing prayer that the power which had chosen to do a thing so unimportant as to change water into wine, would perform the kinder miracle of making Jimmy like other women's sons.

But the summons for which Jimmy had waited all his life must have been swifter in its passage than the prayer; for, in the darkest of the night, he awoke and heard it still more clearly and very sweet. He sat up in bed to listen, and the voice was now clamorous and insistent, like a bell, and again it had the pitiful cry of wind in heather stalks, or the richness of the song of bees when that heather blooms; but whatever tone it took, it never ceased to call.

Over his nightshirt he drew his trousers and, barefooted, he left a room so dark that the night at first seemed luminous though no moon was shining and the stars had tired of looking down on earth. He did not miss them; he had no glance for the mountain, he cared for nothing but to hurry over colorless wet grass to find his happiness. As eager as any lover, breathless, his mouth open and a little flaccid, he went swiftly as to a tryst, guided by the ceaseless calling of the voice. There was stony ground for his feet, and smooth rock and bog and thistles to be pressed, but these gave no message to his mind, nor did he pause until, rounding a hillock, he saw something white and wavering, from which there came a voice asking for pity and for love. At that he spread his arms and cried aloud in answer and heard his cry echoing among the rocks, swamping the soft appeal of the white thing that beckoned, and making the night halt for a moment in its march.

Then, babbling, foolish with joy, he rushed on.

They found him in the morning, lying in a pool, his body stirred now and then by the vehemence of a little waterfall that fell there, his face at a profound and lovely peace. And, after all, his mother's prayer was answered. Jimmy's death was strange, but all other strangeness seemed to have passed from him when they had laid him out. He looked like any other woman's son—but comelier.

Anti-Penrose Fight In Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 7.)

that the issue in Pennsylvania this year would be: "What the Democrats have done for Pennsylvania and what Penrose has done in Pennsylvania." Pinchot and Ainey have not been heard from.

Pennsylvania will elect a full State ticket as well as a United States Senator and thirty-six members of the House of Representatives. There will be a three cornered fight all the way through. Pennsylvania politicians in Washington say the division in the ranks of Democrats and Republicans is so pronounced that any prediction regarding the outcome of the contest would be no better than a guess.

A New Cosmetic at Techau's

The management of Techau Tavern has recently imported a new cosmetic which will be received with approval by the ladies to whom it will be presented on Saturday afternoons. The new importation is known as Madame Duval's French Lip Rouge and the form in which it will be distributed at the Tavern is that of a dainty little packet convenient for carrying in the purse or shopping bag. This lip rouge is a paste, not a liquid, and has received the endorsement of the most fastidious both in Europe and the East, being above criticism in every essential of such a preparation.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Acute disappointment over the action of Interstate Commerce Commission's postponement of the rate decision from March 15 to September 12 next was the feature in the market last week and gave the bears a chance to break prices of all the leading houses. London turned bearish and sold Union Pacific, Canadian Pacific, Erie Steel common and Reading. Traders tried to force the market lower but the market soon became dull and prices recovered part of the early loss. Too much importance was attached to the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission in postponing the proposed rate increase until September. It was absolutely certain that the Commission could not finish its work and render a decision before March 15, so the postponement was a piece of routine business that had to be done. It does not even mean that rates will not be increased before September 12. The Commission can declare new rates in force as soon as it comes to some decision regarding them. This postponement was used by the bears to hammer Steel common as one of the reasons for buying Steel common of late was the expectation that the railroads would add very largely to their order for rails, bridges and equipment as soon as the freight rate case had been decided. If they hold off until the case is decided it will hurt the steel trade. Southern Pacific stood up better than most of the other railroads. It was helped by the statement of the chairman of its board who defended its rights to retain possession of its Central Pacific lines. The case has not been tried yet and it does not necessarily follow that the Attorney-General will win it because it includes several features that take it out of the scope of previous judgment. Canadian Pacific was sold freely for foreign account because its gross receipts have fallen off this winter. Industrials were irregular, the minor steel and equipment shares going down in sympathy with steel common. Amalgamated and other copper shares were depressed by the general pessimism and weaker metal markets. The market closed the week steady and the reaction looks as if it had gone far enough and the better class of stocks should be bought.

Wheat—This market has developed two strong fighting sides. The bulls are enthusiastically talking much higher prices on the small receipts, and the export and milling demand which they continue to look for in Chicago and in other markets. The bears' retort is that the continued advancing of values will mean that Russia will take advantage of the situation, ship out her surplus stock of wheat to the countries taking it in preference to paying our higher values, and thus we will stand holding the wheat and prices will have to decline to get any orders at all. The advances are met with good selling orders, profit taking and some going short resulting in a weaker tone to the market, but the declines coming are met with good buying orders, some taking profits on that which they sold short and others going long. This all causes an active market in wheat but within a narrow range. As far as the cash situation goes the receipts are very light, and the demand is good resulting in our being able to place all of the cash wheat at very good prices. The growing crop according to the Modern Miller could not be any better but this is not a factor at the moment.

Corn—The feature in the corn market has been the better shipping demand reported for corn from the East for the past few days and a reduction in the receipts. Shipments from Argentine for the week are a little over half of last year. It is true that the cash is selling at wide discounts under the futures, and it is possible that a readjustment will come about in the way of either higher prices for cash corn or lower prices for the May, but it is not unusual to see wide discounts at this time of the year. Some of the professionals who were very bullish on corn above 70 cents are now talking very bearish around 66 cents for the May future.

Cotton—Developments of late have been such as to make for higher prices for the staple, and surface conditions are of a character to occasion a further advance in the commodity in event of any of the numerous possibilities being realized. Since last Saturday spot quotations have advanced about 40 points. The movement for the week at a number of towns east of the Mississippi river is smaller than for the corresponding week of one year ago, and stocks at the majority of the towns are less than they were at this date last year, indicating near exhaustion where nearly all of the good cotton was produced this season. Southern interior spot markets are ruling very steady at the advance, a feature that has impressed Europe recently. The demand is fairly good, and at prices said to be relatively higher than at the ports. However, this applies to the medium and high grades. There is a probability of the market doing better in the event of the spot demand becoming more active, or receipts showing signs of falling off, or exports continuing heavy which is most likely. As regards the situation for preparing for the next crop there was some uneasiness recently owing to the lack of rain in Texas to permit the continuance of plowing under favorable conditions. The rainfall in the State was very heavy in the fall and December, all of which put a good season in the deep soil, but the total average rainfall for the State in January was 1.54 inches below the normal. As a result the surface soil became dry and hard and showers were needed to soften the ground. There was good showers late in the week which will relieve the situation where the rain fell, but no rain fell in the western part of the State where, at some stations, no rain fell at all in January.

"Say!" said Hungry Ike, "I sometimes think our profession is just about the meanest business goin'."

"Huh!" replied Hobo Hank. "Wot's wrong wid it?"

"Well, when other fellows feels as if they isn't being treated jist right they kin strike; but the only way we could strike would be by goin' to work."

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In the Matter of the Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

CITATION

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To ALICE M. COWELL and ALEXANDER F. MORRISON, executors of the last will and testament of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, ALICE M. COWELL, THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, a corporation, FRANK TRALAGO, JOHN MINKEL, LAWRENCE MANEY, JAMES RIORDAN, FRITZ PALM, THOMAS BYRNE, F. A. LANCE, J. VALENTE, FRANK CALDERA, MARTIN RODEREIGUEZ, PAOLA MARAKI, JOE BENATE, BERNARDO RICCO, RUDOLPH LABISH, MANUEL S. CALDERA, JOE JUAREZ, PETER MARTELLI, and LILLIAN A. HOWARD, F. A. PALMER, HENRY WILLEY, C. S. PRICE, J. W. LINSCOTT and G. A. BOND, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and any and all other persons interested, or claiming any interest, in the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, whether known or unknown and whether named herein or not.

GREETING:

BY ORDER OF THIS COURT, You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Judge of this Court, at the court room of Department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 2nd day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why this Court should not ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, and all interests therein and to whom distribution should be made, and then and there to appear and exhibit to the above entitled Court your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate.

The name of said deceased was Ernest V. Cowell;

The names of the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased are Alexander F. Morrison and Alice M. Cowell;

The names of all persons who have appeared in the course of the administration of said estate up to the time of making the order for the issuance of this citation, claiming any interest in said estate are as follows: Alice M. Cowell, The Regents of the University of California, a corporation, Frank Tralago, John Minkel, Lawrence Maney, James Riordan, Fritz Palm, Thomas Byrne, F. A. Lance, J. Valente, Frank Caldera, Martin Rodereiguez, Paola Maraki, Joe Benate, Bernardo Ricco, Rudolph Labish, Manuel, S. Caldera, Joe Juarez, Peter Martelli, and Lillian A. Howard, F. A. Palmer, Henry Willey, C. S. Price, J. W. Linscott, and G. A. Bond, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell;

And the real estate of which said decedent died seized or possessed, so far as known, is described as follows:

REAL ESTATE

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (1/4) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

1. A parcel of land in the City of Oakland, commencing at a point on the westerly line of Linden Street, distant thereon 222 feet and 3 inches southerly from the southerly line of 21st Street; thence southerly along the said line of Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence westerly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet; thence northerly parallel with Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence easterly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 16, Block "B", Survey of the Northern Extension of Oakland.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Haywards, known as Lot. No. 13 of the "Lawrence Tract, Haywards, Alameda County, State of California," said lot being 50 feet by 100 feet.

IN THE COUNTY OF MARIN

Beginning at a stake driven in the southerly line of First Street in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, at a point 503 feet and 7 inches westerly from the northeasterly corner of a lot conveyed by J. O. B. Short and Jacob Short to E. Schwiezen by deed dated March 9th, 1869, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of said County of Marin, in Volume "H" of Deeds, at page 225; thence southerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with the said First Street 150 feet; thence northerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet to the southerly line of the said First Street; and thence easterly along the southerly line of said First Street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 4, of Block No. 3, in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, as surveyed by Hiram Austin, Civil Engineer.

IN THE COUNTY OF MERCED

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19; the south half of the southwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and Lots 3 and 4 of section 28; the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of section 29; the north half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2 and lot 8 of the southeast quarter, all in section 30; the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 31; Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in the northwest quarter of section 32; and Swamp and Overflowed Land Surveys No. 34 in sections 29 and 30, containing 20-69/100 acres; No. 29 in sections 29 and 32, containing 47-26/100 acres, and Nos. 45, 87, 88, 376, and 378, in sections 28, 30 and 32—all in township 5 south, range 13 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of the Gabilan Creek, near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the Official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence north 14° west 13 chains along the boundary of the Rancho Los Vergeles to stake-V-No. 1 on the United States Official Survey of la Natividad Rancho; thence south 35° west 21.40 chains along the boundary of Natividad Rancho to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 56° east 17:50 chains to a stake in the bed of Gabilan Creek, marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 3° 15′ east 14.55 chains up Gabilan Creek to the place of beginning, containing 21.46 acres.

Being lot 1 of the partition of La Natividad Rancho made and entered on April 18th, 1865, on the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson, et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al., and being also a fractional portion of section 26, township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of Gabilan Creek near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence south 3° 15′ west 14.55 chains to a stake marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 56° west 17.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 35° west along the west line of Rancho La Natividad 14 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 56° east 25.06 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;" in the bed of Gabilan Creek; thence south 35° west 32.22 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 70° east, crossing the Gabilan Creek 24.32 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH;"; thence north 88° 45′ east 144.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; V; JH;" in the bed of the Gabilan Creek; thence north 8° 45′ west 8 chains to station No. 14 of the official map of the Rancho La Natividad; thence north 3° west 13 chains to station No. 15 of said map; thence north 36° west 8 chains to station No .16 of said map; thence north 53° 16′ west 17 chains to station No. 17 of said map; thence north 21° 16′ west 11 chains to station No. 18 of said map; thence north 8° 45′ east 8 chains to station No. 19 of said map; thence north 37° west 33 chains to station No. 20 of said map; thence north 18° west 25.50 chains to station No. 21 of said map; thence north 53° 15′ west 28.70 chains to station No. 22 of said map; thence south 57° 15′ west 19.40 chains to station No. 23 of said map; thence south 15° west 3.33 chains to station No. 24 of said map; thence south 65° 15′ west 27.37 chains to station No. 25 of said map; thence south 48° west 16 chains to station No. 26 of said map; thence south 50° 30′ west 20 chains to station No. 27 of said map; thence south 17° west 11 chains to station No. 28 of said map; being the place of beginning—containing 1363.80 acres.

Being Lot No. 2, as the same is delineated and so de signated on the Map of Commissioners to make partition of La Natividad Rancho in partition proceedings which were entered among the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al.; and being also fractional portions of sections 24, 25, 35 and 36 in township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.; and sections 30 and 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the Gabilan Creek where the northern line of the Gabilan Rancho and J. W. Patton's northern line on the Natividad Rancho join; thence running south 88° 45′ west to the southeasterly corner of the farm now or formerly owned by August Johnson; thence along a picket fence which is or was the eastern boundary of said Johnson's farm northerly to the land formerly owned by James Houston and later by Henry Cowell; thence along said Cowell's line north 88° 45′ east to the Gabilan Creek; thence along the middle of said Creek to the place of beginning, containing about 50 acres. Being a part of the Natividad Rancho and known as Lot 18 as per the County Map of the County of Monterey made by St. John Cox and Fehy in 1877, being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. BEGINNING at the most southern corner of the Los Vergeles Rancho in the center of Gabilan Creek, thence along the boundary line between said Rancho and the Rancho Cienega del Gabilan, north 45° east 14.78 chains to a post in the corner of Lot 2 of Natividad Rancho; thence leaving said Rancho boundary north 45° 30′ west 16.50 chains to a cottonwood tree 18 inches in diameter marked "LVI"; thence south 56° west 1.10 chains to the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek, from which a willow tree 10 inches in diameter bears north 56° east 10 links distant; thence meandering up the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek and along the boundary of said Rancho Los Vergeles southerly to the place of beginning, containing 11.10 acres. Being designated upon the map which accompanies the decree of the District Court of the Twentieth Judicial District of the State of California, entered on the 21st day of July, 1875, in the case of Arabella A. Stokes et al. vs. Josephine Winterburn et al., as Lot 6, the same being a portion of the Rancho Los Vergeles, and being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

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IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

1. Lots Nos. 1 and 2, of section 6, township 8 north, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at the northeast corner of the Merkley Ranch at a redwood stake set on the east bank of the Sacramento River, which stake is south 79° 45' west from an oak tree 2½ feet in diameter, standing at the southern extremity of the Half Way House buildings, and running thence north 79° 45' east 4.20 chains; thence south 71° 15' east 2.49 chains to the north side of an oak tree 18" in diameter (Blazed); thence south 69° 30' east 6.11 chains to an oak tree 8" in diameter (blazed); thence south 71° 15' east 9.61 chains to the end of an old ditch; thence south 74° 30' east 3.77 chains to back fence; thence north 2° 30' east along fence 10 chains to fence; thence south 2° 30' west 2.62 chains from south line of 10-acre tracts; thence north 50° west along fence 7.74 chains to corner; thence along fence south 86° west 5.29 chains to corner of board fence; thence north 89° west along board fence 12.17 chains to corner of fence on east side of road; thence south 79° 45' west at 0.67 chains on top of levee continue same course, in all 7.60 chains, to the Sacramento River; thence with the east bank of said River down stream to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being part of section 11, township 8 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southwesterly line of Main Street, distant thereon 137 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence southesaterly parallel with Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence northeasterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 694 and 703.

2. COMMENCING at the intersection of the northwesterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches to the northwesterly line of Mission Street; thence northeasterly along said line of Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

3. COMMENCINB at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon 97 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the intersection of said line of Spear Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 40 feet; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 40 feet; thence northeasterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the said southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

4. COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Clay Street with the easterly line of Sansome Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Clay Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence northerly parallel with Sansome Street 122 feet to the southerly line of Merchant Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Merchant Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the easterly line of Sansome Street; thence southerly along said easterly line of Sansome Street 122 feet to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 130, 131 and part of No. 132.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN JOAQUIN

1. BEGINNING at a point 8.65 chains west from the east boundary line, and 50 links north from the south boundary line of section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 31.85 chains; thence south 33.82 chains; thence north 88° 30' west 64.55 chains; thence north 15.35 chains; thence west 8 chains to the left bank of the Mokelumne River; thence along said left bank following its meanderings upstream to a point which would be intersected by a line running parallel with and 5.63 chains north from the township line between townships 4 and 5 north; thence east on said imagined line 16 chains; thence south 1.78 chains; thence east 50.40 chains; thence north 16.78 chains; thence east 36.86 chains to a post; thence south 20.13 chains to the point of beginning, containing 326.84 acres. Being portions of section 1, township 4 north, range 4 east; section 36, township 5 north, range 4 east; section 6, township 4 north, range 5 east; and section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, all M. D. B. & M.

2. All of those certain lots in the City of Stockton known and designated as Lots Nos. 5 and 8, and portions of Lots Nos. 1, 3, 7, 13 and 14, all in Block No. 64 east of Center Street, according to the map and survey of the said City of Stockton, commencing for the same at a point on the south line of Channel Street, in said City of Stockton, 75 feet easterly from the southeast corner of the intersection of Hunter Street and Channel Street; running thence easterly along the south line of Channel Street 85 feet; thence at right angles southerly 150 feet to the north line of said Lot 8; thence at right angles easterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the north line of Weber Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Weber Avenue 50 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the northwest corner of said Lot 8; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Lot 6 of said Block 64, 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet to the east line of said Hunter Street; thence at right angles northerly along said east line of Hunter Street 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 75 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet to the point of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the northwest corner of the tract assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence along the Coast north 20° 15' west 14.40 chains; thence north 74° west 11 chains; thence north 40° 15' west 10 chains; thence north 34° 15' west 20 chains; thence north 43° 45' west 25 chains; thence north 4° west 20 chains; thence leaving the Coast north 28° 30' east 101.78 chains; thence south 81° 15' east 30.90 chains; thence south 8° 20' east 30.17 chains; thence south 84° 35' east 190.65 chains to a point in the southeast boundary line of the official survey of said Rancho; thence on and along said line south 4° east 47.60 chains to the northeast corner of the tract assigned by the Referees aforesaid to Josefa de Haro Denniston; thence following the line of said tract north 84° 35' west 84 chains; thence south 25° 30' west 95 chains to the place of beginning; containing 1815.12 acres; said tract having been assigned to Augustine Guerrero by the Referees aforesaid and being marked No. 2 on the map of said partition. EXCEPTING all that parcel being a portion of the above described premises bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on a bluff on the Pacific Ocean, being the southwesterly corner of a tract of land now or formerly belonging to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence north 25° 30' east 62.86 chains; thence north 56° 15' west 38.93 chains to a stake in the line of fence; thence following said fence north 64° 30' west 0.76 chains; thence north 29° west 0.76 chains; thence north 23° 30' west 0.76 chains; thence north 16° west 0.76 chains; thence north 8° 30' west 3.72 chains; thence north 28° west 7.02 chains; thence north 36° 30' west 7.70 chains to the line of land now or formerly belonging to Victoriano Guerrero; thence following said line south 28° 30' west 45.27 chains to a stake on the bluff bank of the Pacific Ocean; thence following said bluff bank south 20° east 5.62 chains; thence south 4° west 2.27 chains; thence south 12° 15' east 4.54 chains; thence south 17° 45' east 5.65 chains; thence south 37° 45' east 1.75 chains; thence south 83° east 0.91 chains; thence 37° east 10.60 chains; thence south 54° 15' east 4.45 chains; thence south 46° east 4.55 chains; thence south 69° 45' east 3.03 chains; thence south 6° east 3.41 chains; thence south 37° 30' east 1.55 chains; thence south 4° 30' east 3.03 chains; thence south 19° 15' east 7 chains; thence south 41° 30' east 7.21 chains; thence south 61° east 3.85 chains; thence south 60° east 3.33 chains; thence south 87° 30' east 2.73 chains; thence south 63° east 4.55 chains; thence south 58° 45' east 3.03 chains; thence south 46° 30' east 3.48 chains; thence south 30° 20' east 9.17 chains to the point of beginning, containing 430.72 acres.

2. COMMENCING at the northwest corner of that portion of the Rancho El Corral del Tierre (Palomares) bordering on the Ocean, assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence south 25° 30' west 14.24 chains; thence south 64° 30' east 16.23 chains to Denniston Creek; thence north 10° 30' west 11 chains; thence north 22° west 2.55 chains; thence north 12° 15' east 3 chains; thence north 27° east 1.50 chains; thence north 13° 30' west 2.20 chains; thence north 84° 35' west 7 chains to the point of commencement, containing 16.92 acres.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the County Road forming the easterly boundary line of the large tract of land owned by Owen McMahon, deceased, at the time of his death, at the easterly corner of the tract of land conveyed to Elizabeth Owen McMahon by Elizabeth Catherine Hamlin, Ellen Maria Barry and Margaret Anna Lennon by deed dated February 25th, 1892, and running thence south 42° 36' west 35.15 chains; thence south 48° east 27.75 chains; thence north 42° 36' east 35 chains to the County Road; and thence along the County Road to the place of beginning, containing about 108 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.39 acres conveyed by Henry Cowell to W. D. K. Gibson for right of way purposes by deed dated November 27th, 1900, and recorded in Volume 88 of Deeds, at page 207, San Mateo County Records, and also a parcel of 1 acre conveyed by Henry Cowell to Giovanni Devincenzi, by deed dated November 11th, 1901, and recorded in Volume 93 of Deeds, at page 18, San Mateo County Records.

4. Lot No. 1 of section 21, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 26.14 acres.

5. BEGINNING on the bank of the Purissima Creek at the point where the line between fractional sections 15 and 16 intersects the same, thence running north between said fractional sections 5.64 chains to a gulch; thence down said gulch south 56° 15' east 2.80 chains to the bank of the Purissima Creek; thence down the Creek with its meanders south 60° 15' west 3.10 chains; thence south 60° 45' west 2.50 chains; to the place of beginning, containing about 1 acre, and being part of fractional section No. 15 in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. BEGINNING on the line between sections 16 and 21, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and at a point 16 chains east of the quarter section post in the road leading up the Creek; thence east on said line 14 chains to Purissima Creek; thence up the Creek with its meanders north 23° west 3 chains; thence north 40° 15' east 2 chains; thence north 25° 15' east 7.80 chains to the line between sections 15 and 16; thence along said line north 5.64 chains to Simmon's and Beckwith's corner; thence north 64° 15' west 0.95 chains to the road; thence along the road south 15° 20' east 2.80 chains; thence south 38° west 5 chains; thence south 18°30' west 5.50 chains; thence south 28° 30' west 6 chains; thence south 64° west 11 chains; thence south 60° west 5.15 chains to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres.

7. COMMENCING at a post 20 chains from the Coast Bank, running thence south 17° 30' east 20 chains to the corner of Joseph E. Selleck's 40-acre tract; thence south 72° 30' west 24.16 chains to edge of Coast bank; thence along said bank in a southerly direction to a corner post; thence leaving Coast and running north 72° 30' east 54.84 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence north 72° 30' east 29.37 chains up a ridge to head of first gulch; thence south 45° east 10.45 chains down said gulch to Lobitas Creek to an alder tree 12" in diameter standing at the mouth of said gulch upon which tree there are three notches; thence up Lobitas Creek to mouth of Willow Gulch; thence north 30° west 33.44 chains to Selleck's corner; thence south 54° west 29.68 chains; thence south 72° 30' west 40.62 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence south 72° 30' west 34.15 chains to the point of beginning, containing 577 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.88 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company by deed dated September 22, 1905.

8. BEGINNING at a post on ridge standing in middle of Redwood Road of Bailord and Kinnerson, thence running north 31° 30' east 4.50 chains to a post; thence south 78° 30' east 8.25 chains; thence south 65° east 5.50 chains to Lobitas Creek to a redwood tree 48" in diameter, marked with 3 notches, on right bank of said Creek; thence down said Creek south 48° west 3.75 chains; thence south 35° west 5.74 chains; thence south 48° west 6.50 chains to a redwood tree 24" in diameter standing on the right bank of the Creek at the mouth of the gulch; thence up the gulch north 57° west 9 chains; thence north 38° west 4.73 chains to a post; thence north 31° 30' east to the place of beginning, containing 19.50 acres, being a portion of the Rancho Canada Verdey Arroyo de las Purissima.

9. Lot No. 1, and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 8, and the fractional sections 16 and 17, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing together 935.92 acres; all that portion of Lot No. 1, of section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., situated north of the County Road leading from Purissima House up Purissima Creek and containing 2½ acres, more or less; Lot No. 2, in section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 20.91 acres.

EXCEPTING, however, from the foregoing lots or parcels of land the following lots or parcels:

(1) A parcel of 2.79 acres, being a portion of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to William Buzzell by deed dated April 13, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 39, San Mateo County Records.

(2) A parcel of 10 acres, being a portion of fractional section 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Patrick Flyn by deed dated October 17, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 148, San Mateo County Records.

(3) A parcel of 36.16 acres, being a part of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to W. A. Simmons and J. S. Blackwell by deed dated April 13, 1864 and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 425.

(4) The right to use and possess a certain spring of water conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Silas Hovious by deed dated October 12, 1861, and recorded in Volume 2 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 41, San Mateo County Records.

(5) A parcel of 50 acres, being a fractional portion of sections 16 and 17, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to George Duncan by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 497, San Mateo County Records.

(6) A parcel of 13.22 acres, being a fractional portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to R. H. Hatch, by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 108, San Mateo County Records.

(7) A parcel of 5 acres, being a portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to Silas Hovious by deed dated February 3, 1868, and recorded in Volume 8 of Deeds, at page 346, San Mateo County Records.

(8) A parcel of 5 acres, known as the "Cemetery Tract."

(9) A parcel of 5 acres, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated April 23, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 189, San Mateo County Records.

(10) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 518, San Mateo County Records.

(11) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to the trustees of the Purissima School District by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 520, San Mateo County Records.

(12) A parcel of 9.33 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company, by deed dated September 22, 1905.

10. The east portion of Lot No. 1, as per map of the J. de H. Denniston portion of the Rancho Corral de Tierra, containing about 12 acres of land.

IN THE COUNTY OF TEHAMA

BEGINNING at a point where the north line of the Wilson Tract intersects the slough or old channel of the Sacramento River, said line being known as the Bennet Line, thence following along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 15° 30' west 12.50 chains; thence north 24° 30' west 9.31 chains; thence north 29° 45' west 4.37 chains; thence north 14° 30' west 10.60 chains; thence north 28° 30' west 14.65 chains; thence north 27° 15' west 11.08 chains; thence north 32° 30' west 6.20 chains, from which an oak tree marked 68 and 69 bears south 40° west 0.60 chains distant; thence north 60° west 8.15 chains; thence south 77° west 5.30 chains; thence south 19° 30' east 2.53 chains; thence south 85° west 5.27 chains; thence south 50° 30' west 5.19 chains; thence north 88° 30' west 4.70 chains; thence north 46' west 7.36 chains; thence north 75° west 4.20 chains; thence north 49° west 8.96 chains to the present channel of the Sacramento River; thence following down and along the east bank of the Sacramento River by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

South 32° west 8.05 chains; thence south 74° 30' west 16.04 chains; thence south 11° 30' west 22.50 chains; thence south 24° east 9.52 chains; thence south 36° 30' east 3.92 chains; thence south 12° east 5.05 chains; thence south 32° 30' east 24.67 chains; thence south 66° east 22.72 chains; thence south 45°30' east 3.30 chains; thence south 33° east 8.06 chains; thence south 28° 30' east 3.35 chains; thence south 18° east 2.53 chains; thence south 35° 30' east 2.75 chains; thence south 14° east 3.10 chains; thence south 1° west 2.56 chains; thence south 16° 30' east 2.54 chains; thence south 11° 30' east 3.15 chains; thence south 7° east 5.72 chains; thence south 9° 30' east 3.29 chains; thence south 3° 30' east 4.74 chains thence south 11° 30' east 2.67 chains to the old channel of the Sacramento River; thence following up and along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 37° 30' east 2.22 chains; thence north 44° east 2.17 chains; thence north 44° east 1.94 chains; thence north 27° east 3.46 chains; htence north 29° east 2.51 chains; thence north 3° east 4.10 chains; thence north 33° west 1.83 chains; thence north 36° 15' east 29.25 chains; thence south 49° east 3.68 chains; thence north 41° east 7.39 chains; thence north 62° east 3.88 chains; thence north 8° 30' east 6.79 chains; thence north 17° east 4.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 589 acres, more or less, being part of the "Capay Rancho" known as "Snaden Island."

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 756 of the official surveys of the said County of Yolo, at a point a little north of west from the quarter section corner between sections 3 and 4, township 6 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., thence south 77° east along the upper line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756 20.54

chains to the back corner of Hester's 10-acre tract; thence south 13° west 2.50 chains; thence south 77° east 40 chains to a point on the west bank of the Sacramento River, 10 rods below the northeast corner of the said Swamp Land Survey No. 756, thence down the said river with its meanders south 10° 25′ west 4.64 chains; south 13° 25′ west 5.40 chains; south 30° 30′ west 12 chains; south 45° 10′ west 7.21 chains; thence leaving said river north 75° 30′ west 56.50 chains to the back line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756; thence north 19° 10′ east along said back line 28.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 167.55 acres of land.

2. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 361, 363, 897, and 985, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed lands of the County of Yolo, being portions of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. A fraction of 2.10 acres, beginning at a point at the inside base of the Sacramento River levee, about 30 feet north from the cross-levee, and running thence north 18° west, along the inside base of said levee, 151 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 216 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 49 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 980 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 80 feet; thence in a direct line to the place of beginning, being a portion of Township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The south half of section 9; the south half of section 10; the south half of section 12; all of section 13; the south half and the northeast quarter of section 15; all of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 19; all of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of section 22; all of section 23; all of section 24; the northwest quarter of section 28; and the northeast quarter of section 29;—all in township 8 north, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. The south half, and the northwest quarter of section 3; all of section 4; all of section 5; the northeast quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 6; the north half of section 8; the north half of section 9; the north half of section 10; and the northwest quarter of section 11;—all in township 9 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. The southeast quarter of section 31; the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section 32; the south half of section 33; and the southwest quarter of section 34; all in township 10 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

7. All of section 1; all of section 2; the east half of section 11; the north half of the south half; the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the south half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter, of section 12; and the north half of the northeast quarter of section 13; all in township 11 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

8. The west half of the northwest quarter of section 5; and the north half, and the west half of the southwest quarter of section 6; and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 7; all in township 11 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

9. All of section 25, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 118 acres; the south half, and the south half of the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 98 acres, of section 26; all of section 35; the south half, the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 104 acres, of section 36; all in township 12 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

10. All of sections 30 and 31, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 504 acres; and all of the west half of the west half of section 32, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 40 acres; all in township 12 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

1. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, designated as Lot 1, Loop and Meserve Tract, as per map recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, EXCEPTING that part included in the right of way of the Southern Pacific Company.

2. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, being part of the "Sycamore Tract," as shown o nthe map of the land partitioned by Loop and Meserve, recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 16 as shown on said Map, thence south along the west line of said Lot 16 and the prolongation thereof 25.92 chains; thence north 68° 45′ west 12 chains; thence north 15° east 21.78 chains; thence east 6 chains, more or less, to the place of beginning.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situate in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Lots Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, of the "O'Neil & Haley Tract," in the said City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. That portion of Swamp and Overflowed Land Survey No. 1158, described as beginning at the northwest corner of section 21, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence east 18.06 chains; thence south 65.55 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 21.62 chains to the west line of said section; thence north 53.65 chains to the place of beginning, containing 107.63 acres.

2. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as beginning at the northeast corner of section 20, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., running thence south 53.65 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 34.12 chains; thence north 59° 38′ west 13.31 chains to the center line of said section; thence north 28.21 chains; thence east 6 chains to the place of beginning, containing 162.53 acres.

3. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as the southeast quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The southwest quarter of section 16, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 337, 411, 1079, and 1160, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed Lands of the County of Yolo.

6. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1106, described as beginning at a point 16.19 chains north from the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 12.03 chains; thence north 22.21 chains; thence east 4.20 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 5.24 chains; thence south 76° east 5.16 chains; thence south 16.56 chains to the place of beginning, containing 23.59 acres.

7. Those parts of Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 333 and [illegible], described as beginning at a redwood post standing at the south corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 782, and situated south 43° 40′ west 41.50 chains from the Sacramento River; thence south 64° east 16.39 chains; thence south 69° east 38.67 chains; thence south 21° west 6.60 chains to the southeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 333; thence west 58.70 chains to the northeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 277; thence south 47.25 chains; thence west 13.75 chains; thence north 76° west 5.16 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 13.05 chains; thence north 59° west 5.83 chains; thence north 73° 15′ west 10.44 chains; thence south 71° 30′ west 6.33 chains; thence north 43° 40′ east 70.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing 254.32 acres.

8. Beginning at a point where the west boundary of Swamp Land Survey No. 627 is intersected by the section line dividing sections 21 and 28, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west about 90 chains to the southwest corner of section 20, same township and range; thence north about 75 chains to the back levee of Reclamation District No. 307; thence southeasterly along said levee about 115 chains to a point marking the northwest corner of said survey No. 627; thence south along the west boundary line of said survey to the place of beginning, containing about 425 acres, in Swamp Land Surveys No. 1041 and No. 1158.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

Lot Lettered "L", in Block 140, of Horton's Addition to the City of San Diego, according to the official map thereof.

All of the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA

1. A portion of that certain ranch known as the Rancho San Miguel or Rancho Arroyo de los Nueces y Golgones, the first tract being the south half of Lot 7, hill land, and containing 228 acres, and the second tract being the north two-thirds of Lot 8, hill land, containing 425.93 acres.

The following is a particular description of said tracts by metes and bounds as made on partition, for which reference is made to the map and plat of survey of partition of said Rancho now of record in the office of the County Clerk of Contra Costa County, viz.:

BEGINNING at station white oak tree marked S1-11 on the segregating line between the hill and valley lands of the San Miguel Rancho; thence north 62° 2′ east 92.16 chains to post AB; thence north 17.70 chains to post SM-23; thence south 45° west to post SM-24; thence north 48° 9′ west along the ranch boundary 93.70 chains to post TP-2; thence south 46° 45′ west 56.83 chains to post JP; thence south 68° east 6 chains to post SL-14; thence south 23° 30′ east 40.97 chains to post SL-13; thence south 67° 15′ east 10.72 chains to post SL-12; thence south 0° 45′ east 27.08 chains to the point of beginning, containing 653.93 acres, more or less.

2. That portion of the Rancho Monte del Diablo which is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at post SM-24, situated at the corner of the Rancho Monte del Diablo and San Miguel Rancho, thence north 45° east 8.85 chains to station post SM-23; thence north 6° west, leaving the Rancho boundary, 3.45 chains to station post No. 3P Co.; thence along the boundary of land now or formerly in controversy between Francisco Galindo and Josiah Sturges, north 44° 30′ west 74.90 chains to station post No. 2P Co.; and thence north 32° 45′ west 27.34 chains to station post D; thence leaving the lands in controversy above named, running south 77° 30′ west 3.59 chains to station post D-2; thence south 12° west 23.35 chains to station post TP2; thence along the boundary of the above named Ranchos south 48° 9′ east 93.70 chains to the point of beginning, containing 147.41 acres, more or less.

(The two parcels of land last above described, situated in the County of Contra Costa, are claimed by the Cowell Portland Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property, and all of the parcels of land hereinafter described are claimed by the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property.)

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF EL DORADO

1. The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8; the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 9; the southwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 20; the north half, the north half of the southwest quarter, the north half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; and the south half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22; all in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. A parcel of land in section 7, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of said section 7, and running diagonally across said quarter section along the line of a fence on land now or formerly owned by Mr. Morrison, until it intersects the quarter of quarter section line and adjoining Mr. Morrison's to the County Road; thence along the center of said road to the east line of section 7; thence along said line south to the place of beginning, containing 41-2/3 acres.

3. The Schwalm Marble Quarry Mine and Lime Kiln site, being Mineral Entry No. 723 in the Series of the United States Land Office in Sacramento, California, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 38, embracing a portion of section 8, in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Marble Valley Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California.

4. A parcel of land, being a portion of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21, and running thence due west 1320 feet to the northwest corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence due south 825 feet to the fence between the lands originally claimed by W. W. Faber and Hugh B. Taylor; thence northeasterly 1437 feet on the line of said division fence to a point on section line between sections 21 and 22, which said point is 264 feet due south from the northeast corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence 264 feet due north to the place of beginning.

5. The east half, the southwest quarter, and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 7; the northwest quarter of section 8; the east half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 18; the west half of section 29; and the east half o fthe northeast quarter of section 30; all in township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

6. The Blue Marble Quarry Mine, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 50, embracing a portion of section 7, township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Pilot Hill Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California, and containing 20.66 acres.

7. The southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF KERN

Section No. 23, in township 32 south, range 33 east, M. D. B. & M., with the exception of a strip of land 100 feet wide, lying equally on each side of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and excepted in deed of Southern Pacific Railroad Company to Henry Cowell, dated May 5, 1892, and recorded in Volume 53 of Deeds, page 298, Kern County Records.

IN THE COUNTY OF PLACER

The north half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 22, township 13 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

Lot 5, in the block or square bounded by "K" and "L", 28th and 29th Streets, in the City of Sacramento, as laid down upon the official map thereof.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Battery Street, distant thereon 40 feet southerly from the intersection of said easterly line of Battery Street with the southerly line of Filbert Street, thence southerly 80 feet along said easterly line of Battery Street; thence easterly parallel with Filbert Street 50 feet; thence northerly parallel with Battery Street 120 feet to the said southerly line of Filbert Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Filbert Street 25 feet; thence southerly parallel with Battery Street 40 feet; thence westerly parallel with Filbert Street 25 feet to the said easterly line of Battery Street and the place of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

1. Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot in the City of Santa Cruz heretofore conveyed by Henry Cowell to one Hamilton, said point being on the northwesterly line of the San Jose Road, thence north 29° 27′ east 9.09 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence north 14° 40′ east 16.39 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence south 75° 30′ west 20.30 chains; thence south 10° east0.19 chains to a post; thence south 70° 20′ east 8.74 chains; thence south 1.99 chains; thence south 33° east 1.47 chains; thence south 4° east crossing a brook 3.94 chains; thence south 1° east 6 chains; thence south 61° 15′ west 1.60 chains to a post at the northwest corner of the said Hamilton lot; thence south 60° 30′ east 3.375 chains to the point of beginning, containing 17.874 acres.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the City of Santa Cruz and described as follows:

Beginning at the junction of the northerly line of Mission Street with the westerly line of River Street at a spike from which the southeast corner of Mission and River Streets bears south 79° 29′ east 40.28 feet distant; thence north 3° 50′ east 130.33 feet along the westerly line of said River Street to an iron spike on the south side of an alley; thence north 87° 57′ west 54.83 feet along the southern line of said alley to the boundary of a lot now or formerly owned by Dr. Sargent; thence south 13° 52′ west 31.78 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 88° 44′ east 9.90 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 1° 49′ west 100 feet to an iron spike in the northerly line of said Mission Street; thence south 88° 44′ east 46.96 feet along the northerly line of said Mission Street to the point of beginning, being lot No. 22, in block No. 1, of the City of Santa Cruz, and a part of lot No. 18 of the same block.

3. The southwest quarter of section 8, township 10 south, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 160 acres.

All the undivided ON-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN BENITO

1. Lots 4, 5, 12, and 13, of section 28; the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10, the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 30, all in township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.; also the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32, township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. Lots 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, of section 14; and lot 4, of section 24; all in township 14 south, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Tres Pinos, bounded and described as follows:

A strip of land 100 feet wide, commencing on the easterly line of the station ground of the Southern Pacific Railroad 50 feet equally on each side of the said railroad as the same was formerly laid, thence running southeasterly 882.50 feet in its center line to the easterly line of Santa Ana Street, containing 2.02 acres of land, and being 897 feet on its northerly line and 869 feet on its southerly line, excepting the rights which one Charles Peck may have acquired to a small portion of said strip above described.

The railroad or motor road known as the Tres Pinos and Cienega Railroad, together with the roadbed, right of way, terminal facilities and rolling stock of the same.

WITNESS, the HON. THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 11th day of December, 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners.
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[illegible]	[illegible]
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[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Tennessee Pass	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Canyon of the Grand River	[illegible]

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DOUGLAS 2612

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 14 SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 7, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

COMPLAINTS

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Tennessee Pass	Mirage Land
Eagle River Canyon	Pilot Mountain
Canyon of the Grand River	Grand Canyon of the Feather River

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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIII | San Francisco, March 7, 1914 | No. 1124

MME. LUISA TETRAZZINI
Who will give her last concert at the Tivoli Opera House this afternoon.

TOWN TALK

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Temptation

A gentleman from Tennessee now living in Washington, D. C., with experience of the transportation business no greater than his concern for the interests of California, has determined to sunder the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific companies so that the former may not have the privilege of operating a railroad from San Francisco to Ogden. This railroad system has been in existence many years. It grew up with the State, its history is intertwined with the history of the State, and their interests are intermingled. Why it would be unjust, nay, outrageous, to let the gentleman from Tennessee have his way, is a question that nobody need discuss here in California. We would only direct attention to the great power which the gentleman from Tennessee is exercising. This we would do because of late years reformers have spent much time discussing and devising ways and means of putting public sentiment beyond the reach of temptation. How well they have succeeded we may judge from the temptation that might be put in the way of an Attorney-General of the United States holding contrary to the view Mr. McReynolds has taken of our railroad situation. Suppose Mr. McReynolds were inclined to heed the voice of the people of California, and that the magnates of the Union Pacific were of the moral calibre of railroad magnates of the bad, glad days before human nature was purified by twentieth century processes. Then consider the size of the temptation with which Mr. McReynolds' virtue might be menaced! It would be worth several millions of dollars to the Union Pacific to have the Southern Pacific and Central unscrambled. The darling dream of reformers has not yet been realized.

Scandal In The Canal Zone

Advocates of the principle of government ownership ought to feel terribly incensed against John T. Burke, purchasing agent of the Panama Railroad and manager of the Commissary Department in the Canal Zone. Commissary Burke has somewhat crippled an argument which the advocates of government ownership have employed with great satisfaction to themselves. The efficiency of the Government in the Canal Zone they have pointed to as irrefutable evidence of the soundness of the principle of government ownership. The great engineering feat, they say, shows what Uncle Sam can do. Which is quite true. It is one of the greatest things Uncle Sam ever did. And it is so exceptional as a national achievement that we are very proud of it. But now it appears that notwithstanding the excellent management the usual thing happened; that is, there was a lot of graft in the Canal Zone. Commissary Burke is charged with accepting money from firms that sold supplies required by the Isthmian Canal Commission for the use and consumption of its employees. So the great enterprise on which many millions of dollars have been spent annually is not free from scandal.

Hark to the Belated McMurray

Heartily we welcome Professor Orrin K. McMurray of California University at the threshold of the domain of reactionary sanity. Professor McMurray vindicates the initials of his Christian names. Professor McMurray has been hiding his light under a bushel for lo! these many moons. Hitherto Professor Tommy Reed has done all the speaking for the University of California on the subject of politics and the science of government. We have long been under the impression that Professor Reed was the duly constituted and generally accepted oracle and prophet of Berkeley. But now comes Professor McMurray, a man with political views that must startle and confound the idealists of the academic grove who have been sitting at the feet of Professor Reed. Professor Reed is overflowing with the optimism of democracy. He is an apostle of the New Freedom. He has great faith in the tumultuous verdict of the crowd. His philosophy is the philosophy of Roosevelt, but his mind is of the age of innocence. He makes you think of his amazing exiguity, and wonder how the University happened to find him. Now to believe in Reed and listen to McMurray is to be shocked by heresy. McMurray is so unorthodox that he speaks of the "passions of the mob," instead of the "common sense of the American people." He doesn't believe in reducing the Constitution to the level of an act of the Legislature. He says that here in California we are now living under "democracy unrestrained," as though at the University that were no longer regarded as something to be proud of. He points out that the Legislature is now privileged to increase the powers of the Railroad Commission regardless of the Constitution. In short Professor McMurray speaks like a Town Talk editorial. Naturally we appreciate him, and in no querulous spirit we ask, "Why did not Professor McMurray speak out when the things he now condemns were being agitated?" Town Talk was speaking out with all the power of its lungs, exhorting its readers not to be carried away by the brainstorms that were raging over the State. In those days the great University of California whose professors ought rather to lead than to follow public opinion was represented on the rostrum by the wonderful Tommy Reed and occasionally by the now mute if not inglorious Boke.

Curie, Bernhardt and Lloyd

If a few of the world's eminent women are to be invited to the World's Fair Sara Bernhardt and Mme. Curie should certainly be among them. But what if they should come under escort without a marriage certificate? Aye, there's the rub! For these great ladies are somewhat less squeamish about certain matters than some folks who have a great influence in public affairs. If the Mann law had been passed before Sara Bernhardt's first visit to this country she might have involved more than one man in serious trouble. And though she is no longer young, she is a wonderfully virile woman. As to Mme. Curie, she tried to steal a man from his wife some time ago, and she behaved in a most shocking manner in furtherance of her immoral design. Now personally we have no prejudice against either of these ladies. Lost in admiration of their genius we care not to inquire about intimate details of their private lives. But the people, the dear people who make everybody's business their own—what would they say if, let us suppose, Mme. Curie stole somebody's husband for the trip to the fair. We know what was done to poor Marie Lloyd; how she was held up and badgered and tormented by a chaste Government that is run by the W. C. T. U. and kindred publice-welfare associations. Now Marie Lloyd is an estimable woman, possessed of many virtues, infinitely more decorous than Sara Bernhardt. It may be said of the great French actress without any thought of disparagement that she has a certain significance which is most unwholesome from the standpoint of Puritanism. Yet Sara Bernhardt has been greatly honored and celebrated in this country. We have accepted her for all that she is, and her life is an open book, and it reads like a specimen of salacious French literature. All of which goes to show how pharisaical and preposterous are the pretensions of a petticoat government that is rapidly becoming too good for this terraqueous sphere.

Otis Indicts Johnson

Our esteemed Governor has promised he would attempt no "whirlwind campaign" for re-election to the office to which he was propelled by an unfastidious Destiny. Conscious of his worth and believing it to be recognized by all the people, he has resolved to forswear the vociferous activity so becoming a man of his parts; to abstain from cyclonic bustling, wild devilwagoning and wholesale thundering of rabble-rousing denunciation. The bland, sedate, quiescent, Olympian pose for him. But will he be able to stick to his determination? We ask the question because we have been reading General Otis of Los Angeles on Governor Johnson. What General Otis says about Governor Johnson is to say the least provocative. The Governor has been talking about the General for several years. Many a time has he poured the vials of his wrath on the militant editor of Los Angeles. It is thus that he has coddled the labor vote. For General Otis is cordially hated by organized labor.

and the politician who would prove himself worthy of the confidence of the unions must abuse the General. But whereas the Governor has abused the General in general terms and in the loose language of abstract personal abuse, the veteran journalist and warrior retorts in the precise form of the carefully drawn legal document designed to defy demurrer. General Otis has assumed the position of public prosecutor, and has presented an indictment against Governor Johnson. There are just forty counts in this indictment, and not one of them equivocal or vague. It is an indictment of the Johnson administration, and each count is a specific instance either of the abuse of political power or the violation of a public trust. Some of the charges impute nothing more serious against the Governor than acts of moral turpitude or gross impropriety. For instance we are told that though Alden Anderson offered to liquidate the Bank of Shasta at ninety-five per cent, Governor Johnson took hold through his bank commissioner and liquidated at eight-seven and one-half per cent, causing a loss to the depositors and stockholders of $50,000; "but," the General naively adds, "the Governor's son has been employed in the liquidation proceedings for three years," thus implying that the loss to the depositors and stockholders has proved profitable to the Johnson family. There is also a charge that the Governor has violated all precedent in the expenditure of the Secret Service fund for which no accounting is required. The heaviest demands against this fund, it appears, were made when the Governor was campaigning for the vice-presidency. There are many specific charges of outrageous extravagance, but the most serious charges are charges of bribery. Some of them are of such a nature that they might be construed as violations not only of the moral but of the criminal law. Anyway General Otis doesn't mince his words and phrases. He has indicted the Governor for "dishonesty," for "bribery," for "demagoguery" and "hypocrisy." Surely Governor Johnson will not remain sedate, calm and quiescent under this terrible indictment. He will not merely demur; he will enter his plea thereto, and acquit himself of every charge. His self-respect will require him to do nothing less.

Hearst At His Old Tricks

The Hon. William Randolph Hearst is once more in militant mood. He perceives that President Wilson is engaged in dodging international complications, and the prospect of complete avoidance frets his soul and agitates his spleen. The enfant terrible of yellow journalism is for twisting the lion's tail and making all kinds of trouble for the Administration. It appears that as a result of the President's recommendation for the repeal of the Panama Canal tolls law Great Britain has placed herself behind the United States both with reference to Mexico and Japan. Hence Mr. Hearst's flaming indignation; also his rodomontade on the President's "servility to foreign demands" by way of vehement appeal to hereditary aversion to things English wherever it survives. Mr. Hearst would have his millions of readers believe that the President's position on the canal question is wholly a matter of expediency. He assumes that the President having got himself into a mess in Mexico needs the aid of Great Britain, and to ensure it has determined to yield to unjust British demands. Mr. Hearst's view of the matter is not the view of an impartial observer. Mr. Wilson's present opinion on the tolls question is the opinion that he was known to hold almost immediately after his election. This opinion is that free tolls for American coastwise shipping would be a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. This also is the opinion of the world generally and of nearly all disinterested Americans who have studied the question. Of course the great mass of the people have not studied the question. It is one of the many important questions of the day on which there is no public opinion. The politicians having bewildered the public with burning and academic questions, the public has quit thinking, except in a vague way, even about matters of vital interest. When it was reported that President Wilson recommended the repeal of the tolls law nobody had anything to say on the subject—nobody but Mr. Hearst. Nobody cared. The public was characteristically apathetic. But Mr. Hearst seeing his opportunity began volleying the Administration with criticism, pouring in broadsides of misrepresentation, till presently the alert demagogues of Congress sat up and took notice. With them now the President must deal and he may have some difficulty in accomplishing what he believes to be right.

A Statesman and a Patriot

Why this strong aversion of Mr. Hearst's to an exchange of assurances of good will between the Government at Washington and the Government at St. James? Suppose there are international complications threatening the peace of this country,—is the idea of an alliance between the two great English-speaking countries repugnant to the average American citizen? Surely whatever is conducive to mutual regard and esteem and to the binding together of two great nations of the same race, making them one in all the fair ideals of life, is to be desired rather than to be scorned. And even admitting that our complications with Mexico are the result of the President's blunders it doesn't follow that we should not sympathize with him in his efforts to avert disaster. We of California, at any rate, should not add to his burdens, for chiefly to us are they due. It was the passion for politics raging in the bosoms of our politicians that precipitated the Japanese embroglio which is now giving the President the deepest concern. It would be well in the circumstances for the average citizen to take the view of the matter that has been taken by Senator Lodge who appealed the other day to the body of which he is one of the most experienced and learned members to support the President's foreign policy. A stalwart Republican, an uncompromising partisan on occasion, it was undoubtedly the pure sentiment of patriotism that inspired Senator Lodge when, seeing a crisis ahead he put his country above party and arose in the Senate to denounce as unjust the imputation that the President had allowed himself to be improperly influenced in the tolls matter. It was Senator Lodge who divulged the communication the President made at the conference with the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. "When," said Lodge, "the President says on his high responsibility to the Congress of the United States that a certain step in foreign relations is necessary to the good name and to the safety of the United States, necessary to aid him in saving the United States perhaps from serious loss or serious injury or wars or something like war—if he says that on his high responsibility, I think it becomes those who feel as I do on foreign affairs not to block his plans." This is a sentiment that even the mighty Hearst will find it somewhat difficult to bring into disfavor, but he may easily succeed in creating the impression abroad that the President is actuated not by a sense of right but by fear of the enemies of his country.

The Futile Philanthropist

Alfred Nobel, the famous Swedish philanthropist who established a prize-fund out of which genius is rewarded once a year, was a very wise man, but he didn't have sense enough to steer clear of academic circles when selecting men to carry out his great scheme for the benefit of mankind. It appears that thus far his design has miscarried. So asserts Leonard Hwass, one of the witnesses to the Nobel will, an intimate friend of the philanthropist, a man with whom Nobel frequently conversed on the subject dearest to his heart. What Hwass says is convincing not only on account of the confidence he enjoyed, but because the basis on which Nobel's money is being distributed by the Stockholm Academy is not as rational as the basis which Hwass describes. According to Hwass it was Nobel's whole purpose to encourage individuals of high social value. He knew from his own bitter struggles how hard it is for noble-minded genius to make its way, and he wished, as he frequently remarked, "to lighten the burdens of the dreamers," by whom he meant persons bent upon high ideals—poets and inventors, who, unpractical and devoid of means, often go to wreck and ruin in the fulness of their mental powers. He never had any intention of decorating famous men or of giving money to such rich men as Edison and Roosevelt. The deciding factor was not to be fame, but a proved creative spirit striving for lofty ends. What would happen in Nobel's grave if the news could get down there that the rich T. R., conservator of the main chance with one eye on the box-office and the other glued to a gun had been given prize-money for advancing the cause of peace on earth and good will to men?

Varied Types

CLXVII—MRS. SOPHIA E. PEART

By Edward F. O'Day

Has a clubwoman ever written an essay on "The Clubwoman?" Perhaps the subject could only be treated adequately in a series of essays, there are so many kinds of clubwomen. I think such a series would hold both interest and enlightenment. It would dissect the feminist with her intensely serious aggressiveness of propaganda and her radicalism of thought and expression. It would poke gentle fun at the bluestocking who finds the answer to life's riddle in Wells and Bennett, in Rabindra and Bergson. It would rally the amateur economist who, like Harry Lauder's brother Jock, worries about the national debt. It would appreciate the clubwoman who works and take sly digs at the clubwoman who frivols; pay tribute to the clubwoman who is intellectual and strip the pretense from the clubwoman who cultivates the intellectual pose. In fact it would come near being an essay on women in general; for in this day and generation the world of women's clubs is a microcosm wherein all sorts and conditions of women go their characteristic ways, their actions motived by all the great and petty considerations which sway the female of the species in less exclusive walks of life.

I do not know exactly where such an essayist would place Mrs. Sophia E. Peart. For Mrs. Peart is one of those rare clubwomen who do not lend themselves to easy classification. To call Mrs. Peart a clubwoman is not doing her justice, for though Mrs. Peart is a very active clubwoman, she is a great deal more than that. No club circumscribes her activities. Where other women have been moulded by their clubs, Mrs. Peart has put the impress of her individuality on clubs, has moulded them.

You do not read of Mrs. Peart in the public prints. You do not find her picture illustrating articles about this and that club function. In the cant of journalese she is not "a prominent clubwoman,"—blessed phrase! But if you ask the most intellectual, the most womanly, the best balanced clubwoman of your acquaintance about Mrs. Peart, you will conceive a high respect for her standing in women's club circles. You will find that it is to Mrs. Peart that other clubwomen go for advice; you will find them following her counsel, deferring to her views. In a very quiet, modest, thoroughly womanly way Mrs. Peart exercises a profound influence upon the women's clubs and clubwomen of San Francisco.

Let us not shy at that word "womanly." It does not imply, when used of Mrs. Peart, that she is not progressive, that she shudders at the mention of Ellen Key or Olive Schreiner, that she is out of sympathy with the suffrage movement. Mrs. Peart is of ripe mind, of broad sympathies, of an unusual tolerance. A wide experience has given her poise. When I say that she is 'womanly,' I mean that she is not merely 'feministic.'

I have never heard any other woman talk as soundly about women's clubs as Mrs. Peart talks. It is a great pleasure to listen to her. And no wonder. I believe that the Shakespeare Club of Yolo is the oldest or next to the oldest women's club in California, and for a long time Mrs. Peart was prominently identified with it. At present her club activities are confined to the Laurel Hall, the Channing Auxiliary and the Mills Club of this city.

"The home comes first," says Mrs. Peart. "No woman with growing children has time to be active in club affairs. But for the woman who can justly give time to club affairs the women's club is a splendid influence. If her husband objects she should refrain from joining until she is able to convince him that the club is a good thing for her and for him. And I think men have come to see that women's clubs are good. I mean of course the women's clubs which have a definite aim. For the women's clubs that have no fixed object I entertain no respect. But the others are a splendid influence. The woman who is active in one gains a knowledge of her sex she could obtain in no other way. It teaches her to see through pretense, to despise the woman who poses or is lazy. And it trains her as nothing else can in concentration. The broadening effect upon her mind enables her to be a real comrade to her husband. I find that nowadays men encourage their wives more and more in their club activities because they see the good results that follow."

MRS. SOPHIA E. PEART

As a young woman in Yolo Mrs. Peart taught school for three years. Later on she was elected Superintendent of Schools for Yolo county and served four years. At present she is a trustee of Mills College. Knowing these things I asked Mrs. Peart about her views on several questions not connected with women's clubs but which "prominent clubwomen" are always ready to discuss. I knew Mrs. Peart's views would be more important than the views that "prominent clubwomen" are always quite eager to enunciate.

First there was the question of coeducation. A trustee of Mills should have interesting views on that. But Mrs. Peart was sweetly and smilingly diplomatic. She balanced the advantages of coeducation and separate education very nicely. She even went so far as to say that perhaps if she had had the opportunity she'd have been a "pelican" at Berkeley. But there was also the point, and Mrs. Peart emphasized it, that while the course at Mills parallels the course at Berkeley and Stanford, the Mills girls have the advantage of smaller classes and therefore of closer contact with the instructors. You see, Mrs. Peart is too broad to condemn coeducation, but "it sticks in my mind" that she has a soft spot in her heart for the good, old fashioned way of separate education.

Then there was the question of school instruction in sex hygiene. Mrs. Peart is vigorously opposed to such instruction.

"Sitting side by side in the class room," she says, "are the children who come from homes where they have been protected from premature knowledge of sex matters and the children who have not been protected and who have learned of these things on the streets and of course in the wrong way. It is a mistake to attempt to give all these children class instruction in such a delicate matter. The inevitable result is the excitement of curiosity of a bad kind. The children who know too much will discuss these matters out of the class room with the children who have been kept in ignorance of them. Why not avoid this grave danger? Leave this matter to the mothers. Keep it out of the class room."

About the single standard of morality Mrs. Peart said one of the wisest things I have ever heard on that much agitated subject.

"I believe in the single standard of morality," she said, "and I think that men are coming to believe in it more and more. But I do not pretend to know how it is going to be brought about. I do not think anybody in all this world knows."

I submit that a volume of learned discussion wouldn't carry us beyond that simple statement.

Votes for women? Of course Mrs. Peart believes in that. But here again she is sane, conservative, common-sensible.

"We shall not see the day when the votes of women will materially affect policies of statesmanship," she says. "But on questions of humanity women are already exerting a strong influence and that influence will become stronger and stronger. In the matter of white slavery, for instance, woman is making herself heard. And in the matter of war her voice must be listened to, for she is the mother of men.

"Prohibition? I am opposed to it. Temperance by all means. The strictest temperance possible But I do not believe in telling anyone that he may not drink. You accomplish nothing that way. The drink evil should be regulated by means of high license, not by any attempt at abolition. And drunkenness can only be curbed when we learn to treat it as a disease. Why not have institutions for the drunkards as we have for the insane? And why not discuss drunkenness openly? Today it is a skeleton in the closet of innumerable homes and the fear that the secret shame of a father or mother who drinks to excess will be exposed to the world is wearing out many a heart. This is wrong. There would be very

(Continued on Page 22.)

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The Immortal Vicar of Wakefield

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I was chatting with "Bob" Rea, the genial and efficient librarian of our Public Library the other day, and he told me something interesting. He said that it would be hard to name a more popular classic than the "Vicar of Wakefield" and that during the past few weeks when the "Vicar" was shown here in moving pictures the public library had to put the book in the non-renewable class. You know what that means: you can take such a book for two weeks, but you can't renew it for two weeks more. They do that with the best sellers. So here is Goldsmith in the best seller class! I like to dwell on that thought. I am weary of President Wilson and Jennings Bryan and Hiram Johnson and Mayor Rolph; I am weary of exclusion and immigration bills and canal tolls and treaty renewals; I am weary of elections and candidates; I am weary of Frank Heney and Rudolph Spreckels and Dr. Aked; I am weary of tunnels and loops and bond issues; I am weary of tango and slit skirts; I am weary of white slavery; I am weary of feminism and uplift. I am glad to turn away from these things for a while; and so I just sit down in a comfortable chair with a good cigar and a glass of Scotch and turn over and over in my mind the pleasant thought that Oliver Goldsmith is a best seller in San Francisco one hundred and fifty years after Sam Johnson took his manuscript to the publisher. It indicates to me that a great number of our people are still very, very sane. God Bless Dr. Primrose, and may his simple story long remain in the non-renewable class at the Public Library.

Sincerely,

—A Sentimentalist.

Marie and Curie

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Marie Lloyd is such a wide-awake young lady I wonder why she committed such a breach of good form as to travel as the wife of a man to whom she was not married and thus incur the displeasure of our high and mighty immigration authorities. She ought to have come under her own name with this companion registered as her secretary. Such is the polite custom of very, very prominent personages in the highest social circles and pursued by stars of the opera and drama. Not that all secretaries play a dual role, but certainly there are many that do. The secretary facilitates matters. There is no trouble getting by with a secretary. And a lady can engage one with perfect propriety. Miss Lloyd it appears is more constant than the average woman. She has had the same companion for seven years. How many conventionally married persons have remained as loyal to each other?

One argument in favor of the marriage ceremony is that it is a safeguard to society. How do we know that without it we shouldn't all be on our very best behavior all the time to return the love and respect of our husbands and wives? It wouldn't surprise me a bit if one day Marie Lloyd would be invited over to this country to lecture on this very subject and to be accompanied by Mr. Bernard Dillon to illustrate the superiority of her way of attaining domestic peace and felicity. We are a remarkable people and we do strange things and we are curiously inconsistent. Right in the midst of the Marie Lloyd agitation didn't the perfectly respectable (and self-appointed) board of lady managers announce the name of Mme. Curie, the French scientist, as one of the world's six greatest women to be invited to come over and show herself and be showered with honors in 1915? Now think of Mme. Curie, what she did to offend society. According to her letters to her paramour published in the newspapers, she begged and implored him to leave his inoffending wife and she gave him minute instructions how to behave coldly to her so he would find it easy to lose her. That Mme. Curie didn't win him away was no fault of hers. Ah! but think what Mme. Curie has done with radium for the suffering world! Many there are that think it was terrible to find fault with the forty-six years old great scientist for her breach of the moral code—she has done so much for mankind, you know.

Morally considered, is she a desirable alien for all that according to our present code? Suppose she had won that man away from his wife from whom he couldn't get a divorce, and suppose that she then accepted the ladies' invitation and came with her fellow scientist as her secretary. In view of the world-wide publicity given to their relationship the immigration authorities would have a hard problem to solve and the social board of the Fair would be in a terrible predicament. Now we all know what Marie Lloyd has done for unhappy human beings. For a little while for every day of many years she has contributed to the mental well-being of her fellow-mortals. She has laughed, sung and danced in a merry sunshiny way for thousands of people. There is no medical specialist in the world who can or will deny that happiness and light-heartedness are the greatest boons to suffering mortals. Marie Lloyd didn't come over here to force her way of domestic procedure upon anybody. She didn't expect or desire to be entertained on accoune of it. She just wanted to be let alone. She has the good taste not to be explaining to the world at large why she left her husband. Doubtless he deserved to lose her—we don't know that he didn't.

If Mme. Curie ever comes over, I hope she'll tell us all about radium and give some of it to some afflicted bodies. I don't care at all whether she is lionized socially or not. Why not let Marie Lloyd alone to soothe troubled hearts? If there are broad-minded persons eager to receive her into the bosoms of their families, pray why not? Everybody's favorite color is not blue—at least not for laws. Everybody with an ounce of common sense knows that the law which has worked such havoc in Marie Lloyd's case was made to protect young girls from being brought into this country for immoral purposes —not to make persons old enough and wise enough to have made fame and fortune in the spheres of art and science uncomfortable. The purpose of the law was salutary but the way it is put into operation is as silly as the well-intended Mann law which so far seems to be a handy weapon in the hands of sophisticated revengeful women.

Yours truly,

—A Progressive Woman.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

rench Murders Increase

"Crimes of passion" are becoming more and ore frequent in Paris, the killing of wives, husnds, and lovers being almost daily events. It suggested in Le Journal that this method is icker, easier, and cheaper for husbands or wives an divorce. It has been urged that the manucture of firearms be limited, but Le Journal inks that this is useless, as it leaves the knife d poison. It thinks the fault is present-day ucation as glorifying egotism, which permits thing to interfere or thwart the impulses. It o complains of the ridiculous clemency of ench juries in dealing with "crimes passionels."

eaking Strike in South Africa

The South African Government has its own a of the way to break a strike and stop labor agitation. General Botha recently ordered the deportation from South Africa of the leader of the Labor Party in the Union Assembly at Johannesburg and nine other labor leaders. There was a strict censorship of the press following the declaration of martial law during the labor troubles, so nothing was known of this drastic action until the ship to which the ten men were conveyed had cleared from Durban for England. General Botha's action has caused a sensation all over the Empire. It is the opinion in London that such a step would not be taken in any other of the self-governing Dominions, and there is demand for the enunciation of a common policy for all the Dominions. But it is not likely that Canadians and Boers, to name only two British peoples, will arrive at a common way of doing things during the present generation.

Ehrlich Defends "606"

The medical adviser to the Berlin police declares that salvarsan has not proved what Dr. Ehrlich contended but a dangerous remedy whose use the German Government should either forbid or restrict. He says that medical reports show that 275 deaths have resulted from "606" and that many patients have been paralyzed or made blind or deaf. In reply Dr. Ehrlich says that probably more than a million cases have been treated with "606" and that if only 275 deaths have followed, that is a small percentage compared to the number of cures. He adds that many of these deaths were probably due, not to the remedy but to the fault of the physicians or the negligence of the patients. It is doubtful if the Government will take any action.

Perspective Impressions

At least we take Dr. Aked a little more seriously than we take Pastor Russell.

Maxine Elliott wooed by a tennis player? Now for rare witticisms about a love set.

It's pretty nearly time to stop talking about the tango.

Professor Herbert Cory pouring out his wisdom about women tastes like Weininger and water or diluted Schopenhauer.

Great is the confusion of inconsistencies in the middle-course between conscience and convenience.

When a man is in the wrong he tries to bring the argument to a close. When a woman—how fortunate that women are always right!

The fire women like to play with is the one in which men burn their money.

So the Stockton street tunnel is to cost eighty thousand more than the original estimate! Let us guess again.

The person who includes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in a list of the world's six greatest women lives and will die in Bromidia.

After two years' inquiry Congress has discovered that the ship trust is too big to be broken up. But there ought to be some way of making the business unprofitable.

An Aked argument: St. Paul doesn't mention the miraculous birth of Christ; therefore St. Paul didn't believe in the miraculous birth of Christ. And Dr. Aked would make Christianity conform with what he calls his reason.

Fashion's new decree: bodice cut to the waist, skirt cut to the thigh. If modesty is the conscience of the body the female body is becoming conscienceless.

The corset causes domestic trouble, says an alleged expert. Will Dr. Aked please write one of his patchouli preachments on this intimate garment?

Vice-President Marshall says a man should kiss his wife every day as "an act of good faith." The kiss of good faith is the Judas kiss. It's also the kiss the political campaigner gives the baby. The one kiss worth recommending is the Tennyson kiss: "Once he drew, with one long kiss, my whole soul through my lips." The next thing to it is the Shakespeare kiss: "He kissed me hard as if he plucked up kisses by the roots that grew upon my lips."

Buttercup-Night

By John Galsworthy

Why is it that in some places one has such a feeling of life being but a single breathing, glowing, growing thing, of which we are no more important a part than the swallows and magpies, the foals and sheep in the meadows, the sycamores and ash-trees and flowers in the fields, the rocks and little bright streams, or even than the long fleecy clouds and their soft-shouting drivers, the winds?

True, we register these parts of being, and they—so far as we know—do not register us; yet it is impossible to feel, in such places as I speak of, the busy, dry ,complacent sense of being all that matters, which in general we humans have so strongly.

In these rare spots, that are always in the remote country, untouched by the advantages of civilization, one is conscious of an enwrapping web or mist of spirit—is it, perhaps, the glamorous and wistful wraith of all the vanished shapes that once dwelt there in such close comradeship?

It was Sunday of an early June when I first came on one such, far down in the West country. I had walked with my knapsack twenty miles; and, there being no room at the tiny inn of the very little village, they directed me to a wicket gate, through which, by a path leading down a field, I would come to a farm-house, where I might find lodging. The moment I got into that field I felt within me a peculiar contentment, and sat down on a rock to let the feeling grow. In an old holly-tree rooted to the bank about fifty yards away, two magpies evidently had a rest, for they were coming and going, avoiding my view as much as possible, yet with a certain stealthy confidence which made one feel that they had long prescriptive right to that dwelling-place. Around, far as one could see, was hardly a yard of level ground; all hill and hollow, that long ago had been reclaimed from the moor; and against the distant folds of the hills the farm-house and its thatched barns were just visible, embowered amongst beeches and some dark trees, with a soft bright crown of sunlight over the whole. A gentle wind brought a faint rustling up from those beeches and from a large lime-tree that stood by itself; on this wind some little snowy clouds, very high and fugitive in that blue heaven, were always moving over. But what struck me most was the buttercups. Never was field so lighted up by those tiny lamps, those little bright pieces of flower china out of the Great Pottery. They covered the whole ground, as if the sunlight had fallen bodily from the sky, in tens of millions of gold patines; and the fields below as well, down to what was evidently a stream, were just as thick with the extraordinary warmth and glory of them.

Leaving the rock at last, I went towards the house. It was long and low and rather sad, standing in a garden all mossy grass and buttercups, with a few rhododendrons and flowery shrubs, below a row of fine old Irish yews. On the stone verandah a grey sheep-dog and a very small golden-haired child were sitting close together, absorbed in each other. A woman came in answer to my knock, and told me, in a pleasant, soft, slurring voice, that I might stay the night; and dropping my knapsack, I went out again. Through an old gate under a stone arch I came on the farmyard, quite deserted save for a couple of ducks moving slowly down a gutter in the sunlight; and noticing the upper half of a stable-door open, I went across, in search of something living. There, in a rough loose-box, on thick straw, lay a black, long-tailed mare, with the skin and head of a thoroughbred. She was swathed in blankets, and her face, all cut about the cheeks and over the eyes, rested on an ordinary human's pillow, held by a bearded man in shirt-sleeves; while, leaning against the white-washed walls, sat fully a dozen other men, perfectly silent, very gravely and intently gazing. The mare's eyes were half-closed, and what could be seen of them was dull and blueish, as though she had been through a long time of pain. Save for her rapid breathing, she lay quite still, but her neck and ears were streaked with sweat, and every now and then her hind-legs quivered. Seeing me at the door, she raised her head, uttering a queer, half-human noise; but the bearded man at once put his hand on her forehead, and with a"Woa, my dear—woa, my pretty!" pressed it down again, while with the other hand he plumped up the pillow for her cheek. And, as the mare obediently let fall her head, one of the men said in a low voice: "I never see anything so like a Christian!" and the others echoed him, in chorus, "Like a Christian—like a Christian!" It went to one's heart to watch her, and I moved off down the farm lane into an old orchard, where the apple-trees were still in bloom, with bees—very small ones—busy on the blossoms, whose petals were dropping on to the dock leaves and buttercups in the long grass. Climbing over the bank at the far end, I found myself in a meadow the like of which—so wild and yet so lush—I think I have never seen. Along one hedge of its meandering length were masses of pink mayflower; and between two little running streams quantities of dull yellow water iris—"daggers," as they call them—were growing; the "print-frock" orchid, too, was all over the grass, and everywhere the buttercups. Great stones coated with yellowish moss were strewn among the ash trees and dark hollies; and through a grove of beeches on the far side, such as Corot might have painted, a girl was running with a youth after her, who jumped down over the bank and vanished. Thrushes.

(Continued on Page 22.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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Poems About San Francisco

CXXXV—AT CLOSE OF DAY

By E. C. Tompkins

(Mrs. E. C. Tompkins is a pleasant writer who contributes a causerie to our genial contemporary the Star. A poem of hers has already appeared in this series. The following was written for Sunset of November, 1902.)

The sunset windows bordering the crest
Of San Franciscan hills are all aflame
As if, from out the west, some courier came
Straight from the glowing chambers of the sun
To set his lighted torch in every one!

The mimic oceans on the east respond
And all the shadowing arch of dusky blue
That lifts against the fathomless beyond
Burns into saffron and a rose-red hue;
And so, the brave old heights are haloed by
The luminous glory melting into air,
The mingled splendor of the sea and sky—
And earth, that shares the homage, unaware.

The Spectator

Official Amenities

Edward Rainey who used to be a newspaperman but is now secretary to Mayor Rolph, met Charles Brennan, also a graduate from the local room and now secretary to District Attorney Fickert.

"I say, Charlie," demanded Rainey, "what's the matter with Fickert? Is he dead on his feet?"

"No, he's not dead on his feet," answered Brennan slowly. "The only trouble with Fickert is that he can neither drive a street car nor swing from a limb by his tail."

The Zealous Mr. Preston

Mr. John W. Preston, the new District Attorney appointed by President Wilson, is a very zealous young man, as is evident from the fact that he was no sooner in office than he personally conducted the arrest of a citizen who had taken passage on a steamer for Napa. Preston probably thinks that Napa is somewhere in Thibet. At any rate he was determined that the man should not escape. So revolting to him is the idea of the freedom of a man who might make a very satisfactory convict that he stands ready to do more than his duty to reduce the floating population. The other day, I learn from the Chronicle, the District Attorney protested against the transfer of the case of Henry Ford to Eureka where Ford lives, and where the crime charged against him is said to have been committed. "Ford," said Preston, "has friends and a pull in Eureka and he expects to get a hung jury there." This argument did not impress Judge Dooling, who, it appears, is not at all disposed to swell a zealous district attorney's record for convictions. "Pull or no pull," said Judge Dooling, "he is entitled to a trial in Eureka." Further evidence of Mr. Preston's zeal is to be found in the indictments that he has already drawn. From these indictments it also appears that Mr. Preston is not much of a stickler for accuracy. His indictments have the looseness of a clown's trousers. This may be due to Mr. Preston's temperament. Mr. Preston is primarily an orator, and probably when he is drawing an indictment he is thinking of the speech with which he will electrify the jury.

The Whitney Case

District Attorney Preston is not only a zealous young man, he is also an impetuous and chivalrous young man, as is evident from the alacrity with which he turned the machinery of the federal department of justice over to the bewitching young woman who had failed to make satisfactory terms with her former paramour Parker Whitney. To this young woman who is good to look upon, the District Attorney gave ready ear, and when she told him her story he yielded his sensibilities to her, and resolved that her wishes should be gratified. So he had Parker Whitney indicted. Now of course Whitney is not deserving of sympathy. He is a rich young man with more vices than brains. Society can do very well without him. If the Mann law would rid us of all the dissipated and degenerate sons of wealthy sires and let all others alone it would be one of the best laws ever made, but the Mann law as an instrument ready to the hand of zealous and chivalrous and romantic young public prosecutors, which may be employed by them for the revengeful and other vicious purposes of dissolute women is one of the worst laws ever enacted in any country under the sun.

The Mann Law

If the Mann law was not intended merely to restrain men from recruiting the army of commercialized vice it was intended also to make illicit intercourse between the sexes wholly a local pastime. Now according to many lawyers and at least one federal judge Uncle Sam has not the authority to regulate sexual intercourse except it be incident to trade. The police power by which pleasures are regulated resides in the States, and not in the federal government. This view of the matter is the common-sense view. The Preston view is the preposterous view. For if the law fathered by Representative Mann was intended to discourage illicit intercourse between the sexes why should there be discrimination in favor of women? Assuredly Miss Hannan is no better than her former paramour. She is probably better company than Parker Whitney, and doubtless she would be more deeply mourned than he if both were sent to jail, but that does not argue that a district attorney should get excited about her and incensed against her former traveling campanion, the man who paid the freight. So with all due deference I must lament the impulsiveness of Mr. Preston. It seems to me that he has a very narrow viewpoint. To a wiser, less emotional man, it would have occurred that after all the sexual sin is no worse than the crime of blackmail, and that it is really not to the interest of society to encourage the one by discouraging the other. I am not implying that Miss Hannan ever had any thought of blackmail. I am only suggesting that the Whitney case points the way to women who might never be inclined to be anything worse than priestesses of humanity.

Dante and His Beatrice

That Dante should find his Beatrice in a desert maiden rather upsets one's preconceived ideas about Dante. One doesn't think of the sultry desert air as blowing down those spacious glades where Dante moves. But Dante is one poet; the reincarnation of Dante is another. George Sterling is the reincarnation of Dante, according to Miss Stella Tuttle, the charming girl who is to marry our starriest singer. Perhaps she uses the word in its strictest meaning. In the flesh George certainly resembles the man who wrote the Vita Nuova. But in the quality of his genius? On that side he seems to represent a commingling of Byron and Shelley rather than a re-

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crudescence of the Florentine. Miss Tuttle knows that she lived many years ago in Egypt. It is knowledge of the sort that has come to many, especially since Langdon Smith wrote "Evolution." She speaks with equal confidence of the desert maid that was herself and of the Dante that was Sterling in previous incarnation. At least she seems to. But may she not be borrowing her lover-poet's license? It is an extraordinary singer who knows where the real leaves off and the dream begins. And a singer Miss Tuttle is. Her announcement of the engagement was a lyric cry. It sounded as by anticipation the exultant joy of the prothalamium.

A Soul Union

"Marriage should be a soul union and not a physical one," says this twenty-year-old "missy who dances." It is a high ideal, and not all poets have attained it, though many have tried. Byron didn't even try. Shelley did, say some with the Epipsychidion in mind; while others will not admit that even he aspired to so lofty a renunciation. Sterling was not interviewed. But his poems to Stella speak for him. They are passion-heavy with the "drugs of Circe" and tangled in the locks of Lilith whose golden wine whoso drinks, he sings, "shall lose his hope and need of Paradise." Clearly Sterling is a bit timid about an ideal of which Miss Tuttle speaks so easily. He finds her kiss "a consternation to the soul and scarlet trumpets pealing in the blood." If the poet speaks of a soul union in such terms the layman naturally is puzzled.

Mrs. Crane's Instructor

Years ago Dave Belasco was called a wizard for having made an actress of Mrs. Leslie Carter. He dragged her around by the hair of her head, so 'twas said, till her heart came to throb with real grief, her eyes dim with real tears, her whole frame vibrate with emotion. Mrs. Carter became a star between two days. She displayed craft and charm in the first blush of her scenic career, and Dave Belasco was pronounced one of the cleverest teachers of the histrionic art. Now, in view of what Mrs. Douglas Crane has been doing at the Alcazar I would ask, Is Dave more of a wizard than brother Fred? For be it known Frederick Belasco is the only instructor that Mrs. Crane ever had. She never spoke a line on the stage till she made her appearance at the Alcazar. It was Frederick Belasco who trained her and drilled her for the part of the simple, unsophisticated little dancing girl from the rural regions. He gave her lessons in enunciation, he showed her how to gesticulate, how to express her feelings, and above all, how not to act, which is probably the hardest of all things for an actress to learn. To simulate the manner of the unsophisticated maiden the actress must practice repression ,and so realistic is Mrs. Crane that some folks thought she betrayed evidence of inexperience. They saw none of the little tricks of dramatic portrayal that mark elaboration of method, and they concluded that it was because she was "green." Now it was "greenness" or rather simplicity that she was simulating, and the fact that her technique was not apparent was proof of her art. In other words, she concealed her art so completely that she attained fidelity to truth. This is more than Mrs. Leslie Carter was ever able to accomplish. Mrs. Crane has proved so apt a pupil that I would advise her to quit dancing and devote herself to the drama. Fred Belasco, by the way, used to conduct a school of acting in this city years ago, and he developed many a successful actor and actress.

The Sun Is Sarcastic

The New York Sun assumes a most irreverent attitude toward our glorious State, its best products and its grandest, best and most righteous citizen. The other day a clerical orator in New York observed that the Pacific was destined to be "the storm center for the nations of this twentieth centry." Even now, he said, "they are gathering for Armageddon," and he asked, "What will the Armageddon be?" The New York Sun thus: "It will be an epoch-making oration by the Hon. Hiram Johnson, who has long since been destined to be the sole survivor of 'modern times,' inclusive of the twentiety century. As to the Pacific Coast being 'the storm center' there can be no question. It is the perpetual conflict of the native sons with bears on their expansive chests to force the rest of mankind to appreciate their Governor in his historical aspects."

He Is "Close Up"

Benjamin F. Spellman, the New York lawyer who came here to aid Otto Irving Wise in the fight to have Walter McCreery restored to competency, is said to be "close up" in national politics. His law partner is Senator Charles A. Towne of New York, one of Democracy's innumerable silver-tongues. It was Towne who recently brought about an entente cordial between the White House and the Albany Capitol. For some time the big wigs of administration politics had been trying to put President Wilson and Governor Glynn on a footing of friendliness, but with little success. Glynn gruffy declared, for the reporters to hear, that he would not be an appendage to any old Administration. But Towne finally succeeded in smoothing matters out. Spellman has been kept in touch with the situation by telegraph. Delmas became a member of this law firm a few months after the Thaw case. The association didn't last very long. If you ask Spellman about it he doesn't say much, but you may infer from his manner that our Napoleonic Delphin is not the most congenial legal associate in the world.

Indignant Mrs. Jones

Speaking of handsome, eloquent Charlie Towne reminds me of an amusing incident which occurred during the Democratic National Convention at Denver, the convention at which Bryan was nominated for the third time. The delegation from California had commodious headquarters in one of the second-class hotels and entertained all comers with fruits and wines. One evening Nathan Cole Jr., Charlie Towne and two very handsome women entered the room when the beverages were being dispensed. A member of the delegation hastened to serve them with wine. Towne presented him to the two ladies, introducing one of them as Mrs. Jones. Knowing that Towne is something of a lady-killer our gay Californian Democrat referred facetiously to this latter guest as "the lady whom Senator Towne calls Mrs. Jones." Unfortunately the lady overheard this doubtful pleasantry. She turned upon the joker, her eyes flashing through a lorgnette.

"The lady whom Senator Towne calls Mrs. Jones!" she exclaimed in the iciest of tones. "And pray, what do you suppose is the lady's name?"

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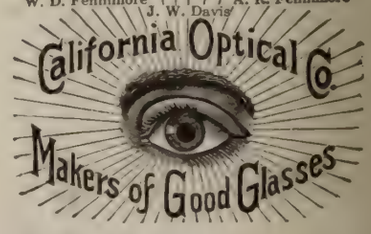

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The Californian had no reply and attempted none.

"Allow me to give you my card," continued the indignant fair one.

And as she stalked away our Democrat glanced at the paste board and read: "Mrs. Langdon-Jones, Toledo, Ohio." Then he opened an extra bottle of sparkling Burgundy for Towne and Nathan Cole.

Tipping the Hat Boy

The discussion was of tips and the tipping habit.

"I don't mind most tips," said a prominent San Franciscan who lives in one of our biggest hotels, "but I do object to the ten cents ransom I must pay for my hat every time I come out of the dining room. I take luncheon and dinner at my hotel, and I pay the hat boy twenty cents a day to wear out my hat for me. That's what it amounts to, wearing out my hat; he brushes it whether it needs brushing or not. A derby lasts me two months, when it would last me much longer if it weren't worn out by the hat boy. Now I pay five dollars for a derby. I pay the hat boy twenty cents a day or twelve dollars in sixty days. So my hats cost me five plus twelve or seventeen dollars apiece. No, sir, I don't like that tip to the hat boy!"

Larry on the Fair

Larry Harris was down south recently and dined one night with some well known Los Angeles people. One of the men in the party was a "kidder" who did not take very seriously the efforts of others to magnify the importance of Los Angeles at the expense of San Francisco. He leaned across the table and asked Larry very gravely:

"What's this I hear about your Custom House?"

"We're going to close it," answered Larry just as seriously; "doing no business."

"And your Board of Trade?"

"Practically out of business right now," said Larry.

"And your Chamber of Commerce?"

"Couldn't make it go," answered Larry. "Bad times and no recovery in sight."

One of the ladies in the party had been drinking in every word. She trembled with suppressed excitement as she addressed Larry:

"Tell me about the Fair."

Larry looked extremely uneasy as he replied: "That's something we don't like to discuss. Can you keep a secret?"

The lady was sure she could.

"There won't be any Fair," said Larry in a melancholy voice.

"Won't it open?" asked the Los Angeles lady.

"Probably some of the concessions will," said Larry, "but the main buildings—" and he shook his head dolefully.

"Do you know," exclaimed the Los Angeles lady, her eyes gleaming, "I just knew that would be the case all along; but you're the first San Franciscan I've met that had the courage to tell the truth!"

The "kidder" reached across the table and grasped Larry's hand.

"Put it there," he said; "I've got to hand it to you!"

The lady is still wondering what he meant.

In San Diego

In San Diego one of the prominent officials of the San Diego Fair took Larry to see the Fair grounds. Larry was greatly impressed, sincerely impressed. After making the rounds the official took Larry aside.

"Now that you've seen it," he said, "tell me this: Is it true that you could put our whole Fair into your Machinery Hall?"

"It is," said Larry.

"I thought so," said the San Diegan.

The Defective Sense

The sense of humor is not very highly developed in Los Angeles businessmen. The real estate agents are particularly lacking in this regard. A prominent member of our Chamber of Commerce learned this a few night ago. Dining in one of our cafes, he was joined by a friend who had in tow a real estate dealer from Los Angeles. He presented the man from the South, and that enterprising gentleman immediately produced his business card. It was a striking piece of card board with his name and address and the legend, "Capitalized for fifty thousand dollars." After acknowledging the introduction the member of our Chamber of Commerce inspected the card and then said facetiously:

"Fifty thousand! I didn't know there was that much money in Los Angeles."

"I didn't come here to be insulted,"--said the real estate man; and he stalked away. Our Chamber of Commerce member had to apologize profusely for his facetiousness before amicable relations were restored.

Amusement Investments

"You may say what you please about Los Angeles," said a well known lawyer the other day, "but it's the best city in the world for a man looking for investors in legitimate amusement projects." He went on to tell me that he took one of the World's Fair concessionaires to Los Angeles recently and introduced him to a rich man who loaned him half a million dollars in cash after two meetings. The concession is a big and promising feature of the Fair, and the half-million is quite safe. With its prosperous beaches Los Angeles knows what a lot of money may be made out of amusement enterprises. That is probably why it is easier to get money for them in Los Angeles than in San Francisco.

Heney Rampaging Again

According to a story in the Los Angeles Times of a few weeks ago Bombastes Furioso Heney has been representing that he has in his possession copies of letters written by Governor Johnson to Meyer Lissner which show that Chester Rowell was entered by the Governor in the gubernatorial race. As soon as Lissner read the story he wired to Heney, asking him if the story was true. Heney replied in his familiar style: "The story is an infamous falsehood made out of whole cloth and published solely for malicious purpose of injuring me and the Progressive cause generally." He added: "I have not seen the article mentioned in your telegram, but if libel suit can be predicated upon it I shall institute suit against the Times upon my arrival in Los Angeles early in March." A campaign libel suit would hardly cause any uneasiness in the Times office. Plaintiffs in campaign libel suits usually forget to prosecute them. Heney, by the way, has a libel suit pending, a suit by which he might enrich himself to the extent of $100,000 did he care to prosecute. It is the suit against William H. Crocker, which he started in New York several years ago. Depositions have been taken in this case, but Mr. Heney has permitted it to languish. Perhaps he doesn't need the money. Or perhaps it looks as though Mr. Crocker may be able to prove what he said. One of the risks a man incurs by prosecuting a libel suit is the risk of having mere rumor or gossip bodied forth in judicial decree.

Some Serious Accusations

General Otis doesn't appear to be worrying at all about libel suits these days. He is scattering charges against Progressive politicians with a free hand, as though he were inviting them to summon him into court and demand the proofs. In his indictment of Governor Johnson he mentions each member of the Legislature who was

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instructed at the polls to vote for Spalding and who voted for Works. Here is a specimen count in the indictment: "Governor Johnson, the people of California indict you for appointing Walter A. McDonald to the office of wharfinger on the San Francisco harbor front. McDonald, as Assemblyman from the Thirty-first district, had been instructed to vote for Spalding, but he voted for Works to please you—and was rewarded." In the same language he explains the votes of Senator Edward F. Bryant, now assistant chief wharfinger; Senator G. S. Walker, now Building and Loan Commissioner; Assemblyman Edward J. D. Nolan, now employed by the Harbor Commission; Assemblyman Victor Sbragia, now employed on the harbor front; Assemblyman Bohnett who was made the Administration floor leader.

Senator Welch Forgotten

In this indictment General Otis charges the Governor with having misled and deceived that eminent statesman Richard J. Welch. Says the Times: "Governor Johnson, the people of California indict you for having it represented to Richard J. Welch that his bill to compensate him for services as a member of a hold-over committee to investigate and prosecute the fish trust would be passed. Welch, as Senator from the Nineeenth district, had been instructed to vote for Spalding, but he voted for Works to please you—and his friends say that you have forgotten him."

How He Made Himself a Boss

This Otis indictment is fully explanatory of the methods by which the Executive of the State bossed the Legislature and converted the representatives of the people into his tools. And it is charged in this indictment that Governor Johnson "killed the measure which would have effectively prevented all machine politics, since it prescribed that no Senator nor Assemblyman could be appointed to a lucrative office during the term for which such Senator or Assemblyman had been elected." General Otis concludes: "When the people send a legislator to Sacramento and pay him $1,000 and you want the support of that legislator and give him a job paying $3,000, you know that he will serve you and not the people."

Aked and St. Augustine

"Dr. Aked," said a clerical friend of mine, "is a greater man than St. Augustine."

"You are joking," I remonstrated.

"Well," he said, "let me leave it to you. When the great Bishop of Hippo was engaged on one of his theological treatises, the story goes, he went walking one morning on the sea shore. He was pondering the mystery of the Trinity, turning it over and over in his mind and seeking some solution of it. Presently his attention was called to a little child playing on the sands. The little boy had dug a hole and was filling it with water from the sea. St. Augustine asked him what he was doing. 'I am putting the ocean into this hole,' said the youngster. 'But that is impossible,' said Augustine. 'You can never put the mighty ocean into that little hole.' 'It is easier for me to put the ocean into this little hole than for you, Augustine, to comprehend the mystery of the Trinity with your finite mind,' was the reply. And Augustine knew that he had been rebuked by an angel from heaven. A pretty legend, is it not? You see, Dr. Aked must be greater than St. Augustine, because no angel has dared to rebuke him and he has solved the mystery of the Trinity within the space of one newspaper column."

The Gallery Judge

From the opinion of the Court of Appeals of New York in the case of Lieutenant Becker it appears that Judge Goff is first cousin to one or two San Francisco jurists. Woe to the man accused of crime whom public clamor assails if brought to trial before judges of the tribe of Goff. Lieutenant Becker was for many years a grafting policeman, but he was not indicted for grafting. He was indicted for murder, and he was tried before Judge Goff, and he was given the kind of trial that Abe Ruef got before Judge Lawlor, the kind of trial that a Digger Indian wouldn't give to a snapdog; but whereas Ruef was on trial only for his liberty Becker was on trial for his life. By the Court of Appeals the Becker trial was reviewed from beginning to end, and the opinion makes it clear not only that Judge Goff did all in his power to prejudice the jury but that in all probability the defendant was innocent. Judge Goff was not only prejudiced in his rulings, but practically prosecuted the case, going even further than the District Attorney who himself was not at all squeamish about transgressing the proprieties. Once when Becker's lawyer asked the District Attorney to concede a fact about which there was no dispute Judge Goff said, "No, I will not let him concede it." Every request made by defendant's counsel for the very common leave to reopen the examination of a witness in order to correct testimony or to utilize some newly acquired information was denied, whereas similar requests made by the District Attorney were invariably granted. The court even refused to allow defendant's counsel the use of documents to which he was entitled, and while toward the witnesses for the prosecution he was extremely courteous he treated witnesses for the defense with great harshness. This is the familiar trick of the conscienceless judge intent on prejudicing a jury and gratifying public clamor.

A "Frame-Up" Says Judge Miller

Judge Miller in his concurring opinion says: "It is impossible to portray in an opinion the spirit of unfairness which pervades the record from cover to cover. In my opinion it would be a reproach on the administration of justice to allow the verdict to stand." The majority of the court did not consider it necessary to consider the question of the weight of the evidence, but Judge Miller touched upon it because of the dissent of Judge Werner. He reviewed the evidence, and showed that there were many circumstances to warrant the suspicion that the immunity witnesses lied and that their story was a "frame-up." "In my opinion," says Judge Miller, "a new trial should be granted because the newly discovered evidence imperatively demands it in the interest of justice, because the verdict is shockingly against the weight of the evidence, and because the trial was so conducted as to insure a verdict of guilty regardless of the evidence."

Courtenay Ford, Shopper

This is the story of how Courtenay Ford, most beautiful and best dressed of all blond Bohemians, skilled equally to manage a Mardi Gras or discuss a masterpiece of art, literary or culinary—the story of how Courtenay Ford was buffaloed by Dean Duke. Draw closer, children! Dean Duke, the cowpuncher of the Bohemian Club, wrote Courtenay Ford a courteous note from his ranch in the far north asking Courtenay to please do a little shopping for him. Courtenay replying in a note equally courteous, said he would be most happy. In his next letter Dean Duke asked Courtenay to obtain for him some tooth paste, towels and other household necessaries. And then, impelled by some imp of the perverse, some mischievous spirit of spoof, he directed Courtenay to purchase for him three cow buffaloes, in calf if possible, and one bull buffalo not related to the cow buffs. He further directed that crates be made for this stock, that they be held in San Francisco till April and then shipped to the Duke ranch. Duke added that he would send a check immediately after he took delivery.

Courtenay Buffaloed

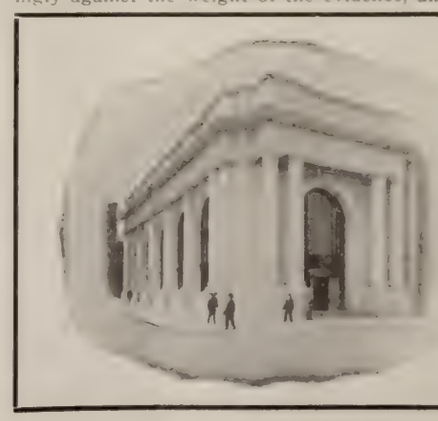
Need I say that Courtenay was flattered at having such a trust imposed in him? He parcel-posted the tooth paste, towels et cetera, and then set himself seriously and unsuspectingly to buy the buffaloes. There was much hurrying and scurrying hither and thither; there were interviews, conferences, bargainings with the Park authorities (for Golden Gate Park is our only local haunt of the buffalo), and finally Courtenay wired Dean Duke that he could get the buffs but that delivery must be arranged for at once. Duke answered that they must be held until April, a condition which failed to excite Courtenay's suspicion. "Hold buffs till April first and I'll pay for the hay," ran the wire which might have suggested to some that there was an April fool's jest afoot. Duke also asked Courtenay if he was positive the buff bull was not related to the cows. Ford was positive on this point, and as to holding the stock he wired tersely: "Nothing doing. It is now or never." Not waiting for a reply he wired again: "Have used my own judgment. The buffs are yours. Bought and paid for." And since then it has slowly dawned upon Courtenay that Dean has neither room nor use for buffaloes. In other words, Courtenay seems to have been buffaloed!

The McComas Pictures

"I suppose that to appreciate these pictures one must first have seen the desert."

"You are wrong. To appreciate the desert one must first see these pictures."

I overheard this interchange in the art gallery



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of Vickery's whither I repaired the other day to see the fruit of Francis McComas' most recent trip to the Hopi and Navajo country. There is something in the correction. I have never been to the Painted Desert of the Southwest, but I am tolerably familiar with McComas' depiction of its wonders; and I am sure that when my good fortune takes me down that way I shall have McComas to thank for a deeper appreciation of that marvelous country than I could hope to achieve if he had not acted as my interpreter. For McComas is an interpreter. His brush lays bare the soul of beauty. He is the poet of aquarelle. Superficial loveliness does not content him. He searches the inner meaning of that which delights the eye. Where other artists might be glad to ravish the eye he insists on enchanting the mind. And so, having penetrated the meaning of the desert he paints pictures of it that not only enrapture but also satisfy. Its sheer beauty he translates unfalteringly into terms of intellectual stimulation. What the poet might do in a sonnet or the goldsmith of precious prose in a masterpiece of description McComas does in water colors. I think he has surpassed himself in these latest pictures. They represent, I believe, his greatest height of achievement so far. There is a sureness about them which argues a complete understanding working itself out through a craftsmanship that found no technical difficulty it could not overcome. See his "City of the Desert," see "The Green Door," see the "Navajo Gateway," to mention only three of the nineteen pictures in this exhibit and then say whether or not Francis McComas is a master for universal art to reckon with.

Bush and the Twisty Beard

Robert Reid, the well known sculptor who is out here doing work for the World's Fair and who was Mrs. Peixotto's rajah in the Mardi Gras pageant, is a giant of a man with a great mustache and an unusual beard that nature and the barber have twisted in a sort of trellis style. At the Bohemian Club the other day Bush Finnell, an incurable wag, was made acquainted with Reid. Bush's eyes were fixed in fascination on Reid's whiskers.

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"Mr. Dickens," he said, "I am glad to meet you."

"But," began Reid, "my name is not—"

"Do you know, Mr. Dickens," continued Bush, still gazing fixedly at the convoluted beard, "my greatest favorite of all your books is 'Oliver Twist.'"

"But my name is not Dickens, and I didn't write 'Oliver Twist.'" explained the mystified Reid.

"Never mind," said Bush encouragingly, "it's a great book just the same."

Reid still thinks that he was talking to a mad man.

A Natural Mistake

Louis Hill who has just been made president of the Great Northern, has been sojourning for a few days at Del Monte. His young son is with him, and the two have been touring the country around Monterey in a big automobile. Everybody who knows Monterey remembers the pond near the old cemetery. It is not easy to forget because it's one of the most evil-smelling ponds that ever offended the nostrils. Hill and his youngster were motoring past the Monterey cemetery the other day when the light breeze brought the malodor of the stagnant pool to their olfactories. The junior Hill looked at the cemetery with disgust.

"Gee, dad," he said, "they don't bury 'em very deep, do they?"

A. J. Rich & Co.

One of the most evident signs of growing activity this year is the coming auction sale of A. J. Rich & Co. which will be held within the next sixty days. This sale will undoubtedly be one of the largest events of its kind in the history of western real estate, as an unusual aggregation of choice holdings in San Francisco and the surrounding country will be included in the offerings. From every standpoint, such a unique opportunity both for buyers and owners will be of inestimable advantage to all parties concerned. The local realty market has for some time needed a sound initial stimulus to set it moving again after the dormancy of last season's money market and it required a firm of undisputed reliability and with sufficient enterprise to take up this rejuvenation. To do this, A. J. Rich & Co. have succeeded in getting together an unparalleled collection of properties many of which for the most part have been heretofore entirely inaccessible to the purchasing public. On one hand small buyers and larger investors will be greatly interested in the opportunities brought to them in this manner at actual present day market prices—while on the other hand various owners have been eager to list their properties for the sale, realizing it is seldom they will have so large and important a gathering of bidders before whom to submit their holdings. On account of the number and attractions of the various properties already listed assuring the success of this auction—A. J. Rich & Co. have decided to enlarge their operations and will consider and include any properties which will stand the test of their appraisement and examination. This auction sale will be conducted along lines not heretofore used on this coast, the methods employed giving all concerned a fairer opportunity. All properties will be published with complete description and in sufficient time before the date of sale to give all those concerned ample chance for inspection and consideration. Doubtless with a stimulus of an auction sale of this magnitude to start off the year, the prosperity predictions for the coming months should assume some degree of certainty.

Dinner Dance at Tavern

On the evening of Wednesday, March 4, Techau Tavern was the scene of a brilliant gathering of San Francisco's smart set, the occasion being a Dinner Dance arranged to mark the completion of the beautiful interior decorations of the cafe, upon which a corps of artists had been engaged for many weeks. The beauty of the Tavern is greatly enhanced by the new and masterly treatment of the grill-work screening the arches of the mezzanine floor. The Wednesday night Dinner Dance taxed the capacity of the Tavern to its utmost and throughout the entire evening the veranda on the main floor and the banquet hall were thronged with merry dancers. The management is to be congratulated on arranging a function of unusual interest and attractiveness.

As Others See Us

The London dancing master who describes us as a nation negligent in dress may not be so wide of the mark, after all. Perhaps we have all been too willing to accept the assertion that the American man is the best-dressed man in the world, and the American woman the most tastefully gowned woman without looking into the matter as closely as we might. Anyhow dancing masters know something about clothes, and this London authority has a right to his own opinion. If it is founded on extended observation it is worth heeding. We do not like to be called negligent in dress; some of us pride ourselves a little too much on the cut of our garments and their appropriateness. If an observant foreigner, with a keener eye for sartorial things than ordinary men, has really formed the opinion that we dress carelessly, we must at least admit that there is no better place in the world to judge of the dress and manners of Americans than the British capital in the season. America is fitly represented there, not only New York, Boston, San Francisco and Chicago, but the whole country. Perhaps the dancing master has noted Americans on Piccadilly wearing baggy trousers when tight ones are in vogue, shapeless cloth hats instead of the prescribed headgear of well-dressed men, jackets when the hour calls for skirted coats. If most of the Americans he observes are thusly defiant of the conventions, is he not justified in assuming that the nation is negligent in its dress? He is not compelled to take note of the correct attire of an insignificant minority. On the whole, we must confess that we have not been favorably impressed of late with the tendencies noted in men's attire. Even here in San Francisco, where the tailors and haberdashers pride themselves on their aesthetic influence, there is a marked preponderance of shapeless garments and shockingly bad hats. In evening dress there is lamentable disposition to cultivate "individual taste," which is often abominable.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Obstreperous First Nighters

While Mona Garrick (who gives no indication of descent from the great David) was doing a scene from "The Sign of the Cross" at the Lauder show Monday night, a merry party of very prominent society people breezed into the theatre. Pardon the slang word, but they really did "blow in" like a none too gentle zephyr. Doubtless they had dined heartily and long, for they were in most exuberant spirits. They had a great deal to say to one another and it was imperative that a lot of it be said while they made their way down the darkened aisle to the box. What the subject of conversation was I know not, but it must have been extremely witty, judging from the laughter that pealed forth. Poor Mona Garrick didn't get a great deal of attention during that chattery, chuckling progress to the box. The audience peered through the dark to see who the merry latecomers were and neglected "The Sign of the Cross." And then, what a time those gay society folks had getting settled in their box. What a commotion there was about wraps and hats, all of it evoking remarks of the greatest humor, judging again by the laughter. Poor Mona! The audience felt very sorry for her. She was doing her best, but the box offered a more compelling attraction. As Miss Garrick left the stage she looked tragedy-queen daggers at the merry-makers. But what did they care? They were having the time of their lives. And they cared as little for Horace Sheldon, the musical director of the performance who darted warning glances at them continually. There were so many funny things to be said, and obviously funny things are much funnier when they are spoken above a whisper. And every funny remark brought out a peal of encouraging laughter. When Ethel Bourne was singing some very old-fashioned songs the cutups in the box were particularly active. I'm afraid poor Ethel Bourne suffered more than poor Mona Garrick had. She tried to quiet the obstreperous box party with looks of indignation and looks of appeal, but it was no use. The audience was beginning to think that the disturbance had really gone far enough and that something ought to be done about it when I noticed Homer Curran, the manager of the Cort, hurrying toward the box. If I am any judge of facial expression Curran was quite angry. What happened I don't know, but thereafter that box party relapsed into silence.

James D. and Spain

At the Mardi Gras James D. Phelan made no secret of his satisfaction at having concluded a treaty of peace with the Spanish Consul, El Conde del Valle de Salazar. He called the attention of several people to the significant fact that the Count was his guest at the charity masquerade which concluded the season. It was Phelan's way of pointing out that the Commonwealth Club incident had been forgiven and forgotten; that the official representative of Spain in this State bore him no ill will for stating in an address that he had found Spain a decadent nation; and, presumably, that the Spanish citizens of this State would not feel themselves constrained to vote against him in the senatorial election on account of his contretemps. But now a different complexion seems to be placed upon the whole matter. The incident is so far from being merely closed that it is wider open than ever. Not the Spanish Consul merely, but the Spanish Government, a very friendly power, has taken cognizance of Phelan's remarks.

The Protest from Spain

The Spanish Government has protested to our State Department against the remarks which Phelan made in that Commonwealth Club speech. Its position is a very strong one. Phelan was armed with credentials to the Government of Spain by the State Department when he started on his last trip to Europe. His credentials were honored at Madrid. He was received as the accredited American Commissioner representing the Panama-Pacific Exposition and as such he received the assurance that Spain intended to exhibit here next year. This is not the only occasion of recent date on which Spain has shown her friendship for California. It is not long since King Alfonso caused the intelligence to be conveyed to us that he would be glad to co-operate in the restoration of the Missions. That this friendly nation should be wronged as Phelan wronged Spain in his address to the Commonwealthers, and that the wrong should be inflicted by one whose observations were made in the course of a visit which possessed official significance—here was something calculated to evoke a protest. It is no wonder Spain moved in the matter.

Whose Guest?

And now the question arises, Whose guest was Count Salazar at the Mardi Gras? Was he Phelan's guest by occupying for a time a seat in Phelan's box? Those to whom Phelan imparted the news that the Spanish Consul was his guest at the Mardi Gras understood him to mean that he had invited the Spanish Consul to the charity masquerade and that the Consul had accepted his invitation. That is the ordinary understanding of the term guest. But in the list of boxes and box-holders at the Mardi Gras Count and Countess Salazar appeared as the guests of Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Phelan's box adjoined the box of Mrs. Martin, and I believe he told Mrs. Martin that those of her guests who could not find seats in her box might use the vacant chairs in his. In this way the Count Salazar might very well become the "guest" of Phelan. If that was the situation the Count will not be embarrassed by the protest made by the Spanish Government; and embarrassed he certainly would be had he cultivated close social relations with the man against whom the protest was directed.

A Job for the Fascinating Rainey

Mme. Tetrazzini I see is to be asked to sing for the New Era League which is trying to raise fifteen thousand dollars to finance the Philharmonic Society concerts. At a meeting of the league the other night Mrs. Arthur Cornwall suggested that Mr. Rainey, the Mayor's secretary, who has the "ability to fascinate prima donnas" was "the very man to win the diva into singing for the project." Mr. Rainey must be very good to look upon, and he may be able to impress Luiza, but why should that lady be called upon to give more than anybody else to the concert fund? Luiza Tetrazzini has songs to sell, and a bunch of them is worth thousands of dollars. She is to be called on for a bunch; yet Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, one of our most generous women, has contributed only $100, and when subscriptions were called for the other night only $170 was subscribed. Stage folk are the most generous of all contributors to public and charitable affairs. They give the best that is in them, but many of them have had reason to complain of the frequency with which calls are made on them by persons who appear to have the same view of them as was held by the New England farmer who came upon Grover Cleveland and Joe Jefferson fishing in a stream on his farm. "Hey, you fellers, what are you doin' yere?" he demanded. "Who gave you lief, anyhow?" Cleveland apologized and introduced himself and his friend Jefferson. The farmer shook hands, awe-stricken by Cleveland, and then turned to the great actor saying: "So you're Joe Jefferson, eh? I've heerd tell a lot about you. Say, Joe, I'll tell you what 'll do. I'll give you $10 if you'll cut up a few shines right here. By heck! I will."

Luiza's Free Concert

We are constantly reminded of the Christmas Eve street concert which Luiza Tetrazzini gave in San Francisco. There was another which I don't believe she ever heard of, as it has never been mentioned in the newspapers. At that concert she was indoors and her audience was outdoors, and she was singing to amuse herself—singing as the birds sing, because that is the reason they are here upon earth. The recital was unannounced, unexpected. It was in 1905 in her second season at the Tivoli. She lived at the Hotel Marie Antoinette on Van Ness avenue and her apartments were on the ground floor Luiza was always lazy about everything excep music so she would not take the trouble to ge

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into elevators to reach top floors. Luiza is temperamentally exclusive and like all real artistes has a very high opinion of the value of Luiza's society. So instead of accepting Society's invitations to functions on her evenings when she wasn't singing she stayed home and sang. Her accompaniment was evidently a pianola, but nothing could make me believe that if the brick facade had been removed the diva would be revealed exercising her tiny feet and delicate ankles on that strenuous instrument. Someone was playing over the score of Carmen. Carmen is not one of Tetrazzini's roles but she sang every aria of the cigarette girl. Then Jose's numbers and even the Toreador's famous song. Every passer-by stopped as if enchanted to listen to the flute-like tones. Some knew who was singing, some didn't until they were told, but all were enraptured. Soon the sidewalk and the street to the opposite side was dense with people quietly listening. I don't know where they came from in that quiet neighborhood, but there is a psychology of gathering a crowd seemingly from nowhere. After Carmen she went over Boheme. Not only Mimi's music, but Rodolpho's. Never shall I forget her singing of Musetta's song. It was a glorious concert and the audience lingered long to hear more.

Mr. Keith and Jennie

John M. Keith, the venerable millionaire of the St. Francis, has a fancy for gladdening the hearts of young girls. He has no children or grandchildren of his own, so he lavishes his bounty on the youngsters of his friends. Three Christmases ago he started the innovation of presenting a number of girls with checks for $500. He has kept it up ever since. Needless to say the precedent has not been followed. There is no other man in society so rich and so kind-hearted that he can bring himself to scatter checks of that size. I believe that before Innes Keeney became Mrs. Willard Chamberlain old Mr. Keith gave her in addition to the usual Christmas present other gifts consisting of a gold purse, a vanity box and an electric brougham. To Mrs. Conger Pratt, it is said, he presented an exquisite set of white fox. I am told that this Christmas he included Jennie Blair among the favored ones to whom he sent checks for $500; but that Jennie, being a bit old-fashioned, wrote him a nice little letter thanking him for his generosity and explaining that she would devote the money to charity.

A Tribute to "Lady Teazle"

I learn from Town Topics that Marshall Darrach gives a recital of "The Tempest" at the Plaza today. His friends here will be pleased to learn that his Shakespearian recitals in New York are regarded as very swagger functions. And they will be delighted to read the tribute which is paid to Mrs. Marshall Darrach, formerly Mrs. Marie Walton, "Lady Teazle" of the Chronicle. Says the Town Topics scribe: "His marriage in San Francisco last winter to the clever widow of an army officer, who was a leader of the Bohemian literati there and who came nearer creating a salon atmosphere in her drawing rooms than anyone has yet done in the West, has had the effect of enlisting the prominent women here having affiliations with those in San Francisco who have been the friends of his wife, and the recital promises to be as smart as those given by him a decade ago. The literary set of New York is making ready to welcome his wife, who under her pen name of "Lady Teazle" has written some of the best "society" philosophy and satire that has been done in the country. Marshall has distinguished relatives and family connections here, and is a member of the Lotos Club and of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, so that society is eager to frivol with him intellectually whenever he announces a recital."

Shadowing Clarence

A chap who has just returned from New York tells me that in nearly all the discussion of the Mackay divorce he heard there, Mrs. Mackay was severely criticized. She is spoken of as a woman whose vaulting ambitions, social and literary, were incompatible with domestic happiness. Incidentally he brings rather a good story. It seems that Mrs. Mackay hired a private sleuth to shadow Clarence. The operative did not know Clarence by sight, but he picked up an acquaintance with an employe of the cable company and one day asked him to point out Mr. Mackay. This the employe did, but it was not the Mr. Mackay the sleuth had been hired to watch. Ignorant of this the shadow followed his victim for several days and reported that he was a daily visitor to a very fine-looking woman who lived in Ninety-second street. He furnished Mrs. Mackay's lawyers with voluminous reports, but when Mrs. Mackay saw them she tossed them into the waste paper basket. She knew that on many of the days when he was supposed to be making these clandestine visits Clarence was at his shooting box in North Carolina. Then it was found that the Mr. Mackay who had been shadowed lived with his wife in Ninety-second street.

JEAN GERARDY

The world's greatest 'cellist, who will give two splendid programs at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoons, March 8 and 15

Fred Burnham, Author

Frederick Burnham, big game sportsman, clubman, millionaire, farmer and tango dancer, has achieved authorship, thus adding to the list of his varied activities. Burnham wrote an article describing the hunting trip which he and his charming wife made through Alaska and the Northwest in search of big game, and sent it to Caspar Whitney, the editor of "Outing." Whitney is himself one of our best hunters, and the article appealed to him. He accepted it and sent Burnham a check for twenty dollars, Burnham's first literary honorarium. To say that Burnham is proud is putting it mildly. And well he may be. To have one's first article accepted—not to know the disappointment of the printed rejection slip—that is indeed to be lucky. The article will be published within a month or two.

Indoor Yachtsmen and Mardi Gras

A day or so after the Mardi Gras Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. George Cameron met James Woods of the St. Francis and James W. Coffroth, the fight promoter, for the purpose of arranging an understanding between the Mardi Gras patronesses and the leaders of the Indoor Yacht Club. Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Cameron were the active spirits of the Mardi Gras, and its great success this year was due principally to their untiring efforts. They were a good deal disturbed when the Indoor Yacht Club announced its charity pageant-dansant for St. Valentine's Night, ten days before Shrove Tuesday. They were still more disturbed to learn that the charity ball would be an annual Indoor Yacht Club affair, especially as St. Valentine's Night will be within four days of Shrove Tuesday next year. The meeting between the two society ladies and the two yachtsmen was held for the purpose of talking this matter over. I believe the yachtsmen indicated that their ball would not be held next year on any date that might threaten the success of the Mardi Gras. The rank and file of the yacht club have no social aspirations, but they are a good deal elated at the position of importance to which their first ball elevated them. And by the way, a feature which would have helped to enliven the Mardi Gras was lost through the action of Latham McMullin. Certain yachtsmen including James Woods, Matt Harris, L. J. Scooffy and Will McCarthy, told McMullin that twenty-five members of the club were prepared to subscribe twenty dollars apiece or a total of five hundred dollars for the success of the Mardi Gras. They suggested that they be allowed to prepare a bit of pageantry, so that they might make their appearance on the floor together. McMullin didn't think much of the idea, so it fell through. It was born of the yachtsmen's desire to help the worthy cause of the Mardi Gras as much as possible. When Harry Scott and other active spirits of the Mardi Gras learned that McMullin had thrown cold water on this proposal they were furious.

Menus for Private Dinners

The idea of menus for family dinners is a new one to many. Mrs. Louis Titus has introduced it at her Piedmont home where a menu is set at her own and her husband's place when they dine alone. When Mrs. Titus lunches in solitary state she does it to a menu that lists the courses of her repast which, in this day of diets to reduce, must be a simple one. Mrs. Titus was one of the Rooney girls of San Francisco, cousin to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. and Mrs. Oelrichs, so it may be a custom of the millionaire set in New York that she has encountered and brought to Piedmont. But in California it is an innovation. The Sharons, the Floods and the Newhalls always dine more or less elaborately, but even when there are several guests, unless it is a formal party, there are no menus except the one the chef makes out for his guidance. The Will Crockers, by the way, whose dinners are famous, usually have a talentel feminine chef de cuisine with a diploma from one of the Eastern cooking schools and her menus are composed with science

Is Beauty Worth 15c.? Chief among beauties is a radiant complexion. Because of its unequalled purity and unrivalled emollient qualities the one soap matchless for the complexion is

Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

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Gail Borden
EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Is known and recognized by every Civilized Country on the Globe as the Leading Brand of Condensed Milk

Its principal use in all lands is for the Feeding of Infants. It is prepared with Scrupulous Care for this specific purpose.

We have always sought to give the public in Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the best product possible to produce by the most scientific and sanitary methods known.

No expense is spared to safeguard the production of the raw milk from which Eagle Brand is prepared. Every sanitary precaution is taken at Dairies and Condensing Plants, with a Determination to supply a product that is Perfectly Safe for the Baby.

We have enjoyed an enviable reputation for 56 years, and this is a valuable asset that must be protected.

You are invited to send for our Baby's Book and Feeding Chart—Also our booklet, "Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme."

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Established 1857 NEW YORK

and art. But they are not copied by the butler for Mrs. Crocker's dejeuner a seul.

A Shopping Costume

Mrs. Gus Taylor whose sister Mrs. Fred McNear declares San Francisco women do not dress well, was shopping the other day in a Rue de la Paix creation that was most startling. Only a woman of her queenly height would attempt it. It was a black velvet gown with gray fox fur. The skirt had a minaret effect with a broad band of the fur that divided Mrs. Taylor's height exactly in the middle. There was an odd little chapeau with the costume that excited much admiration. Mrs. Taylor's gowns are always decidedly individual and she dares bizarre effects with as much success as Mrs. Templeton Crocker. Mrs. McNear has different ideas, and dresses in more subdued fashion.

A Pachmann Pupil

To have been a pupil of De Pachmann is in itself no small assurance of merit in a pianist, for that exceedingly temperamental artist does not give his time to the development of mediocrity. So Jean Baptiste Toner commanded some attention when he announced a concert for last Sunday afternoon at the St. Francis. A young man is Mr. Toner, but not too young to give evidence of poetic feeling in his interpretation of Chopin and Beethoven. Unfortunately Mr. Toner was not at his best last Sunday. He was laboring under a great physical disadvantage, having strained the muscles of an arm while practicing. Nevertheless he played with considerable fire and passion and at times delicately as one who trusts his keyboard, never impatient of its capacities. Notwithstanding his physical disability he exhibited a fine technique.

Del Monte Notes

Captain Arthur Poillon gave a luncheon at the Presidio of Monterey to several guests of Del Monte. After the luncheon Capt. Poillon took his guests for a motor ride. Mrs. James Murray was a guest at luncheon at Del Monte on Friday. The dance given at the hotel on Saturday evening was a great success. There were a large number of guests down for the week-end and with the officers and their ladies of the post it was a very jolly affair. Several pretty dinners preceded the dance. Mr. J. P. Price Jr. and his brother Mr. R. M. Price of Stanford join their parents for the week-ends and have very pleasant visits at the hotel. They are particularly fond of golf and motoring and plan to do some fishing. Mr. Philip T. Clay and Mr. Frank R. Sherman are at the hotel for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee with Master Tommy are at Del Monte. They have come for an indefinite time. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shaw and Mrs. L. E. Wood will be at the hotel for a short period. Mrs. Shaw is an expert at the wheel of her car and is taking many interesting rides. Mr. and Mrs. Mason L. Dean and little Miss Helen Dean are at Del Monte again and plan to spend the summer. They have been frequent visitors. Mr. and Mrs. Dean are very fond of golf.

At the Green, Pasadena

Taking precedence of all social functions of the season from the standpoint of originality was the jungle dinner-dance at Hotel Green, Pasadena, when notwithstanding the rain, about six hundred society folk of Pasadena and Los Angeles were out for a jolly time. The lobby of the east building was the jungle and the animals were there, with a conjurer, tamers and all other appurtenances to give diverting vaudeville under the direction of the Selig Motion Picture Company. Aside from the jungle features there was music of high order given by the Ellis Club of Los Angeles, assisted by Miss Aurelia Wharry, the gifted soprano who is making her home at the Green this season. The Ellis Club was represented by fifty singers with J. B. Poulin as director. The coming to Pasadena of this club of noted singers was greatly appreciated. A vaudeville performance was also given by a quartette of local performers. Decorations for the evening were wonderful with flowers and ferns everywhere and in the jungle there was nothing lacking from the hut of the Hottentot to the cocoanuts, bananas and the rest, provided for the jungleites. In addition to the various program features there was dancing throughout the evening.

Notes from Coronado

A very brilliant affair was the Colonial Ball which took place at Hotel del Coronado on a recent evening and for which society both on the island and in San Diego turned out in full force. The beautiful ball room had been hung in dark blue and white bunting, while large American flags were placed artistically in every available space and formed the drapings on each side of the stage where the orchestra, in costume, was placed. The ball was opened by the dancing of Miss Cornelia Strohbah and Paul Ward, the former being carried into the ball room in a gold and blue sedan chair by four young society men. Preceding the dancing a dinner was given by the host of the hotel to fifty of the young set in costume and chaperoned by Mrs. John Williams of Vancouver, an exceedingly handsome woman of the Juno type. Among those in costume were Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mrs. Frederick N. Freeman, Miss Carmen Ghirardelli and Misses Dorothy and Phyllis Capwell of San Francisco. Many suppers followed in the grill and dancing in the small ball room adjoining was continued long after midnight. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Murray (Ila Sontag), who were recently married in San Francisco, are spending their honeymoon at Coronado, and were among those who attended the Colonial Ball. Arriving during the week were Mr. and Mrs. Thos. W. Cushing of Piedmont and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Henderson of Oakland. Other Oakland arrivals included Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ayer, Miss Denison and Captain James Corbett. Mr. and Mrs. E. Clemens Horst of San Francisco are spending some time at the hotel. Carleton F. Burke, the polo player, returned to the hotel the end of the week, as did also John R. Miller of Pasadena who has a string of ponies on the way. The arrival of the polo team from the Ninth U. S. Cavalry the end of the week with their string of eighteen ponies will add another team to the many already at the Country Club. On Sunday evening the well known baritone Mr. Brownlow gave a most delightful song recital in the rotunda of the hotel. His voice is decidedly pleasing as was also his selection of ballads.

Dame Fashion at Tait's

Once again has the Tait-Zinkand Cafe departed from the ordinary in its efforts to please patrons. This time the management is showing Dame Fashion's latest fads—differently colored wigs and the Bustle Dress. Far-fetched as colored wigs may seem as an accessory to every day dress they present an effect that is altogether pleasing. The models who are displaying these advanced styles are the personification of loveliness and this combined with the naive and pleasing way in which they give one an intimate view of these much heralded fads makes the showing distinctively pleasing. These styles are shown during luncheon and dinner. Between 3 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon free tango lessons are given in the banquet room.

The Gentle Cynic

Why do people wear such long faces when they preach eternal happiness?

The world is always eager to give a man a boost when he gets near the top.

The one place where duty always comes before pleasure is in the dictionary.

Few things are perfect. Even the longest way round has its shortcomings.

It takes a man with a keen sense of humor to joke with his dentist.

Many a man's ambition extends no further than to be known as a good fellow.

It is human nature to long for a little change, even though it may not be for the better.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the last harmful of all the skin preparations.

For Sale by all Druggists and Fancy Good Dealers
GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.
GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE
Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1.00, by Mail
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop.,
37 Great Jones St., New York City

Gossip of the Theatre

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traction and San Francisco is fortunate in having a view of it in the very height of its success. Both Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon are well known and popular here. Besides many San Francisco engagements they have played two highly successful seasons at the old Alcazar. They will be seen in only the best of their plays during their brief season this time, "Years of Discretion" setting the standard for their other offerings. Miss Shannon has done nothing better in her entire career and Mr. Kelcey has a part that fits him to his finger tips. Charles Compton, the Alcazar's new light comedian, will make his first appearance, and the rest of the Alcazar favorites will be seen in congenial roles. The production will be identical with the one seen at the Belasco Theatre, New York.

The Chicago Opera Tour

When the management of the Chicago Grand Opera Company suggested to its board of directors last season that a Pacific Coast tour be undertaken, the idea was not at first regarded as feasible. The extraordinary financial outlay necessitated by the transportation of over two hundred and fifty persons for the 10,000 miles of the tour was in itself a fortune, while the details of arranging for the three special trains presented, apparently, insurmountable difficulties. With true western enthusiasm the Chicago directors, believing that the organization should be shared by the whole west, agreed to undertake this trip, with the result that the tour was the greatest triumph in operatic history. With what success the tour was made is well known. Last Saturday night the Chicago Grand Opera Company brought its Philadelphia season to a close and started on its second trans-continental tour Sunday morning. The tour will embrace fifteen cities, and a total of 9,925 miles will be traveled. The longest jump is from Portland to Denver, 1,644 miles, and the shortest from Seattle to Portland, 183 miles. It will take eight weeks to make the tour. The company will travel on two special trains. The first section will carry the chorus, ballet, orchestra and working staff. The second will carry the artists, conductors and executive staff. The first section will be preceded by a train consisting of thirteen baggage cars. The repertoire on this tour will consist of eight operas and the number of people going on this tour exceeds the number carried last year. There will be thirty-eight artists this season while there were but thirty-five last year. Sixty-five men will be in the orchestra, while there were sixty-one last year. The chorus will consist of sixty-four, against fifty-nine last year. Twenty-four girls comprise the corps de ballet, while there were twenty last season, and there will be four conductors, instead of three. Adding to this the executive staff, as well as the stage mechanics and others, the number of people on this tour will be between 250 and 260. The tour opened in Cleveland last Monday night, and closes in Milwaukee, April 25. Next Tuesday the organization begins a brief engagement in Los Angeles and on Monday, March 16, a two weeks' season will begin at the Tivoli. The sale of seats for single operas will begin next Monday morning at the box office of the Tivoli, and all mail orders, accompanied by check, addressed to W. H. Leahy, Tivoli Opera House, will receive prompt attention. Prices for all operas except "Parsifal" range from $6 to $2, while seats for the great Wagnerian work will be from $7 down to $2.

The Tetrazzini Concert

Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini who absolutely stands alone as a coloratura soprano, will give her second and last concert at the Tivoli this afternoon, assisted, as before, by Rafael Diaz, the renowned young tenor, Yves Nat, solo pianist and accompanist, and Pietro Coso, flutist. The program, entirely different from that of Thursday night, is as follows: Legend of St. Francis de Paule, "Walking on the Waves," Liszt, Yves Nat; Prelude, "Love, I Have You," Ronald, Rafael Diaz; Aria, "Linda di Chamounix," Donizetti, Tetrazzini; Piano Solos, Chopin, Yves Nat; Aria, "Vissi

OLIVER BAILEY
Producer of "The Crime of the Law," having a successful run at the Savoy Theatre.

MARIE DRESSLER
In "The Merry Gambol" at the Gaiety Theatre.

l'Arte," from "La Tosca," Tetrazzini; Als die Alte Mutter, Dvorak, Mai, Hahn, Lolita, Peccia, Rafael Diaz; Waltz from "Romeo and Juliet," Gounod, Tetrazzini; Etude er forme de Valse, St. Saens, Couplets, Mysoli, "Perle du Bresil," David, Tetrazzini.

The Crime of the Law"

"The Crime of the Law," Rachel Marshall's drama built upon the penological problem with a by-thread of the double standard of morality woven through it, will enter upon the third and last week of a very successful engagement at the

MAGGIE TEYTE

The famous soprano with the Chicago Grand Opera Company, coming to the Tivoli Opera House.

Savoy with the matinee of Sunday. Matinee performances, at reduced prices, are given Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday and at the performance of Monday evening matinee prices will prevail.

The Symphony Concert

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Friday afternoon, March 13, at the Cort will give its last concert of the season. Jean Gerardy, the great Belgian 'cellist, will be the soloist. Seats will be on sale next Monday at the usual places. The program will include the great symphony No. of Tschaikowsky, the most widely known of Russian composers. Gerardy will play the Lalo Concerto in D minor, for 'cello and orchestra. In part two of the program Gerardy will give his amazing performance of Boellman's "Variations Symphonique," the announcement of which is usually sufficient to send all the violinists and cellists to the concert hall. Wagner's overture "The Mastersingers" will be the last number on the program.

Henry Woodruff at Orpheum

Another bright light of the legitimate stage is adding his lustre at the Orpheum in the person Henry Woodruff who is well and favorably remembered as the successful star of "Brown of Harvard" and "A Prince for a Night." Woodruff will present next week a playlet by John Stokes titled "A Regular Business Man" which teems with amusing dialogue and clever complications. He will be supported by a capable company which includes our old friend and favorite James M. Murphy. Ray Samuels, the blue streak of ragtime who made such a great hit with the 1912 Orpheum Road Show, will be heard in new and diverting ditties. Collins and Hart will introduce an extraordinary novelty in their original strong man act, the like of which has never been witnessed here. Jones F. Kelly and Emma Pollock will sing, dance and create a lot of fun. They style their act "Ginger Snaps." Billy Rogers is not only able to duplicate the tones of nearly every musical instrument, but also birds, beasts, etc. Grace Carlisle, the possessor of a delightful mezzo-soprano, and Jules Romer, a violin virtuoso, will present a musical offering entitled "Just a Song at Twilight" which is a most enjoyable entertainment. Next week will most positively be the last of the famous comedienne Marie Lloyd who is creating such a furore. She will introduce new songs and character types. The only other hold-overs will be the Hockney Company in their foreign gymnastic unicycle novelty.

"The Blue Bird" at the Cort

The New Theatre production of "The Blue Bird," the most popular stage spectacle that has been seen here in many a day and holding the record for the biggest fortnight's business in the history of San Francisco theatricals, is coming back to the Cort beginning Monday night for a farewell visit. Matiness will be given Wednesday and Saturday. Maeterlinck's beautiful fantasy tells the story of man's quest of happiness, under the charming fable of the search by two youngsters named Tyltyl and Mytyl for the Blue Bird. The staging of the classic is embellished by a multitude of spectacular and pantomime effects, a series of lovely symbolic dances, and the elaborate Debussy, Massenet and Bizet music interpreted by a large orchestra. The play is a kind of panorama or mirror of life itself, appealing alike to the young and old. For the present season the Shuberts have maintained the entire big production unimpaired. They have also reassembled the famous New Theatre cast of 1911, which includes most of last year's favorites. Notable among these are Master Burford Hampden's Tyltyl, Editha Kelly's Mytyl, Cecil Yapp's amusing Cat, Alice Butler's grotesque Fairy, Dore Davidson's majestic Father Time, and the Mother roles so deftly portrayed by Ethel Brandon, the distinguished California actress. New faces are those of W. H. Denny and Harriet Sterling, members of the New Theatre company who were on leave of absence last year.

Henrietta Crosman Coming

Henrietta Crosman, that most delightful of all English-speaking comediennes, comes to the Columbia Monday, March 16, in her latest and greatest comedy success "The Tongues of Men," by Edward Childs Carpenter. Miss Crosman is a strong favorite in this city and has endeared herself to all, individually and collectively. She set a standard of excellence for herself, her company and her playing long since that was hard to keep pace with, yet each succeeding year has seen an improvement in every way. Her audiences invariably leave the theatre in a good humor. This year Miss Crosman brings what is said to be the best play and part she has had since "Mistress Nell" which is indeed high praise, as Nell was one of the most wonderful roles ever given to a great artist to portray.

TYLTYL and MYTYL

The two children who seek the Blue Bird in Maeterlinck's fantasy at the Cort.

Two Confessions

The new hubby and his new wifey were being whirled away from the church in the hack with the white horses. Presently he came down out of the clouds sufficiently to notice that she was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Dearest," he murmured, tenderly, "why do you cry?"

"Oh Philemon," she sobbed, "I have deceived you—basely, horribly."

"Oh, this is awful!" he groaned. "Tell—tell me—the worst—at once!"

"I c-c-can't c-c-cook!" she sobbed.

His face cleared as if by magic.

"Oh, pshaw!" he cried. "Is that all? You needn't worry over that, darling. I'm a poet and there will be precious little to cook!"

Dyspeptic Philosophy

Time is money, provided you don't spend a dollar's worth of time trying to save a penny.

The best of plans fall out, and the best of friends get married.

Many a theory that isn't sound makes a lot of noise.

If you want the world to take you at your word, own up to your mistakes.

It doesn't always take a sweeping assertion to throw dust in the other fellow's eyes.

The difference between an optimist and a pessimist is that one believes in mascots and the other in hoodoos.

Don't try to kill time. Time can stand the racket longer than you can.

A good guesser is generally a man who prides himself on his superior judgment.

Many a man has been undone through undue influence.

Patience is a virtue, but don't lose sight of the fact that there are others.

Cleverness may, after all, be merely an ability not to attempt the things we know we can't do.

Faith will move mountains, but it won't fight a gas bill.

Charity begins at home, and is generally too weak to travel.

A little push will often be more effective than a lasting pull.

A girl can't throw a stone, but that is no reason why she shouldn't have an aim in life.

When a man makes a fool of himself he is terribly surprised, and he can't understand why all the rest of the world isn't.

It is a mistake to imagine that all women are fond of retailing gossip. Most of them would rather wholesale it.

Mummified Merriment

I made a joke, and uttered it
  Beside a mummy in a case,
And I could swear he muttered it,
  For, when I looked upon his face,
Though many years had taken flight
  Since he had been upon the earth,
His countenance was very bright,
  He actually smiled with mirth.
"Why, oh, why," I cried, "thus grin?
  What is it that excites your glee?"
He answered, "It is for a sin
  Committed in the years B. C.
Three thousand times I made that jest,
  Since then three thousand times each year
I've been aroused from my long rest,
  And cursed each time that jest I'd hear.
It is my punishment," quoth he,
  "Whene'er that hoary joke is said,
Hilarious I'm doomed to be,
  Although I'd rather far be dead!"

—Stover Cunningham.

Sorry He Spoke

"Mr. Grasp," said the bookkeeper, as he toyed nervously with a piece of red tape, "during the past week I have been doing the junior clerk's work as well as my own."

"Well, what of it?" growled his amiable employer.

"This being pay day, sir, I thought it was only right to mention it."

"Very good. Let me see, your salary is $15 a week and the junior clerk's $10, I think?"

"Yes, sir," replied the bookkeeper, beaming expectantly.

"Then, working half the week for yourself is $7.50, and the other half for the junior clerk is $5. Therefore your salary this week will be $12.50. Very honest of you to mention the matter, my man."

Quite

"It is something," mused the poet, "to have an imagination that scorns the bondage of earth and soars untrammelled through the cerulean infinity."

He paused to jot the phrase "cerulean infinity" in his note book, hoping to make use of it at some future time.

"But"—

He gazed wistfully into the window of a quick lunch restaurant, "to have the price of a plate of ham and beans in your pocket is another thing."

Saying which, he sighed meekly and once more mingled with the hurrying throng.

Many a man gets chesty just from thinking how many medals are coming to him.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was not much activity in the market the past week and the trend of prices was downward. No news was good news as far as any important change in the Mexican situation was concerned, but the uncertainty made the market heavy and narrow. The low-priced stocks were the target for the bear operators and Denver common and preferred fell to 11 for the common and 21 for the preferred, because they depend upon Missouri Pacific which is waterlogged with the Wabash shares in its treasury. If Missouri Pacific pays an assessment of $20 per share on its Wabash stock it will be in worse shape than ever financially, though its business has improved under its present management. It paid good dividends once, sold above par and was worth the money before it was bled to death in the attempt to carry the dead weight of the rest of the Gould system. Rock Island common and preferred made their daily new low records. There was no news but everybody seems to take it for granted that the stock will be assessed heavily to save it from being wiped out as soon as default is made in paying interest on the collateral trust bonds which have for security all the assets in sight. Lehigh Valley was weak and lower on account of its poor statement of earnings for January. Some loss was expected on account of the slackness of the anthracite trade, but if this railroad can do no better it cannot maintain its present dividend rate. It was almost as bad as the New York Central's December report. However this had no appreciable influence on Reading and other coalers. The cold weather in February should improve the prospects of the coal roads. Money was a little firmer as a result of the loss of cash reported in the bank statement. Municipal bond issues have been eating up the floating supply of money and the bond market has receded a little for this reason.

Wheat—The wheat market has gradually worked to a higher basis with the May option selling a little above 95 per cent. Very little in the way of news is to be derived from the situation or regarding the trade either in cash wheat at Chicago or at other points, although the impression seems to be well founded that there has been a much larger export business at Chicago and the seaboard than has been given out by the trade. Cash demand at all primary markets has been strong and there is quite an improvement in the milling trade. The strength in corn was also a help to prices. Receipts at all primary markets were less than last year and the visible supply showed a moderate decrease for the week. There seem at the moment to be very little incentive to invest in wheat, although we believe that the most money will be made in buying wheat on the breaks. Any uneasiness over crop conditions this year seems at the present time to be rather remote, as the soil has plenty of moisture and is protected by snow over the bulk of the winter wheat territory, although there are plenty of opportunities for material injury, and for that reason we should hesitate to sell it short.

Corn—The corn market has been the center of attraction in a speculative way, with an enormous trade, considering the dullness which has featured these markets for some time past. The advance in the futures was due to the enormous buying by some of the larger shorts in the trade, supplemented by some additional purchases by those friendly to this cereal. The selling was largely against purchases of cash grain which Illinois and Iowa seemed a little more willing to sell for some time past. The feeling however seems to be gaining ground that corn receipts will be very light from now until after spring work is out of the way unless the price is unusually attractive, and should there be any substantial improvement in the eastern demand the expectations of 70 cent corn might be realized by the bulls. We think however that there is enough corn back which will be moved within the next few weeks to prove quite a burden to the enthusiastic buyer on any further advance.

Cotton—There was very little change in the cotton market the past week and outside of a little nervouseness in the March option the market did not get far either way. The March position has held up remarkably well, probably due to the big discount at which it is quoted compared with the value of spot cotton, and perhaps because there has been a better demand for the low grades of late. Southern spot markets remain unchanged at about 13 cents for middling at the ports, and there was more disposition shown on the part of the trade to buy for future requirements. Reports from New England mill centers tell of the difficulty spinners have in buying high grade cotton which is used so much by the mills of the section. It is said that the southern brokers are not offering anything better than middling, much of which is tinged and spotted. As a result the mills will have to use more of the low-grade cotton during the remainder of the season. Receipts at all ports are gradually falling off. As yet the exports are slow in being reported, but as the quantity of cotton on shipboard at all ports is very large, the end of February shipments to Europe from the United States is of record-breaking proportions for this time of the year. General rain fell throughout the cotton belt late in the week and more is forecasted for the first part of next week west of the Mississippi which will be of value to farming interests. The planting of corn has started in South Texas and will be followed immediately by cotton. Therefore the weather will become more of a market influence in the future.

"John, I wish you'd come to church. You promised me you would join."

"I know I did, May, and I will next Sunday. Just give me a week to work off all that mining stock. I'm no hypocrite."

Some people hope for the best, and then kick themselves because they didn't hope for something better.

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Buttercup--Night

(Continued from Page 8.)

blackbirds, yaffles, cuckoos, and one other very monotonous little bird were in full song; and this, with the sound of the streams and the wind, and the shapes of the rocks and trees, the colors of the flowers, and the warmth of the sun, gave one a feeling of being lost in a very wilderness of Nature. Some ponies came slowly from the far end, tangled, gipsy-headed little creatures, stared, and went off again at speed. It was just one of those places where any day the Spirit of all Nature might start up in one of those white gaps that separate the trees and rocks. But though I sat a long time waiting, hoping—She did not come.

They were all gone from the stable when I went back up to the farm, except the bearded nurse, and one tall fellow, who might have been the "Dying Gaul," as he crouched there in the straw; and the mare was sleeping—her head between her nurse's knees.

That night I woke at two o'clock, to find it almost as bright as day, with moonlight coming in through the flimsy curtains. And, smitten with the feeling that comes to us creatures of routine so rarely—of what beauty and strangeness we let slip by without ever stretching out hand to grasp it—I got up, dressed, stole downstairs, and out.

Never was such a night of frozen beauty, never such dream-tranquillity. The wind had dropped, and the silence was such that one hardly liked to tread even on the grass. From the lawn and fields there seemed to be a mist rising—in truth, the moonlight caught on the dewy buttercups; and across this ghostly radiance the shadows of the yew-trees fell in dense black bars. Suddenly, I bethought me of the mare. How was she faring, this marvellous night? Very softly opening the door into the yard, I tiptoed across. A light was burning in her box. And I could hear her making the same half-human noise she had made in the afternoon, as if wondering at her feelings; and instantly the voice of the bearded man talking to her as one might talk to a child: "Oovery, my darlin'; yu've a-been long enough o' that side. Wa-ay, my swate—yu let old Jack turn yu, then!" Then came a scuffling in the straw, a thud, again that half-human sigh, and his voice: "Putt your 'ead to piller, that's my dandy gel. Old Jack wouldn't 'urt yu; no more'n if yu was the queen!" Then only her quick breathing could be heard, and his cough and mutter, as he settled down once more to his long vigil. I crept very softly up to the window, but she heard me at once; and at the movement of her head the old fellow sat up, blinking his eyes out of the bush of his grizzled hair and beard. Opening the door, I said:

"May I come in?"

"Oo, ay! Come in, Zurr, if yu'm a mind tu."

I sat down beside him on a sack, and for some time we did not speak, taking each other in. One of his legs was lame, so that he had to keep it stretched out all the time; and awfully tired he looked, grey-tired.

His eyes twinkled; they were of that bright grey kind through which the soul looks out.

"Aw, no!" he said. "Ah don't grudge it vur a dumb animal. Poor things—they can't 'elp theirzelves. Many' the naight ah've zat up with 'orses and beasts tu. 'Tes en me—can't bear to zee dumb creatures zuffer!" And, laying his hand on the mare's ears: "They zay 'orses 'aven't no souls. 'Tes my belief they'm souls, zame as us. Many's the Christian ah've seen ain't got the soul of an 'orse. Zame with the beasts—an' the ship; 'tes only they'm can't spake their minds."

"And where," I said, "do you think they go to when they die?" He looked at me a little queerly, fancying, perhaps, that I was leading him into some trap; making sure, too, that I was a real stranger, without power over him, body or soul—for humble folk in the country must be careful; then, reassured, and nodding in his bushy beard, he answered knowingly:—

"Ah don't think they goes zo very far!"

"Why? Do you ever see their spirits?"

"Naw, naw; I never zeen none; but, for all they zay, ah don't think none of us goes such a brave way off. There's room for all, dead or alive. An' there's Christians ah've zeen—well, ef they'm not dead for gude, then neither aren't dumb animals, for sure."

"And rabbits, squirrels, birds, even insects? How about them?"

He was silent, as if I had carried him a little beyond the confines of his philosophy, then shook his head:—

"'Tes all a bit dimsy. But yu watch dumb animals, even the laste littlest one, an' yu'll zee they knows a lot more'n what we du; an' they du's things, tu, that putts shame on a man 's often as not. They've a got that in 'em as passes show." And not noticing my stare at that unconscious plagiarism, he added: "Ah'd zuuner zet up of a naight with an 'orse than with an 'uman; they've more zense, and patience." And, stroking the mare's forehead, he added: "Now, my dear, time for yu t' 'ave yure bottle."

I waited to see her take her draught, and lay her head down once more on the pillow. Then, hoping he would get a sleep, I rose to go.

"Aw, tes nothin' much," he said, "this time o' year; not like in winter. 'Twill come day before yu know, these buttercup nights"; and twinkling up at me out of his kindly bearded face, he settled himself again into the straw. I stole a look back at his rough figure propped against the sack, with the mare's head down beside his knee, at her swathed black body, and the gold of the straw, the white walls, and dusky nooks and shadows of that old stable, illumined by the "dimsy" light of the old lantern. And with the sense of having seen something holy, I crept away up into the field where I had lingered the day before, and sat down on the same half-way rock. Close on dawn it was, the moon still sailing wide over the moor, and the flowers of this "buttercup-night" fast closed, not taken in at all by her cold glory! Most silent hour of all the twenty-four—when the soul slips half out of sheath, and hovers in the cool; when the spirit is most in tune with what, soon or late, happens to all spirits; hour when a man cares least whether or no he be alive, as we understand the word. . . . "None of us goes such a brave way off—there's room for all, dead or alive." Though it was almost unbearably colorless, and quiet, there was warmth in thinking of those words of his; in the thought, too, of the millions of living things snugly asleep all round; warmth in realizing that unanimity of sleep. Insects and flowers, birds, men, beasts, the very leaves on the trees—away in slumberland. Waiting for the first bird to chirrup, one had, perhaps, even a stronger feeling than in daytime of the unity and communion of all life, of the subtle brotherhood of living things that fall all together into oblivion, and, all together, wake.

When dawn comes, while moonlight is still powdering the world's face, quite a long time passes before one realizes how the quality of the light has changed; and so, it was day before I knew it. Then the sun came up above the hills; dew began to sparkle, and color to stain the sky. That first praise of the sun from every bird and leaf and blade of grass, the tremulous flush and chime of dawn! One has strayed far from the heart of things that it comes as something strange and wonderful! Indeed, I noticed that the beasts and birds gazed at me as if I simply could not be there at this hour that so belonged to them. And to me, too, they seemed strange and new—with that in them "that passed show," and as of a world where man did not exist, or existed only as just another form of life, another sort of beast. It was one of those revealing moments when we see our proper place in the scheme; go past our truly irreligious thought: "Man, hub of the Universe!" that has founded most religions. One of those moments when our supreme importance fades out in the light of a purer spiritual ecstasy; and one sees clear, with the eyes of true religion, man playing his little, not unworthy, part in the great game of Perfection.

But just then began the crowning glory of that dawn—the opening and lighting of the buttercups. Not one did I actually see unclose, yet, all of a sudden, they were awake, and the fields once more a blaze of gold.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

little drunkenness if it were taken for granted that the drunkard would be sent to an institution for proper treatment and cure."

Is it not refreshing to hear such views as these set forth? To meet a woman of high cultivation who preserves such equipoise while so many of her sisters are solving world problems offhand? That is why Mrs. Peart appeals to me. She was surprised that I should care to interview her. It was an ordeal that she did not submit to without hesitation. She thought her views were the views of the ordinary woman. Most decidedly they are not the views of the woman who finds it easiest to get a hearing in the public prints. The trouble is that women like Mrs. Peart shrink from publicity. They'd rather exert their influence in that quiet, womanly, effective way they have than utter themselves for the ears of the general. I am afraid that after I left Mrs. Peart she went back to the flowers and ferns, the books and prints of her charming home with a sense of having overstepped her bounds.

Let me give the place of prominence to one of her remarks that is worth pondering, a remark that illuminates her character.

"Tolerance is the great thing, is it not?" she said. "Not to be too sure that we are right. To seek the other person's point of view. To hate narrowness. To be wary of prejudice. To have open minds."

How easy life would be, how much of its turmoil and bitterness would be absent if more people were like Mrs. Peart.

"Look here, young man," said her father, "you've been hanging around here long enough. Choose quickly—either my daughter's hand or her father's foot."

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Letters

A Splendid Book by Mary Watts

There is desperate need of some method of classifying books so that readers will have some reliable guide as to merit and quality. Every other commodity has been standardized to some extent, and a seeker after fine linen lawn is not obliged to pick wary steps between bolts of unbleached sheeting, cashmere, cheesecloth, cheviot and linsey-wolsey, much less to take them home and test them before coming upon the right article. A dealer in leather need only specify morocco or calf or suede to get what he wants. But beyond the broad divisions into fiction, history, biography, essays and belles letters, the book-lover is at sea. The titles "best-seller" and "popular novel" have become words of reproach. The author's name and the name of the publisher are not always reliable guides, for both must live and therefore do not always disdain pot-boilers, so when a book like Mary S. Watts' "Van Cleve" is put before the public in unpretending cover, it is not hailed at once as the exceptional story that it is. Mrs. Watts is known as the author of "Nathan Burke" and "The Legacy," but there is an earlier novel which deserves attention too, "The Tenants." Some day she will be recognized as not only a teller of fine tales but as a recorder of manners and dress, and fifty years from now, when the late nineteenth and early twentieth century figure in drama as "old times," actors and managers will find hints for costumes and customs in her pages. Van Cleve Kendrick, the hero of this new book, is not the ordinary hero of romance. From first to last he never does anything spectacular, never stands for a moment in the lime light. Fortune's favors are not showered upon him, and he has not even good looks or a commanding presence. He is a common type in American life, an ordinary young man without special talent or genius or influential friends, who proceeds on his way, doing the duty which lies nearest to him, struggling single-handed against odds and helping his friends because that is Van Cleve's way. His inheritance was the burden of a helpless family, a grandmother, an aunt, an uncle and a cousin who were absolutely and completely useless. The grandfather had been wealthy and had left them a considerable fortune but it had run through their fingers like sand. With the business comprehension of week-old kittens, they insisted on interfering with business matters to the last day of their lives, and the consequence was that by the time young Kendrick was eighteen and preparing to enter college they had disposed of all but a single piece of property, and this too would have gone but for some question of title which revealed to the youth the edge of the chasm to which they were hinging. He went to work in a shoe factory and from that day bent all his energies toward supporting them, steadily working himself upward in the business world, supplying their preposterous demands, suppressing himself and keeping his own counsel. Restless and hysterical, talking always in italics, flying from the Middle West to New York, to Florida, Nova Scotia, Boston, Louisiana, California, anywhere they had not lived before, for the flimsiest of reasons which were in their own estimation the best, enchanted today and disillusioned tomorrow with both people and places, anyone who tried to humor the family would be inevitably driven to indifference or insanity. The story is laid mainly in Cincinnati and in the period before, after and during the Spanish war. We have glimpses of the patriotic excitement, the oratory and the frantic haste to enlist and still more frantic haste to solicit honors and offices, the tragedies in the field and the greater tragedies upon which some of the "heroes" turned their backs. None of this was for Van Cleve whose helpless relatives had still to be provided for. Though we accompany him to Tampa and Key West, to Cuba on a newspaper boat and out upon some of the recent battle fields, his first vacation is taken on behalf of friends and in search of a prodigal son, and his return is not that of the conquering hero but the useful, depenable friend who, having accomplished his task, turns again to his commonplace duties at the bank and goes on earning the dollars that others spend so prodigally. The characters and incidents of "Van Cleve" are all vivid and convincing. It is the kind of book which would be marred by illustrations for we see them without the need of pictures, old and young, the butterflies and the bees, and the steady, plodding unconsidered Van Cleve, in one way or another fending for them all. The book ought to make a wide appeal and become a best-seller in the best sense, not that of momentary popularity but of constant demand long after the ephemera have been forgotten. Mrs. Watts does not give us a new book every year but when one comes it proves to be well worth waiting for. From the Macmillan Company.

The Story of a Girl

"Lahoma" is the second book by its author, John Breckenridge Ellis. Lahoma was the fanciful name given to a little girl whose parents were among the "sooners" who made such desperate efforts to take up claims before Oklahoma was formally laid open to settlement. The early portion of the story is set in those stormy times when the West was more or less overrun with bandits and highwaymen, and No-Man's-Land was no myth of the imagination. The story deals with a girl's life, the opening of the Indian lands to settlement, the incoming of the land-hungry emigrants, and a brief excursion into the world, where Lahoma's letters to her guardian display a keen sense of humor and some clever criticisms on the contrast between the free life of the West and the artificialities of the town and town dwellers. Law and justice, according to both frontier and Indian methods, are exemplified in various phases, and, almost as a matter of course, there is an ideal ending. Neither of Mr. Ellis' books is above the average, but "Lahoma" will stand the test as well as nine out of ten of the year's output. From Bobbs-Merrill.

Macgrath Again

Here's Harold Macgrath again. His title, "Deuces Wild," may be a bit puzzling, but no one need be long in suspense, since the story can be read in a short hour, and almost forgotten in another. There is a popular illustrator who yearns to be a great detective but whose immediate affair is the discovery of some new type of beauty. There is a plain, ordinary every-day detective, and there has been a series of astonishing burglaries perpetrated in high society. "Deuces Wild" is good Macgrathiana, and by this time all readers should know his trade mark. From Bobbs-Merrill.

Twisted

Mrs. Bodkin had a worried look on her face as she came down to breakfast.

"Mary," she said to the maid, "I am somewhat alarmed—I do hope now that nothing has happened to Mr. Bodkin. He hasn't been home all night."

"Why, bless you," replied Mary, "th' master's all right. He's down by the front door now, ma'am. He says he's been there a long, long time, but he can't remember whether he's goin' out or comin' in. When he's made up his mind, ma'am, I'll let you know."

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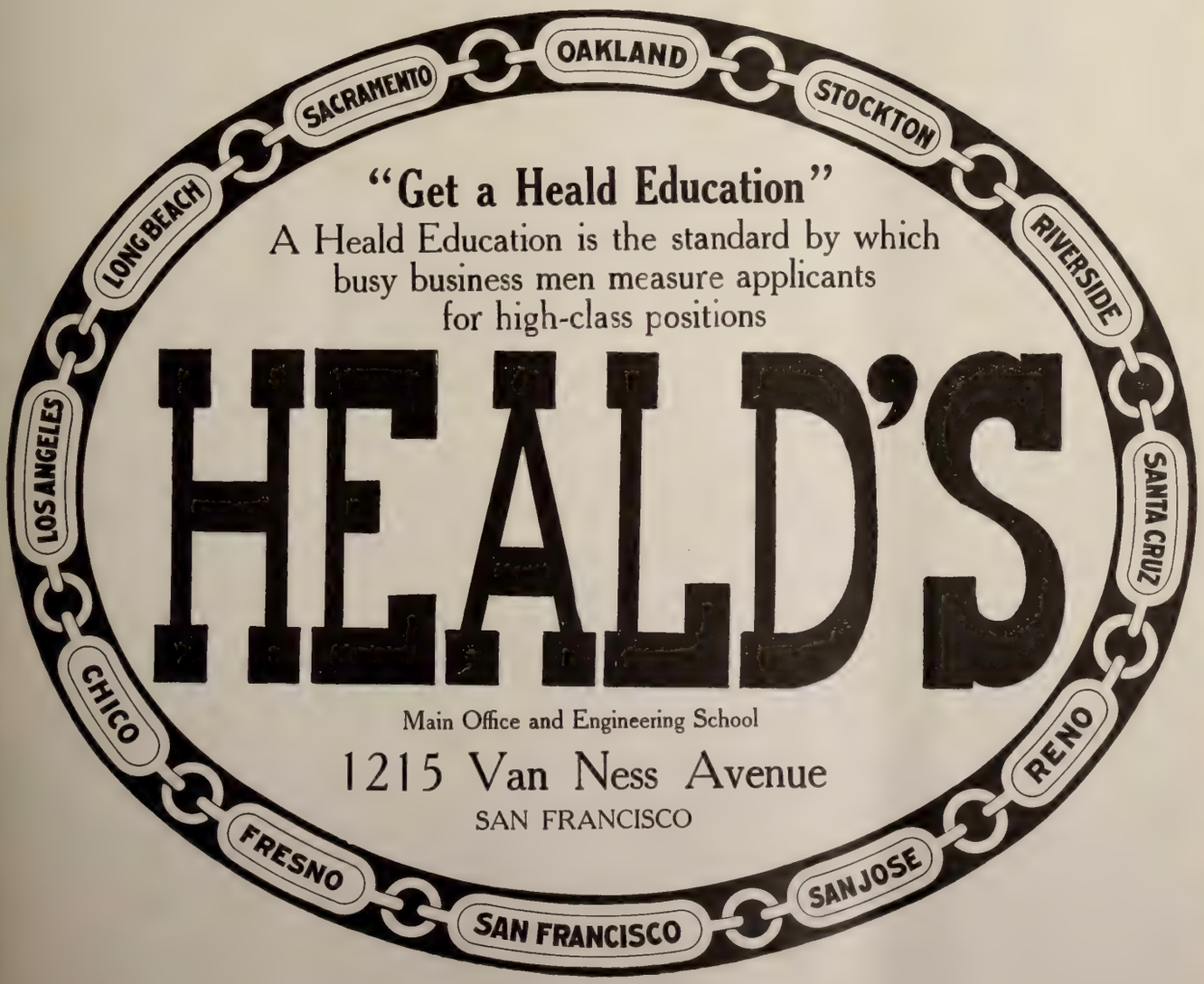

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Gladstone and Aked

As a Christian minister Dr. Charles Aked has a certain wayward and amused affection for an outworn faith that he has never understood. As a sceptic and cosmologist he has a mass of negative testimony and rationalist argument on which he relies to refute the Scriptures. A student of Huxley and Renan, he appears in the Examiner as one of their smallbore disciples, and gives us a rehash of the Biblical criticism that was rampant among the superficial rationalists of England about the time that Froude wrote "A Plea for Free Discussion." In politics Dr. Aked is a Progressive, but in religion he is early-Victorian. In his scepticism there is nothing new except the little that is untrue. By untrue we do not mean matter of controversy on which we dissent from Dr. Aked, but we mean misstatement of fact. For instance Dr. Aked tells us that "No student of science is able to believe" the story of the flood, adding, "Mr. Gladstone once suggested that 'the voice of natural science has not been, and probably is not at present, uniform on this subject,' and sought to leave upon the minds of the readers of his entertaining little book the impression that there may be some degree of authority for the flood story." Thus would Dr. Aked leave the impression on the minds of his readers that Mr. Gladstone practiced a subtle bit of deception. Mr. Gladstone was a very sincere Christian. Intellectually, though less pretentious, he was perhaps not inferior to the gentleman who is now dissecting the Bible for us. Mr. Gladstone read Huxley and Renan, and he was not carried away by their arguments. Indeed he undertook to refute them, and he wrote what Dr. Aked calls "his entertaining little book." The title of the book is "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." Rather a defiant title, isn't it? Mr. Gladstone wrote this book as he said himself "to arrest a prevailing mischief," and from fear "lest any portion of the public should lose or relax unawares their hold upon the book which Christendom regards as an inestimable treasury, and thereby bring upon themselves as well as others an inexpressible calamity." Thus we learn what Gladstone thinks of Aked. Now Gladstone did not, as Dr. Aked tells us, merely suggest that natural science was not "uniform" on the subject of the flood. Mr. Gladstone practiced no deception. Dr. Aked has. This is what Gladstone said: "The idea of a flood has not been summarily dismissed by the luminaries of the scientific world, and the grounds of Huxley's dismissal of the story are not of recent discovery but were fully open to the geologists of the last century." Instead of merely suggesting, Gladstone quoted three distinguished scientists of his day who maintained the doctrine of a deluge. According to Gladstone there has been a double confirmation of the creation story of Genesis: the first by natural and the second by historic science, and he quoted particularly Mr. Howorth who had gathered an immense mass of paleontological evidence that pointed to a widespread calamity involving a flood, and who said, "I do not see how the historian, the archaeologist or the paleontologist can avoid making this conclusion in future a prime factor in their discussions." Mr. Gladstone went to the trouble of consulting one of the leading engineers of England with reference to a proposition in hydraulics set forth by Huxley by way of demonstrating that the waters would have rushed down from the Mesopotamian plain in a "furious torrent." The engineer supplied certain figures that made it clear that Huxley didn't know what he was talking about. So much for Gladstone. Now the truth about Genesis which Dr. Aked has yet to learn is that by its very abstention from what we now call scientific explanations it avoids conflict with the scientific conclusions of modern times.

Great Women

Where are the great women of yesteryear? Is the feminist movement in restraint of genius? With the shackles off does the female of the species grow stale and unprofitable? In all ages there are persons who lament the general decay of men and things, who have praise only for the intellectual giants of bygone ages. Even Homer found that the men of the past were greater than those of his own day. Now we are not of the Homeric temperament. We are not given to looking backward with admiring regret, but looking over the names of the great (?) women recommended for invitation to the Panama-Pacific Exposition we have been struck by the great preponderance of mediocrity. Is it because great women have become scarce? Or is it that mediocrity is what chiefly appeals to most of the women who have expressed their choice? If Marie Corelli, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Jane Addams and Ella Flagg Young really rank as great women in this era then assuredly higher education is not so vitally important for women as we had supposed, and it is time to wish for a reversion to the feminine type that poured sweet music on the air of Mitylene. But perhaps it is not that greatness has grown scarce but rather that the shallowness which is imposed upon us by mediocrity has grown more self-assertive than formerly. In George Eliot's day there were many women who preferred novelists much inferior to Marie Corelli, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning had fewer readers among her own sex than poets who ranked no higher than Ella Wheeler Wilcox. So today while we hear more of the "poetess of passion" than of Mrs. Meynell nevertheless there is a Mrs. Meynell writing beautiful poetry, and though Jane Addams is the type of woman that appeals strongly to the imagination of innumerable club ladies, it is well to remember that much more than she can ever do for the uplift of mankind is being done by the Klumpke sisters, one an astronomer, the other an artist, both born and raised in San Francisco, a city that appears to have forgotten them. The fact is that greatness is peculiar to neither sex, but that of late we have come to look for qualities in women that are to be found chiefly in men, and to regard lightly qualities which have made women truly great. There is an old Hebrew saying that God could not be everywhere, and so He made mothers. Nowadays we do not think much of the great mothers of the world. We revere Abraham Lincoln, and we forget that he said, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." Nobody has ever thought of erecting a monument to the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Nobody has yet suggested that we invite to the Fair the mothers of contemporary great men, yet there are few great men anywhere who will not give testimony of precisely the same kind that was given by Lincoln.

A New Jersey Mother

One does not have to look far for great mothers. Almost every day the newspapers tells us of a mother somewhere in whom we are able to perceive elements of greatness, the kind that give force of character to the world's great men. Here, for example, is Mrs. John Rachenback of Smith River, N. J., an obscure widow with eleven children. On a bitterly cold day a week ago while she was out earning her living at a wash tub an agent of the State of New Jersey visited her home and took a photograph of the room where she had disposed of her children in a manner calculated to conserve the heat. A few days later the photograph was displayed in public by an agent of the State Board of Health as an illustration of bad housing conditions. Naturally when Mrs. John Rachenback heard of the matter her feelings were hurt. But she did not weep or whine. She demanded that the picture be withdrawn. The busybody officials of the State of New Jersey were amazed. So matter-of-course has become the invasion of private rights by a paternal government that it had never occurred to the New Jersey jacks in office that their indecent trespass might occasion protest. And of course the thought of heeding Mrs. Rachenback's demand never entered their minds. But when next the picture was thrown on a screen Mrs. Rachenback was on hand. Rising from her seat she said: "I want you to take that picture off the screen. If you don't I'll bust your machine." The picture was taken off. Mrs Rachenback is the John Brown of her day She has pioneered a movement of resentment against the violation of the most sacred rights of the individual by a government that is every day growing more meddlesome and despotic. The gift of prophecy

is not ours if some of the Rachenback children do not achieve greatness.

The Expediency of Right

Many years ago when as a nation we played an inconspicuous part on the world's broad stage the Fourth of July orator dwelt lovingly on the greatness of our responsibilities. In long flowing periods he spoke of our duty as a nation to avoid entangling alliances and to teach mankind the way of republican righteousness by the beneficent influence of our example. Now that we have quitted our petty inland streams, gone beyond the harbors of our coast and embarked on the wide, wide sea, the troubled waters of diplomacy, the flamboyant orator is urging us to conduct our affairs not in the spirit of republican righteousness but according to the traditional laws of intrigue and deceit that involved the nations of Europe in perpetual war. There is a treaty between this country and Great Britain touching the government of the Panama Canal, but since the making of that treaty we have acquired the canal zone. Consequently, it is argued, we are not bound by the treaty. In other words, our flamboyant orators would have us avail ourselves of a technicality to evade our treaty obligations. Though we acquired the canal zone in a manner inconsistent with the principles of republican righteousness nevertheless we should make the acquisition the basis of a claim equally abhorrent. There have been men who argued that the principles of morality have no control in the intercourse of nations, that governments are neither capable of nor amenable to ethical rule, and are to be guided only by considerations of expediency, but even were this Machiavellian doctrine sound it should be our policy to find that nothing is expedient that is not right. No nation with the variety, the intricacy, the magnitude of our foreign affairs can afford to ignore its treaty obligations. To understand our foreign affairs and administer them correctly, thus to keep the national honor untarnished, is one of the principal functions of the government. Sensible of its importance the makers of the Constitution to keep our foreign policy free from the cheap braggadocio by which the applause of the mob is purchased put the treaty-making power in the hands of the President and Senate only. And now that we are reducing the Senate to the level of the Lower House by the direct vote method we are able to perceive how wise were the founders in their generation. If not now, before long, the Senate will be as sensitive as the Lower House to the clamors of a Hearst and then it will be indeed important for the people to learn that nothing can be more expedient than what is right.

Light From Old Documents

An interesting light has been thrown back on English life and manners in a bygone age by the discovery at the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury of records of the highest ecclesiastical court in England. The documents, some two thousand in number, date back to the time of the great fire, and since that date appear to have had so checkered and wandering a career that it is almost a miracle they should have been preserved. It is remarkable that nobody has heretofore had the curiosity to remove from these documents the accumulated dust of centuries, and naturally one wonders whether many more of like interest are lying neglected in cathedral vaults or the disused rooms of ancient palaces. Who knows but that some day a flood of light may be thrown into that tangled jungle of tradition, apocrypha, theories and conjectures which have accumulated round the memory of William Shakespeare! To the great fire of London more than anything else must be attributed the meagreness of the facts respecting the life and career of the poet. One of the houses that went up in smoke was the house that Ben Jonson lived in, where, if anywhere, were to be found letters from Shakespeare. But if documents are still to be found that will throw light on the Elizabethan era or the period just subsequent to the fire it is by no means unlikely that the world will some day be less ignorant than it is now of the career of the great playwright. In view of the fact that only the other day one of the lost plays of Sophocles was found in an ancient Egyptian tomb, it is certainly not too much to hope that some day may be unearthed a few scraps of handwriting that will put an end to the endless Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

Mitchell Lifts the Lid

The lid has been gradually lifted in New York. Mayor Mitchel appears to be that exceptional individual the reformer with common sense. He knows that New York is not a Puritan town. He knows he was elected to give the people honest and efficient government, not to destroy the temptations that beset the average mortal or to put a time-limit on certain forms of dissipation. So there is no curfew rung at 1 a. m. There is no hour at which joy must be confined. There is no attempt to herd the Sons of Belial and the Daughters of Satan into a moral atmosphere. In short there is much less of rigid regulation under Mitchel than there was under Gaynor, and as a consequence there is less police graft and blackmail. Mayor Mitchel has taken the common sense view of things. He is sensible of the fact that the people are pretty well able to take care of their own morals, and that the more laws we have regulating behaviour the more hateful and the less efficient becomes the government that undertakes their enforcement.

The Aloofness of the President

Social Washington being angry with President Wilson for his aloofness, our contemporary, the Mail of Stockton, observes that "he refuses to be snobbish," preferring to be "democratic socially and politically." We hope this is the simple truth of the matter; but it has seemed to us that the President has been unnecessarily ostentatious in the simplicity of his democracy. Now a President of the United States may contribute to the social gaiety of the Capital without being snobbish. Further, he may hold himself aloof and be precisely what the Mail acclaims Mr. Wilson for not being. Let us consult the greatest of all authorities in snobs and snobbery—our delightful old early-Victorian friend William Makepeace Thackeray. "A snob," says Thackeray, "is one who is always pretending to be something better than others." What sort of superiority is it profitable for an American statesman or politician to affect? In what role may he advantage himself? In the role of plain, simple Democrat— is it not?—the man of few frills and almost plebeian tastes. President Wilson fills this role seemingly with great relish. And President Wilson has distinguished himself also as a precedent-breaker. Is it because he regards custom as the law of fools? For customs there are often substantial reasons that appear to minds of a certain order as absurd. But ignoring custom is an easy way for a man in high place to get himself into a niche in the public mind, to connect undying associations with his name, to haunt innumerable memories and become a standing illustration. There is something suggestive of the snob, however, in the man who is contemptuous of revered custom; and before permitting ourselves to bestow the tribute of our applause on such a man we should be sure that he is not a conscious example with a morbid appetite for appearing different combined with a disposition to coxcombry of conduct.

The Virtue of Inconstancy

"Constancy," says a dryasdust professor, "is not one of the ideals of the feminist movement." Constancy, the gentleman should be reminded, is no longer regarded as the complement of all other human virtues. It has gone the way of the Constitution. Indeed constancy has become a disputed virtue. In many quarters it is regarded as nothing more than an unreasoning blind instinct. Poets used to rhapsodize about the constancy of woman, and women once gladly owned that they were constant, but enlightened women have awakened to a new view of the sex's position, and now they tell us it was a mistaken education, a narrow uncultivated mind that tended to make women more constant than men. This is the day of the demand for the single standard of morality, and it is also the day of the philosophy that teaches not only that wives must not go on loving bad husbands but that they must always choose the best in every sphere of life and thought and discard what has failed to satisfy high intellectual desire. Constancy therefore is the mark of a low order of intelligence. Inconstancy is the virtue of the woman with red blood in her veins who perceives that all vows and ties are subordinate to the right of embracing the representative of the highest ideal that crosses her path. Infatuation and duty have become synonymous terms, and fickleness properly directed is one of the first of the virtues. We are speeding along in a gay world and life has really become more than tolerable.

Varied Types

CLXVIII—FRANK DAROUX

By Edward F. O'Day

He doesn't look a bit like John Oakhurst. He doesn't resemble any picture you've ever seen, any description you've ever read, any stage portrayal you've ever watched, of the professional gambler. He looks like, and is, a politician. He looks, and most assuredly he is, prosperous. But a gambler? If your ideas of gamblers have been formed from fiction, from lurid illustrations or from the work of the playwrights, Frank Daroux will disappoint you. Where is that interesting pallor we are wont to associate with the professional gambler? Where the delicate, tapering fingers? Where the deliberate flashiness or elaborate simplicity of costly attire? All missing in Frank Daroux. True, he likes good diamonds, but he never flaunts them. He never flaunts anything, not even his opinions.

While he doesn't look the part, Frank Daroux is our premier professional gambler. His career as a gambler runs back over thirty years. You can't name a gambling game of any importance that he hasn't run at one time or another. You can't mention any city or sizable town in California where he hasn't been interested in gambling at one time or another. You can't pick out any city or town in Northern California where he hasn't conducted a game personally some time within three decades. The gambling history of California for the past thirty years couldn't be written without featuring Frank Daroux.

As to his standing with those who worship or have worshiped at the shrine of the Goddess of Chance—well, just ask them about Frank. They'll tell you, one and all, that Frank Daroux is and always has been a "square guy." I never knew any gambler to "knock" Frank Daroux. I never heard of any gambler complaining that he didn't get a "square deal" in a game run by Frank Daroux. Frank has made a fortune out of gambling, and he's not ashamed of it.

This praise of Frank Daroux—if it be praise and not a mere statement of fact—will shock many people. The idea of exalting a professional gambler! Scandalous! Intolerable!

But is it scandalous? Is it intolerable? You and I may not fancy the career of a professional gambler. Perhaps we haven't the brains necessary for such a career. Perhaps we have the brains and to spare, but are too moral for such a life. Very well. But do we not gamble in some way or another? Do we not sometimes take the profits of chance? Do we scorn the dividends of a good hazard? Then let us not be too censorious in the case of Frank Daroux. Let us accept his point of view for a moment. Perhaps he may teach us something.

"Life is more or less of a gamble," says Frank Daroux. "The doctrine of chance doesn't apply to cards and dice alone. Everybody gambles. The only question is, Are you on the level? The only rule of conduct is, Don't be a welcher. Pay when you lose. Don't play when you can't afford to. Don't gamble with somebody else's money. And that includes the money that is only partly yours, the money you are bound in duty to share with your wife, your children, your folks whoever they may be."

A pretty good rule, is it not? All gamblers with a sense of honor follow it. Would not life be better if a lot of us who never touch a card, to whom dice are anathema, who don't know a roulette wheel from a faro bank, who can't even pronounce 'baccarat' and never heard of chemin de fer—would not life be better, more livable for ourselves, happier for those dependent upon us, if we followed that simple program?

"You cannot get rid of gambling until you change human nature," continues Frank Daroux; "and I haven't noticed any change in human nature during the years I have had the pleasure of observing it. From what I have read it seems to be pretty much the same now as it was when the Romans used knuckle bones for dice. Gambling is an instinct of human nature. It is a natural appetite, like the appetite for liquor. Gambling will be abolished about the time the world accepts prohibition, and not a day before.

"The authorities ought to regulate gambling just as they regulate saloons. There is a gambling evil of course, but you cannot reach it by

FRANK DAROUX

abolishing or trying to abolish games of chance, any more than you can reach the drink evil by abolishing the saloons. I say this because I believe it, not because I expect to convert anybody to my views. Most people will think I'm crazy for saying it.

"But why don't such people look around them and think of what they observe? It is an utter impossibility to stop gambling. If men can't gamble at roulette they'll gamble in stocks. Take a roulette wheel to a church fair and see how many people flock around it. Do they ever have any trouble selling the 'paddles' at a church bazaar? People love to take a chance. They are crazy to get something for nothing or next to nothing. People who throw up their hands in holy horror at the very thought of a dice game don't hesitate to play the lotteries. Isn't that gambling? Abolish cards and dice, and men and women will invent other ways of gambling. Look at the boys on the streets. If you doubled the police force you couldn't stop them from shooting craps or playing crusoe.

"Don't think that I am arguing for a wide-open town. I don't believe in a wide-open town. A wide-open town is a very bad thing. But I don't believe in clamping the lid down tight. There ought to be in San Francisco places such as there are in every other large city of the United States and Canada, where men who want to and can afford to, may indulge in a game of chance.

"Of course there should be protection for the people who seem unable to take care of themselves. By all means make it as hard as possible, make it impossible if you can for the poor man, the workingman, the man with the tin lunch pail, the clerk with a salary of one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars to gamble. Gambling is demoralizing to him because he cannot afford to lose and when he loses he is tempted to go on gambling with other people's money.

"But why shouldn't the rich man gamble if he pleases? If gambling fascinates him, if he likes the excitement of it, if it is a diversion after his hard work, why shouldn't he play roulette? He doesn't play for gain and he doesn't care if he loses. He can stand his losses. Why should he be prevented from having his game? Why shouldn't there be gambling places in San Francisco he can go to? If he wants to play bridge or poker he can go to his club, for there is this sort of gambling in every club in San Francisco. If he has a desire for roulette or faro bank or craps, why shouldn't he be able to gratify it? High class gambling places, places which those who can't afford to play can't get into, should be tolerated. Let the police keep their eyes on these places, but let them alone as long as they are conducted properly. There wouldn't be any graft. It's the small 'piking' places that are a source of graft to the policeman on the beat.

"Ask the house detective in the Palace, the St. Francis, any big hotel, and you'll find that travelers inquire every day for a place where they may gamble. They gamble in New York, in Washington, in Chicago, in St. Louis, they gamble in Florida; so they don't see why they shouldn't gamble in San Francisco. If you want to consider that end of the thing, think of the amount of money they would leave behind them if there were two or three high-class places where they could play roulette or faro. Men like Schwab would play every time they came here if they got a chance. I guess I'm through with gambling, but if I had a place here I'd guarantee not to allow any San Franciscan to play in it. There are no such places here now, but our millionaires and rich men gamble every time they go to Florida or Ostende or Monte Carlo. Yes, and some of them are against gambling in San Francisco too! Foreigners will be very disappointed if they don't find the opportunity to gamble here next year. I do not think there is any real sentiment here against having two or three high-class places of the sort I have described."

Perhaps you think Frank Daroux is making a special plea. And perhaps he is. But don't for-

(Continued on Page 15.)

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Who's Who Hereabouts

I—JOHN W. PRESTON

The Wilson Administration has had to make ore explanations about matters in California an about matters anywhere else except in exico and the Canal Zone. Most of the ex-anations were about matters in the Department Justice, which is the reason why we have all me to know Mr. John W. Preston, lately of kiah, formerly of Tennessee, now federal pros-utor in this city.

"It is better," says Gavin McNab, "to have ne to school with Attorney-General McRey-lds than to be a lawyer." It was perhaps rely a coincidence that this epigram was uttered out the time of Mr. Preston's appointment, but e fact is that McReynolds and Preston were hoolmates. But that was not the reason why eston was appointed. The reason was all the barrassment that had gone before. For all that d gone wrong McReynolds had been blamed. was the "goat" of the Administration. Every lministration, be it known, has a "goat," and cReynolds was elected unanimously, being, it said, as fully qualified as was Bonaparte of the nnis Cabinet. Now, when complications in n Francisco were to be straightened out by the pointment of a successor to John McNab, the torney-General suggested that in view of all at had taken place he should be allowed to ect a personal friend for the job. This privilege s accorded him, and Preston was nominated, d at the first rattle out of the box came the pointment by the young man from Ukiah of a y lawyer as one of his assistants. More uble. President Wilson had refused to take stand on the suffrage question. But District torney Preston wanted everybody to know ere he stood. Washington however sidestepped finding that there was not sufficient money in right fund to pay the salary of the lady as-tant.

Preston, like McReynolds, comes from Tennes-. That makes him a Southerner. But there's compusion in the matter. He's proud of his e southern blood. He takes it very seriously, he takes everything, including himself. Pres-not only comes from Tennessee, but he also ne from Tennessee. Having laid the founda-n of his fortune by stumping Tennessee with Reynolds in the interest of Palmer and Buck-and against the candidacy of William J. yan, Preston up and came from Tennessee to lifornia. He brought blue blood, a pair of ther lungs and a diploma that proved he was a yer. Like all good Tennesseeans who come to lifornia he settled in Ukiah. That sounds ange, but it's true. This event happened ten rs ago. Having been here a decade it looks though Preston will stay, unless we send him Congress.

n Ukiah Preston made himself heard, especial-at Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday ebrations, for Preston has the knack of oratory, knack that is either a curse or a blessing. In ne men it breeds a hideous lust for the glory adulation, drawing them into the toils of the of self-indulgence, poisoning their souls with ous ideals, debauching their intellectual pro-ses with reckless hyperbole. Some orators good lawyers. Some of our brainiest states-n were great orators, but on the other hand ny a young lawyer has had his career at the ruined by indulging his morbid craving for licity in the bema instead of applying himself to the study of his profession. What the general effect of his gift has been in the case of Preston San Francisco observers have not yet been able to judge, but according to advices from Ukiah in the court room the deafest juror never had any difficulty in hearing him. And he was in court a good deal in Ukiah. Shortly after his arrival there he bought out an abstract bureau and litigated with lumber companies. One case brought him more than mere local notoriety. It was a case that involved some valuable land left by a government pensioner. Preston tried to buy this land for $400 in the Oakland courts, and the circumstances excited the ire of Judge Ogden who said some tart things to the future United States District Attorney from the bench. In the course of the case Judge Melvin sat one day for Judge Ogden, and he too had some tart things to say to Preston. The Oakland and San Francisco papers had a good deal to say too. Finally the land was sold for $4,000, but it didn't go to Preston.

Ukiah sent Preston to the Assembly where he found plenty of exercise for his healthy lungs and left as much impress upon our laws as a single assemblyman usually does. When he went back to Ukiah the ardor of his Democracy must have been somewhat dampened. At any rate he has boasted of the fact that he voted for "Bill" Kent for Congress and for Hiram Johnson for Governor. But that didn't prevent him from landing a fat federal berth any more than his old opposition to Bryan did. "We'uns of Tennessee must stick together" was perhaps McReynolds' thought when he had John appointed to the place vacated by John L. McNab, a Ukiah man who did not come from Tennessee.

San Francisco is indebted to Mendocino for a number of blessings. Mendocino sends us a McNab occasionally; it supplies us with Pomo Indian baskets, redwood, vichy water and Grace Hudson's superb Indian paintings. We may now make a ledger entry of John W. Preston, but on which side of the ledger we should write him no one is prepared to say. Anyway we've got him. There's a gain somewhere.

As our United States District Attorney, John W. Preston has proved himself an impetuous drawer of indictments and a man absolutely unafraid of publicity. The Mann Act is his favorite law. He seems determined to make left-handed gallantry impossible except as a home industry. He is the watchdog of the State line. He can "point" a Mann Act violator five hundred miles away. He is one of the pure who insists that all things and all men must be as pure as he is. It was an unfortunate day for the Rake of Rocklin when Preston came to San Francisco, and a lucky day for Genevieve Hannan-Harris. And it was a lucky day for Preston when Parker Whitney excited Gen's jealousy. It put his picture on the first page of the daily papers.

But Preston is not merely the champion of soiled doves whose macular plumage has been cruelly ruffled. All the majesty of the federal law is his care. One day he personally arrested a petty offender, thereby insinuating that he'd make a better United States Marshal than "Jim" Holohan of Watsonville. When a defendant demanded trial in his home town of Eureka, Preston let out a roar that almost startled Judge Dooling from the bench. Almost but not quite. Judge Dooling recovered his equanimity in time to let McReynolds' appointee understand what's what in procedure. His tender regard for the majesty of the law caused Preston to have a true bill voted against Banker Naylor of Berkeley for a small technical violation of the banking law. It mattered not that the Federal Bank Exaxminer and the Comptroller of the Currency had passed on Naylor's case and had instructed Preston's predecessor not to presecute. Preston told the Grand Jury he wanted a true bill, and he got it. But the next day the Grand Jury recovered its poise, and instead of returning an indictment they rescinded the true bill.

Why was Preston appointed? Friendship, 'tis said. A much more interesting, a much more important question is, Why in the name of all that's rational did Wilson appoint the man who appointed Preston? The answer is in the tradition of the goat. McReynolds is the goat and Preston is his pal.

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Perspective Impressions

Wonder if Oscar Underwood believes all he reads in the Hearst papers?

"After me no Deluge," says the Examiner's heresy expert.

Dr. Aked is the man who tried to put the "no" in Noah.

"Dr. Aked administered a sharp rebuke to E. P. E. Troy."—News item. The Siamese Twins in conflict.

The Rev. E. B. Hart preached a sermon last Sunday in laudation of the daily newspaper. The daily newspaper is more reliable than the Bible, and it pays better—at space rates.

Says Representative Kent: "The President is a master of sound economics." Apparently in these Progressive days the proof of the pudding is on the label.

Norman Hapgood devoted several pages of the last Harper's to articles on the President by Cabinet Secretaries. Mirabile dictu!—they are agreed that Mr. Wilson is one of the greatest ever.

"Marriage," says a Connecticutt man, "cures appendicitis." The ceremony of marriage, or what?

There is a recrudescence of graft in St. Louis, and new graft trials are on in New York. And think of all the men elected to jobs for having made graft and politics inseparable forever!

"There is a screw loose in our industrial system," says the Bulletin, thus explaining the army of the unemployed. Let's tighten it up with the initiative and the referendum.

Judge Grosscup of Chicago says he would solve the trust problem by limiting the surplus net earnings of corporations. Somebody should tell Judge Grosscup the story of the boy who said, "There ain't goin' to be any core."

If a man's sanity is a relative question why not stack Millionaire Coburn up against Public Administrator Hynes? Perhaps Coburn has as much reason for thinking himself competent to manage his property as Hynes ever had for going into vaudeville on the theory that he was a comedian.

Harper's thus: "One of the leading bankers of the country, who opposed the election of Mr. Wilson, said in conversation the other day: 'In less than a year he has done a more important work than has been done by anybody since the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act.'" Time, place and circumstance, please—and incidentally the name of the banker.

If the ladies wish to bare their calves to the breezes we shall not be the first to protest; but isn't it singular that while Fashion is gradually stripping them both ways to the waist the Feminist Movement should be raising the age of consent and demanding the strict enforcement of the Mann law?

Doubtless most of the army of the unemployed were in need of a hose bath, and maybe it will do them more good than the speeches Mayor Rolph delivered to them, but the clubs we should prefer to see applied to the backs of the newspaper preachers of discontent who give weak-minded men the impression that society owes them a living and that they have but to organize armies to collect the debt.

The Sprats: A Specimen of Interpretation

By Dr. Naked, N. G., P. D. Q.

People of low intelligence, unfortunates who have never met me, who have never attended my lecturettes, and who are therefore innocent of contact with culture and the higher criticism, are ridiculous enough to take the story of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sprat literally. To these ignoramuses it is an article of belief that Mr. Sprat could eat no fat and that Mrs. Sprat could eat no lean; also that in the interest of domestic harmony they finally "got together" (to use a charming Americanism I never heard in Liverpool) and so compromised their differences that the platter was licked clean, fat, lean and all. Need I say that intellectual people have not accepted this story since the fifteenth century? Or that the discarding of it marked the emergence of the Christian world from barbarism? Or from medievalism? The two words mean exactly the same.

* * * * * * * * *

I remember lecturing on this very subject to an extremely fashionable and wealthy audience in Fifth avenue. My very dear friend John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, was present and at the conclusion of my address gave me his hand and told me that he had always believed exactly as I did in this matter. He added that it was a beautiful story just the same; and I agreed with him quite readily.

* * * * * * * * *

It is a beautiful story. The lines of the simple nursery rhyme carry us into the midst of the Sprat household. We break bread with them. We note the clash of two temperaments, or shall I say appetites? Jack, sturdy provider that he was, needed the sort of food that "sticks to the ribs" (to use another splendid Americanism). Fat of course is not that sort of food. Lean meat is. Mrs. Sprat was of another temperament. Hers was an untroubled life. The children were all growing up, and she divided her time between the meetings of the Red Light Abatement Society and church attendance. She liked fat, and it nourished her more delicate body. Her liking for fat troubled her husband; his liking for lean was a real sorrow in her life. But the pastor of their church brought joy out of sorrow. They bore and forebore, gave and took. The platter was licked clean. A beautiful story, but not to be taken as fact. To think that all this happened is stupid. I know that the Sprats never lived, for I remember reading that they never lived in a book I borrowed from the Liverpool public library. The charming attempts of men who are not authorities to prove that the Sprats existed are not to be taken seriously. To interpret the story that way is to miss its real meaning.

* * * * * * * * *

There never were any Sprats. They never licked the platter clean. The story is a beautiful allegory, like the story of the Creation and the story of the Deluge and the story of Noah and the Whale. It is now accepted by our best people that to believe in the Sprats is vulgar. Let me instruct you what the story of the Sprats means.

* * * * * * * * *

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat." This is homely language embodying a high truth. It means that the ordinary man cannot appreciate the richness of uplift principles. He has no stomach for reform. "His wife could eat no lean." That is to say, the good woman is a natural-born reformer. She cannot be satisfied with things as they are; she finds them tasteless, unsatisfying. She must uplift humanity. She goes in for red-light abatement, for prohibition, for the suppression of white slavery, for sex hygiene. Mrs. Sprat is the sort of woman who goes to my church and to whom I speak from the editorial page of the Examiner. She is superior to her husband; so superior that she is really too good for him. But being a woman she has woman's charming weakness. She compromises with her husband. If he will go in for uplift she will darn his stockings, mend his clothes. "They licked the platter clean." They made a bargain of it. The cause of humanity was advanced.

* * * * * * * * *

Such is the meaning science finds in the story of the Sprats. To take it in any other sense is ridiculous. Worse than that, it is vulgar. When the Society for the Investigation of Nursery Rhymes met in London several years ago, it adopted this view by a rising vote. There was no argument. There could be none. And people who found it hard to believe in the Sprats were made much easier in their minds when they found what the whole thing really meant. The only people who believe in the Sprats nowadays are Chief of Police Petersen of Oakland, District Attorney Fickert, certain members of the Church Federation and Doctor Rosenstirn who also believes in the Municipal Clinic. Need I say more?

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The People's Forum

The Salting of a Minister

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I've heard of mines being salted on mighty smart men. Old Alonza Hayward had one salted on him years ago. But never heard of a minister being salted until I an across Dr. Aked in the newspapers. I wonder who salted him with grains of Christianity to palm him off on the shrewd and highly respectable members of the First Congregational church?

Yours truly,
Robert L. Peyton.

San Jose, March 9, 1914.

Reassuring the Provincials

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Bruce Porter, an Francisco's superesthete, writes in the Examiner of Sunday on the exhibition of easel paintings by the mural decorators of the Exposition. He threatens to say something but fails to deliver the goods. The tone of the article is one of reassurance and comfort. He elects himself the protector of the moth, the moth about to scorch itself. We are the moth; the lurid technique of the Eastern painters the fire. He beseeches us not to give way. He prescribes a cautious silence. Above all he entreats us not to expose our provincialism in painting matters. After all there may be some of us to whom the majority of the canvases are not so foreign or startling as he seems to think we find them. Some to me were very beautiful and some were very tiresome. Is it necessary for Mr. Porter to guide us to the beautiful and to lead us from the bad? No. The moth will not be scorched!

Sincerely,
—Art Lover.

The Protest of a Believer

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Your courage in criticizing Dr. Aked has emboldened me to write my little word, though the subject is fast becoming threadbare. No one, I am sure, will question the motives of Dr. Aked. No doubt he is sincere and truly thinks that he is filling a long-felt want in San Francisco. But in trying to pull into shreds the fabric of the most beautiful and wonderful faith that ever grew in the hearts of men, Dr. Aked is doing a wicked and a most silly thing. To many of us—to most of us, I will say—our faith in the miraculous birth of Jesus is a sacred and a holy thing; the contemplation of His Virgin Mother an added inspiration toward love and purity; and the worship of a God who made possible such a miracle of nature, takes on an added reverence—and it hurts us to have our holiest ideals picked into pieces in a newspaper column.

I confess we have not turned the searchlight of "modern thought" on our faith, but neither has Dr. Aked placed under the X-ray of his reason the perfume of the violet, the bloom of the rose or the construction of a blade of grass. He cannot "explain away" the marvels of a single drop of water.

I never read one of the Aked articles but that I cry with Emerson: "So hot, my little sir!" Down through the ages comes the question: "Who say ye that I am?" The reply will arise, not from our reason or glibly from our lips, but with a humble and a contrite heart, we cry "Oh, Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief."

—A Believer.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

English "Guinea Pigs"

The sale of honors has been a topic of discussion in the House of Lords. The giving of English titles, from baron to knight, is in the hands of the Government. Some few of these titles are actually honors, but the most of them are sold to men who put up money for the party funds. The present Government's record in the sale of these honors is said to be unparalleled. The price is very high, and the bidding for them is spirited. They have value in three markets: they bring big returns in the social and matrimonial markets, and are worth a lot in the promoting field. Titles have a high value in the prospectus of a new company, for they impress investors, especially widows and the clergy. "Guinea pigs" is the customary name for the titled men who sell their names for a fee of a guinea or two for board meetings and occasionally a few shares of stock.

Vodka and Revenue

In Russia the Government has a monopoly of liquor. The present revenue from the sale of vodka is $500,000,000 a year; so drunkenness helps to pay a large part of the expense of running the empire. It is a situation of which the Czar is ashamed and he has expressed a desire for reform. Other taxes will be substituted, and determined efforts will be made to decrease the notorious intemperance of the Russian peasants. It is undermining the national health, and has gone so far that in some districts even school girls are addicted to vodka. Vodka lessened the efficiency of the Russian soldiers in the war with Japan, so much so that the assembling of troops is sometimes called the "drunken mobilization."

The Cause of Appendicitis

Appendicitis is not due to the introduction of foreign bodies into the appendix, says a well known German specialist. Although this specialist has operated for appendicitis a great number of times he has found foreign bodies only twice. One was a pellet of gunshot and the other was a fishbone. He laughs at the various reason surgeons give for the disease—iced drinks in America, beer in Germany, nuts, pineapples, sausages, cheese, mushrooms, lobsters, fruit stones and so on. The true cause, he says, must be found in the individual conformation of the vermiform appendix. This sounds scientific but is not very enlightening.

The Depleted College

Forty-five cardinals have died during the pontificate of Pope Pius X. There are only fifty-five cardinals at present, twenty-eight of them Italians and twenty-seven of other nationalities. This is an unprecedented proportion of cardinals not Italian, and might lead to the election of a Pope not an Italian if a conclave were held before the number could be increased. Undoubtedly Pope Pius will increase the number soon, for it is usually kept around seventy, but the Pope acts slowly in such matters.

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"Seasonal To Date"

By George Sterling

"Perhaps the seasons cause the storms, perhaps they don't, do they
But O the downpour comes on time, pray where do you?
Get ready all your boxes, your sewers and your drains.
And leave to me the balance," said the Padre of the Rains.

"Men have a funny thing called 'Delivering the Goods.'
And the prophets who don't point it must bustle then to the woods.
Perhaps it's intuition, and perhaps it's only luck.
Like the Shah, 'Joy gobbler?' said the Padre of the Rains.

"The powers may not run by law, our weeks exceed by one,
But when you pick the winner, what do also pays dividend
Our losings are our losses and our winnings are our gains.
And I guess that's mathematics," said the Padre of the Rains.

"Perhaps in Pegleg now the hens must go on strike
Perhaps in Rocky Wasteville the ducks are winning in gales.
Perhaps in other places the drummers wait their trains.
Well, next year the drouth will square it," said the Padre of the Rains.

"I may have funny theories, but there are others worse
Inventors have not got my gang, but Ella Wheeler's verse.
And since folks in glass houses should be careful of the stones
Quit your 'kidding' Brother Lucius!" said the Padre of the Rains.

— February 1, 1914

Melenda

By May Kendall

Melenda was dying. As she lay back with her dark hair against the pillow, though she was thirty, she looked a mere girl. Sometimes she was deadly pale; sometimes there was an exquisite flush of fever on her face, the consciousness of health had left it, but of half passion, pure, tender, [illegible] That [illegible] with the crimson quilt, was the one bright spot in the sunshine room. Of this living room and kitchen combined, for it was all three-roomed cottage in a mean yard, dense smoke rose, was heavy and sad, and it belonged to Mrs. Nealy, Melenda's married sister, who, summoned to her a month before, had found her on the last stages of consumption, and had brought her home to die.

Mrs. Nealy's husband was a casual laborer, sometimes, when he did work, twenty shillings a week, and there were six children, one of whom was baptism, and brought in another two shillings. Under the circumstances it seemed just obvious to mind to Melenda, who had not a shilling to call her own, and who relented wrongly for the first of the workhouse hideously. As for the parish, one of inquiries, as it should, could be scarcely convincing some people. Mrs. Nealy discussed it accordingly.

"They all come to me," she said, "when they're in trouble—his folks and mine. Two years come Thursday I nursed his Frankie through measles, and my dad, all he had made of his, leaving company to land that doesn't cost 'ff. 'ff' Melenda, rather. Frankie, don't fear, not fear, not at the Grove. She'd have me Thursday there, you mustn't [illegible] I will see she'll be coming right, you may, she doesn't feel about, do for form what pleasure she can. I wish for the doctor, and her might, she might get over patients. Do the poor [illegible] a mouth?"

Mr. Nealy commented. He was a sickly, silent man, underpaid, and generally sort, obviously [illegible], and he had acquiesced off his life.

His wife, Amy Nealy, formerly Parsons, was the one member of the Parsons family who could be called comparatively comfortable. The Parsons were the women of [illegible] the Salvation Army. Had they been more imaginative they might have gone to her, as it was they stopped themselves in all the obvious ways with engaging promptness. One or another of them was always under parish supervision. Two of Melenda's brothers had been sent to reformatories, another had died of injuries received in a drunken brawl, and the eldest sister, after passing through every stage of haggard and imaginative, was serving [illegible] in the workhouse infirmary. Her father was in the workhouse before his time, as for her mother, she was taken Mrs. Nealy's mother.

"Melenda does have her mother! Did you know, and small things to bear, but she's been a bad mother to her all. I don't set up to be punctilious, but my mother's dead. Things would mean she wouldn't [illegible] for, and it never troubles her. Looks what [illegible] Forward, goes to Matthew Messenger—if there girls knew to marry about her as for your sal. Darling was so yesterday, bring his way day from the workhouse, and he promised to Melenda—I'd told him she was dying—it would, for such, it 'ud been to mother bring down proved of 'ar?"

Mrs. Nealy's mind, in its course, with [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] taken, and [illegible] Dead, dead, knew [illegible] but it's hard that I do Melenda, now, we hell, but was always [illegible] though I never felt [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] she [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]?"

It is true, perhaps, that Melenda had [illegible] all the [illegible] of [illegible] had been [illegible] by [illegible] of [illegible]. She was a girl who had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Nealys [illegible] her, [illegible] the younger children, aged three, five, and seven, taking [illegible] and [illegible] Melenda, [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Poems About San Francisco

CXXXVI—FROM THE FERRY

By Mary Van Orden

(Professor Leonard Bacon of the University of California has collected the best verse written by the students during the present term into a volume called "The Adventures of Tomorrow." The following is a good example of the work contained in this book.)

Seagulls about me, and before me lessening
A city set on hills, its shining streets
New washed with rain, and golden at its back
The sweet and gracious sun that nears his rest.

Seagulls about me, and below the sea
Stretching away like a great tourmaline
To banks of misty pearl on either hand
That hide the ocean's gateway and the shore.

Seagulls about me, and the sky above
Serene and changeless; all the wrack of storm
Passed into silent blue tranquility.
Seagulls about me, and my heart at peace.

The Spectator

Two Zealous Jurors

There appears to be a suspicion that the jury in the Western Fuel cases was tampered with. Affidavits have been filed in behalf of the defendants for the purpose of showing that they did not get a square deal. The affidavits were made by certain jurors who tell of conversations calculated to prejudice them against the defendants. It appears that two or three of the jurors were very busy during the trial helping along the case for the prosecution. One of the busy jurors was Fred Becker. Ten days before the close of the trial Becker handed William Bean, a juror, a series of newspaper articles in which it was alleged that the Western Fuel Company had been guilty of the practices that led to the indictment of officials of the American Sugar Refining Company. Becker said to Bean: "The sugar people were crooked and the Western Fuel people have been operating along the same lines." Another juror, J. H. Bramberger, has made an affidavit to the effect that Becker gave him a newspaper clipping about the sugar cases, saying it was similar to the coal cases. Bramberger saw Bean hand the same clipping to other jurors. According to Joseph Stackler, a juror, the man who became foreman of the jury, Thomas F. Maher, was busy arguing the case for the prosecution long before the close of the trial. Addressing several of the jurors one day in the hallway outside the door of the court room Maher said that the sugar company and the coal company were big corporattions and that all big corporations did business along the same lines. He also declared that the only difference between the coal case and the sugar case was that one company handled coal and the other handled sugar.

What Was the Inspiration?

Now the question is, Why were Becker and Maher so hostile to the defendants in the case long before they heard all the testimony for the defense? And why did they think it necessary to reinforce the specially employed attorneys for the prosecution? The argument they used was a very shrewd one in view of the character of the jury which was composed of small, unsophisticated tradesmen and artisans, men easily to be impressed by appeals to prejudice against corporations. But it was a very unfair argument, as the sugar cases and the coal cases were vastly dissimilar in many details, and while there was positive evidence of deliberate fraud in the sugar cases the prosecution in the coal cases depended on testimony of a very questionable character.

Judge Dooling's Record

The Western Fuel defendants are now applying for a new trial, and I hear they have more than the affidavits that have been filed to justify the suspicion that they were given anything but a square deal. With the conduct of the trial by Judge Dooling they are wholly satisfied. The eyes of the bar, by the way, were on Judge Dooling during the trial of this case, it being the first important one that he was called on to preside over, and long before its close the verdict was that he displayed all the elements of the ideal impartial jurist. Nevertheless the verdict is challenged, and as a result there may be some interesting disclosures. Whatever they be I shall not be astonished, for I know to what strange uses the Federal Department of Justice has been put in recent years. We frequently hear it said that the jury system is broken down. If so it is not wholly because of the efforts of men to keep out of jail. The worst blows the jury system has received were blows delivered by sworn officers of the law.

Enter "The Missionites"

"Mission Jim" will have perused by this time the articles of incorporation of "The Missionites." What emotions that perusal evoked may be imagined by those who know our Mayor, for he is sensitive to attack, he deprecates opposition and the alienation of a friend he regards as a great political calamity. "The Missionites," as their name implies, hail from that section of our glorious metropolis to which we are indebted for "Mission Jim." They are therefore in a special sense his constituents; they are moreover, in many instances, his erstwhile friends, with the emphasis, if you please, on "erstwhile." I have read the articles of incorporation of "The Missionites." I find no mention therein of Mayor Rolph, but I have a suspicion that "The Missionites" are unfriendly, not only to the Mayor but to all members of the municipal administration who regard him as their bellwether. Among the purposes for which "The Missionites" have incorporated I find mentioned the pursuit of politics "as distinguished from the betterment of hypocritical politicians." Also, "to promote particularly the welfare of the Mission District, the oldest section of San Francisco, in all proper ways, and vigorously to combat any existing view that said district has become the habitat of 'claimers' and 'trimmers.'" If these statements do not cloak a serious purpose to make war upon our Mayor I am a very awkward guesser. Whisper it not in Valencia street, but there are a lot of people in the Mission once friendly to the Mayor who do not hesitate to accuse him and his cabinet officers of political hypocrisy and trimming. I do not know whether "The Missionites" are going to make war on Dr. Aked too, but one might gather from another paragraph of their articles that the Aked brand of uplift is not to their liking. It is their purpose, they say, "to offset by all proper means the efforts of insincere reformers to direct the morals of San Francisco, firmly believing that reform with them is a pretexted consideration, used only for mercenary purposes and to help hide a personal

Charles Partridge Adams
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existence less righteous than the people and conditions they speak of." I submit that that is rather neatly put.

They Were Rolph's Friends

But it is with "The Missionites" as they display or seem to display an organized antagonism to Mayor Rolph that I am primarily concerned. If I am right in supposing that they have carried the war against him into Africa or the Mission —both places boast of their climate—then they represent the first concerted attempt to overthrow his power and to discredit his administration. Is there not a certain boldness about their starting the fight at home? In this connection the names of the directors of the new political organization are of exceeding interest. Here are the names I find affixed to the articles of incorporation: Dr. Charles E. Jones, William A. Kelly, William H. McCarthy, Fred C. Struven and Thomas J. Emery. All of these men used to be friends and champions of our Mayor. Dr. Jones used to be president of Rolph's home political club in the old thirty-fifth district, one of the most effective political organizations in the city. It was large but compact and included in its roster the names of a great many influential men. Mayor Rolph and Dr. Jones are neighbors. When they were friends Dr. Jones was of great assistance to the Mayor. He is perhaps the strongest man politically in the Mission, genial, likable and extremely kind to poor people who need medical attention. He presided at the first meeting of the Rolph campaign held in the Globe Theatre in the Mission. After election Mayor Rolph became cold toward Dr. Jones; ignored him in all his suggestions as to patronage and refused to recognize any indebtedness. Will Kelly, the lawyer, was president of the Rolph Club in the thirty-sixth district and was on the stump for "Mission Jim" throughout the campaign. Supervisor Will McCarthy was very active in the Mayor's fight. When he was making his own campaign he went out of his way to speak for Rolph at every meeting. When P. H. McCarthy charged Rolph with having looted the Mission relief stores of a load of flour, Will McCarthy at a big meeting refuted the charge and silenced P. H. on the subject. Fred Struven is a tenant of Rolph's bank building and is a fellow member of Hesperian Parlor of the Native Sons. I do not know how Hesperian Parlor feels about Rolph, but it is undeniable that the local Native Sons as a body have any but a tender sentiment for him. I understand that there are already one hundred men in "The Missionites" and that the number shows signs of rapid increase. There is in the Mission a very strong animosity against Rolph, and it will be solidified by "The Missionites." I have heard it stated that eighty per cent of the men who were actively for Rolph during his campaign are now actively against him. So it looks as though "The Missionites" will grow.

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Introducing Max P. Fries

One day last week Max P. Fries, an insignificant looking man, went to the office of "Doc" Mundell, the head of the Mundell Detective Agency. He had previously hired five of Mundell's men to accompany him to a stockholders' meeting at which he feared to encounter personal violence, and he hadn't paid his bill. Mundell demanded the money due him and Fries proffered part of it in cash and a little more in doubtful collateral. Whereupon Mundell in disgust threw him out of the office. Fries had Mundell arrested for robbery, but the charge was dismissed in the police court next day. This seems like a very insignificant incident, but there is a most interesting story behind it, a story which shows Fries to be a greater J. Rufus Wallingford than the hero of George Randolph Chester's interminable stories. To tell this story properly we must go back a little.

The Army of Promoters

In 1910 there were probably more promoters operating in San Francisco than in any other year of our history. Among those who know, that year is regarded as our great flotation year. The Wallingfords made San Francisco their stamping ground that year. They infested us, overran us like a plague of locusts and devoured a great deal of our substance. There was a reason. The famous Armstrong Investigation in New York during 1907 and 1908 was responsible. That investigation did many things. It started Charles E. Hughes on the public career which made him Governor of New York, a candidate for the Presidency and finally a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. While it made Hughes, it ruined many a fine reputation. It hit the great life insurance companies very hard. It uncovered methods of promoting not known before outside of Wall Street. It showed the promoters what amazingly rich rewards there were in the organization of life and fire insurance companies as well as in mortgage and guarantee corporations. The Armstrong exposures made New York a bad field for this gentry, so they swarmed westward, looking for virgin territory. So rapidly did they work that between 1908 and 1912 when the enactment of Blue Sky laws began in various States, there were organized in the United States one hundred and forty-two fire and life insurance companies, to say nothing of innumerable farm land corporations, cement and various other industrial corporations. The promoters reached San Francisco in 1910 and got exceedingly busy here.

What They Did

In 1910 there were organized in California the Great Republic Life Insurance Company of Los Angeles, the Vulcan Fire Insurance Company of Oakland, the California State Life Insurance Company of Sacramento, the San Francisco Life Insurance Company, the Golden State Life Insurance Company, the Western Mortgage and Guarantee Company and a number of industrial corporations. The companies I have mentioned are all fine, going concerns; but they were organized as I have said, and in most instances the promoters took their toll of them and passed on to other endeavors. The method of organization was stereotyped. The promoter opened expensive and elaborately furnished offices; he got in touch with prominent men of the sort who are willing to have their names used as officers of a corporation provided there seems chance for success; he issued a marvelous prospectus. This prospectus would contain nothing but the truth. It would recite in glowing terms the history of the great insurance companies, like the Equitable, the New York Life and the Prudential. It would show how a share of stock in one of these companies bought in 1860, let us say, had increased in value till it was worth many thousands and had paid thousands per cent in dividends. Then the prospectus would outline the plans for organizing a similar company and invite investors to get in on the ground floor. Then the promoter would send out his agents to sell stock in the highways and byways, disposing of it for twice its par value and keeping twenty-five per cent of the gross proceeds for his commission. Then the promoter would move on, leaving the prominent citizens in control of the new company, to set it on its feet as best they could. This system of promotion led to the enactment of Blue Sky laws in California as it had in other States.

Now for Mr. Fries

The promoters liked California. They found its citizens easy and its climate salubrious. So a lot of them stayed here. One of these was Max

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Fries. He had had a hand in organizing several of the sort of companies which I have described, and he knew the game thoroughly. He now organized the National Borax Company with a capital stock of one million dollars. The highly embossed stationery recited that this company had a borax mine in Ventura county and a refinery in Jersey City. The prospectus prepared by Fries was a wonderful bit of literature. It showed a picture of the celebrated twenty-mule borax team of "Borax" Smith labeled "the old way" and a photograph of six six-ton motor trucks heaped high with borax labeled "the new way" of the National Borax Company. These trucks, by the way, were worth six thousand dollars apiece. Fries paid five hundred dollars of the $36,000 purchase price, but only kept them long enough to have the photographs made. Then the local concern from which he bought them replevined them.

A Great Scheme

Having sold the stock of several new insurance companies Fries was familiar with the names of people with money to invest up and down the Pacific Coast. He now started out with a corps of salesmen to place the stock of the National Borax Company. The method showed the simplicity of genius. Fries went to a man who, he knew, held stock in this or that new insurance company. He told the man that he was sorry he had induced him to invest in the insurance company, as the value of the stock had greatly depreciated. He explained that his conscience hurt him and that he wanted to square himself. He obtained a ready hearing. The purchaser of the insurance stock had been promised fabulous immediate dividends, and of course had not received them, as no worth-while enterprise pays dividends for several years after its organization. So his attack on the stock was received with sympathy. Then he offered to trade the borax stock share for share for the insurance or other stock. If the offer was rejected he offered two or even three shares of the borax stock for one share of the good stock. As his borax stock was not worth a penny in the dollar, it will be seen that he could make any sort of exchange and profit handsomely. He was giving worthless paper for paper worth money. Fries and his agents worked up and down the coast from Spokane to the Imperial Valley, and were very successful. One woman in Fresno parted with six thousand dollars worth of good paper for twelve thousand of worthless borax stock, and to prevent any unpleasant aftermath Fries gave her husband $250 as a commission for introducing his wife. That is one instance that shows how he operated.

Has No Mine

It developed recently that the National Borax Company did not own a borax mine. It had an option to buy a mine which may or may not contain borax, but the option was lost through default, so the company was left high and dry. It is reliably reported that over $200,000 passed into the hands of Fries within the last year, and as he exchanged only his own stock the National Borax Company did not profit one dollar. The money was not even used to keep alive the option on the mine. Finally some of the stockholders discovered what Fries had done to them. One of them, a man named Reno who had exchanged real estate for borax stock, discovered that the real estate had been placed in the name of Fries' wife. A meeting of the stockholders was demanded, and as they were getting obstreperous Fries had to call it. But he insisted on calling the roll of stockholders at this meeting and as there were some sixteen hundred, this took three hours. When the roll was completed a great many of the stockholders had left the meeting, and Fries adjourned it for lack of a quorum. There will be another meeting, and it should be an interesting one. It was because he feared violence at the meeting that Fries hired the operatives from Mundell. Let me add that several World's Fair promotion schemes, cement companies and country land and homebuilders' companies are being operated in the identical way that Fries operated the National Borax Company.

If We Go Dry

The first authoritative statement of the evil that would result from the adoption of the Constitutional amendment by which it is proposed to make California a dry State appears in the current Monthly Financial Letter of the Anglo & London Paris National Bank. Attention is called to these facts: that there are about seven hundred wineries in the State representing investments of millions, seventy-five breweries representing investments aggregating $100,000,000 and 16,000 acres of land devoted to the raising of wine grapes. All the capital thus invested the

CHARLES S. WHITMAN

New York's district attorney, in "Smashing the Vice Trust" at the Savoy Theatre.

Prohibitionists of the Middle West who are interested in the morals of California would utterly destroy. They would put out of work the four thousand men employed by the breweries and the forty thousand employed by the wineries, not to mention the thousands employed in other industries that would suffer from loss of the patronage of the brewers and wine men. The stocks and bonds of the breweries and wineries, says the Financial Letter, are widely distributed and presumably more or less pledged as security for loans. These of course would become worthless, and vineyard mortgages would be greatly impaired. What the State would lose in revenue could not be approximately estimated, but it is said that the annual loss to this city alone would be $1,000,000. This the taxpayers would have to make up as well as contribute to the enormous sum required for State purposes. On the whole the thing proposed is a calamity such as no State has experienced since the Civil War. Yet the outcome is by no means certain. And if the Prohibitionists are defeated they will try again unless some genius can invent a scheme for backfiring them. Great are the initiative and referendum and Governor Johnson is their prophet.

Stage Hands on Lauder

"Harry Lauder is a very generous man," said one of the Cort stage hands with a wink. "He

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buys three apples a day, eats one, gives the other to himself and saves the third for tomorrow."

"Did you know that Harry was responsible for the building of the New York subway?" asked another stage hand.

"I did not," said the first.

"Sure thing," said the second. "He dropped a half dollar down the old cable slot and dug till he got it. There wasn't much more digging to do after that, so they went ahead and built the subway."

The stage hand didn't think much of Harry's street parade.

"Why," he said, "the self-respecting minstrel troupes gave that up years ago. But what's good enough for the steam caliope and the elephants is good enough for Harry."

The two speakers agreed that Harry was a keen businessman.

"Those Kilties with the bagpipes and drums didn't cost Harry much," said one of them. "After the performance they played at one of the cafes. I guess Harry told them that if they came along with him they'd have to pay their way."

A Joke on Schwabacher

Louis Schwabacher gave a dinner at the Concordia Club a few days ago to Managing Editor Charlie Stanton of the Examiner, Managing Editor Edmond Coblentz of the Call and James Woods of the St. Francis. The big Jewish club has one of the best chefs in town, so it was a splendid dinner. The quartet were just about to discuss the fowl when a messenger boy entered the dining room and brought four picnic cartons to Schwabacher. Schwabacher, considerably mystified, opened them and found that they contained ham sandwiches! As Stanton had been seen that afternoon in earnest conversation with Victor Hirtzler, the chef of the St. Francis, it is more than suspected that he perpetrated the joke at the expense of Schwabacher's orthodoxy.

A Memorial Service

In loving memory of William Gilman Badger a service will be held this Sunday evening at 7:45 o'clock in St. James' Church, Clement street and Sixth avenue, the Res. S. J. Lee, rector of the church, officiating. This is a service held annually by friends and former members of St. Alban's Church and Sunday School, of which Mr. Badger was the organizer and beloved Superintendent, and in whose memory, long ago, they placed a memorial window in St. James' Church. This window will shortly be moved to the new edifice soon to be occupied by St. James' congregation. In the seventies, Mr. Badger was instrumental in building the first St. James' Church in San Francisco, on the site now occupied by the Olympic Club. This church afterwards became the property of the congregation of St. John's Presbyterian Church, and historically endeared to them by memories of their pastor, the Rev. Dr. Scott, was moved first to the corner of California and Octavia streets and finally to its present location on First avenue. Mr. Badger, in his life work, was not only prominently connected with the civic advancement of San Francisco from its pioneer days, but was an earnest worker in all betterment movements. He was one of the organizers and the first president of the Young Men's Christian Associtaion and one of the founders of the Mercantile Library. During the Civil War, he was a co-worker with Thomas Starr King in the Sanitary Commission, and his life-long patriotism was best evidenced by his formation of the Bunker Hill Association, of which he was president for more than forty years. His was a quiet, unostentatious life, but a fruitful one. The work nearest his heart was the uplifting of youth. His Sunday School sometimes numbered more than a thousand members, and his interest in its pupils was not a merely general one, just for Sunday, but a personal one. For the boy who came into his office during the week, he always had a cheery greeting, a pleasant smile. If he wanted work, it was obtained for him and, often the nice new suit with which to make a start in the business world. A recommendation from Mr. Badger was a passport anywhere, for the boys under his kindly influence proved so trustworthy and efficient that merchants were glad to employ them, and many of them today are among our most successful and influential business men, and hold his memory dear.

CHARLES COMPTON
Appearing at the Alcazar Theatre.

New Decorations at Tavern

There has always been a charm about Techau Tavern which has had a strong appeal to all who enjoy a luxurious yet harmonious environment. The subdued tone of lights and decorations is in perfect accord with that air of refinement and respectability for which this cafe is noted. And the new decorations, just completed, are of a richness and beauty which build up and accentuate the established color scheme. The massive yet graceful grill work in the arches of the mezzanine floor give a final touch of elegance to the interior. The Dinner Dance given on the evening of March 4, upon the completion of the new decorations, was a notable event and one which added to the already enviable prestige of the Tavern.

The Adams Exhibition

An exhibition of the oil paintings and water colors of Charles Partridge Adams of Denver is being given in the art gallery of Paul Elder's establishment in Grant avenue. It opened on Monday with an address in appreciation of Mr. Adams' work by Paul Raymond. Adams occupies the same position of leadership in the Rocky Mountain country as William Keith did on the Pacific Coast. He is one of the men who have established a distinctive western school of art. His pictures repay study, and a great many people are viewing them with satisfaction.

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Melenda

(Continued from Page 10.)

jacket—to buy jelly and arrowroot for her; and that was how she first caught cold; but Lily would have done the same for her—bad as they both were. The Missioner's prayers, too, had a certain healing quality; they made her feel as if there were something reaching out to her, something great and pure and kind, something stronger even than sin. And Melenda was mortally tired, how tired no one ever guessed, of this sinfulness of hers, which seemed to set her apart.

She said "Amen" to the Missioner's prayers; it was her one outward concession to the Unseen Powers—for she would let no one else pray with her.

"If I want to pray," she said mildly but firmly to every other applicant, "I can pray for myself."

Yes, the Missioner scored; but then he had a sense of humor—and when he grew to know Melenda, he brought her, not tracts, but cigarettes.

One visitor had brought her tracts, and had exasperated her at the outset by asking leading questions as to her conduct and character. There was always a dangerous tranquility about Melenda when annoyed, and she answered sweetly and steadily:

"What I know about myself is my know!"

The visitor apologized, and asked leave to read to her.

"I don't mind," said Melenda, "if you think you can't find anything more useful to do."

Apparently he thought he could not, for he grasped at the ambiguous permission, and read her a tract. It was about a young woman who, after her first game of bridge, dreamed that she was dead, and playing in a kind of infernal Monte Carlo. The dream was painful and lurid, and she woke up with the resolve to play bridge no more. But the resolve was broken, and the tract ended tragically with the heroine's sudden death, after the loss of twenty pounds in gambling.

The visitor asked Melenda what she thought of the story.

"I think she was a blame fool," said Melenda, with some impatience. "She'd better far have put it in the penny bank than risked it gambling—for you never know who'll win! But the part about hell—it's very far-fetched, I call it. It was bad enough to lose all her money without going to hell on the top of it! People that write those stories—what do they know about hell? They ain't been there!"

Melenda spoke, perhaps unconsciously, with professional pride.

"And now," she added regally, "I think your supper must be in the oven, and it won't be fit to eat unless you go home."

It was only five o'clock in the afternoon, and Melenda knew it; but the visitor went.

"Well," said Mrs. Neale delightedly, as he disappeared round the corner, "I thought I'd leave you to it, and you'd be a match for him—else I was all harnessed ready to jump down his throat!"

But at night, hour after hour, Melenda lay sleepless—thinking—thinking, while Amy Neale dozed in the one poor easy-chair that the cottage contained. They could not pay for a night nurse, and the dispensary doctor had warned her that Melenda should not be left alone, so she made light of her sciatica, which was "crool bad," and lost her proper rest night after night, serenely, like a dishevelled, dingy and painfully inadequate saint. And Melenda fought her last fight gallantly, like one who has flung her small, soiled glove in the face of death, and challenged him to make her afraid.

But one thing vexed her, night and day—more especially in the day time, and when the fever ran high. She saw faces peering and prying over the fence at the foot of the yard. Amy, when appealed to, said at first that she saw nothing, but afterwards she seemed to share the delusion, and even nailed a newspaper across the lower half of the window to secure privacy. But it was useless. "They" came nearer, and peered over the top of the improvised blind. It fretted Melenda sorely, and often, to tranquilize her, Bob Neale or Amy would go out into the court, and pretend to drive the intruders away. And through it all, day by day, Melenda was growing weaker.

One afternoon, when there had been a long interval of freedom, Melenda roused herself with an angry start. "They" were looking over the wall again, coming nearer, one after the other. She was nearly crying with vexation, when suddenly her voice changed, and Amy, who was alone with her, crossed to the couch in vague alarm.

"Why, there's Lily!" said Melenda, "she's scared them away—they're all going! They'd better look out—she'll play steam, Lily will, if they come worrying me! . . . . She's got a lovely dress on!"

Amy, who knew that Lily was dead, looked across the empty, squalid, silent court, and nodded. She was not surprised. Her own little girl, whom she had lost last October, had "seen things," flowers and stars and friendly faces that were dust; and she had learned to include visions in the day's happenings, with the wide impartiality of the poor. She thought it best to humor Melenda, who was laughing for sheer pleasure.

"I am glad Lily's come," she said, raising herself on her elbow—"Go and bring her right in!"

She fell back among the pillows—it was all over in a moment; and the light of welcome was still on her face.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

get that the professional gambler loses money. Frank Daroux ran a gambling outfit last Saturday night in connection with a Foresters' Forty-Nine Mining Camp at Native Sons' Hall. There were two faro banks, three roulettes wheels and three crap games. The police stopped the games on complaint of a man who had played and lost. If the games had made money the Foresters' Drill Corps would have profited. But the games lost and Daroux was out of pocket about $6,000. He had agreed to take the losses or a small percentage of the winnings for his trouble. The loss doesn't bother him. He had $6,000 worth of fun, but he says the games were run too openly, so the police were right in interfering. When the Hotel Mens' Association had its convention here a couple of years ago Frank ran gambling games for the visitors, and he says the men who came to the convention enjoyed the gambling so much that they are still talking of it. Incidentally, the wives and sisters of the hotel men from all over the country were very indignant that they were not allowed to play. So you see women like to gamble too.

I was so interested in getting the Frank Daroux viewpoint that I didn't prod Frank on the reminiscential side. Some day I'll get the story of the nineteen millionaires who were in one of his roulette games at the Golden Eagle in Sacramento. And the story of how he and Joe Harvey were cheated out of $15,000 on The Fiddler, a "ringer," and paid it. Or going further back, the story of how Locomotive Engineer Frank Daroux gave up his run on the railroad between Wadsworth and Winnemucca to become Professional Gambler Frank Daroux. For the present let me conclude with a sentence which I commend to those who are shocked that a professional gambler should receive serious consideration.

"Most of the professional gamblers I have known," says Frank Daroux, "were good men and especially charitable men; they never refused anybody who was in want; and they were always good to their own."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Addie Breckenridge Free

The little Salinas court house saw the staging of the last act of Addie Murphy Breckenridge's matrimonial drama on Monday. Very quietly indeed was this last act played. In company with her attorney Joe Redding, Mrs. Breckenridge motored to Salinas from Del Monte, and in the court of Judge Bradley Sargent received an interlocutory decree of divorce. Frank Michael was there to represent her husband John Breckenridge, but there was no contest and the decree was granted at the end of a short hearing. Mrs. Breckenridge, attired in sober black and white, took the stand and gave her testimony in a whisper. She told how her husband's mental affliction had shown itself the day after the wedding when he was stricken with a severe chill. She told of the efforts at cure, of the travels about the world undertaken in the hope that change of scene would work a restortaion to health, of the complete breakdown, of the utter hopelessness of cure and of her husband's present confinement in a French sanitarium. There were also depositions in French which Joe Redding quietly translated, and the hearing was over. Then with her lawyer Mrs. Breckenridge motored back to Del Monte where she had established a legal residence. She was free.

A Sad Romance

The marriage of Addie Murphy, the daughter of Banker S. G. Murphy, to Jack Breckenridge, the son of Mrs. Fred Sharon, was a love match. At first they were very happy, but the tragedy began when they started from this city on a tour of the world and Jack developed disquieting symptoms. All their friends here were shocked when the news came from Paris that during an attack of vertigo Jack had fallen from the second story of the Hotel d'Abbe. He was not seriously injured in body, but his mental condition necessitated his removal to a sanitarium. He has never been well since. It was indeed a sad and swift ending of a romance. Who could have dreamed of such a tragedy when Addie Murphy made her debut? She had a rich father, a doting mother, plenty of money to spend and a host of friends to entertain her. Then she had a European tour and was presented at the English court. She had many admirers, and was engaged once or twice. Robinson Riley who afterwards married Genevieve Goad Martin, was one of her train. She looked for happiness when she eloped with young Breckenridge, but it was not to be.

The Secret Leaked Out

No girl as popular as Enid Gregg could hope to keep the day of her marriage a close secret—there were too many interested persons. The news that the greatest belle in San Francisco was to become the bride of Stuart Haldorn at the First Presbyterian Church last Monday morning was bound to leak out, and the newspaper photographers were in readiness to snap the happy pair after the ceremony. The presence of young Dalton Mann in the picture was surely significant. The wedding party included only Wellington Gregg, father of the bride, Miss Ethel Gregg, Mrs. James Murray, mother of the groom, and Dalton Mann who, rumor says, is the suitor of Miss Ethel Gregg. One of Mrs. Haldorn's reasons for a quiet ceremony was her mother's illness. None of the Greggs are fond of display, but the wedding was especially casual in order to spare Mrs. Gregg any excitement. She has been confined to her apartment at the Fairmont for several months with heart trouble and it was a great disappointment that she could not be present at her daughter's marriage. According to testimony Mrs. Haldorn is as well equipped for matrimony as for the stage, the profession which some of Miss Gregg's friends once thought she would adopt, being a good cook and clever seamstress.

MME. TETRAZZINI

And her canine pets. Her last concert will take place at the Tivoli this afternoon.

Our Most Popular Belle

What girl is there in society that one may compare with Enid Gregg? I look around from one set to another and find nobody. Girls there are who are like her in this, that or the other endowment but none with such an all-round fascination. Her beauty alone would make her distinctive anywhere. Her chic face, her wonderful flashing eyes, her poise, her splendid carriage draw all eyes to her at ball, tea dance, reception, any place. Her taste for dress is individual, charmingly daring. But there is a great deal more than that to Enid Gregg Haldorn. She has an amazingly nimble wit in conversation that makes intellectual men and women seek her company. She dances like a professional, sings beautifully and is perfect mistress of the piano whether for classic etude or ragtime. And with it all she is quite natural and unspoiled. Pretense merely amuses her. No social set contains her. The interesting people of all sets are her friends. Stuart Haldorn has married a girl in ten thousand.

A Loss to the Stage

To few girls was the description "dashing belle" ever more applicable. Without any ostentatious effort she seemed to do everything in a more spirited manner than most girls. When no more than twenty she had the poise of a woman of the world, and yet retained the flavor of girlishness. Perhaps it was because her parents (themselves young for parents) allowed her individuality its natural development and expression. There is a good deal of the Gallic energy and taste in her. We are told often about young ladies in social circles who could if they wished make "hits" upon the stage. Enid is one who could, for her dancing has long since passed the amateur stage and with her stunning form, studious bent and dramatic temperament I for one have a sort of regret that she didn't venture into stageland before assuming the prosaic responsibilities of matrimony in the provinces. One hears the loveliest things about her husband, Stuart Haldorn. He is a young man of sterling character, has good looks and plenty of money. So the outlook for the couple is delightful.

A Few Great Women

Whatever distinguished women are finally chosen to be our guests in 1915, without doubt all those suggested by Mrs. Garrett McEnerney will receive serious consideration, and in all probability there will be no question as to two of them. In the field of current literature there are no women who rank higher than Selma Lagerlof, the story-writer, and Mrs. Meynell, the poet and essayist. The Swedish woman is not so well known as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, but she has received a Nobel prize, and that is some proof of merit and distinction. Mrs. Meynell being an English woman, is pretty widely known in this country, but it is in the highest literary circles of England, among people of taste and discernment that she is most esteemed. Mrs. McEnerney by the way, is one of the few society women of this city that know who's who in the world of art and literature. Versed in French and German, and with not only a taste but a feeling for literature, she is on terms of familiarity with the best poets, novelists and playwrights of France, Germany and England. But Mrs. McEnerney does not spend all her time in bookland. She is

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one of the most active of our philanthropic women, and enters as enthusiastically into the social lives of her friends as a schoolgirl. And she is not only blessed with brains but dowered with beauty, being not a little like Maxine Elliott in appearance and bearing, only that she is of the blonde type.

A Harry Woodruff Story

Here is a very pretty story about Henry Woodruff who is appearing now at the Orpheum. A number of years ago when playing "The Imp" in "When We Were Twenty-one" with Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, he made the hit of his career and everywhere he went was made much of in clubs and society. Henry is very popular in society in all the large cities and always has letters from folks that count "back east" that gain him the entree in other places. But during his engagement in San Francisco with the Goodwins, where do you suppose he found time to pay a daily visit? To the Crocker Old People's Home. He had a letter from Boston to that wonderful aged lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Allen, whose life up to sixty had been in an environment of wealth and culture, chiefly in Boston but who, at the age of nearly ninety, found herself forced to accept the bounty of San Francisco friends who paid for the care of her declining years in the Crocker Home. She was a marvelous person—not only in her physical vitality but in her mental preservation. Harry Woodruff presented his letter of introduction, called upon her, sent her flowers and was as attentive as if she had been a social leader. One afternoon some society ladies of San Francisco who had a habit of dropping into the home to see the old folks found Mrs. Allen "in the dumps."

"Goodness, dear, what can it be that makes you so blue?" they asked.

"Blue, I am dyed in indigo. I've lost my beautiful little beau, I fear. Yesterday he knocked at my door. I didn't hear him, as you know I am so deaf. But I was reading aloud an essay upon old age which I had just written so he walked in. He saw me without my wig! Of course I couldn't clap it on before him. Today he didn't call—he just sent those roses. Oh! how I hate myself for being old—so old—and needing a wig! Run along, dears, I am too depressed to talk to you today."

But the next day Harry called in his own bright young person and chatted away as if he had been paying court to a queen dawager. And the dear old lady during the rest of his San Francisco engagement took pains early in the day to adjust her wig and "titivate" as if she had been in the prime of her youthful loveliness.

A Youth With a Serpent's Tongue

The stranger within our gates is apt to have a hard time of it in society unless he comes provided with plenty of money. A case in point is just now agitating the tea tables of Lent and it may yet result in fisticuffs or cowhiding. There is a young nobleman temporarily sojourning here and his only offenses seem to be that he has little money and dances exceptionally well. But one of our gilded youth with a serpent's tongue has been whispering to young women of social position the most outrageous slanders about the titled stranger. The slanders came back to him and his friends. What was he to do? His first impulse was to punch the slanderer's head or use a whip on him. But his friends said: "That will get you in the courts, perhaps, and certainly in the prints. Then the names of the ladies to whom the slander was whispered will be dragged in the mire. Let the slander die. It is such a monstrous lie it cannot live." Some of the society women are sending the slanderer to coventry but that hardly balms the young noble's feelings.

A Surprise for the Thieriots

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot had a delightful surprise on their return from their honeymoon last week. They found their new home in Pacific avenue entirely furnished, their wedding gifts arranged, pictures hung, bric-a-brac placed and servants installed. They had counted on spending a week or two at the De Young home while the house was made ready for their occupancy, but it was ready for them to step into on the day of their arrival. The idea was an inspiration of some of Mrs. Thieriot's girl friends who spent several days arranging and placing the furnishings selected by Mrs. De Young. The result is one of the most artistic homes in town. The interior of the house was designed by Bruce Porter, and the furniture was selected to harmonize with it.

The Touch of Black

Mrs. William Taylor is wearing a stunning costume of black trimmed with white fox, carrying out the Parisian decree that every costume for the early spring must show a touch of black. Even evening gowns show a touch of black. Mrs. Jack Wilson, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Francis Bruguiere, Mrs. George de Latour who was Mrs. Ritchie Dunn, Mrs. Francis McComas and Mrs. Henry Dutton all appear with touches of black either on hat or gown.

Miss Fernanda Pratt announces that her second drawing room recital on Friday evening, March 20, at half past eight o'clock, will be given at the residence of Mrs. L. S. Sherman, 2160 Green street, instead of at the residence of Mrs. Stanley Stillman as originally planned. The demand for seats has necessitated this change.

Tait's Is Unique

San Francisco is famous the world over for her cafes. Ever since the days of '49 she has held an unique position in this respect. Nowhere else in the country can one find such a charm and air of differentness as pervades the dining places of this city. And in the forefront of all is the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. You thoroughly enjoy eating in this place, so appetizing and tempting is the food served. And when it comes to pleasing and high-class entertainment, it certainly deserves more than passing mention. No matter when you dine there is always a varied and interesting entertainment bill.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Kelcey and Shannon

[illegible] Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon were [illegible] by the reception [illegible] Al[illegible] gave their Monday night. They were to the applause the distinct, [illegible] kind of personal affection and esteem, the most human people in the world are always a bit [illegible] that Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon are old friends of ours, and the years have strengthened the bond with us and I suppose we are their [illegible]. They have always given us the best that lay in them. There has never been any insincerity in their work. They are big commonplace people. In the [illegible] impression he created some years ago has deepened with every visit. Kelcey and Shannon have [illegible] progressed in their art. They are [illegible] actors today than they ever were. The improvement is particularly noticeable in Effie Shannon. She was always a charming actress, but she has now reached a place unusually high. There are not many comedienne on our stage who could play the part of Mrs. Farrell Howard in "Years of Discretion" so admirably. Miss Shannon makes a real woman of the part, a woman of humor, of grace, of naturalness, a very interesting woman. It is not an easy part to play. There are moments when it almost plays itself, moments of unforced comedy, but it is for the most part a troubling, not an acting part. There is a great deal of talk in "Years of Discretion." Talk that always tickles the women in the audience, for it deals largely with the society of the day. But it is not very interesting to the men's eyes. Miss Shannon never allows the talk to become tedious, she handles it so well. But one cannot help regretting that the two authors of the play didn't put more of their comedy into situations. Talk for talk's sake goes in an Oscar Wilde play, but Mr. Barrie's brilliant phrasemaking would do well not to lean upon it. There is a new mezzanine in the Alcazar this week. Charles Compton is its name. He has a small part and handles it well. He is a pleasant looking chap with a gift for dress. We shall be able to make him place to buy a bigger role. Howard Hickman is in the cast again and acts splendidly as usual. Lennon Cripps and Burt Wesner make a great deal of comparatively little. Ed Lowe is a trifle [illegible] to anyone to his new advancement. Lowe is a good actor worth our watching. We are learning how to work, then he gets an hide possibility. Adele Belgarde plays a minor role. Miss Belgarde is one who always plays such parts as if she were a duchess who had condescended to grace the boards. —Edward F. O'Day.

The Duo With a Gold

When Mme. Tetrazzini walked out on the stage Thursday evening at the Tivoli the great lady was dressed in long and loving [illegible] from a long absence. They were glad to see her and glad that she looked as well as ever and glad to have her with every and keeping [illegible] as charming as when first they saw her. They crowded with hundred expectancy for the concert, as the [illegible] that he could be [illegible] the great voice of this day, and they were satisfied with her by the first bravura and [illegible] that she sang. There was the [illegible] Schubert variety that so often fail of their [illegible] but here [illegible] the best of the first phrase. It was manifest that she [illegible] the [illegible] in the singer. A cold had the [illegible] [illegible] who did she give they [illegible] to sing a [illegible] song to the end, a song so [illegible] objective to the audience. But Luna has courage and perhaps she did not want to disappoint. She made a gallant effort to send forth her voice pure and strong but while the daring notes was sweet and true, it seemed lifelessly. Singularly enough the Mignon Polonaise with its bewitching [illegible] trills and high continued tones was the number in which she seemed to have the least difficulty. It did not justify the concert however, but the wrong that was done was chiefly to the singer herself, and to her glorious voice. Luna is too amiable, and she deserves a severe scolding for making such reckless use of her great gift.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

BENVENUTTA CROSMAN
[illegible] "The Conquest of Mexico"

The Farewell of Gerardy

The Sunday Symphony in the [illegible] Sunday afternoon, will give its farewell concert [illegible] an exceptionally attractive program. With the exception perhaps very Strauss-Wagner, Mr. Gerardy will play Boccherini's Sonata for violoncello and piano in A major in four movements. This is one of the most exquisite compositions of the master. The other numbers will be the Brilliant Concerto in A by Saint-Saens, "Symphonie Espagnole" by Lalo, Popper "Tod Gidrei" (Ancient Roman melody) by Max Bruch, "Vieux Portrait" by Haendel, "Wiegenlied" by Schubert and "Papillon" by Popper. Gabriel Fenyes, the accompanist, will play numbers by Handel, Ernesco, Faure and Saint-Saens. Tickets are on sale at the usual music stores and on Sunday at the Columbia box office. Manager Greenbaum will cease his activities in the concert work until after the grand opera season when he announces Mischa Elman, the "Caruso of the Violin."

"Her Lord and Master" at Alcazar

Next week at the Alcazar Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon will be seen in a revival of Martha Morton's charming and intensely interesting play of American and English life, "Her Lord and Master." This play served the two popular stars as a vehicle in the East and it met with great success as it also did on the occasion of its production at the old Alcazar several seasons ago with Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon in the leading roles. The revival is very timely owing to the various discussions that have arisen over the marriage of wealthy American girls to titled Englishmen. Miss Shannon will delight the women in the audience with some new and handsome gowns, a feature for which the celebrated star is famed. The supporting cast of Alcazar players will be excellent and will include Adele Belgarde, Louise Brownell, A. Burt Wesner, Lennon Cripps, Howard C. Hickman, Edmund S. Lowe and Charles Compton. Stage Director Fred J. Butler promises a handsome and accurate production of this charming play, the run of which is necessarily limited to one week.

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Tetrazzini's Concert

Mme. Tetrazzini [illegible] will give her second and last concert of this season at the Tivoli this afternoon, the program being the one presented in Sacramento. The programme will include the aria from "Sonnambula," Cyril Scott's [illegible] "Nightingale," Grieg's [illegible] "Solveig's Lied" and numerous Mignon, Dinorah and Traviata selections. The young tenor, Manuel Diaz, who made such a favorable impression

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Gossip of the Theatre

Kelcey and Shannon

No wonder Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon were touched by the reception the smart Alcazar audience gave them Monday night. There was in the applause the distinct, unmistakable note of personal esteem, and actors, the most human people in the world, are always a bit overcome when they recognize that. Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon are old friends of ours, and the years have strengthened the bond with us and, I suppose, with them too. They have always given us the best that was in them. There has never been any carelessness in their work. They are too conscientious to skimp. So the favorable impression we received many years ago has deepened with every visit. Kelcey and Shannon have made steady progress in their art. They are better actors today than they ever were. The improvement is particularly noticeable in Effie Shannon. She was always a sterling actress, but she has now reached a plane unusually high. There are not many comediennes on our stage who could play the part of Mrs. Farrell Howard in "Years of Discretion" so admirably. Miss Shannon makes a real woman of the part, a woman of humor, of grace, of naturalness, a very appealing woman. It is not an easy part to play. There are moments when it almost plays itself, moments of unforced comedy, but it is for the most part a speaking, not an acting part. There is a great deal of talk in "Years of Discretion," talk that always tickles the women in the audience, for it deals largely with the secrets of the toilet, but is not very interesting to the mere man. Miss Shannon never allows this talk to become tedious, she handles it so well; but one cannot help regretting that the two authors of the play didn't put more of their comedy into situations. Talk for talk's sake goes in an Oscar Wilde play, but less brilliant playwrights would do well not to lean upon it. There is a new juvenile at the Alcazar this week, Charles Compton by name. He has a small part and handles it well. He is a pleasant-looking chap with a gift for dress. We shall be able to judge him when he has a bigger role. Howard Hickman is in the cast again, and acts splendidly as usual. Kernan Cripps and Burt Wesner make a great deal of congenial roles. Ed Lowe as a butler continues to surprise by his swift advancement. Lowe is a young actor worth our watching. We are learning week by week that his gifts include versatility. Adele Belgarde plays a smart New York hostess as she always plays such parts—as if she were a duchess who had condescended to adorn the boards. —Edward F. O'Day.

The Diva With a Cold

When Mme. Tetrazzini walked out upon the stage Thursday evening at the Tivoli the great little lady received a long and loving welcome from a large audience. They were glad to see her, glad that she looked just as well as ever and that her dear gay little ways and dimpling smiles were just as charming as when first they knew her. They waited with hushed expectancy for the tones of the voice that so often had ravished the music lovers of this city, and they were thrilled with joy by the first limpid and resonant tones that she emitted. There was the same delicious quality that so often had gladdened their ears, but alas; before the end of the first phrase it was perceived that that dread monster so terrifying to the singer—A Cold—had the diva in its clutches. Oh! why did she give that concert! It was a hazardous thing to do, and it was an injustice to the audience. But Luiza has courage and perhaps she did not want to disappoint. She made a gallant effort to send forth her tones pure and strong, but while the darling voice was sweet and true, it soared haltingly. Singularly enough the Mignon Polonaise with its fascinating descending chromatics, trills and high sustained tones was the number in which she seemed to have the least difficulty. It did not justify the concert however, but the wrong that was done was chiefly to the singer herself, and to her glorious voice. Luiza is too amiable, and she deserves a severe scolding for making such reckless use of her great gift.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN
To appear at the Columbia beginning Monday night, March 16, in her latest comedy success "The Tongues of Men."

The Farewell of Gerardy

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Jean Gerardy, the glorious poet of the violoncello, will give his farewell concert presenting an exceptionally attractive program. With the excellent pianist Carl Bruchhausen, Mr. Gerardy will play Beethoven's Sonata for violoncello and piano in A major in four movements. This is one of the most exquisite compositions of the master. His solo numbers will be the brilliant Concerto in A by Saint-Saens, "Hungarian Rhapsodie" by Popper, "Kol Nidrei" (ancient Hebrew melody) by Max Bruch, "Adagio Pastorale" by Haendel, "Wiegenlied" by Schubert and "Papillon" by Popper. Gabriel Ysaye, the violinist, will play numbers by Handel, Kreisler, Faure and Sarasate. Tickets are on sale at the usual music stores and on Sunday at the Columbia box office. Manager Greenbaum will cease his activities in the concert work until after the grand opera season when he announces Mischa Elman, the "Caruso of the Violin."

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Tetrazzini's Concert

Mme. Tetrazzini, thoroughly recovered from her slight indisposition, will give her second and last concert of this season at the Tivoli this afternoon, the program being the one intended for last Saturday. Her selections will include the aria from "Rigoletto," Caro Nome, which she has so often sung in this city, Vissi d'arte, from Puccini's "La Tosca," the waltz from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" and couplets, Mysoli, from "Perle du Bresil," by David. The young tenor Rafael Diaz, who made such a favorable impres

sion at the first Tetrazzini concert, will be heard in songs by Ronald, Dvorak, Hahn and Buzzi Peccia, and Yves Nat, the accomplished pianist who also scored heavily last week, will play a number by Liszt, two Chopin selections and an etude in the form of a waltz by St. Saens. As this will be Tetrazzini's last appearance here this season the commodious Tivoli will undoubtedly be crowded to the doors.

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The musical and society public is ready for the second season of grand opera to be given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli for the two weeks beginning next Monday night, and from every indication the coming engagement will be even more successful than the one last year. The company, under the managerial and musical direction of Cleofonte Campanini, is larger and stronger in every particular than last year and for the first time the San Francisco public will have the opportunity of listening to Titta Ruffo, conceded to be the greatest baritone on the operatic stage. He will appear the opening night in the title role of "Rigoletto," with Florence Macbeth, a young coloratura soprano, as Gilda, Giorgini as the Duke, Henri Scott as Sparafucile, Margaret Keyes as Maddalena and other great artists in the cast. Tuesday night beautiful Carolina White will sing "Aida," and that occasion will mark the first appearance here of Julia Claussen, the eminent Swedish contralto, and Amadeo Bassi, the renowned Italian tenor, others in the cast being Gustave Huberdeau, White, Polese, Venturini and Mabel Riegelman. "Aida" will be staged in magnificent style and will introduce Rosina Galli and the corps de ballet. Wednesday afternoon Puccini's "La Boheme," with Zeppilli, Giorgini, Federici, Daddi, Venturini, Huberdeau, Polese, Trevisan and Mabel Riegelman, will be sung, followed by a grand ballet divertissement. Wednesday night Mary Garden will make her first appearance of the season in her great success of last year "Louise," and Thursday night Massenet's "Herodiade," with Claussen in the title role, Carolina White as Salome, and Campagnola, Crabbe, Huberdeau, Defrere, Nicolay, Venturini and Minnie Egener, will be the bill. Friday night Mary Garden will sing "Thais," with Hector Dufranne in his great role of Athanael, and Saturday afternoon there will be a double bill, "Cavalleria," with Rosa Raisa, Ruby Heyl, Louise Berat, Venturini and Federici, followed by "Pagliacci," with Titta Ruffo in his wonderful rendition of Tonio, Jane Osborn-Hannah, Bassi, Crabbe and Venturini. Saturday night Wolf-Ferrari's wonderfully melodious "The Jewels of the Madonna" will be sung with Carolina White as "Maliella," in which she made such a hit last season and thirty-nine others in the cast. Sunday Richard Wagner's "Parsifal" will be given in sumptuous style, the first act beginning at half past four and concluding at six, and the second act starting at eight o'clock. The cast of "Parsifal" will include Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Otto Marak, Dufranne, Whitehill, Scott, Defrere, Nicolay, Ruby Heyl, Beatrice Wheeler, Amy Evans, Helen Warrum, Mabel Riegelman, Rosa Raisa, Minnie Egener and others. The repertoire for the second and last week will be entirely different and seats for all performances may be obtained at the box office.

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As Mytyl in "The Blue Bird," Maeterlinck's wonderful fantasy at the Cort.

Men" the metropolitan critics have agreed that Miss Crosman is given the very best opportunity for the display of her histrionic talents that she has had since "Mistress Nell" which made her famous. The theme of "The Tongues of Men" centers around the efforts of a young minister to find his way in the new world of Bohemia after having denounced a new opera and its leading singer who dares him to come into the sphere of her activity and see that his theories are all wrong. The production is a fine one and the supporting cast one of rare excellence, including such well known players are Frank Gilmore, Margaret Randolph, Sheridan Block, Homer Granville, Edward See, Laura McGilvray, Katherine Presbrey, Paul Daucet and Florence Fontayne. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Fritzi Scheff at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces a most fascinating program for next week with Fritzi Scheff, the brilliant Viennese prima donna, as its headline attraction. Miss Scheff, who is known throughout this country as "The Queen of Comic Opera" from the fact that she is without a peer in it,

MAUDE FULTON
In "The Candy Shop" at the Gaiety.

is one of the greatest acquisitions vaudeville has had. She brings with her as her accompanist Louis Aschenfelder, a musician of international fame. A novel comedy skit entitled "Hired and Fired" will be presented by Tudor Cameron and Johnny O'Connor, one of the cleverest and most diverting teams in vaudeville. Edward Gillette in the original comedy scene "Fun in a Bowling Alley" will introduce Adam and Eve, the only monkey bowlers in the world. They will have the support of a clever company of trained simians. Armstrong and Ford will bid for popularity in a clever and amusing skit called "The English Johnny and the Cop." Sam Barton, king of bike comedians who excels both as pantomimist and cyclist, will in the guise of a tramp keep the audience in roars of laughter. The only holdovers will be Ray Samuels, Grace Carlisle and Jules Romer, and Henry Woodruff and his company in their immense success "A Regular Business Man."

"The Candy Shop" at Gaiety

"The Candy Shop" with Rock and Fulton heading the cast returns to the Gaiety Monday night to resume the career of success with which it introduced the Gaiety Theatre to the fun-loving public of San Francisco. "Everything new but the cast" is the way the pretty musical comedy is heralded. There are new songs, new dances, new specialties and new "business" but the company remains unchanged. "The Candy Shop" in its revised form is sweet, peppery and spicy. Rock and his dancing comedy partner, Maude Fulton, will present several new "stunts." Their famous "black and white dance" which electrified San Francisco audiences has been discarded in favor of another specialty the nature of which has not been disclosed but which will prove as sensational a success, says Mr. Rock, as their other offering. Will Philbrick, Al Shean, Oscar Ragland, Frederic Santley, Frances White, Kitty Doner and Mazie Kimball, as the "Alimony Sisters," Bessie Franklyn, Helen Goff, Bessie Stewart and Maude Beatty are other members of the company who will assist in the success of "The Candy Shop."

"The Blue Bird" Next Week

"'The Blue Bird' for Happiness" has been the slogan of big crowds all week at the Cort, where Maeterlinck's beautiful spectacular play opened a farewell visit to this city Monday evening. In response to general public demand, the engagement has been lengthened to a fortnight. The second and last week will open Sunday evening. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday. Never anywhere has the play made a greater hit than it has this time. The eleven gorgeous scenes are perfectly staged, and there is no detail missing that made the New Theatre production last year such an unalloyed delight. The illustrative music by a large symphonic orchestra aids greatly in the illusion of romance and fairlyland, while the lovely groups of little child actors in the various ensembles capture the hearts of the most hardened "old stagers." Everybody is praising the Shuberts for the way they have kept up the production and original company, instead of sending it out a second year with a cheapened cast. The final performance of the great spectacle will take place Saturday night, March 21.

"I am collecting for the suffering poor."
"But are you sure they really suffer?"
"Oh, yes, indeed. I go to their houses and talk to them for hours at a time."

Some of us don't really forget our promises. We just brush them up and use them over again.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
Eddy Street, near Mason
SEAT SALE NOW AT THEATER BOX OFFICE
CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI, General Director
CHICAGO GRAND OPERA CO.
REPERTOIRE FOR FIRST WEEK
Monday, March 16, at 8, "RIGOLETTO"; Tuesday, at 8, "AIDA"; Wednesday, at 2, "LA BOHEME"; Wednesday, at 8, "LOUISE"; Thursday, at 8, "HERODIADE"; Friday, at 8, "THAIS"; Saturday, at 2, "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" and "PAGLIACCI"; Saturday, at 8, "THE JULES OF THE MADONNA"; Sunday, at 4:30, "PARSIFAL."
Prices—"PARSIFAL," $2 to $7; other operas, $2, $3, $4, $5 and 6.
Mason and Hamlin Piano Used
Extra—TETRAZZININ, Last Concert THIS AFTERNOON AT 2:30

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Commencing Monday Night, March 16th
Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
Belasco & Mayer Present
HERBERT KELCY and EFFIE SHANNON
Supported by the ALCAZAR PLAYERS in Martha Morton's Charming Comedy of American and English Life
"HER LORD AND MASTER"
One of Their Greatest Triumphs!
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c

Savoy McAllister St. near Market Phone Market 130
PLAYHOUSE BEAUTIFUL
COMMENCING SUNDAY, MARCH 15th
SMASHING THE VICE TRUST
Continuous from 1 P. M. to 11 P. M., Daily
The Sensation of New York
The Most Wonderful of All Moving Pictures
ALL SEATS 25c

Orpheum
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
SPLENDID VAUDEVILLE
FRITZI SCHEFF
THE BRILLIANT VIENNESE PRIMA DONNA
TUDOR CAMERON & JOHNNY O'CONNOR, "Hired and Fired"; EDWARD GILLETTE'S Trained Monkeys introducing Adam and Eve the only Monkey Bowlers; ARMSTRONG & FORD, the English Johnny and the Cop"; SAM BARTON, King of Bike Comedians; RAY SAMUELS, Musical Comedy Star; GRACE CARLISLE & JULES ROMER; WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS. Last Week of HENRY WOODRUFF & CO. in "A Regular Business Man."
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c

CORT Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460
Second and Last Week Starts Sunday Night
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
FAREWELL VISIT
Of Maeterlinck's Exquisite Fantasy
"THE BLUE BIRD"
Same New Theatre, N. Y., Production as Before
Prices, 50c to $2. Plays Nowhere Outside of S. F.
March 22—MARGARET ILLINGTON in "WITHIN THE LAW"

GAIETY
O'FARRELL op. ORPHEUM. Phone Sutter 4141
Return Engagement of
"THE CANDY SHOP"
With the Original Cast Including
ROCK AND FULTON
Evening Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c and $1. Saturday and Sunday Matinees: 25c, 50c and 75c.
POPULAR MATINEE THURSDAY, 25c and 50c

COLUMBIA THEATRE
The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phone Franklin 150.
Two Weeks Beginning Monday Night, March 16th
MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAYS
Maurice Campbell Presents
HENRIETTA CROSMAN
In Her Great Comedy Success
"THE TONGUES OF MEN"
By Edward Childs Carpenter
Direct from the Harris Theater, New York
Evenings and Saturday Matinee Prices, 25c to $2
Wednesday Matinee Prices, 25c to $1.50

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Bear tactics and bad news depressed the market early in the week, but the bears overplayed their hand when they tried to work up a scare about the Paris situation on the very day that the Paris money market was at its best and its rates lowest in more than a year. This created a change in sentiment that sent the market up and left it firm and higher until near the close of the week when another selling flurry carried it back to its lowest prices for the week. Though the Mexican situation looked bad nothing happened to make it worse and there was less anxiety regarding the possibility of intervention. Trading was comparatively light and there was a good demand at the decline by bargain hunters. Railroads have again resorted to issuing short-term notes instead of funding their obligations by issuing bonds. Bankers seem to think that large bond issues cannot be sold to advantage at present, although quoted rates for money are low enough. Short-term notes are expensive for the borrower and profitable for the banker and financial agent. Railroad officials say that the railroads will find it difficult to sell bonds or borrow money on a large scale at low rates until the Interstate Commerce Commission disposes of the rate case of the Eastern District railroads. This is the most important thing that hangs over the stock market at present, and it has become more complicated since the commission decided the Industrial Railway case and came to the conclusion that the railroads could help themselves by collecting $15,000,000 of additional charges every year from large manufacturers who were still receiving unfair rebates and allowances that were not given to smaller competitors. Rock Island affairs furnished most of the gossip last week. The old Rock Island and Pacific Railway Co. is about to stop paying dividends, though it was able to maintain them twenty years ago when a host of western roads went into receivers' hands. With its suspension of dividends default in paying interest on the collateral trust bonds secured by the stock of the old railway will follow. Trade reports are favorable and the crop outlook was never better at the beginning of March.

Wheat—The action of the wheat market last week was disappointing to the bulls. Sentiment has undergone quite a change and bears avail themselves of the ideal winter crop conditions to press their advantage. Holders are discouraged, but utter absence of damage complaints and cessation of demand for export, account for material absence of outside support. Foreign news and position continue moderately bullish. Apprehension about crop condition is still expressed. Conditions in Argentina and Australia are bullish, but these are obliged to cope with the favorable crop outlook at home. It appears as though the seaboard and interior terminal values are within a shade of working basis with exporters right along. Australian shipments expected to be over with soon and large Russian stocks are questioned and it looks as if large North American shipments will continue. Primary markets at home are on the eve of letting up. Some further sentimental price shrinkage looks probable but we certainly do not advise selling on these breaks, as it is reasonable to expect a change in present favorable weather crop conditions, and also support from exporters on any lower level. Believe wheat should be bought on any further recession.

Corn—After a fair support early in the week the market developed a heavy tone on pressure by the professional element and holders, but the break uncovered a fair buying support induced somewhat by advices of an improved cash demand, although the east did not seem enthusiastic on the buying side. Influential trade interests are bearishly inclined and the professional element continue to pound the market on any show of weakness. Temporarily it looks as if they may be able to force prices somewhat lower. Country is taking the buying side of corn on all breaks. The market gets oversold very quickly and a sharp advance has been the result whenever the market got around the 66 cent level for the May option.

Cotton—Liquidation in March contracts and heavy selling of the distant futures by the professional element forced the cotton market down to the lowest levels of the season last week. Early in the week there was a rumor afloat that the National Ginners' Association had made the total crop 14,750,000 bales. This was followed later in the week by a statement that their returns indicated a crop of 13,940,000 bales ginned to March 1, exclusive of linters, etc. The smaller figures would point to a crop of 14,500,000 to 14,600,000. Inasmuch as the world consumed 14,903,000 bales of American cotton last season, it was argued that requirements this season will be about 15,000,000 bales, as it is probable that any reduction in consumption in England this season will be more than made up by an increase in America, on the Continent and probably in Japan. Therefore it is reasoned that present prices discount a crop this season of about 15,000,000 bales and that the future of the market will depend to a great extent on prospects for the next crop. Exports continue heavy and the stocks of cotton at U. S. ports are showing a fair decrease. Receipts of cotton have been quite liberal but they are expected to drop off from now on as the farmer will be busy with his spring work. Spot markets in the South continue to rule steady and while sales of late have been of small proportions in the South Atlantic the market is said to be very firm. Indications are for improving weather in the cotton belt. The temperature has been too low and there is some need of rain in the western part of the belt but the weekly weather report promises more favorable weather early the coming week. The market looks as if it was scraping the bottom around 1150 for May and we believe cotton should be bought for an investment.

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Hotel Social Notes

Hotel Del Monte

Mr. H. Abbott and his charming daughter Mrs. O. Plunkett, having spent a pleasant two months' visit at Del Monte, have left for their home in Vancouver. Mrs. Bowditch Morton gave a very attractive dinner at the Lodge to Miss Ynez Spence. Covers were laid for eight. The evening was spent in dancing. Mr. and Mrs. William Jones entertained Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hill at a Lodge dinner Monday evening. Mr. William Ritchel's painting was raffled and the proceeds went to a fellow artist. The drawing was held in the Del Monte Art Gallery and Mrs. Walter Bliss held the lucky number. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Penfield of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Obermeyer and Mr. W. S. Dickey of Kansas City enjoyed their sojourn at Del Monte. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hill and the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hill gave a birthday picnic near Pebble Beach. The children caught some of the fish for their feast and decorated the table with kelp and sea weeds, using shells for dishes, and the birthday cake was hidden in a cave. The committee of the Del Monte Art Gallery which convened last week chose many new pictures to be hung. The following are the artists who compose the committee: Jean Mannheim, Gottardo Piazzoni, M. Evelyn McCormick, Detlif Sammann and Will Sparks.

Pacific Grove Hotel Notes

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Simenton of Minneapolis, Mr. F. Ehike and Mrs. Ehike of Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sands of Peabody, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Allen of Smithfield, Miss Amelia Durbin of Harrisburg and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Towars of Lansing, Mich., are enjoying their stay at the hotel and have been taking the many interesting rides and drives of the peninsula. Mr. E. M. C. Whitney of San Francisco and Mr. J. C. Brick of Put-in-Bay, Ohio, are enjoying their visit immensely and have had wonderful luck in fishing. Mr. E. W. Kent has joined Mrs. Kent at the hotel. Mrs. Kent has been at Pacific Grove for the past month. Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Cox are at the Pacific Grove. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weslar of Berkeley are at the Pacific Grove and will remain for a month or so. Mr. Weslar has been ill but is daily gaining in strength. Mr. A. C. Bassett and Mr. John M. Chase are at the hotel combining business and pleasure. Some of the guests for the week-end were: Miss Agnes M. Frawley of Grand Rapids, Miss Amelia Schmidt of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Anderson of Oak Park, J. E. Reuter and wife of Underwood, Mrs. S. A. Paul and Mrs. J. Heckman of Salt Lake, Mrs. D. Thornton and Mrs. E. F. Smith of Norfolk, H. C. Fridley and the Misses Jessie and Ethel Wallace of San Jose.

Notes from Coronado

These are busy days at Coronado, polo every afternoon, and on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Maurice and Florence Walton dancing both afternoons and evenings in the ballroom. Over five hundred attended each performance on Monday while Tuesday the crowd was even greater. Many delightful affairs were given, the largest of which was the luncheon of sixty given by Mrs. John Dupee and Mrs. Walter Hamlin Dupee. The grill had been turned into a garden by the clever use of smilax and asparagus ferns through which were entwined tulips and roses. The six round tables at which the guests were seated decorated in lilies of the valley, carnations and mignonette, were presided over by Mrs. F. N. Freeman, Mrs. Gale Thompson, Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mrs. Luther Kennett and the two hostesses. Later all the guests were taken to the matinee dansante. Early in the week E. W. Hopkins, Samuel Hopkins and wife arrived, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin, Marion Zeile, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings and W. S. Tevis Jr. having arrived a few days previous. Owing to the indisposition of Will Tevis, H. K. Castle of Honolulu played number two on the San Mateo polo team Sunday. E. M. Greenway is spending the polo season at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. John Miller of Pasadena were hosts at a charming dinner in the grill and had among their guests Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin, Carleton Burke, Miss Lorraine Burke, R. G. Neustadt, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dupee, Miss Marion Zeile, Lord Innes-Ker, Mr. and Mrs. Gale Thompson, Frederick McLaughlin. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hamlin Dupee entertained at a luncheon preceding the polo game Sunday at their beautiful home on Ocean boulevard.

At the Green, Pasadena

Guests at the Hotel Green had an airy, fairy dance in the roof garden the other night. High above the tops of the surrounding buildings and with the stars above them and the myriads of lights with which the roof of the Green is decorated about them, they danced the loftiest tango that has yet been tangoed in the city. The party was an innovation. It was absolutely unique. Not that other roof garden parties haven't been given; but that there has probably never been one before at this time of year. It was too pleasant to stay indoors. Not a guest at the hotel was content to pass away the evening in the lounging rooms, attractive as they are. The younger set—and not a few of the older ones too—found the dancing on the roof just the pastime for the occasion. Arrivals include: Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Orcutt, Boston, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cady, Plattsburg, N. Y.; Miss Morris, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. C. Taylor, New York; A. J. Jackson; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Webber, Detroit, Mich.; Samuel Gull, Chicago, Ill.; James F. Meagher; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGregor, San Francisco; Miss J. B. Flyn, Miss E. L. Dooley, Miss D. A. Medden, Miss A. De Laskey, Boston, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Masterson, Elyria, Ohio.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CORNELIUS MOONEY, Deceased. No. 16,729; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John A. Boyd, as Administrator of the estate of Cornelius Mooney, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 14th day of March, 1914,) to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney L. F. Young, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Cornelius Mooney, deceased.

JOHN A. BOYD,
Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius Mooney, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 14, 1914.

L. F. YOUNG, Attorney for Administrator,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 53,637; Dept. No. 4.

SUSAN CARTWRIGHT, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES RENARD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of CHARLES RENARD, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES RENARD, deceased.

CLAUDIUS LARGE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles Renard Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 14, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney fo rExecutor,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 54,921.

TILLIE BYRNE, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
512 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-

Letters

Jack London's "Valley of the Moon"

"The Valley of the Moon" comes near to being a big book of California, though that is not saying that it approximates perfection in all its details. It takes a wide sweep, beginning with the life of struggling but competent workers in the lower middle level in Oakland, and swinging an arc which takes in the coast section of middle California and as far north as Oregon, giving a glimpse of agricultural conditions as they were and are. Saxon Brown was an expert ironer in a laundry. She made good wages by hard work, and she liked pretty clothes and good times, her ideals, those of her class and companions, being "the movies," dances at public halls several nights in the week, and in their season Sunday picnics for the sake of more dances. She was respectable in every sense of the word and knew how to make herself respected. Billy Roberts was a teamster by way of regular occupation, and a pugilist on the side for fun and the small purses he could win, honest and clean-living, and socially of the same grade as the girl. Both were in the first generation from sturdy American and Pioneer stock, apparently but not really shaped to their surroundings. It was a case of love on sight, and an early marriage, with every indication that they would settle down in some small rented house or flat and live little better than from hand to mouth. In a very short while misfortunes accumulated, sickness, the disastrous teamsters' strike, and the trouble incident to it. Dire poverty and actual hunger invaded the little home but just here is where Billy and Saxon differed from the ruck. In a spirit of independence inherited from their immediate forebears they strapped their necessaries into portable shape, disposed of the rest ,and set out on foot to look for land. At first they had nothing but what they carried with them, and of knowledge none at all, but little by little they accumulated both property and wisdom. Billy who was really fond of horses and had, unconsciously to himself, absorbed much wisdom concerning their care and keep, began to use his head and figure out plans, and both he and his young wife observed and asked questions until they had a clear idea of why the American farmer is being wiped out and his place taken by Portuguese, Japanese, Dalmatians and other foreigners. The young people started in search of a spot of land so ideal that they were warned it would be found only on the moon. They discovered their Arcadia in Sonoma Valley, which, as all Californians should know, is "The Valley of the Moon." Jack London's strictures on the shiftlessness of the ousted Americans are very mild. They did not even play at farming. They shirked at it, cursed it, and looked forward to just one thing—the glorious day when "the railroad" was to come, and in some mysterious and indefinite manner make them all rich. The Portuguese and the Dalmatians may seem to drudge but their hearts are in their work. In the decade of the sixties and seventies, the American ideal was as big an acreage as could be held under mortgage, with one cereal crop which could grow without attention, and often even that was left to volunteers. Not one man in ten knew whether he meant to harvest the grain, or cut for hay, or, perhaps, save himself all exertion by fattening stock in the fields. Not one in twenty raised vegetables for his own use, much less fruit. His children got what good they could from the six months of district school, and broke away from a starved life of discomfort and pessimistic complaints just as soon as they possibly could, and as to the wives and mothers, it was a cynical proverb that "It's a good farm that hasn't worn out two or three women." Billy and Saxon did well in their quest and from a teamster at small and precarious wages he developed into a man of affairs, but there are not another pair in the story who could have made a go of the same experiment. The dances, the "movies," and the soap box oratory and small excitements of town would have called them back after that first night in the open. They would have been too terrified to find out whether there were grizzlies or calves in the brush. Maybe the critical fraternity will not like "The Valley of the Moon," but plain people will. From the Macmillan Company.

"On Board the Good Ship Earth"

Herbert Quick has condensed into brief space a history of our world, how it came into existence, how it became fit for habitation and how it finally came to be inhabited. He discusses the vital problems of subsistence, maintenance, the shifting of population, conservation, government ownership and waste of vital necessaries of which the supplies cannot be renewed or augmented. He enumerates seven perils to which we are exposed in the event of the possible domination of different races, namely: the Mohammedan, the Spanish-Portuguese, the Russian, the Hindu, the yellow, the black and the white, any of which is possible if not imminently probable. "Patriotism—Vice or Virtue?" and "The Evils of Good Government" are two chapters which will demand attention. Mr. Quick has not attempted to solve the riddle of the universe in some four hundred and fifty pages, but he has given a moving picture of affairs as he sees them. His book is clearly and forcefully written, without technicalities of language or burdensome tables of statistics. Anyone should be able to understand all that he says, and "On Board the Good Ship Earth" will make a good starting place for more extended investigations. If it awakens the man on the street and the students of high schools and colleges to facts and plausible possibilities, it will probably accomplish all that the author has designed in this essay. From Bobbs-Merrill.

More Macmillan Reprints

Two more additions to Macmillan's fifty-cent reprints of good books are F. Marion Crawford's "Fair Margaret" and Pierre Loti's "Disenchanted." "Fair Margaret" was published about eight years ago, and is the first of a trio of novels setting forth the career of a nice English girl who developed into a great prima donna. "Disenchanted" is the book which is credited with having disenchanted its author as to the Orient. As the story goes, M. Loti received much of the information out of which he built up the romance from a young Turkish lady who was modern enough to assume that she was to collaborate in the financial returns also, and who gave both the author and her relatives some uneasy hours until the affair was settled somehow.

Good Will to All

Little Theodore was celebrating his fifth birthday. Twelve little boys sat down to the party table to the feast of cakes and sugar candy, ice-cream and pink lemonade. His mother suggested "Three cheers for Theodore." Twelve sweet, shrill voices lustily cheered. Then "Good luck to Theodore. "God bless Theodore." At each toast the boys became more enthusiastic. Mamma thought the last toast a beautiful climax; but the young host, hearing nothing more, but enjoying the shouting, glanced about the table at his little friends, raised his pink lemonade, and with his eyes shining like stars and a glad smlie upon his innocent lips called gaily out, "Hurray for the devil!"

Dyspeptic Philosophy

It's all right to look ahead, but don't be too previous.

The fellow who has a free foot has no business to be a kicker.

When a girl once gets the reputation of being vivacious, she seems to think she has to giggle her way through life.

It doesn't necessarily prove that a man is square just because he is always getting cornered.

The good deeds of many a man could be carved on the tombstone of a canary bird.

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Condition at Close of Business March 4, 1914

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$15,266,839.79
U. S. Bonds	2,100,000.00
Other Bonds and Securities	867,374.30
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	598,895.27
Cash and Sight Exchange	7,805,937.59
	$26,639,046.95

LIABILITIES

Capital	$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	3,098,950.91
Circulation	1,955,500.00
Letters of Credit	624,375.57
Deposits	18,960,220.47
	$26,639,046.95

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business March 4, 1914

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$20,071,882.60
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at par	2,500,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds	155,000.00
Other Bonds	3,276,914.32
Other Assets	400,320.00
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	1,665,596.73
Cash and Sight Exchange	11,027,905.84
	$39,097,619.49

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus	1,500,000.00
Undivided Profits	217,659.62
Circulation	2,500,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign	1,665,596.73
Deposits	29,214,363.14
	$39,097,619.49

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 1126 SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 21, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Where Aked Is Needed

Last week a hopelessly reactionary jury in New York found the author and producer of an indecent moving picture play guilty of an offense against public morals. Yet the play was intended as "a warning." So the defendants explained. But the benighted judge remarked, "If we wish to warn our children against wild beasts we don't have to turn a skunk loose in the schoolroom to do it." What a transparent blend of casuistry and sophistry! The case shows how urgent is the need in Darkest Gotham of the illumination that was withdrawn therefrom when Dr. Aked transported his incandescent intellectuals to San Francisco. The booster of "Peach Bloom" having accomplished his mission in this regenerated city should hurry back to New York and preach the importance of the high moral purpose that justifies filth as an element of the drama.

Mission Jim in a Lather

Mayor Rolph is indignant at the Chamber of Commerce for making a secret investigation of the street-cleaning department. It is reported by the men who made the investigation that in the street-cleaning department there is waste of public money to the amount of $100,000 a year. Naturally the Mayor resents this outrageous busybodiness on the part of mere private citizens who presume to take an interest in municipal affairs. And gallantly and in dithyrambic prose he rushes to the defense of the impugned officials. "This is an attack on me and on my Administration," says Mission Jim. Which of course is tantamount to criminal impertinence. How dare they attack our immaculate Mayor, these haughty captains of industry? Is he not above reproach? Let them ask Matt Sullivan. But to appreciate the infernality of them one must consider that they employed men to watch the street-sweepers at late hours of the night. These poor, illustrious sweepers, under surveillance! Think of that! When the Mayor heard of the enormity his choler rose till his sunny, mobile countenance turned saffron with rage. "I hope the time will never come," he exclaimed in perfervid accents, "when I will act as a gumshoe man to watch poor street sweepers." Why, if these caitiffs should be allowed to go uncastigated who knows but that some day they might have Mission Jim himself shadowed by Pinkertons? Indeed we are not sure but that even now considering the hullabaloo he has made the suspicious ones may think he has been playing the cuttlefish and decide to have the coin hefted. But of course the Mayor's is virtuous indignation. He tells us it has been suggested that the street sweepers be supplanted by machines in the interest of economy. That alone is enough to make him as mad as a wild bull in fly time. A street sweeper has a vote. What can a machine (an unpolitical one) do for the good of the cause?

The Coburn Verdict

If Mayor Rolph regards a criticism of the street sweepers as an attack on his Administration what does he think of the verdict in the Coburn case? A man of the Mayor's exquisite sensibilities and fastidious intellect is of course not unaware of the implication of that verdict. If between him and the men who merely sweep the streets of the city there is a Siamese connection what is the nature of the intimacy between himself and the attorneys for the Public Administrator—one the president of his personally conducted political club and the other his confidential adviser and mentor on whom he relies with a faith no less firm than the faith of Schmitz in his beloved Ruef? This intimacy Mayor Rolph not only maintains but cherishes. The domesticity of the intercourse is notorious. Is it always to escape criticism? We see no reason why the Mayor with all his exalted ideals and extraordinary sensitiveness in the matter of decency should be immune, or why despite his professions we should not regard with suspicion his failure to embrace the first palpable pretext to wrench himself free from some of his connections.

The Right to Be Ridiculous

The Coburn case reminds us of the stringency of the times in the matter of personal behavior. There are so many folks in the world convinced that they have a divine commission to make themselves disagreeable to their neighbors that every man must be on the qui vive lest he be pulled up with a short turn. Especially so if he be rich. It is only the poor that are as free as the wind. Nowadays with reformers of the national, state and municipal brand ever at our elbow poverty confers upon its votaries one gift in which all others are comprehended—a sense of absolute security. Here is this poor old rich man Coburn who wasn't even allowed to appear ridiculous in his leisure moments. Why shouldn't a man appear ridiculous? The trouble with most of us is we are getting too much afraid of looking ridiculous. To be afraid of ridicule is the easiest way to draw it upon oneself and the clearest proof that one deserves it. Folks that are afraid of ridicule live in a perpetual state of subservience. The world is their bugbear. As a rule it is the man of the soberest and solemnest mind that makes the most gigantic fool of himself. Perhaps the solemnest body of men in all the world is the Senate of the United States which demanded the other day that Minister Page cable over an after-dinner speech for inspection and analysis.

Watching and Waiting at Home

Senator Bankhead of Alabama, Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, betrays a curious misunderstanding of prevalent politics. Alarmed at the exorbitant and increasing cost to the Government of the parcel post business he asks: "What is the use of entering into competition with the express companies with the avowed purpose of destroying them?" Senator Bankhead answers himself in his own question. Is not the destruction of the express companies a glorious object to compass? The express companies are part and parcel of big business, and worse than that they are public utilities. To destroy them by substituting government ownership at an enormous cost to the taxpayers is an achievement worthy of the highest twentieth century statesmanship. It should incidentally be remembered that our daredevil politicians in Washington are killing two birds with one stone; for though the cost of the parcel post business is swollen and swelling, the railroads which are compelled to carry the burden of the parcel post are every day growing weaker under the load. Nor meanwhile is there a prospect of an early realization of the glad expectation that the Interstate Commerce Commission would see its duty in the matter of strengthening railroad credit by making a horizontal increase of five per cent in freight rates. When some months ago it was reported on what appeared to be good authority that the small increase would be allowed the strain on railroad finance and general business quickly showed signs of relaxing, but now the situation is the same as it was before, and the apprehension is growing that the policy of destruction is not to be abandoned. There is nothing for the railroads to do but cut down expenses, and one company is now cutting down by laying off

trains. All the while President Wilson is watching and waiting and business is marking time.

Getting Rid of Big Business

Uncle Sam has forced the United Express Company to the wall, much to the delight of all true lovers of government ownership. The government having compelled the railroads to carry express packages below cost, the express company sees no prospect of conducting business profitably in the future, and has therefore decided to go into liquidation and distribute its assets among the stockholders. Doubtless other express companies will soon do likewise, and then the question will be presented to the government whether, now that it has taken over part of the express business of the country through the parcels post, it is prepared to take over the whole of it. The express companies are not likely to be maintained merely to do that part of the business from which the smallest profit is derived. In time the government will be called on to handle perishable freight, shipments from the country districts to the city markets of butter, eggs and vegetables. Then will come the more important question of maintaining railroads to handle government business at a loss. Even now the so-called success of the parcels post is made possible by the subservience of the scared railroads, but the continued shrinkage of railroad earnings must soon necessitate a halt. The politicians are evidently hastening the day of national socialism, which of course is to their advantage, since the bigger the business of the government the more colossal the patronage, and the more powerful their political machine. Paris being the center of fashions perhaps there should be no objection to going to France for a new style of republic.

A Slight Inaccuracy

"Supreme Court Kills the Pure Food Law." So runs the headline of an Examiner editorial in which we are told that it is decisions like the one in the "bleached flour case" which justify the recall of judges; also that "it is a flat negation of the whole theory of popular government that after a law has been agitated for years, discussed in the press and on the platform, debated in all its phases by Congress, passed and signed by the President, a court which took no part in the discussion and which is wholly ignorant of the merits of the case should set aside all the fruit of this long agitation by construing the law in a way its makers never intended." Which shows what a wild and wooly notion of popular government may find lodgment in the normal human brain. The Pure Food law has not been killed by the Supreme Court. Its vitality has not even been impaired. The Supreme Court has done nothing more than make the law serve as a means of restraining the stupidity of an over-zealous federal bureau. There are some very busy bureaucrats in Washington. Mentally they are on a par with the general run of taxeaters everywhere in this broad land. Were it not for the courts they would be running amuck all the time, and the country would be made desolate, habitable only to the coyote and the jackass rabbit. As it is they have struck terror to the heart of commerce and made capital so apprehensive that the spirit of enterprise is almost paralyzed. The "bleached flour case" illustrates not the expediency of the recall but rather the importance of a safeguard against bureaucratic imbecility. Our pure food officials sought to put a large flour manufacturer out of business on account of a bleaching process to which he was obliged to subject his product. The process generated a poison as in the case of the refining of sugar. If the editor of the Examiner were to eat a barrel of this flour at a sitting he'd get less poison into his system than is contained in half a line of the editorial that proclaims the expediency of recalling judges. There is perhaps as much poison in a cube of sugar as there is in a barrel of the bleached flour. Nevertheless the bureaucrats in Washington insisted on driving the flour manufacturer out of business, and he was obliged to appeal to the courts and spend thousands of dollars to prove the harmlessness of his product and save his business from destruction. It would seem to be well to remind the editor of the Examiner that whatever the theories of popular government now floating through chaotic minds there are certain fundamental principles which have not yet been wholly abandoned.

Our Successful President

It is agreed that President Wilson's first year in office was a success. It was a success inasmuch as the President got what he wanted. He showed himself the complete master of Congress and his party. But whether the ultimate effects of the Wilson policies will prove that in his first year he served his country well is another matter. We have yet to see whether the country prospers, the wheels of industry spin. For the present we can only say that no President, not excepting Colonel Roosevelt, ever approached the record of Mr. Wilson in imposing his will on Congress. But for this he may not be deserving of so much applause as some folks think. Congress is not what it used to be. It is of course holier than ever before, numbering as it does few men of affairs, that is, men of large interests, the kind not to be trusted by the dear people. Now we have a greater supply than ever of Congressmen who can live by politics better than by anything else. It is very important to them that they should remain in political life, and as they regard Mr. Wilson as the Moses who will lead them into another four years' stay in the Promised Land there is nothing they do not stand ready to do for him—nothing from eating their words to robbing a chicken coop. So as a matter of fact success in the handling of these puppets is not at all conclusive either of personal magnetism or great generalship.

Our Recanting President

Some folks have just discovered that the President is a man of variable mind. During the campaign he was in favor of exempting coastwise shipping from canal tolls, now he is against discrimination, and his inconsistency is regarded by his critics as most reprehensible and lamentable. This is not our view of the matter. We are rather pleased with the frailty of Mr. Wilson's convictions. It is because of this frailty that notwithstanding all that has been done since unbridled Democracy galloped into office we remain more or less optimistic. We have known all along that the President was far from tenacious of his opinions. Did he not confess long before he was elected that when as a college professor he inveighed against the initiative and referendum he uttered bosh? Has he not recanted much that he wrote in his "History of the American People?" Was it not once his opinion that Bryan should be kicked into a cocked hat? In the President's case to be wise is not to be obstinate. His opinions may be incorrigible to proof but not to expediency. Only for the moment is he confident in maintaining a side; he is never cautious in choosing it. He is capable, when it suits his interest, of the most violent revulsion of sentiment and change of principle. He could write a very interesting essay on the wandering moods of a mind that like the vagrant seaweed on the ocean is tossed from shore to shore. How fortunate for us that his enthusiasm is fickle and treacherous! Here we are, in the matter of our international relations, between the devil and the deep blue sea, very much in need of a helping hand from the owner of the biggest navy in the world, and there in Washington is the man who can get it for us. Happily for the honor of the nation as well as for its exigent interests he is a man with no false pride of opinion, with a mind of light, luxuriant soil, into which it is as easy to transplant new ideas as to uproot old ones. Before the end of Mr. Wilson's term he will find that he has insinuated much bosh into the deliberations of Congress, and he will not hesitate to repair the evil that has been done.

Our Spendthrift Taxeaters

The revenue of the State will be greatly increased this year by the tax on automobiles. We are told that this is a tax that is paid with but few murmurs of protest, and that everybody who doesn't own an automobile is convinced that a more just tax was never imposed. This state of mind is not at all peculiar. Nowhere is there much grumbling about taxes, and everybody exempt from a tax regards it as evidence of a fine sense of discrimination. Every new tax that is imposed is accepted as though it were an act of God, and there is nothing to deter the brigands of politics and their hungry riff-raff retainers from going right along devising new schemes for separating the citizen from his money and inventing bureaus and commissions with an unappeasable appetite for public funds. For

several years the parasites in office have been beating gongs to wake the public conscience, but nobody has seen fit to turn on a burglar alarm or quicken the pocket nerve of the apathetic taxpayer. In time of course he will wake up and shriek for the police, and wonder what has become of the money. The cost of government is increasing every day, and instead of thinking of economy our politicians are enlarging the scope of their activities. Every little while they are threatened with a deficit, and then they create a new form of taxation. Consider the new forms that have been created within a few years—the inheritance tax, the corporation tax, the income tax. The supposition is that only the well-to-do are affected, but all the while the assessed values of property are being raised and the tax-rate soars too. And of course in time the special forms will be made more inclusive, and the man who is now but indirectly taxed in the painless fashion will have personal experience of the process of extraction. If our politicians were giving us good service for the money there would be little cause of complaint, but much worse than their extravagance, which borders on criminality, is their incompetency and stupidity. A fine specimen of what we are getting for our money is the State highway which is to be kept in repair by the money derived from the tax on automobiles. This in the strictest sense of the term is a political highway, stretched in whatever direction there is a promise of votes, and so attenuated as to be transparent over many miles. Most of it is as susceptible of repair as a shoe without any sole and half the uppers missing.

An Epistle

By Sylvia Lynd

God does not fail in anything.
The ring-dove's neck, the beetle's wing,
  The buds that turn from green to gold,
The sunny perfumes of the spring,
  The colored patchwork of the wold,
  The blue dusk dropping fold on fold,
  And all talk talked, and stories told
In the long evenings by the fire,
And strength and laughter and desire.

Dear, when you come to me and say,
Do this, do that, I must obey,
  Swift to interpret, to devise,
With all the gladness that I may,
  So can I face the trust that lies
  Within your wide exacting eyes—
  Your beautiful exacting eyes.
Mending and fashioning I know
If you will have, it must be so.

Do not be over harsh with me
When, empty of all subtlety,
  Stupid and ignorant and shy,
You find my small reality.
  When on a sudden grown as high
  (And how much cleverer than I?)
  You put your games and nonsense by
To find me also questioning
And helpless of all counselling.

Ah, turn your puzzled glances then
From the unresting ways of men,
  From tangled right and tangled wrong,
To where the brooks are loud with rain,
  To where the birds are glad with song,
  And with the world know you are young,
  And with the ageing world be strong,
And unto God as faithful be
As in these days you are to me.

Perspective Impressions

A husband is valuable as an excuse for many inds of misconduct.

Our dress expert says the most modest garnent woman wears nowadays is her nightgown.

The blushing maiden of yesteryear is now at he underworld drama getting used to things.

A lot of our preachers find that there isn't oom enough in one pulpit for religion and olitics, so they are driving religion out.

"It's lonely on the heights," says Mary Garen. Say the word, Mary, and we'll join you here.

Ambassador Page is ruefully reflecting that he wit of an after-dinner speech is not always ansmissible by cable.

The Wilson Administration may be remembered for its romances rather than its diplomatic achievements.

H. E. Huntington has bought another library which he paid a million for. Wonder if he gets as much pleasure out of books as the man who has a little library that is growing larger every year?

The secret of Fritzi Scheff's figure, 'tis said, is a Viennese corset, and you can't buy it in San Francisco. This is melancholy news indeed!

They say Secretary McAdoo won Miss Wilson with his dancing. Bet he'll be glad when the dancing craze is over and he can exchange his pumps for carpet slippers.

The French are a polite, ultra-refined people, noted for their good taste, but a Parisian journalist it appears may be very much in need of a lesson in common decency.

As Caruso's salary has been raised $1,000 a night his loss will be just that much greater every time he has to knock off on account of a cold.

So there is talk of reopening the Barbary Coast! Well, perhaps the ostrich has had its head buried long enough.

Is it surprising, the number of corporation presidents stepping to the front to applaud specific instances of the wisdom of the Johnson administration? Altogether: "For he's a jolly good fellow," etc.

Attacked by a militant suffragette, a Scotch prison commissioner knocked her down with a punch on the jaw. He will probably have emulators, for great is the influence of the gentle sex toward barbarization as well as refinement.

The Bulletin laughs at Boston for arresting folks for selling soap and tea on Sunday. Is that any worse than holding an election in California to see whether the manufacture of wine and beer should not be prohibited? And what about a city that has a Mayor who throws a fit when the Chamber of Commerce offers to show him how $100,000 a year may be saved?

Varied Types

CLXIX—MARY GARDEN

By Edward F. O'Day

Perhaps, after all, the best interviews are those which never take place. The person who might have been interviewed is spared such a lot of trouble. Wit, brilliance, illumination remain glittering possibilities, are not reduced to hard and fast words. And the interviewer—well, of course the interviewer is forbidden to take trouble into account. The interviewer, being the servant of the public and an orderly, so to speak, at the beck of the mighty person to be interviewed, is of absolutely no importance except insofar as he delivers a message. He is of just a little more weight than the pencil he wields. As a consequence he is to be ranked somewhere between the phonograph and the telephone. Unless he transmits he is nothing.

Nevertheless, the interview which didn't take place may have a certain value in the estimation of this negligible worm. He may speculate about it. He may wonder. He may draw on his unappeased imagination. Provided, of course, that the person who might have been interviewed but was not, intrigues the imagination. A person like Mary Garden, let us say.

"Mary," said her press agent, "is such an elusive person."

I can testify that this is no exagerration. The Garden has the elusiveness of Fata Morgana. You wonder whether this fugitive from publicity has Maude Adams' horror of print, or flies the pursuing questioner as part of a profitable game.

About making appointments for interviews Mary is most gracious. Cheerfully and authentically I can testify to that. She made two with me. That they were not kept is a mere detail. The first was made after a day of strenuous hunting. Mary seemed to fly me that day as poor Francis Thompson's soul fled the Hound of Heaven. Still, I was not "weary with the chase" when I caught up with her. Fancy being weary of chasing Mary! But Mary was weary. She had been motoring about town, doing a bit of shopping, hearing Fritzi Scheff sing "Kiss Me Again," taking the air in the park. And she had already received one interviewer that day.

"I never," said Mary, "receive more than one newspaperman a day."

That of course may be a Garden exaggeration, but like all of Mary's exaggerated personality it is charming. There is something more than reginal about it.

"Come," said Mary, "at half after twelve tomorrow when I shall have had a good sleep."

Was ever compliment more deftly insinuated? Come to me, implied this siren, when my mental powers are at their best, fit to cope with your superior intellect. That at least is how the remark might be construed.

It is one of the sadnesses of a more or less melancholy life that I shall never know whether Mary had a good sleep. I suppose she had. I sincerely hope she had. At half after twelve I should have liked to ask her about this and ever so many other things, but Fate decreed otherwise. I kept the tryst. Mary did not.

Again I took up the trail. Although an unexciting it was not an utterly uninteresting pursuit. If one must pursue, why not pursue a Mary Garden? It was seven in the evening before I found her.

To be accurate I found her secret'y. Mary's secret'y—I can only indicate how Mary's secret'y pronounces that word—impresses one, over the telephone, as a much grander person than Mary. Mary's secret'y is, I imagine, awe-inspiring in personal contact. Even by wire she thrills. Mary's secret'y would see whether Miss Garden could see me. A pause. Then the voice of Mary's secret'y again.

"Miss Garden cannot see you today, but if

MARY GARDEN

you'll come between the second and third acts of 'Louise' tomorrow—"

"Unfortunately I cannot, as my paper goes to press tomorrow."

"Ah? You probably realize that Miss Garden's time is almost as valuable as yours."

Reader, the cutting emphasis of that "almost!" There is no way in which I can do justice to it. Mary's secret'y simply floored me. I have heard more telling retorts, but none which so effectually concluded discussion.

So all the questions I wanted to ask Mary remain unasked. That's a pity. There were so many things I wanted to talk to her about. That "Tosca" kiss, for instance. I was crazy to ask her about that. You know, they banned it in Boston. It was too warm, too long and, as they would say in Boston, naughty. Fancy Mary vindicating her kiss, explaining her kiss, demonstrating her kiss! With the secret'y of course, though her Boston-like chilliness might spoil the effect. Can't you hear Mary raving about that kiss that Boston couldn't stand? Can't you see her tossing her celebrated adjectives. For the kiss—grand! superb! ravishing! seductive! passionate! and for Boston—stupid! narrow-minded! silly! cold! But alas! Mary and I shall never come together for the celebration of that kiss.

I wanted to ask her a lot about the Barbary Coast too. Mary hasn't gone into that subject enough to suit me. One of the first things Mary did when she arrived in town was to mourn the dead Barbary Coast, but she didn't expatiate on the subject. How I should have loved to talk over that night Mary ran away from Caesar's, dear old Caesar's. The newspapers said she was shocked by the dances down there. But of course she wasn't. Fancy our most amazing Salome shocked by any dances! If Mary had been shocked at Caesar's she wouldn't be lamenting the passing of the Barbary Coast. Perhaps Mary would have told me why she ran away from Caesar's that memorable night during her concert tour. If I had only interviewed her—and Mary's secret'y hadn't been present to chill me into silence—perhaps I'd have asked her if it really was jealousy of another woman who was dancing with her escort, an extremely handsome pianist, which sent her from Caesar's in a huff.

And I was so eager to draw Mary out on the subject of American prudery. Think of that for a fruitful subject of talk with Mary! I know Mary hates prudes as much as I do, more in fact. Can you hear her blistering them? Can you see her great eyes blazing scorn at their narrow heads? Mary would be more withering on that subject than Mary's secret'y was on the comparative value of Mary's time and mine. No prunes and prisms for Mary!

But of course the principal subject of talk would have been Mary. That is a subject on which Mary is eloquent. Did she not tell an interviewer more fortunate than I was:

"I am great!"

Mary is great, and I should have loved to hear her say so. It would have been a proud privilege to agree with her. Perhaps Mary might have added:

"I am beautiful!"

There would have been no gainsaying on my part, for I am free to confess that I think Mary wondrously beautiful and altogether charming.

And if, after this, Mary had intimated that I was consuming too much of her time, do you know what I should have done? You'd never guess. I'd try to interview Mary's secret'y. I'm not sure that I'd have the courage, to be sure I imagine that Mary's secret'y would be harder to approach than Mary. But the attempt would be worth making. Think of the interesting things Mary's secret'y might tell if she would! Does Mary fly into rages like the prima donna in Henrietta Crosman's play? Is she as terrible before breakfast? Does she weep at the thought of a massage deferred? Perhaps Mary's secret'y wouldn't discuss these boudoir secrets. Then I'd try her along different lines. She might discourse on the greatness of those who are privileged to live in the shadow of greatness. Who knows but that Mary's secret'y might say, as Mary said:

"I am great!"

Though of course, she wouldn't have to say it. I know she's great.

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Who's Who Hereabouts

II—CHESTER ROWELL

It is often greatly to the advantage of a candidate not to be well known. Indeed we know iat most of our public men would never have ecome public men had they been well known efore they aspired. We don't begin to get cquainted with our statesmen until after we ut them in office, and then our sense of humiliaon becomes acute. We feel like the farmer who ought a gold brick. It was not so bad in the ld days when we had bosses to choose our ublic men for us. The bosses were students of iaracter. They were never reckless in the disibution of their confidence, and sensible of their sponsibilities and of their self-interests they sually bestowed their favors on men of a cerin character. The character was not always the finest quality, for the boss was concerned iefly about qualities that did not appeal strong- to the imagination of the people. But the ialities that appealed to the political boss were ot the worst qualities in the world. His preferice was for men without peculiarities of temrament, men in whom the salt of the old Adam edominated, likable men whose line of conduct uld be forecasted with some degree of acracy. There is a great risk in having to do ith people who can't be classed, men of sudden iendships and as sudden coolings. Such en will not come under any definition either r good or evil. They are made of opsites. To their character we can find no ie. They are forever perplexing us, alays running counter to our previous opinion, ffling our foresight and sagacity. Amid their iuosities and obscurities they usually have a uch of the Machiavellian. They are good men steer clear of. Now it is men of this type that t along exceedingly well with the dear people. the very flexibility of their character they e able to adapt themselves to propitious cirmstances. It is highly to their advantage to be tle known.

For example, let us consider Senator John owney Works, first product of the direct sysn of government in California, most eccentric men—a now-you-see-him-now-you-don't sort of in. Elected by the Johnson machine, the lders of which stultified themselves and gave eir first exhibition of sharp practice in politics put him in office, he turned on them inside of month and has been at outs with them ever ce. Now Works got most of his votes from ople who didn't know him. Years ago when he st came to this State, and was unknown even the bosses they made the mistake of nominatg him for the Supreme Court to fill out a ort term. That was one of the times they re deceived. When he finished his term he k into obscurity and there he remained waitg for a new generation to grow up, one that i never heard of him, and then he ran for nator.

This year we have another unknown running for Senator—the Hon. Chester Rowell of Fresno. Rowell has had some prominence of recent years, but how many men in California know him intimately? In what position of trust has he ever displayed his character? How many men can testify to his reputation, good or bad? Has he any reputation? If so, is it a good reuptation? Rowell is best known in Fresno. It is natural that he should be known in Fresno, as he has lived there almost ever since he came to California some fifteen years ago. He is the editor of the Fresno Republican, once an important and influential paper, but how did he reach this position? On his merit? Not at all. The paper belonged to his uncle, the late Dr. Rowell, and this is the story they tell in Fresno about the circumstances in which the Republican became an organ of the Progressives. Dr. Rowell was a Taft man, and he was not in sympathy with his nephew's attitude toward Taft just before the last National Republican Convention. However, he was persuaded by his nephew to let him urge the nomination of Roosevelt, but with the understanding that in the event of Taft's nomination the Republican would support the President. Before the nomination was made Dr. Rowell died and the paper that he bequeathed to his nephew supported Roosevelt.

Long before Editor Rowell became a Progressive he was well known in Fresno, and twice he ran for office there. Once he aspired to be the Mayor of the town. The same aspiration thrilled the breast of an undertaker, and the undertaker was elected by an overwhelming majority. As Samuel M. Shortridge afterward described the catastrophe in a public speech: "Rowell was snowed under! Can you imagine such a thing as a man being snowed under—in Fresno?"

When again Editor Rowell felt the impulse to chase a job, it was to a school trusteeship that he aspired. Now it was everywhere conceded that of the citizens of Fresno there was none better qualified for this particular job than Chester. He was a school teacher by profession. A man of bulging, beetling brow, he has beside the wisdom of Rooseveltia much book-learning—poses as an authority on grammar, hates a split infinitive, scorns a mixed metaphor and is on intimate terms with Euclid. Once more Fate that employed an undertaker to bury him alive at the polls, made him the victim of a blasting irony. His opponent for trustee was a man pre-eminently disqualified for the job. This candidate could read and figure. He knew the rule of three, but that was about as far as he could go in arithmetic. He had no philosophy except what he had gleaned from Artemus Ward. But the people of the only community in which Chester Rowell is well known elected the low-brow.

But the Fresno editor is not a man without friends. Originally a member of the little band of altruists that started out to redeem the pillars of government under the leadership of Rudolph Spreckels, when his confreres began to find one another out he stuck to the office-holding clique, remained true to the machine. And today in the beadroll of his great deeds the most brilliant are his sophistries in defense of the Administration. There is nothing that has been done at Sacramento that he cannot extol, and in his panegyrics on Governor Johnson he can manipulate all the known metaphors without losing a grain of sawdust.

At first Editor Rowell was entered in the Senatorial contest as a stalking-horse for Johnson, a role on a par with his self-respect. He was expected to serve notice on his former friend and idol, the Hon. Francis J. Heney, and clear the track for the Governor. But the wild ass reared both hing legs in the air and kicked the Governor out of the lot. So now it's a fight between Heney and Rowell with the machine for the editor, and the times seems to cry for him. A favorite son of the Zeitgeist, he is stamped with the form and pressure of his day, and he will certainly fill the Senate with the odor of his sanctity.

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The People's Forum

A Change of Viewpoint

Editor Town Talk, Sir: The Examiner had an editorial the other day complaining of the Mann law and setting forth that it should be invoked only in cases of commercialized vice. A day or two later the Rev. Charles Aked, an Examiner reporter, published his views on the subject, and being a faithful, loyal reporter beholden to his boss, he did the proper thing; that is he fell in with the Examiner's policy. Isn't it a scream? When Diggs and Caminetti were on trial before a judge whose view was that it didn't matter whether they went to Reno for pleasure or for trade, the Examiner nor Aked had anything to say in opposition to that view. Aked thought the Mann law was a pretty good law in those days. He made it as hard for Diggs and Caminetti as he could. But now that the scion of a wealthy family is in trouble he utters a roar of protest. I read in Town Talk the other day a letter from somebody wanting to know who salted Aked in the congregation of the Post street church. It seems to me he has been salted on the whole community. I think it a huge joke on San Francisco that this third-rate preacher from Liverpool should be accepted here as a great lion of the pulpit and hired by a leading daily to give us a rehash of rationalist scepticism as though it were something new, something profound and instructive. Why, the man is a sensation in this big city that has its intelligence recruited from three universities all within a radius of fifty miles. A shallow, provincial parson, with a smattering of culture, a glib tongue and packed like a crate with effrontery, comes to town and before he is here long enough to need a shave he is accepted as a leader of sweetness and light. How are we to account for the phenomenon? Ah, I forgot; he was formerly John D. Rockefeller's pastor. John D., you know, is the oil man—a Philistine to the marrow, but fabulously wealthy and it is naturally supposed that he buys only the best. At any rate he can afford to buy the best. But think of all our multi-millionaires who get fooled on old masters! John D. knows oil from wine, and he can tell a good salesman or a hard-bargain driver as far as he can see one. When it comes to judging a work of art or the product of a system of education he is as one groping in Egyptian darkness. But John D. didn't keep Aked very long.

Sincerely,
—Robert L. Forsythe.

Information Wanted

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I read in the Chronicle recently that "as a result of the recent utterances of Dr. Charles F. Aked concerning the divine birth of Christ, it is likely that the Presbyterian church will withdraw its support from the Italian Mission at 920 Sacramento street." Also that "Dr. Robert Walker, brought here by Dr. Aked from New York, is at the head of the mission." I should like some information about this Italian Mission. What is its reason for being? What sort of missionary work is done there? I have heard of Japanese and Chinese Missions in this city, and I can understand their purpose. They are engaged in the laudable work of converting the oriental heathen to Christianity. But the Italians are not heathens. They are all Christians. Why should there be an Italian Mission?

Yours, full of curiosity,
—An Italian-American.

Esperanto, a Suggestion

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Have you heard that the police inspectors of Paris are learning to speak Esperanto, the most practical of the various universal languages? Quite a number of the important police officials of Paris speak it already, and a great many more are studying it assiduously. In Antwerp the policemen and street car conductors speak Esperanto. There are signs and notices in the street cars in Esperanto. Why not suggest to Chief of Police White that his policemen take up the study of this language. I believe there is to be an Esperanto Congress here during the World's Fair, and most certainly there will be thousands of visitors from all over the world who speak Esperanto but know no English. It would be a great advantage if the police could talk to them in Esperanto, for these strangers will need a great deal of directing. Sincerely,
—An Esperanist.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Poison Needle Absurd

We have read lately a number of lurid accounts about white slavers who overpowered their victims by means of the poison needle. In other words, these white slavers rendered women unconscious by giving them hypodermic injections and then kidnaped them. The American Medical Association Journal of Chicago has looked into the matter, and declares that the poison needle is absurd. It says: "It is not possible to say that no woman was ever without her knowledge given a drug hypodermically which produced unconsciousness. It can, however, be said very positively that there is no drug known to scientific men which could be administered in the manner or which would produce the effect described in recent newspaper reports."

Birth Rate Decline

New York City's birth rate for 1913 was the lowest since 1903. One of the experts of the New York Health Department has tabulated the reasons for the decrease as follows: The retarding of the age of marriage; the increasing proportion of unmarried people in the population due to the higher standards of living that are now demanded by all classes; the unwillingness of young people to assume the burdens and responsibilities of married life without an assured income; the advent of women into business and the professions; the greater ease of divorce; the possible increase of diseases causing sterility; lastly, but undoubtedly the most important cause, the deliberate and voluntary avoidance of child bearing.

Washington and Lincoln Statues

There is a proposal being seriously considered in London, of commemorating the one hundred years of peace between the United States and Great Britain by erecting statues of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln in the English metropolis. It is proposed that the statue to Washington be placed in Westminster Abbey where so many of Great Britain's great men are monumentally immortalized. The statue of Lincoln will probably be placed somewhere on the Thames Embankment in the neighborhood of Westminster.

Improving Athens

Somehow one doesn't think of Athens as a growing city, but that's what it is. It is growing so fast that the King of the Hellenes is determined to make proper plans for additional population. He has engaged an English engineer to draw plans. These include a union depot to take the place of all the present stations, new law courts and other public buildings, new hotels, new boulevards, including a broad avenue to the Piraeus and a complete park and playground system. All the hovels around the Acropolis will be razed, and this will necessitate a new housing scheme. There are to be new water works too. Indeed Athens is becoming very modern. Travelers are putting it in their itinerary more and more

Jerusalem Too

What will amount to nothing less than a revolutionary change in the Holy City is involved in the plan, soon to be carried out, to provide Jesusalem with a modern electric street car service and with electric light. The city is also to have a much needed adequate water supply. In order to effect these improvements, the engineers have come to the conclusion that it is necessary to pull down the picturesque ancient walls and massive towers of the city. The rapidity with which Jerusalem is extending, through the return of the Jews in great numbers to the home of their ancestors, has rendered these improvements necessary. To the north and west of the old city there have sprung up within the last ten years large Jewish colonies, populous residential sections, as well as convents, hospices, institutions, schools and other buildings, with the result that today there is a greater Jerusalem without the walls than within.

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"Twankidillo"

By Arthur Beckett

Collectors of folk-music will no doubt agree ith me when I say that you may scent and en view your quarry, and, eventually, after a ng and stern chase, capture it only in fragents. By this I mean that you may secure the ords of your song one day, and many more days ay pass before you come across the tune to hich they were sung, and vice versa. The findg of a complete folk-song may sometimes be exciting as the hunt.

This was my experience in the pursuit of Twankidillo," that famous song which, aforene, was sung by the Sussex blacksmiths at the ast of their patron, Saint Clement. Long ago I d collected the words, and had even secured detailed description of the ritual that was perrmed annually by the blacksmiths on St. Clent's Day (November 23rd). but in spite of all efforts to come upon the tune of "Twankidillo" seemed to be doomed to disappointment.

The words forming the chorus of "Twankidillo" ve so fine a swing that I felt sure that the tune at had been made to fit them must be well worth aring. That conclusion made the pursuit all keener. I dropped into the habit of repeating chorus to myself:

"Twankidillo, Twankidillo, dillo, dillo,
Dillo, dillo, dillo,
With a roaring pair of bagpipes
Made from the green willow."

The result of many repetitions of this rousing orus was that in time I came, by the fact of teration, to fit to it a tune of my own comsing. To this tune always I sang the words of chorus, but so small is my gift of music that er could I compose an air to suit the words the song, and with the suspicion that my setg of the chorus must, to the original air, be a slop suit covering a figure of a perfectly med man, for a long time I had to be content.

One day, after some years had passed without air of "Twankidillo" being revealed to me, I rnt to my joy that an old man of the name Mark Muddles, who lived in a combe of the wns beyond Rottingdean, had sung "Twankido" in his youth, such time as he was a blackth in some village of West Sussex. So on the rning after this good news came to me, I set on foot for the cottage of Mark Muddles, and rein I heard him sing the tune, and from him arnt to sing it myself, and then came away, my d full of "Twankidillo." Then seeing that no was about on that part of the Downs, forth- I, in the fear that I might forget it, sang in ud voice:

"Here's health to the jolly blacksmith,
The best of all fellows,
Who works at his anvil;
While the boy blows the bellows;
it makes his bright hammer to rise and to fall.
the Old Cole to the Young Cole and the Old Cole of all:
Twankidillo, Twankidillo, dillo, dillo,
Dillo, dillo, dillo.
With a roaring pair of bagpipes
Made from the green willow."

he song, as I have said, I sang to impress the upon my memory, and then, being well pleased it, I began to sing it again. I was now king along the road that runs above Telscombe s to Rottingdean and Brighton. The day was windy—the breeze blowing full in my face—hat with such opposition to my progress, and business of walking, I found the task of ing so great a chorus to be no easy one.

resently, on coming to a rise in the road, I before me an old woman pushing a barrow he hill. In a few minutes I overtook her, and then I found that what I had taken to be a barrow was a covered deal box mounted upon a set of old perambulator wheels. The progress of the old woman, as she pushed her little vehicle against the wind and the hill, was painfully slow; moreover her breathing was wheezy, and from this I gathered that she suffered from asthma. The sight of the woman so engaged, and laboring under such disabilities, was so pitiable that no humane man could have ignored her. Therefore, I gave her good day, and suggested that I should push her barrow to the top of the hill, an offer which she accepted thankfully.

"That's a rare old song you was singing, sir," said the old woman when I had relieved her of her barrow. "It 'minds me of old times."

"What, you know 'Twankidillo?'" I asked.

"That I do," she said, "though that warn't what we called it. 'Old Clem' was the name we knowed it by. The boys an' young men uster sing it in my young days when they went 'Clemming.' I allus liked the tune 'cos' it's so chucker-like" (cheerful).

Here was a coincidence, or something like one. I had hunted for the tune of "Twankidillo" for three or four years, and at last, within an hour, met two persons who knew it.

"Tell me about the 'Clemming,'" I said to the old woman.

"That," she answered, "was a sort of game—like bonfire an' Christmas—which was played on Clem, the Blacksmith's Day, by the boys down Steyning way—in November, 'twas. I lived at a place called Bramber then. Maybe you've heard of it, sir; an' my young man uster help in the 'Clemming,' while us gals helped to sew the clothes for 'Old Clem.'"

"Yes," said I, by way of encouragement, as the old woman paused to struggle with her breath.

"We uster have some proper fun with 'Old Clem,' I can tell 'ee. The boys made a figure which was meant for 'Old Clem,' with a wig an' beard an' a pipe in his'n mouth, just as if 'twere a real man. Then they put un in a chair, an' after firing off their anvils, they carried un round to all the houses, an' axed for apples an' beer. Arter they done that, they took the figure of 'Old Clem' to the public an' put un up agen the door while they had supper. A proper bit o' fun it was, sure enough."

"And after supper they sang the song of 'Old Clem,' I suppose?"

"That they did, sir, same as you was singing it just now; only we called it 'Old Clem,' not 'Twankidillo.'"

We had reached the top of the hill while the old woman was still telling of the ceremonial of St. Clement's Day, but as I was much interested in the recital, I did not venture to interrupt her by suggesting that she should now push the barrow herself. I was very willing that she should take the barrow from me, for it smelt unpleasantly of fish, and, to tell the truth, I was somewhat anxious not to be seen by any passer-by pushing so primitive a vehicle.

But soon after we reached the top of the hill, and when she had finished the story connected with Old Clem, the woman suddenly became a victim to a distressing attack of asthmatical wheezing, during which she appeared to breathe with great difficulty. Indeed, the grip of the paroxysm was so powerful upon her that she sank down by the side of the road, while I stood by with a feeling of alarm, yet not knowing what to do.

Thus I stood for some minutes looking at the old woman, and, in some sense, suffering with her. Then, even as I watched her, the attack passed away.

"'Tis my brown-crisis," she said, when she was able to speak; "it do make me feel terrible weak an' bad."

She stood up and began to walk on, and I took the handle of her evil-smelling fish cart and pushed it along by her side.

"You ought not to be out on such a day as this," I said to the old woman. "Have you no one to look after you?"

"Not to say look after me," she made reply. "I've got a married darter; but she han't much good to me, seeing as she have got her own to do fur. But there! I doant mind work; I allus been uster it."

"What are you going to do with your fish?" I asked her in the hope that her thoughts would revert to her barrow, and that she might offer to relieve me of it, when I was determined to continue my journey at my own more rapid gait.

"I be a-goin' to sell it in Brighton," she said, "leastwise, what's left of it. I've took an' sold most of it already up in Piddinghoe, an' what's left I shall sell in Brighton; an' what's left arter that I shall have for supper, belike."

"Well," said I with some desperation, though I endeavored to keep that note from my voice, "wouldn't you like to take your barrow now?"

"If you please, sir," said the old woman, "I'll be main glad if you'll wheel it fur me nigh up to Rottingdean; I feel that weak and desprit-like along o' my brown-crisis that I doant seem as I can get it along by myself."

I looked at her keenly. She was feeble, as well as old. It would be cruel to leave her alone to push her creaking barrow against the wind. I looked along the road. No person was to be seen, and I went forward again, the woman wheezing and walking by my side.

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXXVII—FROM A WINDOW

By Henriette de Saussure Blanding

(Miss Henriette de Saussure Blanding is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding of Belvedere and San Francisco. Miss Blanding has a rare poetic gift which she jealously guards from the public. Her two volumes of poems have been privately printed; had they been published they would have attracted the favorable attention of discriminating critics. The following is taken from Miss Blanding's "Poems," privately printed in 1911.)

The jeweled hills lie silent 'neath the stars,
Spangled with fairy gems; the city sleeps,
A glittering constellation on the rim
Of the still waters silvered bright with bars
Of moonbeams mirrored in translucent deeps,
Where melting ghost lights blend with shadows dim.

Peace on all earth—peace with the calm of Death
In cloud dreams drifting o'er the hills' dark crest,
In moon-kissed flowers, in sigh of sea-born air;
Alone the ocean draws its anguished breath—
Great sobbing heart whose longing knows no rest,
My yearning soul has found her echo there!

The Spectator

Bolivia's Protest

Senor Don Ignacio Calderon, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Bolivia to the United States, is in San Francisco with his wife and daughter. The coming of Senor Calderon was heralded in the press. The statement was made that his visit had to do with Bolivian participation in our World's Fair. It was to be expected that Senor Calderon would be entertained lavishly by the Fair people. As his wife and daughter are very prominent in Washington society, it was also to be expected that society here would "rush" them. But the fact is that up to the time when this is written the Calderons have had a very quiet visit. There has been a conspicuous absence of the dinners, luncheons and so forth which it was natural to suppose would be arranged in honor of our distinguished guests. What is the reason? There is an answer to this question. It is being whispered about, and it may not be the correct answer, it is so difficult to pass the barrier of diplomatic secrecy. But it is being said that the Bolivian Minister has a grievance against the State of California, and that he came here to file a protest. The story is not without a certain plausibility.

The Consul's Arrest

Not long ago the Bolivian Consul in this city, Carlos Sanjines by name, was placed under arrest. He was charged on the affidavits of some little girls with having committed a gross impropriety in a moving picture theatre. The case came before Police Judge Deasy, but was not heard. The Consul was dismissed from custody on the ground that the status of a foreign consul is such that he is not amenable to the laws of California. It was pointed out at the time that some years ago the Greek Consul was arrested for passing through the fire lines at a fire, but was not tried, the same consular privilege saving him from prosecution. It seems a strange privilege, and I believe that California is now the only State in the Union which accords it to foreign consuls.

An Apology Demanded

If the story which is being told is correct, Bolivia was not satisfied that Consul Sanjines should be released from custody without trial. It is said that Bolivia through her Minuister has declared that the arrest of her consul was an indignity for which some sort of apology must be made. One would think that any man, no matter what his position, would want to be cleared of such a charge in the courts; that where there is record of his arrest he would also desire that there should be legal record that his innocence had been established. However, I am telling the story as it has reached me. It is being said that Bolivia makes her participation in our World's Fair contingent on some sort of reparation to Sanjines, and that it was for this that the Bolivian Minister came to San Francisco. If the negotiations have developed difficulties it is easy to understand why there has been so little official entertaining for Calderon.

The Western Fuel Case

After hearing a little of the argument in the motion for a new trial of the Western Fuel officials last week Judge Dooling remarked that apparently the attorneys for the defense had hardly begun to make an impression. No doubt he was able to see that they had only been scraping the surface of what is probably a very rich body of precious facts. Thus far they have supported their motion with only a few affidavits and two newspaper files, one of the Bulletin and the other of the Examiner. What purpose these are to serve it is easy to conjecture. The Bulletin and Examiner played an important part in the prosecution of the Western Fuel officials, though it may be that the editors of those journals were not fully aware of the use to which they were put. During the trial of the case the two newspapers were devoted to the interests of the prosecution. Their reports of the trial were grossly unfair. Since the trial several of the jurors have admitted that despite the injunction of the court they read the newspaper reports from day to day. Now such being the case it is hardly to be gainsaid that the defendants received a pretty tough deal. But their attorneys will perhaps go further and show that there was a very close connection between the reporters who reported the trial and the men pecuniarily interested in the prosecution. Indeed we may have something of a newspaper scandal and worse before this motion for a new trial is finally submitted. The motion may prove most salutary in more ways than one. It may shed more light for us on the strategic manoeuvres of prosecutors. At least it will show us how many agencies it was deemed necessary to employ in order to ensure the conviction of the defendants. For the present let us consider the newspaper agency.

Where the Case Was Started

The scene of the inception of the Western Fuel case was the office of the Bulletin, the very same journal whose editor told the Council of Jewish Women the other day what motives prompted him in the graft prosecution and how unfair he was at times. David Powers, the weigher who was discharged from the Western Fuel Company after he had been convicted of opium smuggling, made the acquaintance of two Bulletin reporters at whose instigation he called in Special Agent Tidwell and supplied him with some information on the strength of which the prosecution was started. From the beginning Powers was thinking of what there was in it for him. On this point he was a very reluctant witness. Indeed he did a good deal of hedging on this point until it became apparent that his impeachment might follow, and then he perceived the advis-

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ability of "correcting" his testimony. It was about the pecuniary consideration that he hedged. He did not want to admit that he had any definite idea about the reward paid to informers. But it was shown that in his first interview with Special Agent Tidwell the matter was talked of. Then Powers said he thought he might get about seven thousand dollars. He wasn't sure though. It might be more. As a matter of fact he thought his share would be about $60,000. It was so testified.

The Busy Reporters

Of the value of his role in dollars and cents Powers was never unmindful. It wasn't only the fines that he was calculating on. Under the law the Government is entitled to the value of all property that escapes duty, and the informer is entitled to twenty-five per cent. Now as it was estimated that sixty-two thousand tons of coal escaped duty it is evident that Powers was looking forward to a very fine windfall. Did he expect to keep it all? Was there to be no subtraction or division? On these points there is no testimony; only hearsay. But anyway the reporters took a deep interest in the case. When the case went to trial the men who sent Powers to Tidwell, and who by this time were on very intimate terms with Powers were on hand to report the proceedings. In the meantime one of them had joined the Examiner staff. So both the Bulletin and Examiner were represented by men who were very eager that Powers should make good. Through their eyes the readers of the Examiner and Bulletin followed the trial from day to day, and it was thus that a large part of public opinion was moulded. Also it was they that explained to the jury what a strong case the prosecution was making out; for several jurors were reading the papers to get a better understanding of what was going on in court. One of the reporters, the one representing the Examiner, did more than describe the trial from his viewpoint. He was very active as a partisan of the prosecution in and about the court room; and a reporter can be of great assistance in such matters if he be so inclined, especially if some of the witnesses are excluded from the court room. So it is plain to be seen in view of the affidavits of jurors that the files of the newspapers are quite pertinent to the issue raised by the motion for a new trial, as of course the lawyers will point out how the reports were colored in the interest of the prosecution. But even after they do this, they will perhaps have but scraped the surface of the mine that is to be exploited. It will still remain to be seen what other agencies were used, for of course there were others available and it is not to be supposed that any were neglected.

The Embarrassment of James

"This is pretty tough luck for my friend Jimmy. Everything seems to be going against him. First it's the Spanish and now it's the Irish."

The speaker was the man who winds the ferry clock. He was soliloquizing with a newspaper in his hand.

"What Jimmy are you talking about?" Commissioner Dwyer inquired.

"Our Jimmy," said the clockwinder; "our Jimmy, the Irish-American white hope. Here he is running for the United States Senate, and right in the midst of the campaign we begin to have trouble with the Sassenach over this Panama Patch."

"What has that to do with Mr. Phelan?" the obtuse commissioner inquired.

"Everything, everything! He's the President's friend, isn't he? And he's a member of the Knights of St. Patrick, isn't he? For that matter he's a member of every Irish society under the sun, and what are the Irish societies doing? They're 'resolutin' ferninst' the British as it were, and they'd like to kick the head of that Princeton professor in Washington. Can't you see what an embarrassing situation Jimmy is in? There's nothing left for him to do but damn the Japanese. How lucky it is they don't vote!"

"Would Jimmy damn them if they did vote?" Dwyer asked.

"That'll do now. Don't be asking silly questions."

The Mayor and His Badge

I met the clockwinder on Tuesday and was surprised to see that he was in gala attire. He noticed my look and pointed to the shamrock in the lapel of his black coat.

"I laid off to go to the St. Patrick's Day celebration," he explained. And then he added, "Did you know that the Mayor is wearing one of these today?"

I replied that that was not surprising, as many who were not Irish took pleasure in doing honor to Ireland's saint.

"Ah! but the Mayor is not so fond of badges as a general rule," said the clockwinder with a knowing air.

I asked him what he meant.

"Well, of course there are badges and badges," he answered. "Did you know that Mission Jim hadn't worn his Knights Templar badge for two years?"

I certainly did not know it.

"It's a fact," said the wiseacre of the Embarcadero. "He's been wearing it on the pin cushion of his dresser for the last two years. He may never wear it again."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Maybe one of these days he'll be wearing a Knights of Columbus badge instead," quoth the clockwinder. But he wouldn't explain.

The Making of a Criminal

The people of Kenosha, Wis., have been made acquainted with the ways of Burns' detectives. On the trial of a poor, ignorant laborer charged with transplanting dynamite with criminal intent it was learned that he was induced to commit the offense by the Burns detective who arrested him. Burns detectives had been employed to arrest the man in the event of his attempting to injure a foreman against whom he had made threats. They soon found out that he had no intention of carrying out his threats. So they played on his passions in the hope of getting him to commit a crime. They urged him to become a thief, to kidnap a child and to commit murder. Finally they induced him to buy the dynamite and seek revenge. Then they arrested him. Burns' men admitted these things. The frame-up, by the way, is the triumph of the genius of William J. Burns, and judging from a long list of happenings he has many ardent disciples among his employees. In view of all that has been done by Burns' detectives it would seem to be about time to do something toward discouraging the frame-up line of endeavor. Burns himself is not a man of fine scruples, and it is not to be supposed that he is a stickler for character in his men. He is not a detective of the old school founded by the elder Pinkerton, and there is a vast difference in the methods of William A. Pinkerton and William J. Burns. Pinkerton is a man who enjoys universal respect; the respect even of the men whom he has put behind prison bars. He wouldn't have a man of the Burns type on his payroll.

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advertising columns of the dailies. For instance: "This petite Frenchwoman (Dame Du Barry) inspired affection in Marie Antoinette whom she replaced in Louis Fifteenth's affections. Also we are told in the same advertisement that Dame Du Barry placed a stamp on customs. What customs. I wonder. Surely not the customs that a merchant would care to advertise. A great prostitute was Du Barry, not 'distinguished for her wit and tact' as the advertisement reads, but for brazen effrontery. She went as Carlyle tells us through the lowest subterranean depths to the highest summit heights of harlotdom, and she was never anything but a harlot. Instead of inspiring affection in Marie Antoinette she filled that elegant woman with loathing and disgust. But think of Marie Antoinette, the little Austrian girl who was not out of her teens when Louis Fifteenth died being succeeded in his affections by Du Barry, who, as a matter of fact, was chased out of Versailles before Marie was made Queen! The ad. writer has been playing a curious joke on I. Magnin & Co. However, let us hope that at least this much is true,—that Du Barry wore the style of corset which the Magnins are selling, for she had some style to her anyway.

The Davis Censorship

There is a storm brewing in the Custom House. Three prominent federal officials are sore through and through, and are reaching the point where they must express their indignant feelings or burst with wrath. The trouble was caused by Collector of the Port J. O. Davis. Davis enjoys the little brief authority with which he has been clothed by the Wilson Administration, and has gone out of his way to exercise it. Not long ago he issued an order to United States Appraiser Ed Leake, Surveyor of the Port Justus Wardell and Naval Officer James H. Barry, an order of censorship which is unprecedented. He notified these three federal officials that they are not to give out any news to the reporters until they have first submitted it to him and obtained his O. K. This order is particularly obnoxious to these three men because they have an idea that they know news while Davis does not. Davis has never been a newspaperman; he has no expert knowledge of what constitutes a newspaper "story." Leake, Wardell and Barry, on the other hand, are all newspapermen. They are the proprietors and publishers of newspapers. Leake is the editor of the Woodland Democrat, one of the oldest and best known Democratic papers in the State. Wardell is the editor of the Journal of Commerce. Barry is the editor of the Star. They have so far acquiesced in the Davis censorship, but not with a good will. I look to see trouble before long.

Davis Impersonated

Speaking of Collector Davis, a good story is going the rounds of the Custom House. It seems that a few days ago two prominent Democrats came down from Sacramento to have a conference with Davis who is the chairman of the State Central Committee. They were armed with a letter of introduction from a very prominent Sacramento Democrat. They presented their letter at the office of the Collector of the Port and had their audience. Later in the day they told another federal official that they had had a very satisfactory interview with Collector Davis.

"The mischief you did!" exclaimed this official. "I don't see how that can be. Davis hasn't been in his office today. He's been over in Oakland attending a ball game."

The two Sacramento Democrats described the appearance of the man who had received them and who had allowed them to suppose that he was the Collector of the Port. It was a description of Davis' chief clerk, Farmer. Naturally these Democrats are mad, exceedingly mad. They are wondering whether Farmer was instructed to impersonate his chief while the latter rooted in Oakland.

Hickey's Great Point

In his argument in the Coburn case Tommy Hickey made the tremendous point that Judge Dooling had once found Coburn incompetent. Attorney A. J. Treat explained to the jury that Judge Dooling formed his opinion after Matt Sullivan had asked Coburn three thousand questions. The jury after seeing Sullivan in action readily perceived the inference to be drawn. But now that it is all over, and Public Administrator Hynes has had to let go of Coburn's property the question suggests itself, Why did Hickey drag Judge Dooling into the case? Judge Dooling may have been mistaken when he adjudged Coburn incompetent. At any rate Hickey's tremendous point had no effect on the jury. It served only to remind us that it was Judge Dooling who inadvertently fastened the clutches of the Sullivan clique on Coburn's estate. And perhaps it reminded some persons with long and irreverent memories that it was Judge Dooling who tried the Bulletin's phony libel suit in which Matt Sullivan played a star part. But in those days Judge Dooling was a rural jurist, not used to the ways of a metropolitan bar. Now he is a distinguished federal judge, and perhaps he would like to forget the days of his innocence.

The Rokeby Venus

Now that the Rokeby "Venus" has been slashed by a suffragette photographs of it will probably be in as great demand as were photographs of the "Mona Lisa" when that famous painting was stolen, but a ban may be put on the lady whom Velasquez immortalized. The painting is one of the very few works of Velasquez which depict the nude human figure. Velasquez painted two pictures of the woman depicted in this painting. It would have been hard for any of her mere acquaintances to recognize her as his Venus, for he presents only the rear elevation of her form supine. Yet it is not what we would call a chaste nude. Nor yet is it a picture that would suggest the need of a fig leaf or anything less than a palm

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leaf. The lady was exceedingly well nourished in that part of her body which occupies the central part of the canvas and which looms up with startling conspicuousness. It ought to be called the Venus Kallipygos.

Matt and the Chief Justiceship

From the California Outlook which doesn't exactly burgeon with live news, I glean an interesting item. "Some months ago," says the Progressive organ, " a movement was started among Progressives to induce Matt. I. Sullivan, the well known San Francisco attorney, to stand for the Chief Justiceship, but he had no desire to run for office." The Outlook might have said more. It might have mentioned that years ago another Sullivan, Matt's brother Jeremiah F. Sullivan, was a candidate for the State Supreme bench. It was just after Judge Jeremiah had decided the Sharon case and he was large in the public eye. He was overwhelmingly defeated. Since that time the Sullivan-Dwyer clique has not increased in popularity, especially since it "came back" under Governor Johnson and Mayor Rolph to plunge deeply into State and municipal politics. The fact that the Progressives should want Matt to run for Chief Justice is significant as showing the trend of Progressive politics in this State. The fact that Matt refused to run shows that Matt is wise in his generation, for he knows he couldn't be elected.

Twenty-five dollars doing its utmost

This announcement is not addressed primarily to those men who determine to spend $25 for a suit of clothes and are going to be content with whatever they can get for that price. We are appealing more directly to those who are satisfied with nothing less than style in perfection, elegant fabrics, perfect fit and the most skillful tailoring, and to whom price is always a relative consideration.

To the latter we commend our astounding assortment of Spring Suits at $25, because they will fully measure up to the most exacting demands and prove more satisfactory in every way than any suit made to order at $15 more.

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726 MARKET ST.

King Ferdinand Coming

I understand from the London Times that King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is going to visit San Francisco during the World's Fair. The Times says that King Ferdinand plans a visit to San Francisco in company with his two sons Boris and Cyril. Queen Eleanore of Bulgaria is coming to the United States this year in connection with various charitable projects, but King Ferdinand prefers to wait till next year and give his sons a vacation at our World's Fair. He is the first king to announce his intention of visiting our Exposition.

An Expert's Judgment

Justice "Tom" Lennon of the Appellate Court was the orator of the day at the recent Robert Emmet celebration. In order to advertise the affair his picture was displayed in the windows of shops kept by patriotic Irishmen. One of the photographs was taken to Kelleher, the Irish tailor, with the request that he exhibit it. Kelleher inspected the picture very carefully.

"A good likeness, isn't it?" said the man who brought the photo.

"It's a good likeness all right," said Kelleher judicially, "but the coat doesn't fit."

Our Art Lovers

The mural painters of the World's Fair who are giving an exhibition of easel pictures at the Palace are not very much impressed with our vaunted love of art. They find that people are not crowding the gallery to see their work. One reason may be that an admission fee of fifty cents is charged, and ten cents more for the catalogue. I had the room almost to myself the other morning when a certain very prominent woman with a couple of debutantes under her wing halted at the door.

"You are charging admission?" she asked the boy at the table.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"Then I shan't go in, for I haven't a cent in my purse," she said. "Come, dears."

And she sailed serenely away. The pictures are interesting enough, but the average worth is not very high. Jules Guerin seems to be the lucky man so far as sales are concerned.

In Little Old New York

"I have heard people speculate on the indignity of being run over by an ice wagon or knocked down by a Ford automobile," said Ed Childs in the St. Francis the other day, "but I had to go to New York to suffer a worse humiliation than either of these."

Ed Childs used to be assistant manager of the St. Francis, and a very capable and popular assistant manager he was. He has just returned to San Francisco from New York by way of the Panama Canal.

"I had promised to bring Andy Lawrence and George K. Spoor together for a business meeting," continued Childs. "Lawrence, as you know, runs the Hearst papers in Chicago and Spoor is at the head of the Essanay plant there, but they had never met. Spoor and I took a taxi to go down to the New York American office. It was the worst day of the blizzard and traffic was in awful shape. Well, what do you think? Our taxi was run into and bowled over by a horse car, one of those antiquated horse cars on the Chamber street crosstown line! I guess we were the first people in the world who ever had that experience. We weren't hurt, however, and the fight between our chauffeur and the driver of the horse car was one of the prettiest mills I ever saw."

A Compliment to Hadley

Jean Gerardy, the 'cellist, was delighted with the work of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and with the conducting of Henry Hadley. He was so delighted that he wrote a letter which deserves to be published, so that San Franciscans may appreciate what a sterling musical organization they have in their midst. Gerardy wrote: "Dear Mr. Hadley: Although knowing for many years your name as being the one of a very talented musician and composer, I was very happy to see by the way you accompanied me yesterday at the Symphony concert you had another title to add to those above mentioned, that of a very fine conductor. Before leaving the city I would like to thank you and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra for the interest and careful attention that you gave to my accompaniments, which I am delighted to

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North German Lloyd Again Leads All Lines
The North German Lloyd landed more passengers, First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage, in the Port of New York during 1913 than any other line, repeating its marvellous record of 1912. Here are the official figures as compiled by the United States Landing Agent:

	First Cabin	Second Cabin	Steerage
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD,	18,348	35,130	164,536

The North German Lloyd, with all its services, landed the greatest number of passengers in the United States—288,744—on 249 trips, an average of a steamer every thirty-five hours.
The North German Lloyd, in the Northern Service, carried 20 per cent. of all the First Cabin passengers entering New York; 15.66 per cent. of the Second Cabin and 20.98 per cent. of the Steerage passengers, with more than a score of lines competing.
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
ROBERT CAPELLE
General Pacific Coast Agent
250 Powell St., near St. Francis Hotel and Geary St., San Francisco

say resulted in a performance which was most satisfactory to me. In closing I want to wish you good luck, both for yourself and the Orchestra, for the future, and I want to express my great pleasure in finding such an able body of musicians in San Francisco. Hoping to see you in Europe in the near future, and that we will again have the pleasure of appearing together in concert, I am, my dear Hadley, yours sincerely, Jean Gerardy."

A Stern Rebuke

"Bob" Connolly who has the important railroad detail for the Examiner, lay in wait most of one day for a railroad man of national prominence. The railroad man was at the Palace, but he was so busy during his stay that the newspapermen had no chance to interview him. Finally Connolly caught him. But the railroad man was in a great rush and had no time to talk to reporters. He shook his head smilingly as he darted away.

"I cannot give you anything," he called back to "Bob."

One of the Palace clerks saw the encounter and overheard the railroad man's remark. He went up to Connolly.

"You'll have to cut that out," he said sternly. "We don't allow 'panhandling' around this hotel!"

W. C. Morrow in Berkeley

Mr. W. C. Morrow, the well known author, has changed his headquarters for instruction in authorship to Berkeley. He has consolidated his interests with those of the A-to-Zed School, 2401 Channing way, corner of Dana street, where his headquarters will be hereafter. The new alignment will make no change in his teaching of authorship (stories, novels, sketches, plays, etc.) to adults individually and in classes, but they will be taught by him henceforth at the A-to-Zed School only. The consolidation is based on the conviction that the highest results in education and training are secured by devoted attention to the individual needs and abilities of students—a practice impossible under ordinary methods.

Big Auction List

The auction sale announced by A. J. Rich & Co. last week which will be held within the next sixty days, has already aroused considerable interest. A large number of property owners have expressed themselves as ready to dispose of their holdings, and several important pieces have already been listed. Three much desired down town parcels have been included. The management of A. J. Rich & Co. is well satisfied from preliminary inquiries that this sale will have a stimulating effect on the general market, and that unexpected results will be obtained.

Entertained Ball Players

Local friends of George A. Kessler, the well known New York clubman who visits us from time to time, are hearing of the elaborate dejeuner he gave for the "Giants" and "White Sox" white they were in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Kessler received their guests in the drawing-rooms of their new house in the Avenue Raphael, where ten of Boucher's priceless tapestries are hung. The American Ambassador, Mr. Myron T. Herrick and the American Consul-General, Mr. Thackara were unable to be present for dejeuner but they came later to welcome the world's tour party. Eighty-six guests sat down to dejeuner, the men, some sixty-four in all, in the ballroom and the twenty-two ladies in the dining-room, overlooking the large gardens, with massive fountains at the far end. Some idea of the size of Mr. Kessler's new home may be obtained from the fact that the dejeuner was prepared and cooked in his own kitchens. The house stands in a plot of 7,000 square metres of ground. It was designed by M. Saint-Anges, the well-known French architect, and is a copy of the Louis XIV pavilion at Marly. The following excellent dejeuner was served:

Truite Saumonee Norvegienne
Sauce Printaniere
Noisettes de Boeuf a la Rubens
Pommes Parisiennes
Petits Pois
Chapons du Mans a la Broche
Salade de coeurs de Laitue a la Francaise
Asperges Sauce Souveraine
Glaces, Peches et Abricots en Belle Vue
Amontillado 1865
Moet et Chandon—Imperial Crown, Cuvee A. A.
Courvoisier Napoleon Brandy 1824

As soon as dejeuner was over the men went out into the garden and passed before the cinematograph, the ladies forming a background from the large windows of the dining-room. In the meantime the ballroom was transformed into a theatre, and under the direction of M. A. Nilson Fysher, well-known to all Americans who have visited Montmartre, artists from various music-halls danced and sang the latest Parisian novelties. A speech of thanks was made by John J. McGraw, and then the baseball players all sang: "Gee, But It's Great to Meet a Friend from Your Own Home Town."

If a man asks for a berth and he is given a wide one, he is still dissatisfied.

Some men are not satisfied to hold their own; they want to hold their neighbor's, too.

Sometimes the carpenter does better work on the stage than the actor.

A lie has to keep on moving in order to escape being nailed down.

Handcuffs never require to go to the laundry

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Our "Birdie" Back

She is more beautiful than ever. And thinner. My word, how fashionably thin she is! You may be sure some of her stouter friends have already extracted the secret of that becoming lissomeness. The visits of Birdie Fair Vanderbilt to San Francisco are events. They are few and far between, and the luxurious apparatus of a private car makes them notable. And yet, despite that private car, Birdie has no money. She said so herself. One of the reporters asked her if she was going to give an endowment fund to the University of Nevada in memory of her father. She said: "No, I have no money." That settles it, of course. But I don't imagine Mine Host Cook of the Fairmont or Mine Host Warner of Del Monte will worry about her hotel bills, in spite of her declaration of poverty. Of course Birdie exaggerated. She has some money. But like her father Jim Fair, she is of a cautious nature and not extravagant. Perhaps she would consider that endowment an extravagance. Rich people learn to be careful about giving money away. Jim Fair was exceedingly careful in this respect. And Birdie is careful too.

Not Poverty Stricken

Birdie Vanderbilt is far from poverty stricken. She has some very valuable property here, most of it leased advantageously. There are the water lots for instance, the famous Fair water lots. Jim Fair wouldn't know them today. The World's Fair covers them. They were leased to the Exposition people after a great deal of negotiating, and they do say that Birdie drove a hard bargain. When the Fair is over she'll have some of the most valuable waterfront realty in the city. It all goes to show what a shrewd, far-seeing man her father was. Jim Fair's pet idea was that some day a transcontinental road would come to the bay through Marin county and that there would be ferries at Harbor View. People scoffed at him when he began filling in those water lots, but the wisdom of the financier is vindicated. The transcontinental line is still to be, but there are ferries at Harbor View, to say nothing of the great transport dock. If I owned land over there alongside that deep, snug harbor, one of the very best parts of San Francisco bay, I'd not say I was poor. But Birdie may have been having her little joke.

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Birdie and Willie

We don't hear a great deal of Birdie's husband Willie K. Jr. these days. No news is good news, I take it. There used to be rumors of a divorce which worried Birdie's friends a great deal. I have seen it stated recently that Birdie and Willie are living apart, but I'm not sure this is so. The two great bonanza fortunes didn't bring a great deal of matrimonial happiness with them. John Mackay and his wife lived apart for years, though religious motives prevented a divorce. And here we have Clarence Mackay and Kitty Duer Mackay separated. Jim Fair and his wife were divorced. And here they are saying that Birdie Fair Vanderbilt and her husband are not congenial. I hope it isn't true. It was a happy marriage for several years, and may be yet. But doesn't it seem some times as though marital infelicity were hereditary?

She Didn't Fly

Just before Birdie decided Palm Beach was too warm for the youngsters and started in her private car for California, she made up her mind to go up in an aeroplane. Mrs. Payne Whitney had made a flight and Birdie decided to emulate her. She watched Mrs. Whitney's preparations very carefully. But when the time came to essay the air she lost her courage, got "cold feet." She went away without making explanations to the aviator. Birdie should be ashamed. Our smart women aren't afraid to fly. Mrs. Jack Spreckels, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Leonard Hammond and others have been in the clouds. Maybe Birdie will fly while she's here.

Strenuous Queen Eleanor

Mrs. Eleanor Martin finds it easy to maintain her reputation for strenuousity. Mrs. Martin is of inexhaustible energy. Fatigue is not on speaking terms with her. Weariness may invade her exclusive set but receives no recognition from the indefatigable Queen Eleanor. Take Monday night for instance. Mrs. Martin had a party at the opera. Her guests were her son Walter and his beautiful wife, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. McCreery and Templeton Crocker. Mrs. Crocker, being in mourning, was not of the party. As they had been entertained at an elaborate dinner in her Broadway home Mrs. Martin's guests arrived late at the opera. The news that Titta Ruffo was not singing surprised and disappointed them. Mrs. Martin is a connoisseur of vocal music. She had come to hear Ruffo, not merely to enjoy Rigoletto which she has heard fifty times. With characteristic energy Mrs. Martin salved the disappointment of her guests.

"As long as Ruffo is not singing," she said, "let us run up to the Columbia and see dear Henrietta Crosman in that new play of hers."

No sooner said than done. The Martin party left the Tivoli and arrived at the Columbia in time to enjoy two acts of "The Tongues of Men."

She Wants a House

Is Mrs. Peter Martin going to make a long visit here? It would seem so. I hear she has been trying to coax Queen Eleanor to give her a house at Burlingame, but that Mother-in-law Martin has refused, telling her that she may have the top floor of the Broadway home but not a separate establishment. No doubt Queen Eleanor would prefer to have Mrs. Peter near her. Mrs. Peter is very lively, however, and the Burlingame atmosphere is more to her liking than the conservative mansion in town.

The Armsby Boys

Gordon and Raymond Armsby have been at St. Moritz having the time of their lives. There is a very smart throng at the Swiss resort this season, and the Armsbys are in the thick of it. The lovely Duchess of Westminster, nee Cornwallis-West, and Lady Helen Grosvenor are leaders of the merry set in which Gordon and Raymond are distinguishing themselves. Gordon has been very attentive to Mrs. Louis Treadwell, the sister of Mme. Walter de Mumm, and I hear that the St. Moritzers are talking about a romance. Gordon is said to be the best dancer at St. Moritz, but Raymond is the man there most sought after. He is attentive to all the pretty women, and as there are lots of them, he has his hands full. He showed a good deal of attention to Daisy Markham, the Gaiety girl who got $250,000 out of Lord Northampton for breach of promise. Yes, Gordon and Raymond are having the time of their lives.

Opera in Lent

This year it is good to see that our society people are not abstaining from the opera on account of Lent. Is it because they cut out the dancing instead? Everything in the Bible points to music in heaven so why not here in the penitential season? We are not making it an occasion for gay supper parties or elaborate dress displays so why not let us enjoy it in big educational doses—as we do the readings and explanations of things we all know so well?

15 Cents for the Baby Its delicate skin will be helped to health and comfort—without waste of money, by the pure soap,—the soap with the refreshing, invigorating qualities found in no other—the famous
Pears' SOAP
15c. a Cake for the Unscented

A LENTEN DELICACY
BOOTH'S
CRESCENT BRAND

SARDINES
For Sale Everywhere

Miss Patton, Nurse

Miss Ethel Patton, the sister of Mrs. Leonard Chenery, has returned from Paris to attend court proceedings in connection with the settlement of her recently estate. Miss Patton is one of the wealthy young women who has turned her hand to good account, having graduated from the Presbyterian Hospital of New York as a trained nurse. She has spent the winter in Paris nursing and studying to take up her chosen work here. Her friends are eager to have her see them through their coming experiences and she is never too busy to respond when they need her. Miss Patton has traveled all over the world. She has had serious offers, but so far society doesn't know who the lucky man will be.

They Look Like Miniatures

The best dress of 1870 is worn by Mrs. Fred McVeay, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Thomas Magee, all seen the nightcaps relevating to the chase. They resemble old miniatures, Mrs. McVeay looking particularly attractive with two dell gold tops on the left side of her head.

A Youngster's Question

Earl Cummings, the sculptor is following Sam Blythe's advice. He is leaving from Reno in order to return. Of course he has asked about it at home. The other day Miss Earl Cummings and the elder Cummings youngster Randell were out for a walk when a street sprinkler appeared in view.

"Mother," said the boy, "is that the water wagon daddy is riding on?"

A New Dancer

The Lawrences have added a stellar attraction to their force of instructors in the person of Martin, the dancer and instructor. Martin was brought from the East by the Hotel Alexander, Los Angeles, to manage their tea and soirée dansants. His graceful and effective dancing soon won for him many admirers in the southern city as well as a strong following of pupils and it is only to be expected that his popularity as an exhibition dancer and teacher will prove a pleasing attraction to the clientele of the Lawrences. Martin's dancing is of a different type from that of many of our local instructors, possessing strong individuality and wonderful rhythm together with marvelous freedom of movement.

Miss Ewing's Concert

Last Wednesday evening at the studio of her teacher, Hugo Mansfeldt, Miss Lorraine Ewing gave her second piano recital. A large and appreciative audience was in attendance. As may be gathered from the program Miss Ewing has studied industriously and to considerable purpose and has mastered a repertoire of which she and her teacher may well be proud. Miss Ewing gives evidence of the more refined graduates of a pianistic talent and her learning is toward the romantic rather than the dramatic phase of music and literature. The program was as follows: Sonate pathetique, op. 13, Beethoven; Menuett, F Dur, Mozart; Widmung, Schumann-Liszt; Invitation to the Dance, Weber; Moment Musical, F minor, Schubert; Andante Finale from "Lucia," Donizetti-Leschetizky (for the left hand only); Hexentanz, MacDowell; Habanera, Dzungosch; Silver Spring, Nevin; Pas des Marionettes, Poldini; Rondo brillant, Weber.

At Coronado

These are lazy days at the Coronado Beach. The mornings are spent swimming either in the tank or, as the warm weather is tempting, in the ocean and bay. The polo games in the afternoon draw out a large crowd who usually finish the afternoon at the Club House for tea. Among the many who have entertained at dinners are the Cheever Cowdins who invited thirty-five friends to a table beautifully decorated in pink sweet peas. Some of those present were the Walter Hamlin Dupees and their house guest Lord Innes-Ker, the R. G. Neustadts of Pasadena, Carleton Burke of Los Angeles and his sister Louise, Lansing Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings, Major and Mrs. Ross, Misses Cudahy of Chicago, Bobby Haynes, E. M. Greenway, Samuel Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Flint and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cravens of Pasadena, Marion Zeile, Frederick McLaughlin of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Luther Bonnell. A spring orchestra furnished delightful music during the repast. Several other dinners took place the same evening in the adjoining grill for which the women's orchestra played, while the usual Saturday dance took place in the ball room. Sunday evening E. M. Greenway dined eight of his friends at a table in the grill. Those enjoying the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Cheever Cowin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings, Miss Marion Zeile, Lansing Tevis and W. G. Van Pelt. Among those who attended the dinner in the grill on Sunday given by H. F. Fleitman of New York were Mr. and Mrs. R. Haynes, Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. F. S. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hamlin Dupee, Lord Innes-Ker, Harry H. Scott and several others. The management of the hotel is giving a series of six dansants at which Rector of New York gives exhibitions of his ball room dances. The final dance tonight will be a Costume Ball. Mrs. Alex Vogelsang is spending some time at the hotel where she arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Odell. Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace with her son Bradley Wallace is spending the week-end at the hotel. Jack Plover is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels at their delightful home on Ocean boulevard. Harry Scott arrived on Sunday on the yacht "Venetia" with Mr. J. D. Spreckels and will be the guest of his and Mrs. Walter Dupee during his stay.

At Del Monte

Mrs. A. L. Tubbs with Mrs. Joseph Oyster and Miss Elizabeth Oyster have joined Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs. Miss Oyster plays a good game of golf, swims very well and dances prettily. Joseph Redding spent a few days at Del Monte, most of the time on the links. Miss Grace Buckley spent the week-end with friends. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl have reserved apartments for the polo tournament in April. Dalton Harrison and H. H. Landsberger motored down for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn were motoring on the Seventeen Mile Drive Tuesday. In the evening they were serenaded at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Murray in Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Dean entertained Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Hill at Pebble Beach Lodge on Wednesday evening. The impromptu dance on Wednesday proved a pleasant diversion. Among the dancers: Mrs. E. Hendry, Miss Hendry, Miss Spring, Miss Margaret Gibson, Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs, Miss Elizabeth Oyster.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Warner of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Plymire and their son from Miles, Michigan, and C. H. Boynton of Kansas City are among the Easterners who arrived at the Cecil during the week. J. A. Hill and Mrs. Hill arrived in San Francisco Tuesday and are registered at the Cecil during their visit here from Honolulu. Mrs. B. T. Shepherd of Fresno is a guest. Mrs. F. Elamp who with Mr. Elamp and a young daughter is at the Cecil for an indefinite stay from Honolulu was a dinner hostess on Thursday evening. Twenty-four guests made up the company in the attractive private dining room of the Cecil's seventh story apartment. Centerpieces of spring blossoms adorned the tables and the drawing room and library of the apartment where the guests later enjoyed a dance. Mrs. W. F. Morris had eight friends as her guests for dinner on Tuesday evening. The hostess suggested the scheme for decorations and favors, box of shamrock and luck [illegible] to the general plan of adornment for the table.

At Paso Robles

The weather has been delightful at beautiful Paso Robles, and the golf course is in [illegible] condition. Among the San Francisco[illegible] who registered there within the past few days were D. E. Parke, Fred A. Rucker, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Zipf, Mrs. C. Walsh, Judge and Mrs. [illegible] F. Graham, Mrs. S. W. Cowles, Jesse [illegible], R. Vazeille, Wm. H. Avery, Ray [illegible], W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hopkins and Mrs. Bonnell Fullerton.

The Tango at Tait's

There are tangos and tangos and tangos—and there are dancers and dancers—and other [illegible]. The couple giving exhibition tango dances at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe this week are in the "other dancers" class. Their interpretation of this latest of late dances and their execution of its difficult steps are pleasing in the extreme. Very seldom has the San Francisco public seen such graceful artists as these. They are well worth going a long way to see. Exhibition dances are from 3:30 till 5 in the afternoon and from 7 till 12 in the evening.

One doesn't see the humor—one does it [illegible] and all the rest happens.

The only trouble with tombstone inscriptions is that they come too late to flatter us.

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Pores, Rash and Skin Diseases and every blemish on beauty and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is harmless. We take it on faith, prove it to properly skilled. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient of his) "As your ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."
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GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Removes Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an exquisite complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Unsurpassed Cuisine and Service

Grand Opera At The Tivoli

By Helen M. Bonnet

The microbe of laryngitis made an inauspicious opening for the Chicago Grand Opera Company. What a little thing it takes to make a difference in matters operatic! By the promise of Titta Ruffo in the role of the hunchback jester of the Verdi opera our expectations had been raised to a high altitude. We had been looking forward to such another night as the memorable one on which through the medium of the same syrupy opera we made the acquaintance of Caruso. What a glorious night that was! And oh, the thrills with which the robustious tenor warmed and fired and transported that glad audience! It would seem that none but the most sanguine temperament could be enticed into expectation of a repetition of that experience, but Ruffo, the baritone, they have been telling us, has the voice and the art to make the same brilliant and complete conquest of our feelings. Long before his arrival his praises were sung in the same passionate language with which Caruso was heralded, and with no fewer superlatives. No wonder expectations went aviating to the heights. And no wonder the shop-worn opera failed to get the sympathetic attention of that first-night audience. Surely Hamlet with the eccentric Dane far from Elsinore would be hardly less of an aching void. Nevertheless, all things considered the performance went very well. Giovanni Polese had the ungrateful task of stepping into the Ruffo breach, and he won admiration and applause for his excellent singing and fine acting. The company gave a conventional rendering of the familiar work. The Duke was Signor Giorgini who was as pleasing in the role as when we heard him last season with Tetrazzini. Margaret Keyes was the same excellent Maddalena. Florence Macbeth was the Gilda. She pleased the audience, which was no small achievement, as San Francisco has had a gallery of Gildas from marvelous to very fine—from Tetrazzini to the sopranos of unpretentious Italian companies. Miss Macbeth is pretty and young, her voice is of pleasing quality and flexible, and in the exceedingly advantageous environment in which she finds herself she should make rapid progress. It is hard to resist giving young singers advice, and I am tempted to advise Miss Macbeth to watch Mary Garden and learn how to assume a temperament if she has it not. And if she would greatly improve her sweet voice let her study the method of the Italian men in the company and learn from them how to stay on the pitch on a high sustained tone. Never, never, does one hear an Italian sing high tones as Miss Macbeth sings them. . . . . Aida on Tuesday night was a superb production. It approximated my dream of how Aida should be given. Great is the triumph of the Chicago company in this Verdi opera. The music, an everlasting tribute to the Wagnerian inspiration was beautifully rendered, the terrible tragedy of the fiery triangle was given with fine dramatic effectiveness in the heavy atmosphere and amid the eternal architecture, the beautiful nakedness and vivid coloring of the old Egypt of our imagination. But there is still something lacking. Let us hope that some day Belasco will do for Verdi what he has done for Puccini. The cast for this opera was excellent. Julia Claussen emerged as the star, I think. She has a big voice of the contralto quality which was equal to all the demands of the arduous role of Amneris. Also she had a fine conception of the dramatic responsibilities of that unhappy princess, as conceived by mid-Victorian tradition. Signor Bassi was a realistic Radames, and to the last note of his strenuous music his fine voice was fresh and strong. Carolina White was delightful as Aida. Her voice has improved perceptibly, and her acting as well. Indeed, in her case there has been such a metamorphosis that I am eager to see and hear her again in the wonderful "Jewels of the Madonna." Polese sang superbly as Amonasro and acted with verve. . . . . Not till this paper has gone to press shall we hear again the great Mary Garden in the role which she has made her own—Louise. The opera that Charpentier describes as "all of Paris—the dream of it, the desire for it and the delusion." We shall all be quite mad over her again and over the opera. Then, God willing, we shall hear Ruffo and history will be made.

Gossip of the Theatre

Henrietta Surprises

Never having heard of "The Tongues of Men" or of its author Edward Childs Carpenter, and not having the faintest idea what the play was about, I went to the Columbia Monday night with a feeling of resignation. You see, I had come to associate Henrietta Crosman with plays that depend for their interest on children. The last two or three times she was here Henrietta was a mother or an aunt or a grandmother and her plays held the mirror up to the nursery. Of course the nursery is splendid in its place, but the stage is not its place, not to my mind at any rate. I abominate children on the stage. To my mind, a perverted mind it may be, every child on the stage is an enfant terrible. I have a mean desire to see the child on the stage soundly spanked, he or she is so confoundedly precocious, so unbearably show-offish, so unbelievably good. What a relief it was to find that there was no child in "The Tongues of Men!" There are children spoken of, the children of the prima donna Miss Crosman plays, but they are far away in Budapest while the scene of the play is laid in New York; so they are quite innocuous. Grateful as I was for the omission of children, there was more than that to banish the feeling of resignation with which I entered the Columbia. Behold! Here was a fine comedy finely played. Here were three acts of enjoyable situations and entertaining dialogue. Here were actors and actresses who made real live human beings of their parts. "The Tongues of Men" is a very easy play to sit through. The hero is a young clergyman of the sort most of us know—a young clergyman who condemns an opera he hasn't seen and attacks the character of a prima donna he hasn't met. The heroine is the prima donna. She sets out to show the cleric that a good woman may sing a naughty part, and she succeeds in the end. It is a play which a great many clergymen of my acquaintance ought to see. It would do them a lot of good. It is a play too which a great many prima donnas ought to see. For if there are many clergymen who pulpiteer on subjects of which they are crassly ignorant, there are also prima donnas whose indifference to public opinion exposes them to harsh criticism. If all prima donnas were like the singer dear Henrietta plays there wouldn't be nearly so much bickering between the stage and the church. But don't form the impression that this is a preachy play. It is a good comedy which injects its lessons painlessly. The playwright has no tenderness for bigotry and hypocrisy; but he knows how to enlist the spectator on his side without being didactic. Go to see this play for its own sake. You'll enjoy it thoroughly. And try to induce some of your clerical friends to see it too.

—Edward F. O'Day.

HARRY LAUDER
Who will appear in singing and talking pictures at the Savoy Theatre next week.

The Symphony Season

The tenth and last symphony of the third season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra was the best ever given under Mr. Hadley's leadership. His bandsmen played as they never played before. It might have been on account of their realization of the fact that a break in an epoch had arrived, for musicians are temperamentally alive to such milestones. It might have been the leader's grasp of the Russian composer's trend toward modernism. It might have been that the audience that day at the Cort had already consciously or unconsciously had its taste formed by the great Slav. Whatever the cause the orchestra gave a beautiful and inspiring reading of the Tschaikowsky Symphony (No. 5, E minor). Mr. Hadley led the Meistersinger overture, "that delectable masterpiece," without a score, and brought his men through splendidly. I have always had faith in Mr. Hadley's sense of Wagner and was glad to have it strengthened on the last day of the season. The big event of the day was of course Gerardy. He plays the 'cello as if it were a soul begging for liberty and exulting in the freedom he finds for it. In the solo the big audience hung breathless upon his

rapturous tones, and never was the orchestra so superb as in ensemble. Now that the regular season is ended I feel that congratulations and applause are due the founders of the music society that gave us the orchestra. They are public benefactors who have been educating public taste, and they have brought gladness to many souls. At the same time it is to be regretted that our symphony lovers are not increasing more rapidly; that the orchestra is not more widely loved for itself than for the music stars that occasionally twinkle on the stage. It would be well for the tired business man to wake up to the fact that surcease of care is to be had in earshot of the strains of the great masters and that it would be greatly to his benefit to drop in occasionally on symphony days. One does not necessarily have to understand or appreciate musical forms to enjoy high-class music, nor even to strive to do so. The music masters were men who understood great emotions, and who were divinely inspired to express them and to touch the source of them in every human soul.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Miss Crosman Next Week Too

Henrietta Crosman's engagement at the Columbia is to continue another week, commencing Monday night. "The Tongues of Men" has made a very strong impression and as a result business at the Columbia during the present engagement is unusually good. No Sunday performances are given. Matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Stratford-Upon-Avon Players Coming

The Stratford-Upon-Avon players are making their first American tour—a most comprehensive one—which will bring them to this city on Monday, March 30, for an engagement of two weeks at the Columbia. For the western tour they have selected sixteen plays and from this list San Francisco will have its selection. The company includes F. R. Benson who made special arrangements with the governors of the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-Upon-Avon, for the American tour. The repertoire for this city will include Shakespearean plays very rarely seen here. What promises to be a great attraction is the production of "Hamlet" with its entire text. This is being given on but three occasions during the present tour. Among the plays to be offered are "King John," "King Henry the Fourth," part two, "King Henry the Fifth," "King Richard the Second," King Richard the Third," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "Othello," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Hamlet." The advance sale begins next Thursday morning.

"Her Lord and Master" at Alcazar

For their second offering at the Alcazar commencing Monday night, Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, the two distinguished American stars, will present a sumptuous revival of one of their former and most successful triumphs, Martha Morton's charming play of American and English life, "Her Lord and Master." This highly interesting play served the two stars for a most successful season in the East and was one of the best things they did on their former visit at the old Alcazar. The leading characters fit them admirably, and the other parts suit the talents of the various members of the Alcazar players. The story is a strong and intensely dramatic one, but there is plenty of comedy relief in the lighter scenes. The production will be elaborate and magnificent, Stage Director Butler spreading himself on the scenic and furnishing effects. The women of the cast will wear some elaborate gowns, especially Miss Shannon who has gained the reputation of the best dressed woman on the American stage. In the supporting cast will be Adele Belgarde, Louise Brownell, Burt Wesner, Kernan Cripps, Howard Hickman, Edmond Lowe and Charles Compton.

Armstrong Skit at Orpheum

Fritzi Scheff, the brilliant Viennese prima donna who is repeating in vaudeville the splendid triumph she scored in grand and comic opera, will enter on the last week of her engagement at the Orpheum this Sunday matinee. In conjunction with her a great new show will be presented. Paul Armstrong will present his latest work, a one-act drama called "To Save One Girl." It has to do with the misuse of political power for personal benefit. There is a strong cast. Mindell Kingston, who has long been one of the joys of vaudeville, has formed a partnership with George Ebner, a comedian of recognized ability. They will present a singing, talking and dancing skit called "A Vaudeville Flirtation." Shirli Rives who first won popularity in vaudeville as prima donna in the production of Leo Fall's "The Eternal Waltz," will appear in "The Song of the Heart," a story of grand opera life written by Edgar Allan Woolf with music by Anatol Friedland. She will be supported by an excellent company. The Hartleys are English novelty jumpers. The Kaufman Brothers, black-face comedians, will entertain with recent coon songs and new chatter. Matilda and Elvira, novelty singers and dancers of French extraction who show originality both in conception and execution, will introduce "The Fortune Tell-

MAUDE FULTON

In "The Candy Shop" at the Gaiety in her Bernhardt burlesque.

MARGARET ILLINGTON

Who will play a return engagement at the Cort theatre in Bayard Veiller's great play, "Within the Law."

er's Dance" which is the one used by the Spanish Gypsies, and the Hat Dance which is popular at Spanish social functions. It will be the last week of Edward Gillette's monkey bowlers.

Lauder Singing and Talking Pictures

For the first time on any stage the Harry Lauder singing and talking pictures will be shown at the Savoy on Monday evening. Those privileged to see them declare they represent perfection in their type. Perfect synchronization has been obtained, and the art of the great Scottish comedian is reproduced with absolute fidelity. William Morris, Lauder's manager, under whose direction the pictures will be shown, and E. F. Bostwick, manager of the Savoy, promise a unique two hours' entertainment. In addition to the singing and talking pictures which will show the world's greatest entertainer singing "I Love Lassie," "Saftest o' th' Family," "She's Ma' Daisy," "She's th' Lass for Me" and " AWee Deoch an Doris," the Lauder travelogue is to be given, showing the comedian on his world tour. Also there will be vocal selections and Scotch singing and dancing, and the pipers that were with Lauder during his recent record-breaking engagement at the Cort will also contribute to the program. A complete orchestra will furnish music. Matinees are to be given daily after the Monday opening. Tuesday afternoon will be a professional matinee, when all of the companies playing in town will be at the Savoy to hear Lauder sing and dance and patter.

Rock and Fulton Back

The Gaiety's return to merriment was complete last Monday night when "The Candy Shop" opened its hospitable doors and disclosed the finest confection in the way of a musical show now before the public. It was "The Candy Shop" that supplied the Gaiety with its opening attraction last October,. It played to crowded houses for over eight weeks, when it was taken to Los Angeles and it duplicated in the southern metropolis the favor it had achieved here. Now it returns with practically an unchanged cast and with Rock and Fulton at the head of the merrymakers. Will Philbrick's impersonation of the detective; Oscar Ragland's presentation of the proprietor of the candy shop; Mary Ambrose's delightful satire on the "crank" theosophist; Frances White's dainty little shop girl, and Kitty Doner and Mazie Kimball in their fine and fidgety "alimony sisters;" Helen Goff's graceful widow; Bessie Franklyn's suffragette and Al Shean's eccentric tailor are some of the individual hits of the performance. Added to the company is Thomas C. Leary whose unctuous comedy was never better displayed than in the role of the Coney Island amusement proprietor. The comedy gem of the entertainment is Rock and Fulton's travesty on Bernhardt and Lou Tellegen. The production is beautiful, the chorus large and comely, and the book set to the gayest music. Matinees are given Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. The Thursday matinees are at bargain prices.

"Within the Law" Again

Margaret Illington, with the same splendid supporting cast intact, returns to the Cort tomorrow evening in Bayard Veiller's enormously successful drama of modern metropolitan life "Within the Law" which, when first presented here two months ago, registered one of the most sensational popular triumphs in the theatrical history of San Francisco. Seldom, if ever, has any actress or attraction attained such immediate and unanimous approval as was accorded Miss Illington and "Within the Law" at the time of their original visit in January, and the record demand for seats indicated that the Veiller play might have been acted to crowded houses long beyond the two weeks' booking alloted it had not prior contracts of the Cort rendered impracticable an extension of the engagement. To accommodate the hundreds who were unable to obtain seats at that time, however, a return engagement was at once arranged for and Miss Illington who has just concluded a tour of the southern part of the State that was a continuous duplication of her San Francisco success, altered her plan of proceeding eastward in order to return to the Cort tomorrow evening, incidentally establishing the precedent of being the first star to play two engagements in this city in the same season.

Grand Opera at Tivoli

This afternoon Titta Ruffo, thoroughly recovered, will make his first appearance here as Tonio in "Pagliacci" with Jane Osborn-Hannah, Otto Marak and Armand Crabbe also in the cast, the first opera of the afternoon being "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Rosa Raisa, Ruby Heyl, Louise Berat, Giorgini and Federici in the cast. Tonight Carolina White will reappear in her great success of last season "Maliella" in Wolf-Ferrari's wonderful work "The Jewels of the Madonna" with a brilliant cast and the magnificent orchestra under the direction of Cleofonte Campanini. Tomorrow will be memorable in the operatic annals of San Francisco, as at half past four Wagner's "Parsifal" will be produced on a scale of magnificence hitherto unheard of here. The production was built in Vienna and the cast will be exceptionall strong, including Minnie Saltzman-Stevens who makes her first appearance of the season as Kundry, Otto Marak in the title role, Whitehill, Scott, Hinckley and many others. Monday evening Mary Garden will sing for the first time here the titular role of Puccini's "Tosca" with Campagnola and Polese in the other principal roles. On Tuesday night Wagner's "Lohengrin" will be sung for the first time in many years, the cast including Osborn-Hannah, Claussen, Marak, Whitehill and Hinckley. In response to many requests the bill for Wednesday night has been changed to "Hamlet" by Ambroise Thomas, with Ruffo in the title role, and Zepilli, Huberdeau, Scott and Rosina Galli and the ballet. Friday night Ruffo will again appear in his famous role of "Don Giovanni," the cast including Carolina White, Rosa Raisa, Giorgini, Huberdeau, Trevisan and Scott. Saturday afternoon Mary Garden will reepat "Thais" and Saturday night a farewell will be given.

The average woman would sooner lose her character than her powder-puff after lunch.

Happy is the man who can think well, work well, live well and die well.

Only a newly married man ever dodges when his wife throws things at him.

MARY GARDEN

Now singing with the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli Opera House.

At Pacific Grove Hotel

Miss Morgan who is consulting architect for the Hearst buildings, has been overlooking the work on the new dining room built of logs and cobble stones of the Young Women's Christian Association at Pacific Grove. This dining room for Mrs. Hearst's gift home has a seating capacity of four hundred and will be a great attraction during convention times. Mrs. Jacques Loeb, the wife of the famous scientist of the Rockefeller Institute, and her little daughter are enjoying their visit. Mrs. A. O. Luschner and her two young sons of Berkeley are with Mrs. Loeb. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Porter and Mr. L. A. Smith motored to Pacific Grove and will continue southward. Mrs. M. H. Walker from the Isle of Man, her daughter Mrs. Douglas Groves, and Mr. T. H. Walker are at the Pacific Grove. This is their first trip to California, and they are so charmed that they have about decided upon a site at Pebble Peach where they will establish a home. Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Enderlin, Miss Jennie B. Krauth and J. P. Thorn of Alameda motored down. Among other arrivals are: Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Kemp of Spokane, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wright and son of Kansas City, Arma Park of Columbus, A. E. Fischer of New York, W. S. Stewart of Morenci and Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Martin with Miss Martin of Salem.

MINDEL KINGSTON
Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

A New Perfume at Techau's

Techau Tavern will shortly receive a large shipment of Parfum Carolina White which will be presented to ladies who are present at the Tavern on Saturday afternoons. That this new perfume is from the same laboratories that produce Parfum Mary Garden is in itself a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. These little souvenirs which express the appreciation of the management for the long continued and constantly increasing patronage of the ladies, are always such as appeal to the most delicate and refined taste.

A Song in a Season of Fashionable Furs

Oh! that our women may bravely go
The fox and the wolf may die,
And the ermine's blood will stain the snow,
And who will hear his cry?
But be to her faults a little blind,
For the love of woman is wondrous kind!

Wearing their coats of the unborn lamb,
Trimmed with the other slain,
Our women lose repose and calm,
When a whipped beast cries in vain.
But be to their faults a little blind,
For the love of woman is wondrous kind!

In the pelt of the marten, the skin of the mole.
The hide of the seal from the floe,
Tippet and scarf and collar and stole,
Flayed from the beasts they go.
Sufferings to soothe they will seek and find,
For the mercy of woman is wondrous kind!

The cry of the cat that is starved is heard,
And the dog is sheltered and fed
By the compassionate woman who wears the bird
Whose nestlings lie starved and dead.
But be to their faults a little blind,
The heart of woman is wondrous kind!

Potted Philosophy

The man who stammers is apt to break his word when telling the truth.

A man who hitches his wagon to a star often finds himself up in the air.

Buttons are simple events until they come off in unexpected places.

Some people are thankful for what they get; and others should be thankful for what they don't get.

Gossip is the mother-in-law of lies.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Eddy Street, near Mason

CHICAGO GRAND OPERA CO.

Cleofonte Campanini, General Director

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Trade reports were more favorable and doubts regarding the state of the steel business were removed by more definite information, including the blowing-in of twenty blast furnaces last week. No reports of damage to wheat came in and the west seemed optimistic. London sold some stocks, but sent over a higher range of prices for them. Europe took a more cheerful view of the Mexican situation and put up the quotations for Mexican securities. Most of the active stocks went up with industrials in the lead, the chief exceptions being Rock Island, Woolen, Sugar and Wabash shares. The attempt of the bears to depress steel on Tuesday by circulating reports of bad trade conditions resulted in losses to them when the situation became clearer. Judging from the annual reports of the smaller steel companies whose stocks are listed on the Stock Exchange, they have been more prosperous than their big competitor. This is a bull argument for Steel common, because it disposes of the charge that the United States Steel Corporation is a monopoly. American Sugar declined sharply on light trading. Part of the duty on sugars came off at the beginning of the month and this has disturbed the sugar market. American Woolen shares were weak on account of the poor annual report, the full force of which was not felt on Tuesday. These declines were belied results of tariff changes to some extent. Other industrials were so strong that the declines in Woolen and Sugar cannot be charged to poor trade conditions. Another sharp rise in General Motors was based on large orders for spring deliveries which indicate that people have plenty of money to spend. Trade is good in the South and high-grade cotton is firmly held on account of the good demand for it in England. This makes it probable that early Texas cotton will move out as fast as it can be picked and ginned, and wholesale merchants are building on good times in that State. The cotton crop will get a good start because the soil is full of moisture. Rock Island and Wabash shares declined. Those who buy them are simply buying the privilege of paying heavy assessments as an alternative to being wiped out. Speculators of limited means are often tempted to buy very low-priced shares like these because they think that they cannot be wiped out if they get the actual stock certificates. They forget that a foreclosure sale or an assessment by a receiver means the same thing, the assessment being equivalent to a call for more margin. The Rock Island collateral trust 4s were also weak, though it seems incredible that the old railway stock which is behind them, sells for par. Money was firmer as six months' loans were hard to get because they run into the next crop moving season.

Wheat—There has been quite a reaction in prices during the week, owing to the fact that bullish enthusiasm has been somewhat tempered by the magnificent winter wheat prospect. There have been some reports of damage to the plant through thawing and freezing conditions, but the promise is so great that the trade has not, up to the present, regarded the unfavorable advices seriously. The export business developed on the decline proves to have been better than was circulated yesterday, but the market does not respond with any spirit to this news. This has occasioned some disappointment. The news from abroad and the Argentine is of a more favorable character. The receipts in the Northwest are running in fair volume, and there is some diversity of opinion as to the future movement, some contending that it will shrink and others that it will continue fairly liberal. Prices do not display any especial weakness at this level, and no doubt it will be easy to bring about rallies from here, as bearish sentiment is more prevalent and the market will become easily oversold. However, without grave damage to the winter wheat crop, it is going to be a difficult matter to inspire bullish sentiment, and until there are such developments, it would seem that a sagging market is very likely.

Corn—Has receded from the high level made in the early part of the week. Much of that advance was due to the persistent covering of a short interest, and since this buying ceased the market has shown a much easier tone. There has been some talk of an improvement in the eastern demand and, while it is very probable that there has been some betterment, it is so slight as to be almost negligible. The receipts continue to run fairly liberal as compared with the demand and the requirements by local interests do not seem urgent. There is a well defined idea of a let-up in country offerings, but this will undoubtedly have to become a fact before it will be influential market-wise. There is a widely distributed long interest in corn and there will have to be something very decided in the way of an increased demand or shrinkage in receipts to prevent liquidation in the May future. We therefore favor sales on the bulges.

Cotton—Of late there has been a market transformation in the statistical position of cotton in the United States. Three weeks ago the stock at all ports in America was 350,000 bales larger than it was a year ago. In the face of larger receipts than last year, stocks now at all United States ports are only 135,000 bales more than at the same time a year ago, having lost 219,000 bales owing to the big export movement to Europe, whereas during the same period last year it only decreased 14,000 bales. Exports to Europe which a short while ago were 150,000 bales smaller than last year, are now 315,000 bales larger than they were to this date last year, and are now running on a basis of 8,928,000 bales for the season with prospects of increasing, compared with 8,601,000 bales for the whole of last season. This large import demand on the part of Europe denotes spinners of Europe to be doing a better business than generally supposed. Regarding the subject of this season's probable consumption, Neill Bros. of London say: "We continue to reckon upon our October estimate of 14,750,000 bales for this season's consumption of American cotton, although the development month after month would still warrant a considerably larger figure." In other words, it looks as if the season's consumption will be much in excess of last year's production of American, and as last season's consumption was 736,000 bales in excess of the production of 1912 spinners, as regards their stocks and future wants, must be very much in need of considerably more American cotton during the balance of the season. It is evident therefore that business is improving on the continent, and becoming better in India. America will be called upon to raise a record crop this year, of which there is no assurance.

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"Twankidillo"

(Continued from Page 9.)

In my anxiety to be rid of the fish-barrow I forgot the disabilities under which my companion labored, and thus I walked at so rapid a pace that in a dozen strides or so I had left the woman behind me. Soon I discovered this, and halted while she came up, which she did, panting so distressfully that I feared she would have another paroxysm.

"What do you do at home when your 'brown-crisis' come on?" I asked her.

"Twopenn'orth o' rum," she gasped.

"Does that stop the attack?" I inquired.

"Pretty nigh always," she replied; "I've never knowed it not to."

I put my hand in my pocket. I had no coppers, but I found sixpence, which I handed to the old woman.

"You had better get two penn'orth of rum at the public-house," I said, "and bring me the change. I will go on slowly with the barrow, and if you are not more than five minutes I will wait outside Rottingdean."

That village was only a hundred yards away, and I determined to get the barrow through its street as quickly as I could. I felt something like horror at the possibility that some motoring acquaintance might meet me pushing this dreadful vehicle, and I turned down the brim of my felt hat, as the only disguise open to me. With my face thus half-concealed, I walked rapidly through the village street, on the lookout to discover some man or boy whom I might bribe to relieve me of the old woman's fish barrow.

The old woman, still wheezing, had left me near the public-house. Nobody was to be seen in the street as I hurried through, and when I had got beyond the village some three or four hundred yards, I sat down on the bank of the road and waited.

Ten minutes passed; fifteen, twenty, and I saw no sign of my companion. I wondered if she was suffering from another attack of her malady, or whether she was staying in the public-house until she had spent the sixpence. The strong probability of the last suggestion made me feel angry, and I had almost determined to desert the fish barrow and continue my journey to Brighton, when the vision of the poor old thing struggling against the wind decided me to give her another five minutes' grace.

Presently, from the direction of Brighton I saw a policeman coming along the road. Here is luck! thought I. I will explain the situation to him, bespeak his kind offices on behalf of the old woman, and leave the barrow in his charge. He came up to me.

"Where did you get that there barrer?" he asked.

I told him that I was looking after it for a poor old woman, who would come for it presently. He listened with a smile on his face, and then uttered the expression:

"Ki-bosh!"

"What do you mean?" constable?" I asked.

"I mean that there barrer's been stolen. Taken from outside a pub. at Newhaven while the man what it belongs to was inside having a drink. They telephoned to Brighton about it. Never thought of that, did ye? Well, you can push it back to Newhaven, and I'll go along with you."

This story amazed me; then for a moment I was angry at being thought the thief of a fish barrow; next, the humor of the situation struck me, and I burst into laughter.

The constable was more difficult to convince of my innocence than I think, even now, he should have been. I told him the whole story, omitting only the incident of "Twankidillo," and, furthermore, at his request, I gave him a description of the old woman.

"That," said he, "looks like Dutch Bell."

"She says she came from Bramber," said I.

"That's her!" exclaimed the constable; "the biggest drunkard hereabouts!"

"I hope you won't be too hard on her," I said. "She is ill and old."

"Sixty-two, if she's a day," said the policeman; "been drinking hard pretty nigh forty years. If you don't mind standing by the barrer for another ten minutes, sir, I'll go and see what I can make of her."

Off he went to the public-house. Thus left alone again, I became a prey to remorse that I had done the old woman so ill a turn as to bear evidence against her. She was old—sixty-two, the constable had said; and she was poor and dreadfully asthmatical. I saw myself in the police court, a witness against her!

"But that guilt I will never have on my conscience," said I. I stood up, pushed the wretched little fish barrow into the bank of the road, and strode out across the Downs. Soon the road was out of sight, and I slackened my pace, dropping into my usual stride. Then, for fear that I should forget it, I whistled "Twankidillo."

A man will excuse any fault in the woman who is not his wife.

A brain might as well be stuffed with sawdust as with unused knowledge.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CORNELIUS MOONEY, Deceased—No. 16,729; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John A. Boyd, as Administrator of the estate of Cornelius Mooney, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 14th day of March, 1914,) to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney L. F. Young, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Cornelius Mooney, deceased.

JOHN A. BOYD,
Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius Mooney, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, March 14, 1914.

L. F. YOUNG, Attorney for Administrator,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 53,637. Dept. No. 4.

SUSAN CARTWRIGHT, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO,
Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES RENARD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of CHARLES RENARD, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES RENARD, deceased.

CLAUDIUS LARGE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles Renard, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 14, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney fo rExecutor,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 54,921.

TILLIE BYRNE, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
512 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-1

Letters

"Robinhood's Barn"

"Robinhood's Barn" is a story which depends more on the telling than on the tale for its charm. Alaric Stayson was a literary man whose reputation was based on biographical work. He had just completed a biography of Gilman Speed, a novelist who had but recently died, but he was dissatisfied because he seemed to have missed something which would have accounted satisfactorily for the author's late development in a new direction, and while he was pondering over this he was called upon by a daughter of wealth who wanted a biography of her father written so that all the world would recognize in him something more than the hard, grasping money-grabber. Stayson declined the commission, but out of the meeting grew a new interest. It seems that amongst Speed's correspondence were four letters from an aunt of Miss Wickham, and from the context it was evident that there had been more. There were references to "Robinhood's Barn" as though whatever it stood for was well known to the correspondents, though not to anyone else, and Stayson had been unable to get any information from the family. Miss Wickham remembered her aunt as a quiet, colorless woman. The whole correspondence was in the keeping of Miss Cathie Goodwin, the only well-developed character in the book. The elder Adelaide Wickham, instead of being a mere wraith of a woman, was really clever and intellectual, but starved in her home life. Her correspondence with Gilman Speed, whom she had never met, was her real life. One of Mrs. Wickham's ideas was the establishment of rest houses and homes for tired people, conducted like real homes. Speed entered into her plans and discussed them at length, under the general title of Robinhood's Barn. It was agreed between Alaric Stayson and Miss Wickham that these letters should be published and that the homes should be built as memorials, but it developed that every cent of the Wickham fortune, both that of the guardian uncle and of Miss Wickham herself, had been lost, and after all a public subscription would have to be started. Meanwhile, the association consequent upon the editing and publishing of the letters brought about an entirely new romance of their own between Stayson and the younger Adelaide. Alice Brown has established her place amongst contemporary novelists. From the Macmillan Company.

"The Devil's Garden"

The fact that the literary censors of England have banned and barred W. B. Maxwell's "The Devil's Garden" leads one more to the inquiry, by what rules and laws do they govern themselves? After an unchecked flood of sexuality and sensuality with only the thinnest gauze of morality, here comes a book which upholds the decalogue, though not in words of one syllable, with colored illustrations, and the iron gates are closed against it. To be sure it is not a substitute for nursesry rhymes and fairy tales but there is an appreciatble proportion of the populace that, while not craving the morbid and the erotic, yet has outgrown "Little Bo-Beep" and "The Three Blind Mice." The story is English. The same plot and incidents would have a different culmination in these United States, where "the unwritten law" is the best regarded law in the land and temporary insanity a good second. In England they have a fixed habit of regarding human life as sacred and considering any one who is sufficiently demented to commit murder a dangerous person to be at large. William Dale was a self-made man, as far as he was made at all. From farm drudge he had educated himself and risen until now he was the postmaster of the village of Rodchurch. He was a bit pompous and opinionated, and took himself and his office very seriously indeed. He was a good man and happily married to a wife he adored, and was still the lover after eleven years. There seemed to be no reason why their lives should not continue on the same line until the end of time, but a trifling circumstance was sufficient to upset both the domestic and the official serenity. A stranger entered the postoffice and proceeded to interpret the ticking of the telegraph for the edification of the bystanders. The postmaster objected, the intruder ignored the objection, and was forcibly ejected. It happened that he was a soldier, and there were those who, for their own ends, pretended to see in this an attack upon the army. The affair was carried to London and placed before the authorities of the General Postoffice, with the result that William Dale was made to appear as a mighty offender against the peace of his majesty and would have been deprived of his office forthwith had it not been for the influence of the great man of the Rodchurch neighborhood who appeared at the nick of time. Dale was properly grateful for the service, and all would have gone well but for an inadvertence on the part of Mrs. Dale which gave him a hint of the price that had been paid for Barradine's interest. It had been understood that there was some old bond of service between the family of Barradine and that of Mrs. Dale and now, for the first time, Dale discovered its nature. The wife to whom he had been living up from his early youth was only one of her family, and an insignificant one amongst the many who had contributed to the Barradine pleasures, and the aunt whose neat cottage stood on the Barradine estate was a complacent procuress. Barradine was found dead, apparently thrown by a mettlesome horse. There was never a suspicion that his death was other than accidental, and he became a sort of local deity when it was found that the bulk of his large estate had been set aside for fifty unprotected girls, none but Dale knowing the irony of his posthumous care for the very class who had been his prey in life. Dale gave up the office which had cost such a price and entered upon other business where he prospered, losing much of his bumptiousness, and acquiring an almost reckless courage, especially in matters where life was at stake. Though he paid no penalty to the law, he seemed obsessed with the idea that his life was forfeit, and he offered it freely in God's good time. That it was not taken seemed almost a justification of his act. After middle age he became enamored of a young serving girl in his family who herself would have been nothing loath, and right here is where Mr. Maxwell steers a different course from the authors of the uncensored novels, for Dale made superhuman efforts to overcome his desire. There is no "secret orchard," no charming idyl of double life, nothing of the kind. The man has it brought home to him that he is in effect no better than Barradine had been and that he had not before been confronted by temptation sufficiently strong to overcome him, but yield he will not, even though resistance may cost his life. The girl, Norah, seems an insignificant piece to have brought about such a storm of passion in a man old enough to have been almost her grandfather, but perhaps it is only the more true to life for that. Apart from the main theme there are bits of rural English life and character, but the chief interest lies in the soul-questioning of a simple, primitive man essentially moral and law-abiding, and his attitude towards his crime both then and in his later years. The end is tragic but fitting. The book is both well written and worth while, and those readers of the generation which cut its literary teeth on "Miss Braddon" are of the right age to appreciate the good work of her son. From Bobbs-Merrill.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 1127 SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 28, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIII | San Francisco, March 28, 1914 | No. 1127

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TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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The Blue Sky Limit

Our merry politicians at the City Hall are now estimating what it will cost to run the several departments of the city government in the next fiscal year. Thus far not one of them has found that he can get along with less money than heretofore. This being a reform Administration there is an increase all along the line. Reform always did come high, for the reformer is instinctively contemptuous of a picayune policy. Further, being conscious of public faith in his rectitude he is never at all fearful of criticism. He knows, and the people know, that censure is never visited upon reformers except by the unjust and iniquitous. The amount of the increase in the estimated cost of our municipal government for the next fiscal year is one million dollars. But of course the Supervisors will not allow all that has been asked. Some margin is shrewdly allowed them for reduction that they may appear to be of an economical turn of mind. However, they will be generous. Why not? The dear people have voted for many bond issues, without a murmur they have seen assessed values ascend, they have heard "Mission Jim" talk of the importance of increasing taxes in the interest of the city and of the meanness of the proposition to save money by employing machines to sweep the streets,—all of which evidences of public and official sentiment justify the assumption that the blue sky will continue to be the only limit about which a business Administration need be concerned.

A Successful Preacher

Three thousand people were packed into Carnegie Hall, New York, the other night, and five thousand disappointed people were turned away. Was it a great singer that attracted so many people? Was it a famous orator or statesman? No, it was plain uncouth "Bill" Sunday, once a ballplayer, now a preacher of heaven, hell, God and the devil. A New York Sun writer expresses astonishment at the drawing power of this man who uses copiously the slang of the street and knows nothing of the refinements of diction. The Sun wants to know why it is that ministers of the gospel are complaining of empty pews. Many of them strive for sensational effects in their pulpit oratory, but they never turn anybody away. They try to bring Christianity down to date, to adapt it to the whims of the generation, but all the while they are lamenting the dearth of religious feeling. "Billy" Sunday is one preacher who never complains. There is no lack of ears when he talks. It was thought that his appeal was of especial interest in the Middle West, but now we know that even in sophisticated New York the police are hard put to handle the crowd when the former ball player is preaching religion. How is it that so many fail where he succeeds? This is the question the Sun asks. Perhaps it is because Sunday being a man of God is able to make his commission felt in the hearts of men. At any rate it is to the hearts of men that Sunday addresses himself. And Sunday is very much of a man. He has had much experience of life, and he has thought about it not as an academic question but as a very serious matter. On the whole he is not at all like the average minister, the reformer who devotes himself to vain schemes for the improvement of the world rather than to the business of purifying the souls of men. Sunday appeals to the love that is in all men; the average minister goes about setting men by the ears, embittering communities and organizing factions. Perhaps these points of difference are explanatory at once of Sunday's packed halls and the empty pews of many churches.

The Versatile Hutchinson

"A shatterer of traditional beliefs in a dozen different departments," is the Examiner's description of Dr. Woods Hutchinson, a popular scientist who writes for the magazines and lectures at our wonderful universities. Dr. Hutchinson appears to be a characteristic product of his times—a scholar without a scholar's dread of facility or sense of the pitfalls of dogmatism. He has many graces, but to them he has not added what would give them the utmost finish—the occasional admission that there is a subject in which he is not well grounded. Dr. Hutchinson is a physician with a special faculty for catching the public ear, but he is not satisfied with pouring into that capacious organ the things that he knows or that he might be presumed to know. No diffident or self-suspecting mortal is Dr. Hutchinson. Skilled in the cure and prevention of diseases of the body, he would also physic the soul and perform surgical operations on society. Even our scholars have to be reminded nowadays that a man who is a sage in botany is not necessarily a genius in sanitary plumbing or in theorizing about courtship. As to the public, it is the perpetual prey of these versatile and fluent scholars some of whom having more greed than self-respect are not averse to appearing ignorant to the learned so long as there is money in appearing wise to the ignorant.

The French Scandal

Not wholly to the effervescent nature of the Gallic temperament is to be attributed the latest French crisis. For some time there has been a tendency toward a higher tone of statesmanship in French governing circles. This is not because political morality has sprung into life among the frequenters of the Palais Bourbon, but because the growing sentiment of the nation is forcing it upon their acceptance. Corruption and feebleness are no longer a matter of complete indifference to the French people. There has been a revival of public spirit in France, and a growing contempt for the trickery and meanness of political life. A few years ago the nation became weary and disgusted with the petty intrigue and gigantic scandal of parliamentary government, and for a while there was reform and signs of improvement, but now that the Ministry of Finance is involved in a fresh scandal doubtless there has been a revival of hope among the Royalists and representatives of Bonapartism. While the Royalists with all their wealth have made very little headway the creed of the Bonapartists has been perceptibly strengthened, and as many "Republican" statesmen are really Bonapartists they are always to be taken seriously in critical periods. It is always to be remembered that the elder of the sons of Jerome Bonaparte is married to the daughter of a reigning sovereign and that the younger is a distinguished officer in the Russian service.

The Poetry of Spilled Tones

Editor Hapgood speaking of Alfred Noyes says, "He reaffirms the place of the poet in a heedless world." While "he believes the poet must be listened to," he has "no regard for the niceties of delivery; just jumbles his notes on pieces of rough paper and spills them on the floor." This sort of versifying may be all very well, but what chance has the poet of being listened to by a heedless world if he cares naught for the niceties of delivery? There is a good deal of complaint from poets nowadays about the inattention of a public preoccupied with commerce, but perhaps it is because so many of them are spilling their notes on the floor rather than winging their words for flights to the empyrean. If a poet cares naught for the niceties of delivery it is not meet that he should complain that people don't care for his poetry. Too many of our contemporary poets, like other literary folks, are under the impression that it is their business to preach. The novelist puts his fiction in a pamphlet, the dramatist solves a burning question, and the poet images in verse the ideas which are living in contemporary essays. Poets have become scientists and sociologists to tell us the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It has become necessary to remind them that the poet's philosophy should come by way of the soul not of the brain; further, that poetry, as Coleridge observed, has for its immediate object pleasure, not truth. If the poet is charged with truth that he cannot keep to himself let him utter it with grace, with a voluptuous rhythmical flow as one who lives in an ideal world "where music and moonlight and feeling are one," and then he need have no dread of the heedlessness of the world. If his medium be the symbolical poem, which is so much the

fashion nowadays, let him make it, as it should be, as limpid as a cloudless night, and many of us will enjoy it, for if on the contrary it be hermetical verse with the appeal and the meaning completely occulted we shall probably find life too short to search for the key. To catch the public ear the poet must get down to earth, but he need not spill anything. If he must be a sociologist and sing of the misery of the world, let him do it after the manner of Hood in "The Song of the Shirt," one of the most impressive poems in the language, or with the sincerity of sentiment to be found in "The Bridge of Sighs," and we shall guarantee him a hearing. The poet must not disdain the obvious in poetry. If Hood was principally a punster, ranking nowhere near Browning as a poet, yet he wrote genuine poetry and got a hearing and is still heard while Browning remains the prime favorite only of an intellectual sect. Hood cared a great deal for the niceties of delivery, and he was concerned about rhythmical beauty, and gratification is to be derived from the component parts of his poems, while in the case of Browning one must grasp the whole before the component parts become intelligible. It would seem to be very easy to become unintelligible in poetry judging from the number of writers of passable small verses that twinkle as occasional lines in the magazines, but how many of them are giving us anything but the false echoes of passion and despairs that have not even the saving grace of genuine morbidity?

Our Ambassador to England

An adequate Ambassador is one who can be trusted to do nothing but speak with discretion; it is in his speeches that his adequacy comes in. The defect of Walter H. Page, American Ambassador to Great Britain, is in the swarm of ineptitudes that cluster round his tongue. Ambassador Page is typical of the pedantic and somewhat prigish Administration at Washington. His are the faults of a shining talent that has some of the characteristics of a dull mediocrity. It is his misfortune to have been imperfectly educated at one of our great universities. In other words he received the kind of training that does not regard learning as subordinate to the development of all the parts into a well-rounded moral and intellectual character, and as a consequence he lacks that airy, intuitive faculty which is the flower of good sense, the microscope, as it were, of the judgment. We are not considering Ambassador Page on account of what he said respecting the Monroe Doctrine. In that speech he attempted to be facetious, and though ponderously jocular he expressed no very heterodox conception of the revered pronunciamento. It was not what he said, but the time and occasion of the utterance that made it inept. His views on Irish political affairs would better be quietly communicated to the Foreign Office than to have uted in a humorous vein at a dinner before a mixed audienec of Americans and Englishmen. If possessed of the faculty of good taste, he would have talked more discreetly at the Savage Club dinner. Ambassador Page has made ten speeches in eight months, and though his sentiments as a rule were admirably phrased in an English which lacked neither warmth nor distinction, they were not such as to prove him an adequate diplomat. In his first speech, which he read, at a Pilgrim banquet, he mildly twisted the lion's tail. Americans present were not edified. In subsequent speeches he insisted on the greatness of the republic, in fact, harped on it, until one of his countrymen remarked, "He seems to think we have to go about telling people how great we are lest they might not know we were on earth." At the Anglo-Saxon Club dinner he talked as though he would stroke the lion's main in order to compensate for the tail-twisting. He spoke of the ruling of America by Englishmen, saying: "Every President of the United States has had English or Scotch blood with the exception of Colonel Roosevelt who is no more a Dutchman than myself. There has been no man from Washington to Wilson whose main strain of blood was not from this island." Again at Southampton, at the unveiling of a monument to the Pilgrim Fathers he said that the United States with one hundred million people was "English led and English ruled." This was putting on the salve very thick, almost to the point of flunkeyism, and naturally it excited much unpleasant criticism. Ambassador Page appears to be almost as little qualified for the post that has been adorned by an Adams, a Lowell, a Choate and a Phelps, as William J. Bryan is for the portfolio occupied by a Jefferson, a Randolph, a Madison, a Monroe, a Clay, a Webster, a Hay and a Root. When Mr. Page keeps to the well-trod pathways of smart paradox he is safe, but when he wanders off into the devious tracks far from the commonplace he is lost.

Another Secretary

A praiseworthy characteristic of the members of President Wilson's official household is a tendency to circulate. Owing to this characteristic we need not be misled by the biographic sketches written by hero-worshipers of the magazines. All the Secretaries of the Cabinet are fond of travel, and are more or less garrulous, and as we have become acquainted with them one by one we are not in need of proof that men rise in politics not because they are weighty but because they are light. As we write the beatific features of Secretary Redfield loom before us on the page of a daily paper. It requires no expert in physiognomy to size up this gentleman with the beautiful sidechops and the bovine expression that gives placidity to his serene countenance. But if one would make assurance doubly sure he has but to read Secretary Redfield's message. For Secretary Redfield being right abreast of the times has a message, a burning message, a message that the world must heed or suffer the terrible consequences. It is entitled "The Larger Outlook," which means almost anything from star-gazing to a new philosophy of marriage, but which in this instance has special reference to the paternalist duties of a progressive government. Secretary Redfield looks out upon the tumult and the shouting, the noise and splendor of passing things, and he sees the new social conscience pointing the way of a new civilization charged with tenderness, compassion and love, and personally conducted by our sweet-scented politicians from Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon and California. Secretary Redfield is on a debauch of facts and figures. Where he got them is perhaps a Cabinet secret. "There have died in the United States in the last six months from preventable causes," says this great man, "more people than were slain in the Civil War." Think of that! And that isn't all. "Yesterday two thousand people died whose lives we knew how to save." Further, "the money value of these deaths which we know how to prevent and yet permit is staggering. By conservative estimate it is placed at one billion dollars a year; that is, equal to our whole national debt and about equal to our entire annual national expenditure." Isn't he a wonder at figures? Now why is it we don't stop this great waste of human life? Secretary Redfield knows. It is because we don't "visualize the problem," and because we have not "aroused our sense of proportionate values." Secretary Redfield goes over our heads when he gets away from figures. So let us return to arithmetic. By saving each month "those in ways that are well known who needlessly died, we could pay the cost of four battleships." More remarkable still: "there are one million five hundred thousand people constantly ill in the United States from causes which are well known to be preventable, and this entails a loss of five hundred million dollars a year; so that from preventable death and preventable illness we waste each year one billion five hundred million dollars." All of which proves that Secretary Redfield is able to think in large numbers, but his message piques our curiosity. Whatever the answer is he kept it to himself. He exuded figures but nothing more. We suspect that when he collects a big enough crowd he will open a satchel and proceed to extol the merit of an electric belt or whatever it is that will prevent the terrible waste of human life. As he is old enough to raise sidechops we refuse to believe that his mind is as infantile as his message seems to denote.

Colonel Goethals

"I am not writing history," says Plutarch, "but lives, and it is not necessarily in the famous action that a man's excellence or failure is revealed, but in some little thing—a word or a jest—which may often show character better than a battle with its ten thousand slain." Of this observation we have been reminded by Colonel Goethals' visit to New York the other day. Here is a man who has impressed himself on the consciousness of the American people more deeply perhaps than any other man of his generation, and while we know all about him, we know very little

of him. His work is vital as an index to his genius, but character is the thing, and that is shown rather by trivial incidents which excite little notice than by serious events which command public attention. In New York Colonel Goethals was asked regarding the opening of the canal to the commerce of the world. He said it would be a great show, but that he hoped he wouldn't have to be there." The reporter expressed astonishment. "Now," said Goethals, "there is nothing significant in that. You know I don't like celebrations and never did." There is the light photographic touch which reveals character and personality. We see at a glance that Colonel Goethals is the very antithesis of another Colonel who would probably rather lose ten years of his life than miss the canal opening celebration. In New York a movement has been started to make Goethals Governor of the State, but when he was asked about politics he said, "I am not in politics. I have nothing to say." Then he wandered off into the crowd, went to a railroad station, entered the lunch room where he sat on a stool, ate a piece of apple pie and drank a glass of milk. It is related of Samuel Foote that he once stopped a man of striking carriage in the street with the inquiry, "May I ask, sir, are you anybody in particular?" Had he met Goethals he might have had the same curiosity, but the probability is he would not have dared ask the question. Goethals is not a man of inviting aspect. He goes about his business wishing to be let alone, to do his work and to avoid applause. What an excellent President he would make! At this time we need an engineer rather than a statesman in the White House. We are having too much statesmanship; that is, too much experimenting with the forms of government, too much law-making, too much regulation of every kind of business save the one kind that more than all others is in need of regulation—political business. The cost of government is increasing rapidly and enormously, and there is no prospect of a halt. If we had an engineer like Goethals in the White House he would probably conceive it to be his first duty to see that there was efficiency in every department, and before bothering himself about the morals of private business he would pay strict attention to the morals of the pork barrel.

The Hermit

By William H. Davies

What moves that lonely man is not the boom
  Of waves that break against the cliff so strong;
Nor roar of thunder, when that traveling voice
  Is caught by rocks that carry far along.

'Tis not the groan of oak-tree in its prime,
  When lightning strikes its solid heart to dust;
Nor frozen pond when, melted by the sun,
  It suddenly doth break its sparkling crust.

What moves that man is when the blind bat taps
  His window when he sits alone at night;
Or when the small bird sounds like some great beast
  Among the dead, dry leaves so frail and light;

Or when the moths on his night-pillow beat
  Such heavy blows he fears they'll break his bones;
Or when a mouse inside the papered walls,
  Comes like a tiger crunching through the stones.

Perspective Impressions

Paris loves beauty so much that it objects to female nakedness on the stage.

The only stock that this Administration is boosting is Roosevelt's.

Magnanimity is abstention from beating a fool with a bad argument.

The pious reformer would render unto God the things that are Caesar's.

England appears to have a Mexican question of her own.

Says the Rev. E. B. Hart: "If we are to reflect the Christ in our lives it can only be when we are calm." A little more bromide, please.

Wonder if Hearst likes to pay Dr. Aked for rehashing magazine articles? Or for booming English books?

Another burning question solved. The Rev. H. J. Truman says to fill the empty pews the preacher must advertise, get publicity. We thought it was because of the publicity so many preachers get that their pews are empty.

When a Californian Democrat has no other way to escape obscurity he becomes a candidate for Governor.

"It is just as sacred," says a Berkeley preacher, "to saw a board straight as it is to pray well." Which reminds us that a lot of middling mechanics were lost to the labor unions when certain men entered the ministry.

"If there is any current in American thought today," says the Rev. Caleb Dutton, "it is the demand among the masses of men for justice." And justice, we suppose, means just a shade on the other fellow.

A lot of Irishmen want to know why the Examiner spoke last Saturday of the "Rome Rule Bill."

The New Hebrides cannibals who ate their teachers showed too keen an appetite for education.

A penniless old man driven out of business by John D. Rockefeller fifty years ago committed suicide in New York this week. John D. feel so bad about it that he will contribute a few more dollars to the Baptist church and the Prohibition cause.

It is the boast of an apostle of the Feminist Movement that women have made some new laws, got rid of some bad office-holders and elected some of themselves to office. After a while we shall know whether the laws are good laws and whether the women taxeaters are better or worse than the men they wedged out.

Varied Types

CLXX—MILTON H. ESBERG

By Edward F. O'Day

"The people don't elect a man Mayor of San rancisco so that he may play politics. They elect im because they think he will prove a strong xecutive. If the man cherishes hidden political spirations or develops them after he gets into ffice, the people lose confidence in him. Those fficials who are least ardent for political adancement are the most successful in the end. other words, glory comes to him who seeks least."

Milton H. Esberg, vice-president and general anager of the M. A. Gunst Cigar Company, was member of the Municipal Conference which minated politics in the last mayoral campaign. e was on the nominating and indorsing board hich put Rolph into the fight. He was active the campaign committee. In a very special nse therefore he is one of the men responsible r the present municipal administration insofar it has been shaped by Mayor Rolph. And yet lton Esberg speaks of Mayor Rolph in the nguage I have just set down in quotation rks.

t is a matter of common knowledge that Mayor lph has alienated a large percentage of the men o were active in his campaign. Out in his n part of the city a number of these have med a hostile organization known as "The ssionites." Downtown there is no hostile orization, but feeling is none the less pronced. Rolph has disappointed his sponsors. A great many of those sponsors are members the Chamber of Commerce. Rolph was much he fore in that body before he became Mayor. was president of the Merchants Exchange ch has been absorbed by the larger body. activities were in harmony with the activities he Chamber of Commerce. Yet today he calls members "obstructionists" and threatens, in vivid language beloved of politicians, to "lock their blocks off." Obviously, a change come over the relations between the Mayor his former associates. What is the reason? ent to Milton Esberg and asked him about it. ought to know if anybody does, for he is rman of the executive committee of the Chamof Commerce.

Mayor Rolph," says Esberg, "seems to feel that criticism of public work or any suggestion ublic improvement, whether made by a civic nization or by an individual in high repute, act of hostility toward himself. He seems ose sight of the fact that people may be stly interested in the improvement of curmethods or in the cure of inefficiency. He s not to recognize that a citizen or a civic , knowing that in the end the taxpayer al- pays for incompetence, has a perfect right how how money may be saved and serious venience prevented.

nd so it happens that when an organization he Chamber of Commerce, after its student nittee has gone into the matter and has pred absolute facts gathered by unpaid men who taken time from their own business, sucl men who are disposed to do something he community, who have civic pride, who efficiency and who dream of a model city n an organization like the Chamber of Com- reports that money is being wasted and s out means to check the waste, our Mayor declares that they are officious and have a political ax to grind.

"Why cannot our Mayor, why cannot all government officials welcome suggestions from the outside? Why cannot they realize that they are only holding office as the managers of a big business while the citizens and taxpayers are the stockholders of the business? Somehow or other they don't understand that. From being democratic their viewpoint becomes oligarchic.

"What we want in municipal as in every business is efficiency. Are we getting it? It is my opinion that the affairs of this municipality are not thirty-five per cent efficient. Year by year our officials should increase efficiency and decrease taxation. They are not doing it in San Francisco.

"The present administration is not doing it. Why? Because, although there are some splen-

MILTON H. ESBERG

did men serving on the various commissions, they think that they must respect the personal desires of the Mayor. Mayor Rolph has an idea that he should be actively at work in every department of the city government. He takes away from the various departments that independence which the Charter by its spirit and letter confers on them. He takes the stand that criticism of any department is a criticism of himself, a stand at variance with the notions of the commercial bodies whose leaders seek no political preferment and are interested solely in promoting efficiency. But taking that wrong stand, he feels compelled to disregard any suggestion that would tend in a progressive way toward the development of efficiency. What is the advantage of having good commissioners if the Mayor discourages them from exercising independence of thought? To refer specifically to the controversy between Mayor Rolph and the Chamber of Commerce, let us suppose that the streets of San Francisco are cleaner than the streets of any other city in the United States or in the world. Yet if there is an annual over-expenditure of $100,000 or any other sum, the problem before the Board of Public Works remains exactly the same. There is inefficiency which ought to be corrected.

"Mayor Rolph was elected because we wanted as our chief executive a business man of the best business principles who would do things in a businesslike way. We wanted a man to be mayor of all the people all the time. We wanted the interests of the city not merely conserved but developed. We wanted a man who would not try to lean either toward capital or labor. In the measure in which we failed to get that sort of man we have failed, and the man selected has failed too.

"If Mayor Rolph were running today the men who were active in his campaign would not be active again. He has misinterpreted the desires of some of the biggest and most disinterested men of San Francisco—or else he has disregarded their desires. His action in the matter of the Municipal Opera House was a heavy blow. So was his denunciation of the work of the Chamber of Commerce. It might have been expected that the Chamber of Commerce and other big bodies would be credited with honesty of purpose, especially as Mayor Rolph was closely identified with them himself and must have known the sincerity of their aims. Why should the citizenship be thus misunderstood? Why cannot all have a fair, square break? The government should not be run for the enhancement of political ambitions. What we want is a business concern in which the head and all the department managers look out for the best interests of the stockholders and place their political desires in a secondary position.

"How are we to improve conditions? By sitting down and taking careful stock of ourselves, by calculating our assets and discovering what improvements we need. The trouble is that there is absolutely no homogeneity among our people. Other big cities have co-ordination and the cooperative spirit. They have a definite purpose. They know that their strong point is manufacturing or retail business or amusement, and they have capitalized their assets accordingly. San Franciscans have never done that.

"Perhaps one reason for this lack of homogeneity is that we pay so little attention to those who are trying to do something. We must have a storehouse to supply facts about what we are and what we are not, what we may hope to be and what we may not hope to be, and we must get into the habit of going to that storehouse for material. A lack of understanding in civic affairs leads to duplication of work. That means inefficiency, waste of money and in the end a divergence of aim which prevents any actual accomplishment.

"Politically and civically the people of San

(Continued on Page 20.)

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Who's Who Hereabouts

III—GEORGE C. PARDEE

The eighteenth century was Newgate's golden age. That was the century in which the thief's craft was illumined by the genius of Jonathan Wild and Jack Sheppard. Such was the love of adventure, so strong the passion for romance that the cutpurse was a hero and the highwayman followed a profession that was respected. True the authorities made short work of the highwayman at Tyburn, but nevertheless the common people held him in high esteem, and James Maclaine, the Gentleman Highwayman, as he was styled, enjoyed a triumph that was denied to many a victorious general. Now who knows but that this twentieth century may become the golden age of public office? There is no accounting for public taste, audacity wins its way in all professions, and it would seem that the political adventurer who rifles the public purse and holds up the plutocrat is endued with something of the glamor that glorified the personality of his eighteenth century prototype. Even now there is manifest a tendency to select for special acclaim the politician possessed of those virtues essential to greatness which Fielding attributes to Jonathan Wild—ambition, cunning, dissimulation and hypocrisy.

While there is no hard and fast formula of success in politics it would seem to be wise for the politician to practice boldly all the maxims of Jonathan Wild and all the ingenuities that have distinguished the political trimmer and demagogue from time immemorial. Study the career of almost any of the popular idols of the moment, and you will find that he has exhibited the qualifications of Wildean greatness to a marked degree. Let us take George C. Pardee for convenience. Once Governor of California, now a member of the Conservation Commission, he is reputed to be aspiring to Congress, and as no man is more richly endowed with the qualities that command public favor at this time, he will probably be elected by an overwhelming majority. So strong in him are all the qualities essential to political greatness that it would not be unreasonable to forecast his rise by easy stages to the Presidency itself.

George C. Pardee was originally intended for the medical profession. Indeed he was once an honored and an active member of that profession. He was not only a skilful but a conscientious and charitable doctor. His patients respected him and loved him. Between George C. Pardee the distinguished specialist of the medical profession and George C. Pardee the politician there is as great a difference as between Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Years ago Pardee was elected Mayor of Oakland. At that time he was on the medical staff of the Southern Pacific Company. And at that time it was more popular to swat the octopus than it has been at any time since. Mayor Pardee lost no time in swatting it. He organized a brigade armed with axes and chopped down a Southern Pacific fence at the foot of Broadway that was maintained to protect a title to lands that were in litigation. A newspaper observed that it was a curious thing for the Mayor to do in view of the fact that he was going around with a railroad pass in his pocket. The newspaper was in error. Dr. Pardee did not have the pass in his pocket. Just before starting to chop down the fence Mayor Pardee put the pass in a stamped envelope addressed to the Southern Pacific Company and put the envelope in a letter box. Thus he renounced the octopus and all its works, at the same time qualifying as a reformer for the rest of his life. He wasn't to be caught napping in those days. He was for keeping his record straight. But in time, as he continued to play the game, so many complications arose that occasionally he slipped a cog, and long before the end of his gubernatorial term he had acquired the reputation of being the shiftiest, most unreliable and least squeamish politician that ever held the job.

The only accurate scientific biography that can be written of a contemporary politician is one consisting entirely of anecdotes. Public professions and public acts are enormously misleading. When the barber asked the Knight of La Mancha "how tall might the Giant Morgante be?" the answer he received was not only reasonable but scientific. Thigh-bones and shoulder-bones, he pointed out, had been found in Sicily "of so enormous a size that of necessity we must conclude from the certain rules of geometry that the men to whom the bones belonged were giants as big as huge steeples." Now we have no such irrefragable evidences to guide us in estimating the politicians of the day. We must fall back on anecdotes. Size up Dr. Pardee by his jaw-bone and the misconception will be prodigious. Take a squint at his self-constructed halo and you will be misled as by a mirage. There are so many anecdotes illustrative of Dr. Pardee's facility in the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain of the shifty politician that he has become almost a distinct personality in the annals of California politics. Nominated for Governor by the Republican political machine which he afterwards professed to loathe, during his term he played fast and loose with that machine according as it suited his purpose. Toward the end of his term he became conciliatory, and was prepared to make any kind of bargain for renomination. He went so far as to offer to turn over all the patronage on the water front to Abe Ruef who was then at the zenith of his career. And he was under no delusion respecting Abe Ruef. That unsavory boss Dr. Pardee had entertained in his home as his honored guest, but if Pardee knew Ruef he knew him not a bit more intimately than Ruef knew him. Ruef would have been very willing to make a bargain for the patronage of the water front, but he was too smart to make it with Pardee. Ruef informed Pardee's authorized agent that the doctor was so shifty and his word susceptible of so many interpretations that the man who would enter into an agreement with him, however it might be solemnized, would incur the risk of being sent to an asylum for the insane. Pardee was not nominated, and he shrieked with virtuous indignation. He was beaten because he couldn't make a lovely bargain with Ruef, but he made many a farmer believe that it was because the machine wouldn't stand for him on account of his honesty. Indeed there is widespread faith in Pardee to this day because he was turned down at Santa Cruz. And while Ruef is now meditating in the penitentiary, Pardee an honored representative of a sacrosanct Administration is running for Congress. Thus we see that

"Little tricksters oft submit to fate
That great ones may enjoy the world in state."

Ruef's sweeping survey of the Pardee character was not at all peculiar. There are many distinguished citizens who will attest to the accuracy of it. Among them are three prominent Oaklanders who have known Dr. Pardee from the days of his youth as a man of unparalleled celerity in turning a corner on a friend. Eager to get their support when he was a candidate for Governor, he had them importuned in his behalf by some of their warmest friends. At length they consented to meet him. He groveled before them, promised that if they would stand for him they would earn his undying gratitude, and that they could have anything they wanted in the event of his election. He offered to reduce an agreement to that effect to writing. As all three were witnesses they did not wish any agreement. He repeated his offer, but they refrained from assenting to his self-humiliation, and agreed to forget the past and aid his candidacy. When Pardee became Governor he affronted each of the three men, and never showed them the slightest courtesy. Protests from two of them in small matters affecting their friends he never heeded.

It requires really great independence of character in a man to act as Governor Pardee acted toward many of his friends. But Pardee is unquestionably a great man. In nothing has he displayed his greatness so vividly as in his excursions above and beyond political and sentimental obligations. One more anecdote will suffice. It is of value inasmuch as it affords proof of his alertness of mind. Once upon a time he sought an interview with Judge Melvin whose views concerning him were precisely the same as those of the Oaklanders already mentioned. Judge Melvin had had much personal experience of Pardee. He was averse to the interview, but at the solicitation of a friend consented to meet Pardee who was then Governor and engaged in mending his fences. As soon as they met Pardee began to explain how it was that he had not appointed the judge to the Court of Appeal. "I have no grievance on that score," said Melvin "You appointed Judge Hall, a good man, and I was glad he got the appointment. What I complained of was your attempt to bribe Russ Lukens who went to see you in my behalf." The meaning of this statement was that Pardee endeavored to alienate Lukens from Melvin offering to appoint him (Lukens) to the vacancy on the Superior bench of Alameda county that would be created by the appointment of Judge Hall to the Court of Appeal. Promptly came Pardee's exclamation: "Now that was all a mistake; what I said to Russ was 'How will Yule do? meaning John Yule, and he thought I said 'How will you do?'"

For a moment Judge Melvin was so amazed that he could not speak. When he did speak it was in dithyrambic language. He told Pardee that he knew he wasn't speaking the truth. "As a matter of fact," he said, "when you offered it to Lukens he denounced you for attempting such a trick."

Again promptly came the explanation. "Yes there you are," said Pardee. "He made a mistake. Didn't know I meant Yule. Thought I meant himself, and I foolishly didn't point out the error to him."

Surely a man so gifted ought to be sent to Congress.

La Mort

By M. Maguire Colum

Early in the morning, when it was very cold and dark, Nellie's grandmother died, without bidding her good-bye, without her being called from her sleep, with nobody present but the rough little maid servant from the mountains. Nellie was the last person in her grandmother's thoughts, and her last conscious words had been a prayer in Gaelic for Nellie. The little maid servant in a frenzy woke the household, composed of Nellie, Nellie's uncle Joe, the dead woman's son, who lay in a drunken stupor and could not realize the tidings brought to him, and John, the servant boy, who slept over the stables in the back yard.

The immensity of the news that her grannie was dead did not at first impress Nellie with its reality. She got up hastily, the cold, damp air of the fog outside penetrating into her little room, the first feeling in her mind being an awed curiosity. She had never been so close to death before. In her precocious mind she had often dwelt on the mysteries of death and birth, and an answer to much cross-questioning she had learnt that at birth people descend in some mysterious way from heaven to earth, and at death ascend from earth to heaven in an equally mysterious manner. The closeness of death to her now had an immensity of interest, yet Nellie loved her grandmother more than anything else on earth, in the whole-hearted way of childhood.

It was fully two hours afterwards before the feeling of curiosity and interest gave way to another feeling. The next feeling was equally far from what the conventioins would require from Nellie at the death of the person she loved most. It was the feeling that now as her grandmother no more existed, the only person who could get possession of herself was her father, with whom she would, perhaps, have to spend the rest of her life. The odd weeks that she had had to live under the same roof as her father were weeks of extreme unhappiness. Between Nellie and her father there existed a mutual antipathy; she did not like the ne'er-do-well who was her parent, and he did not like the precocious, critical, sensitive and not very well-mannered little girl who was his only child.

When the old women in the neighborhood who always attended houses of death came to perform the last offices for her grandmother, Nellie gave way to a transport of grief that made them fear she was demented or in the power of the Good People. When this subsided a little, they put her to bed again and locked her in her little room, where she lay in miserable desolation till they returned, and seeing her dryed and quiet told her she could get up. When Nellie dressed she went downstairs to her grandmother's room and, turning the handle, walked in. The room was cleared of everything except a row of chairs, a small table and the big wooden bed. There, a small figure, surrounded by white tapestry, her grandmother lay. She wore the brown death-habit that had been made for years, and that had lain on the bed always during her last illness. The little frilled cap was on her head, and a prayer book and rosary beads between her folded hands. White draperies hung round the bed, tied with black ribbon. A table stood by the bedside with seven candles burning, and a vessel with holy water. One of the old women came in and told Nellie that her grandmother looked beautiful, and that there was a smile on her face. To Nellie this smile seemed a painful twist. It was long years afterwards before Nellie realized what a very beautiful and unusual woman her grandmother had been. The dead face was indeed a very noble face, with a forehead so high that it dominated it, a short upper lip, thin-lipped mouth and a long, slightly hooked nose. The black hair was but slightly touched with grey. Death had taken all the wrinkles out of the face. The closed eyelids covered the eyes, but they had been the same eager, dark, imaginative eyes as Nellie's own. The dead face always remained in Nellie's mind the face that had looked in life as if it had seen all the sorrow, and pain, and joy of the world. It was almost exactly the same look and the same face that was on the cast of Dante's head in the parlor—the slightly hollow cheeks, and the beautiful chin and forehead. Nellie sat for a long time in the room, oppressed with grief, and with the mystery of things she fought to understand. Her uncle drove to the neighboring town to send telegrams to all the family relatives, and John, the servant boy, drove off to fetch her uncle Pat, who was married and lived some fourteen miles away.

Neighbors began to drop in during the day. They all came and spoke to Nellie, and repeated gravely the formula, "I am sorry for your trouble," spoken to people on the death of a relative.

Her grandmother was to be waked for two nights, and buried on the third day. Her uncle came back from the town, the car laden with provisions of all descriptions for the wake, and a cart followed him bearing whisky, and porter, and tobacco. Telegrams came during the day, and by the evening train her aunt Jane arrived from a neighboring county, and wept with loud lamentations at her mother's bed. Nellie sat almost as cold as the corpse, watching, only half convinced that her grannie would never speak again. "Indeed, my girl," said her aunt Jane, "you've cause to be sorry your grannie is dead."

"'Deed, her grannie didn't forget her, you may be sure," said one of the old women who washed the corpse.

"What were my mother's last words?" asked Aunt Jane.

The old women loudly lamented that she was not in until after the death, and said that she should have been sent for, for the servant had been so ignorant that she had not minded first to call the two members of the family and put them out of the house till the soul had taken flight.

"Indeed, I don't give much heed to them pishrogues," said her aunt. "I remember the wild night my poor father died, Biddy Cooney put us all out in the rain. She wouldn't let us in for a full hour till his spirit passed. I always blame my delicate health on the cold I got that night. Nellie and Joe were better in their beds."

"You've laid her out very nicely," went on Aunt Jane to the old women. "It's the nicest corpse I ever seen. She went very sudden in the end, for one that was always ailing, and so many times anointed."

"Aye, indeed, she often got a worse turn than the last. I didn't think she'd go when I was here at her anointing on Thursday."

"The Heavens be her bed! She was the best of a mother."

Aunt Jane kept up a perpetual tearfulness, drying her eyes at intervals to ask a question or make a remark.

"I hope," she said severely, "that you, Joe, will keep yourself steady and respectable till the funeral is over, and that you, Nellie, will keep your hair plaited and make yourself useful."

Nellie's uncle Pat, her grandfather's son by his first marriage, came in the evening with his wife, and there was soon plenty of bustle and liveliness as the neighbors, in their Sunday clothes, began to come in to the wake. Each person first went and knelt down by the bed where the corpse lay, and prayed. The grandmother's room was filled with women who, at intervals of conversation on all sorts of topics, said prayers for the repose of the soul of the dead. The men were scattered about between the parlor, her Uncle Joe's room, and the kitchen. Every man who came in was given one or two glasses of whisky and a clay pipe and tobacco. Nearly everybody stayed till morning, and a couple of times during the night tea and thick sandwiches were given to all present. Several of the women helped, and Nellie and the maid servant were kept busy washing cups the whole night.

Everyone present said something fine in praise of Nellie's grandmother, the old men and women in Irish, the young men and women in English, or in English interlarded with Irish. Towards morning a few tramps and strolling beggars, who had heard the news of her death, collected in the kitchen, talking of the friend and benefactor they had lost, the while eating chunks of bread and meat. They all shook hands with Nellie before leaving for the roads again, and each made a little speech and prayer. One very old, but eager and vigorous woman, Biddy Cooney, whom Nellie knew as long as she remembered, and who had been in the habit of visiting the house weekly during her grandmother's lifetime, came last of all and, drawing Nellie down to a stool beside her, spoke very gravely.

"Young colleen, you'll maybe now have to go far from this house, for whoever will be mistress here won't be wanting to see you about. But you'll mind me wherever you'll go, you won't meet many got as good a bit or was as well reared as yourself, for your grannie was the next thing to a bred lady. Gentle and simple were all one to her, and everyone that came in to this floor was as welcome as the next. I don't mind giving my talk to Jane, or Pat, or Joe, but to you, for you're the only one of them that took after the family she came from. I'm going now up to Coolaney to give the news there. Many's the one will tramp it down, every foot of the way, to give her their last respects. I'll be back myself, too, to the funeral, for them two

(Continued on Page 22.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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The People's Forum

Our Big Bull Moose

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Political matters in Sacramento are booming. The city election in May has caused a turmoil and the efforts of the Bull Moose to gain a foothold have stirred the foundations of laughter and scorn. Through the efforts of the six or seven hundred office holders under the Bull Moose the Progressives have managed to hold a lead of about that number over the Republicans in the registration of voters. The antics of the head Bull Moose in seeking to gain votes would furnish a fit subject for derision. It will be remembered that in 1910 Curry carried the county in the primary against him, and at the election Bell received a majority. This soured the Governor against Sacramento, and he manifested his feelings on all occasions. Contrary to custom only one entertainment was given in the gubernatorial mansion during the first session and that was on March 17th and was paid for out of the secret service fund as Secretary Jordan stated. The waiters and food were brought from San Francisco. In 1912 the county gave a large majority against the Governor and his running mate Roosevelt. This emphasized its disbelief in his principles. One entertainment only was given last session by the Governor, and that was perfunctory and no one knows who paid for it. This year, disheartened by the news from the south, a new era has been inaugurated in this city. The Governor has rushed around the city looking for meetings at which he can make speeches. He has spoken to the Woman's Club, to the Add Club, to the Rotary Club, to the Militia, and is ready to speak at any time, and at any place, and to any club, or council or society that will give him an opportunity. At each of these meetings he has told of his love for and belief in Sacramento and its greatness. Private Secretary McCabe is daily scurrying through the streets and alleys hunting for some association to which the Governor may speak. It is a matter of wonderment to all classes to see how the Governor has divested himself of the lordly scorn which enveloped him when he entered Sacramento in 1911 and taken on the unctuous smile and gracious conduct towards Sacramento and its citizens in 1914. The hope of office does influence even the big Bull Moose of California.

Yours truly,
—An Observer.

Sacramento, March 23rd, 1914.

Is Mrs. Besant Great?

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I notice that Mrs. Annie Besant figures prominently in the lists of the world's greatest women published from day to day in the Examiner. Mrs. Besant claims to be the legitimate successor of Madame Blavatsky, a claim also made by Mrs. Tingley, the "Purple Mother" of Point Loma, San Diego I am not interested in either claim. But I should like to ask, Is Mrs. Besant great or merely notorious? For some time past I have been receiving pamphlets that set forth a matter a controversy between the Besant and Tingley Theosophists. Why I should receive these pamphlets I am at a loss to explain. I don't want them. They deal with a filthy subject. In glancing over the latest of these pamphlets I find Mrs. Besant charged with approving outrageous practices. Whether the charge is true or false is not of the slightest consequence to me But how can anybody who knows that Mrs Besant is open in the slightest degree to the suspicion of such a charge sugest her as one of the world's greatest women worthy to be the special guest of the city of San Francisco at the World' Fair?

Respectfully,
—Inquirer.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Sex Hygiene in England

There is a royal commission on venereal diseases sitting in London. Recently they heard opinions about the value of teaching sex hygiene. The opinion that met with most approval was to the effect that sex hygiene should not be taught in the schools. It was conceded that parents needed instruction in this matter in order that they might properly instruct their children.

Prosperity in Ireland

The Munster and Leinster Bank handled $35,000,000 during the past year and declared a dividend of eighteen per cent. The Bank of Ireland in its report for 1913 apologized for being able to declare only ten per cent., owing to the Dublin strike conditions. The President of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce is authority for the statement that while fighting down Syndicalism in the city the Chamber of Commerce had succeeded in maintaining industrial progress which had been making steady headway for a decade. So Ireland seems to be very prosperous despite the imminence of Home Rule, and the Ulster pessimists are finding it hard to get serious consideration for their gloomy prognostications.

The Useful Appendix

They used to tell us that the appendix, alone of all organs, was useless. Doctors think differently now. They have discovered that it is a working cog in the digestive machinery. If this was not settled some time ago it seems proven by the experiments of Signor Morgera, an Italian savant. Morgera found that the dogfish of the Bay of Naples had an organ analogous to the appendix in man. After taking it out he found that the contraction of the intestine and its necessary functions were disturbed. He found that a certain kind of sugar was secreted by the appendix of the fish, and that if he introduced four or five drops of sugar into the intestine after the removal of the gland, the action of the intestine was perfectly normal. Morgera explained his views to the French Academy of Sciences, and several French savants agreed that the much maligned organ had a particular and very important function.

Japanese in British Columbia

They have a Japanese exclusion problem in British Columbia as well as in California, and they are very much embarrassed about it. The relations between Japan and the British Empire are so close that is is hard to deal summarily with Japanese immigration into any part of King George's domain. How the British Columbians would like to deal with it was shown when the British Columbia Royal Commission on Labor Conditions recently recommended the total exclusion of Asiatics on the ground that they cannot fuse with the race, even if they become Canadian subjects.

Albanian Blood Feud

The Kingdom of Albania has now an official existence. The Powers have wrought a miracle the like of which has not been seen since Anthony Hope invented Ruritania. It was done in Downing street, London, and already the jewelers of Berlin are fashioning a crown for the first King of Albania, Prince William of Wied. The King faces a hard task. The first thing he must do is to stamp out the blood feud. This is so bad that ordinary human intercourse is impossible. There are no villages, and every home is a fortress with loopholes for Martinis instead of windows. In these prisons families, sometimes of one hundred people, lead self-centred lives. Everyone has killed, and all have enemies who seek their blood. Others have fled after killing and engage in brigandage which is not considered dishonorable. The King will be expected to rule with an iron hand; otherwise the Albanians will not be satisfied.

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXXVIII—THE STRICKEN CITY

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

(This poem by the favorite singer of the masses, the laureate of the Hearst papers, was published first in the New York American and reprinted in the Examiner of May 2, 1906.) It is published through the kindness of A. T. Leonard Jr. who sent it to Town Talk.)

I am swept across the desert by the sorrow of my soul
To the glowing golden city, where waves of anguish roll;
I can see the sheen and shimmer that enveloped sky and street,
I can see the smiling faces of the friends I used to meet;
I can feel the subtle essence that, throughout a world-wide quest,
Thrills heart and brain and pulses nowhere as in the West.

Supreme Pacific wonder, fair goddess of the gate,
The world has paid you homage, the world bemoans thy fate.
We loved you in your beauty, as you reigned beside the seas;
We love you, scorched and stricken, as you plead upon your knees.
In days of pride and glory you were generous and broad;
You were like the earth-expression of the opulence of God.

And it took the cosmic forces and the awful grip of space
To rob you of your courage and drive radiance from your face.
You offered us your sunshine when native skies grew cold,
And when our purse was empty you offered us your gold.
Oft when our own, unseeing, gazed on some work of art,
You looked with larger vision and offered us your heart.

Ah! stricken friend and hostess, you kneel among the dead;
And all that moves or stirs us, were best in action said.
Shake our your golden tresses, our hands shall bind them up;
And lift the empty goblet, our gourd shall fill its cup.
Behind the smoke and horror let your prophetic eyes
Perceive God's chosen city from your own ashes rise.

The Spectator

The Passing of "Essancee"

The Sullivan-Considine circuit of vaudeville theatres ceased to be a separate entity this week. John W. Considine has sold his controlling interest in this great western circuit of forty theatres to Marcus Loew of New York. The consideration was in the neighborhood of three millions. Considine is getting along in years, and has tired of active business. That is one reason for the sale. Another is the death of Considine's partner, "Dry Dollar" Tim Sullivan of Tammany, the story of whose tragic end is still fresh in the memory of newspaper readers. So "Essancee" which divides with the Pantages circuit the exceedingly profitable "ten, twent' and thirt'" vaudeville business of the West, is to be a thing of the past. It is become a part of a circuit which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is now a component of the "Marcus Loew Enterprises." The deal bids fair to bring to the lovers of the cheaper vaudeville in this city and in all the other cities where there are "Essancee" houses better bills than those they have been accustomed to.

A Remarkable Character

Marcus Loew is a product of the New York Ghetto. In appearance he reminds one of the familiar pictures that go with Montague Glass' Potash and Perlmutter stories. He is self-educated, never having completed the primary school course of studies. As a youngster he sold newspapers on the East Side of New York. Then he got into the printing business on a small scale. At seventeen he had an interest in a free vaudeville house like our own Olympia of ante-fire days. With a genius for making money he enlarged the scope of his theatrical enterprises, by slow degrees at first and later by leaps and bounds. When he began negotiating for the purchase of "Essancee" he already controlled sixty-one vaudeville and moving picture theatres throughout the East with a paid-up capitalization of twenty million dollars. Sixteen of his playhouses are in the city of New York. With the acquisition of the Sullivan-Considine circuit he may boast control of the largest theatrical circuit in the world.

His Ghetto Playhouse

Loew was born in Delancey street in the heart of the Ghetto. When he became a prosperous theatrical magnate he decided to build a theatre in the Ghetto. He picked out and bought for this purpose the site of his humble birthplace. The plans called for a $300,000 theatre. Of course this created a great sensation in the neighborhood. All of Loew's early friends lived there. They were proud of his success; they were delighted that he should build a fine theatre on the spot where he was born. It showed that he had sentiment, and the Jewish heart responds readily to sentiment. So many of his boyhood friends called on Loew and told him how glad they were to know that he was building that theatre that he felt like a piker. The result was that he revised the plans, and the theatre in Delancey street cost him $700,000. It is one of the best equipped theatre buildings in the country.

How the Deal Began

Not long ago Marcus Loew met John W. Considine in New York. They had some general conversation. Of course the talk finally got round to theatrical matters.

"I'm getting along in years," said Considine, "and if I had a chance I'd sell my controlling interest in the Sullivan-Considine circuit. I'm tired of active business."

"You mean that?" said Loew.

"I certainly do," said Considine.

"Well," said Loew, "I think pretty well of those theatres of yours. I'll have a look at them. If they suit me I'll probably take them off your hands."

"I hope you do," said Considine.

A few days later Loew started out on a tour of the Sullivan-Considine circuit. He reached San Francisco and visited the Empress one day last week. He met John W. Considine in the law office of Otto Irving Wise and "Dick" O'Connor who are attorneys for "Essancee."

How It Ended

"John," said Marcus Loew in a casual sort of way, "I've been over your circuit with the exception of four playhouses. As far as I've seen I like it. To play fair with my associates I must

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see the other four theatres in Los Angeles, Salt Lake, Denver and Kansas City. Do you think you and Wise could meet me in Kansas City next Wednesday morning? I'll wire to my lawyer, John E. Ludvigh, to come on from New York, and it won t take us long to close the deal. We'll surely be through in time for Ludivgh and me to catch the twelve-thirty train for New York. What do you say?"

Wise and Considine said they could be there.

"How about a cash payment?" asked Considine.

"Well," said Loew, "you said that you'd be satisfied with a cash payment of $600,000, and if you haven't changed your mind I'll pay you that amount at Kansas City."

And so the two principals, Loew and Considine, and the two attorneys, Wise and Ludvigh, met this Wednesday in Kansas City, and the deal was closed. It is thus that our captains of industry dispose of a three million transaction! Some of us kick up more trouble over ordering a new suit of clothes!

From Ocean to Ocean

Marcus Loew made it plain why he wanted to buy the Sullivan-Considine circuit. It is a clean-cut business proposition. Controlling one hundred and one playhouses he can book acts and actors for two years, and of course can make better terms with them than he could if he booked them for a shorter period. And he can book players who would not go into vaudeville for a shorter period. Every actor is attracted by the chance of booking for a solid year, to say nothing of two years, without any "lay-off." The deal means that Loew will lure many bill-toppers from the drama to vaudeville. An actor can play practically four months in Loew's New York playhouses and then start over the circuit. In other words he can be sure of keeping in touch with Broadway, an important consideration with every actor of standing in the United States.

Aked Defends Himself

Dr. Charles F. Aked has been defending himself—far from home. In the Philadelphia Ledger he tells why he has has been criticised and briefly discusses his critics. What the distinguished divine says in the Ledger is worth reading, not because it is edifying but because it is apocalyptic, revealing as it does the clergyman himself at his disingenuous best. If, good reader, you have thought that an imperfect conception of Dr. Aked's character has been reflected in the pages of Town Talk, you should read the current Literary Digest in which is to be found what he wrote to the Ledger. You will find that Dr. Aked does not have to read his conscience a lecture on account of its squeamishness. You will see just what sort of moralist this professional purifier is. In the first line he says: "Roman Catholicism is vigorous and influential in this city." Does he mean that hostile criticism of his sensational rehash of Huxley has come exclusively from Catholics? What he means he does not say. It is to be inferred, however, that he would suggestionize the Eastern mind, give it the impression, as it were, that he was fighting under the banner of Protestantism in a benighted city in need of of redemption from the sinister influence of Rome. But he is shrewdly vague. There is much of implication in this Ledger article but of explication nothing at all. Dr. Aked goes on to say that first he was misunderstood by ignorant persons, and that then some "obscure Presbyterian ministers took upon themselves to protest against my election to the chair of the local Federation of Churches." The obscurity of a preacher is conclusive evidence in Dr. Aked's mind of the man's ignorance and worthlessness. Himself a yellow journalist, his contempt of the merely pulpit clergyman is abysmal. "These men of themselves," he says, "could not have broken into the front page of the daily newspapers with an ax." There you have the refined Dr. Aked's conception of greatness in a nutshell. Perhaps if a preacher were to challenge Dr. Aked to a debate he would say, "Go get a reputation—break into a front page!"

Aked and Brown

Dr. Aked reminds me of another distinguished divine—Dr. C. R. Brown, formerly of Oakland; not that Dr. Aked is ever likely to win distinction by his gallantries and his love letters, but that his intellectual honesty appears to be a minus quantity. When Dr. Brown went East after finding it expedient to quit Oakland he explained to the Easterners that he never would have been involved in a scandal in California had he not allied himself with the graft prosecution in the interest of good government. Now listen to Aked: "If I had never assailed the Barbary Coast you would never have heard a word about my alleged heresies." Does anybody suppose that Dr. Aked believes this? If so let us see what the implication is. Dr. Aked was attacked by churchmen. The attack was made on him in the Church Federation, with which, by the way, the Catholic church has no connection. Are those obscure ministers who cannot open a front page with an ax the hired agents of the former dive-keepers of the Barbary Coast? If not, through what channels did the rogues of the Barbary Coast fulminate against Aked? Perhaps the gentleman will condescend to shed some light on these matters. If so let us hope that he may first read the Rev. Edward Arthur Wicher of the San Francisco Theological Seminary which, by the way, is not on the Barbary Coast. Now Dr. Wicher, as we shall presently see, has handled Dr. Aked with excellent dialectic technique.

The Misleading Divine

Dr. Wicher is not as famous as Dr. Aked. But if he is too obscure to break into a front page with an ax or his tongue, at least he has proved his ability to get on the fifth page of the Chronicle, which ought to compare favorably with the last page of the Examiner, commonly known as the vaudeville section. Dr. Wicher has seen fit to discuss one of Dr. Aked's sermons. He has spoken not as a representative of the Barbary Coast but as a professor of the Presbyterian theological school, and what he has said Presbyterians regard as authoritative. Dr. Wicher objects to the Aked heresies not because he is concerned about Catholics but for the reason, as he says, that Dr. Aked "has wounded many of the faithful among the unlearned." Dr. Wicher apparently is a man who disdains the bludgeon. He is courteous in the choice of words, and says nothing to wound tough sensibilities. For instance, while he observes that the impression has gone abroad that the weight of modern scholarship is on Dr. Aked's side he adds, "Dr. Aked may not have fostered this impression, but he has certainly said nothing to contradict it." Yet Dr. Wicher has caught Dr. Aked treating Presbyterian divines about in the same way as he treated Gladstone. Dr. Aked, he says, has quoted Presbyterian divines in a way to give the impression that they agreed with his position as a whole when as a matter of fact they did nothing of the kind. Further: he "has in almost every case quoted his authorities upon points where their authority is least weighty, and he has cited them in support of isolated details when their general tenor was very strong upon the other side." Wow! Yet Dr. Aked is not to be sus-

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pected of deliberate deception, for he is a moralist, loves the truth, and anyway we know to a certainty that he hates prostitution of a certain brand.

The Tender Wicher

It is really remarkable that a man of Dr. Aked's acuteness of mind should have innocently exposed himself to the indictment so delicately and compassionately drawn by Dr. Wicher. From his citations, says Dr. Wicher, "it would seem that he had looked up his references for the purpose of substantiating his own views, and was not familiar with the teachings of those scholars as a whole." This is perhaps a charitable view to take, yet Dr. Aked would perhaps rather be caught juggling his authorities than convicted of superficiality. However he may take his choice, though the learned professor of theology says, "Certainly he quotes after a method which no scholar accustomed to weighing evidence and estimating opinion would ever use." And Dr. Wicher goes on to point out instances of Dr. Aked's apparent ignorance of the significance of the gospel of St. John as well as of many features of the New Testament about which there is no controversy, no dispute. Dr. Wicher has done Dr. Aked to a turn, but his performance is polite, even exquisite. There is nothing crude in it. The tone is excellent. Only twice does Dr. Wicher put by the rapier and take the broadsword; once when he quotes Dr. Aked's highest British authority against Dr. Aked and again when he points out that the difference between Aked and Pfleiderer is that the latter was hampered by his sense of logic.

The Way One Looks in a Norfolk Suit Depends Upon the Norfolk.

It is so much easier to look ridiculous than to be well dressed that it almost seems that nature itself is facetious when providing the opportunity for doing things wrong.

Look at the men you see wearing Norfolk suits. Nine out of ten appear freakish and yet nothing is more beautiful or becoming than a Norfolk suit, when it is correctly planned and the man wears a model suited to his figure.

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Reid and the Walking Delegate

Thanks largely to the efforts of Fair Director P. H. McCarthty, the relations between the big union labor bodies and the men who are building our World's Fair have been quite satisfactory. Nevertheless the unions keep careful watch on everything that happens inside the big fence at Harbor View. The walking delegate is very much in evidence. The other day Robert Reid, one of the mural artists of the Fair, was engaged in enlarging one of the eight panels he has painted for the dome of the Palace of Fine Arts. The enlarging from the original paintings is to some extent a mechanical process but it requires, of course, the skilled hand of an artist. Reid was very busy at the work in his improvised studio at one end of the huge Palace of Machinery when he was aware of an intruder. He stopped work and looked inquiringly at the stranger.

"I'm the walking delegate of the Plasterers' and Decorators' Union," said the intruder. "Where's your union card?"

Candidates for Governor

Though the Republicans of California have not yet been able to get together behind a candidate for Governor there is no scarcity of talent qualified for the job. The difficulty is that too many men are eager to get into the race. Down in Los Angeles there are several prominent Republicans standing ready for the start, but behind each is a group of backers and thus far it has been impossible to bring the groups together. If there is one man who has a slight lead on the rest it is District Attorney Fredericks, the man who prosecuted the McNamaras. I'm told he has the backing of the Flint brothers—Frank and Mott—and of coures the business men of the city regard him as the logical man for standard bearer against the coddler of the unions. Occasionally one hears former Governor Gage spoken of as a likely candidate. He has friends all over the State who would like to see him run, and it is said that he does not require much persuasion.

The Senatorial Campaign

There has been a lull in the senatorial campaign. All the hats are in the ring, but the owners are sawing wood for the present. Heney and Rowell had a one-round go, and then went back to their corners where they have been panting ever since. Heney has greatly disappointed expectations. He is as quiet as an extinct volcano. Congressman Knowland reminded us of the senatorial campaign the other day by overcoming his diffidence and announcing himself as a candidate. This means that Samuel M. Shortridge need not expect to be nominated by acclamation. But as a matter of fact he was not unaware of Knowland's intentions, and though he has been attending sedulously to his law practice his political interests have not been neglected. As the primary election is not to be held until August the probability is that the campaign will be allowed to languish until the first week of July.

Bohemia's Next President

It seems to be settled that the next president of the Bohemian Club will be William H. Smith Jr., "Billy" Smith as he is known to his intimates. There was some talk of making Charlie Dickman president, but he refused the honor. I think it is pretty well understood that Charlie Field is to be president again next year. Field has been one of the best presidents the club has ever had, and there is a very general sentiment that nobody else is so well equipped to head the organization during the big year of the World's Fair. There is to be a big dinner to Field on his retirement from office, and the occasion will be signalized by the formal presentation to the club of the mummy which Jere Lynch imported recently from Egypt to take the place of the "Ramtah" consumed in the fire of 1906. The ceremonies will include the singing of a new song, "It's Not the Only Mummy in the Club" which is expected to start the pertinent question, Who are the others?

The Virtuous Reaction

The French have a reputation for logic, for thinking along straight lines, which is undoubtedly deserved. The French do many wrong things, but when they wake up to the consciousness of their error they lose no time in correcting it. At the present time there is discernible in France, and particularly in Paris, a strong revulsion against licentiousness. We all read the other day how the leaders of society in Paris, certain grand dames to whose salons very few Americans are ever admitted, so exclusive are they, had banded together to curb the license of fashionable dress. When a French priest refused to marry a couple because the bride's garters were visible through her dress these ladies rightly concluded that it was time to call a halt. There is not the least doubt that the fashions in dress will react to their efforts, though it may take us, so isolated are we, a long time to observe the effect of their crusade. That is one indication of the change. Another is the order just issued in Paris banning exhibitions of nude women in the Paris music halls.

The Cult of Nudity

This cult of nudity grew up by degress. It began with the popularity of classic and so-called inspirational dancing. The dancers who followed the lead of Isadora Duncan wore very few clothes, and they discarded more and more as their efforts attracted attention. When bare arms and feet became too common to cause a sensation there were bare breasts and bare thighs. Finally a Parisian amateur danseuse of some

North German Lloyd Again Leads All Lines

The North German Lloyd landed more passengers, First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage, in the Port of New York during 1913 than any other line, repeating its marvellous record of 1912. Here are the official figures as compiled by the United States Landing Agent:

	First Cabin	Second Cabin	Steerage
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The North German Lloyd, with all its services, landed the greatest number of passengers in the United States—288,744—on 249 trips, an average of a steamer every thirty-five hours.

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social pretense gave a private exhibition at which she bared her whole body. D'Annunzio was present, and professed to be enchanted with the superb artistry of the display. That gave a Parisian theatrical manager an idea and he announced a similar dance in his theatre. Sure enough the dancer appeared upon the stage in a condition of complete nudity, a Phryne posing for the delectation of a theatre full of, shall I say judges? The police closed that theatre. But the fad of nudity did not stop there. Instead it grew by leaps and bounds, and perhaps the police were too busy with other matters to suppress it. At any rate there were, until the other day, a dozen music halls in Paris where one could investigate the statement of Jemmy Thomson that loveliness when unadorned is adorned the most.

"Aphrodite" Dramatized

The climax came when the novel of "Aphrodite" by Piere Louys was dramatized and offered on the stage with a beautiful actress in the role of Aphrodite. Small wonder that this play should shock the moral sense of Paris. Pierre Louys is one of the most erotic writers of Paris. Born in Paris he grew up in an atmosphere of literary decadence, and out-Heroded the other Herods of a literary movement which blasted artistic beauty with the curse of perversity. At the age of nineteen he started a literary paper which brought him into contact with the Parnassians and to which Swinburne, Maeterlinck, Mallarme and others contributed. He was only twenty-six when in 1896 he published "Aphrodite" and made himself the centre of a literary furore. It is a highly colored picture of Alexandria at the beginning of the Christian era, a work of great power to be sure but so overlaid with voluptuousness that not one reader in fifty is competent to consider it merely as a work of art. A few years later Louys caused another sensation by publishing the Songs of Bilitis. This purported to be a translation from an obscure Greek poet, and for some time Louys succeeded in hoaxing the world of pseudo-scholarship. It is a glorification of what is called "Sapphic" love by those who do not accept the findings of the best scholars concerning the career and character of the poetess of Mitylene. To say that it is an extremely objectionable performance is putting it very mildly indeed. Some of these songs, nevertheless, were set to music by Debussy and others. Louys is married to one of the daughters of Jose de Heredia, the Cuban poet whose sonnets our own Robeson Taylor has translated. That "Aphrodite" should be put upon the stage was startling enough, but the police found it necessary to interfere when Aphrodite appeared naked in a scene of accentuated voluptuousness. We may now look for the pendulum to swing the other way in Parisian stage entertainment. It has gone as far as it could in one direction, and there seems to be a cry for the reaffirmation of the standards of decency.

The Appointment of Marston

Occasionally Governor Johnson makes an appointment that meets with universal approval; as, for instance, when he appointed Colonel Frank Marston to the board of directors of the Asylum for the Deaf and Blind. Colonel Marston is a public-spirited citizen who has done much to promote the interests of this State. No man in California has given more of his time to the advancement of the public welfare. He has served the State under several Administrations, but always without compensation.

Preston and the Reporters

Have you noticed the number of uncomplimentary stories about United States District Attorney Preston in the newspapers? Have you wondered why every gaucherie of the Ukiah lawyer is carefully chronicled? The reason is that Preston is not popular with the reporters on the "federal detail." They charge him with partiality, say that he favors now this paper and now that in giving out the news of his office. So little things which they would ignore if they felt kindly disposed toward Preston see the light of publicity. Up in Ukiah it is not a breach of court room etiquette to chew an unlit stogie. It is a breach in the federal courts, and when the bailiff whispered this fact to Preston the other day the reporters wrote the incident. And so with other little eccentricities of our new prosecutor. Preston is going to have a bad time of it until he wins the regard of the newspapermen.

Ex-Reporters

When the Call and Post were consolidated a number of newspapermen were thrown out of jobs. A few found work on other papers here; some went to Los Angeles and elsewhere; and some decided that it was time to quit newspaper work and go into business. Their brethren of the pad and pencil watched their course with interest. It is often said that newspapermen have no equipment for business life. Here was a chance to test the assertion. Sufficient time has passed now to review the experiment. It has been successful. The men who left the local room to go into real estate, insurance and other businesses, are today earning bigger salaries than they could have hoped to get on any paper. They have made good with a bang.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Enter "Carolands"

The enlarged estate surrounding the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolan is to be known as "Carolands." The story that Mrs. Carolan had exhausted her ingenuity in naming hundreds of Pullman cars for her father George Pullman (at fifty dollars per name) and that she couldn't think up an appropriate name for the estate, is branded as untrue. Mrs. Carolan did the branding. She says she never named a Pullman car in her life. This is grievous news. In the first place, think of all the pin money Mrs. Carolan didn't get! In the second place, what lustre is thus rubbed off her glittering personality. The person who named the Pullman cars was a genius. One of the great delights of travel is the study of Pullman car names. The more you travel the more your wonder grows where those names can come from. Some people admire those names greatly. Mothers have been known to name their children after them. And now we are authoritatively informed that the genius of the Pullman shops was not Mrs. Carolan. Too bad! We also learn that there was no difficulty about selecting the name of the estate. Mrs. Carolan selected it seventeen years ago. She says so. But she didn't use it because the estate wasn't large enough. The estate had to grow up to the name. It's some name, to be sure! A scholar suggests that it is derived from caro, the Latin for flesh and lands, meaning estate. Absurd! Carolands doesn't mean Flesh Estate. An Armour might select such a name, but not a Pullman. The name is a pun on Frank Carolan's name, and it brings the pun back into fashion. If I had been asked to guess what Mrs. Carolan would name the estate I should have said "Mrs-Pat-Campbellville." But perhaps Mrs. Carolan didn't know that she resembled Mrs. Pat seventeen years ago.

Peter's Return

Peter Martin is back in our midst looking as well as ever. To see him 'bout town you'd never imagine he had just recovered from a very severe illness. But the Martins are a hardy family—witness Queen Eleanor—and Peter has apparently jumped from illness to health without pausing at the half-way stage of interesting convalescence affected by less vigorous men. His mother is delighted to have him again, for she loves his airy badinage and never comes off second best in the good-natured passages at wit to which Peter and she are accustomed. Peter inherits his readiness at repartee from his mother; she is distinguished for it, and it is one of the charms of her dinner table. While Peter was away others vied for the honor of being the best dressed men in town. Now they must retire. There is a careless elegance about Peter's habiliments that others envy but find it impossible to imitate.

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Miss O'Farrell Engaged

On March the twenty-first at her home in California street, Mrs. John O'Farrell announced to a few of her daughter's intimate friends the engagement of Miss Evelyn O'Farrell to Morris Dunne of Portland, Oregon. Miss O'Farrell, a graduate of the Sacred Heart Convent in Oakland, is a daughter of the late John O'Farrell and Mamie Loughan, in her time one of the most beautiful belles of our city. Miss O'Farrell belongs to one of the oldest California families, her grandfather, Jasper O'Farrell, having surveyed the city and it is in his honor O'Farrell street was named. Mr. Dunne is the son of David M. Dunne, for fifteen years Collector of Internal Revenue in Portland, and is associated with his father in business. He is a Stanford man and one of the directors of the famous Multonomah Club, and a member of the Waverly Country Club. The wedding will take place early in May.

Birdie's Troubles

To see her at a polo game you wouldn't think Birdie Fair Vanderbilt had a single trouble in the world. But she has. The shadow of litigation darkens her outlook once more. The relatives of her dead brother's wife are trying all over again to separate Birdie and her sister Tessie Oelrichs from part of the Fair estate. The case was ready to go to trial in the East recently when Birdie's lawyers discovered that some material documents had disappeared from their office, so a postponement was necessary. It is not to be doubted that all this lawing worries Birdie a great deal. But she knows how to conceal her anxiety.

Mrs. Knox at Buckingham Palace

Our London correspondent sends me these details regarding the court costume of Mrs. Newton Booth Knox who had the enviable fortune of being summoned to meet the King and Queen of England at Buckingham Palace on the thirtenth of this month. Mrs. Knox wore a decollete costume of white charmeuse, draped with white chiffon and embroidered with roses of silver and pink tissue, the trimming of diamente, the regulation train of three and a half yards being of white charmeuse draped with pink chiffon and festooned with silver roses. Also, to conform with court regulations, she wore three plumes in her hair, in the manner of the royal crest, and a veil of white tulle. Her jewels were five diamond stars and collar and tiara of diamonds. Certainly the thirteenth is not an unlucky day for Mrs. Knox, inasmuch as the present monarchs have received comparatively few Americans since the scandal of some years ago, when it leaked out that certain thrifty aristocrats had been doing a neat little business in selling their court influence. Now the presentations are limited to four a year, and they must come through the American embassy. The number of summonses, by which those previously presented are "commanded" to appear again in the royal presence, has been cut down proportionately.

A Dazzling Spectacle

An English court on a day of this kind presents a dazzling spectacle, the men in uniform, the ladies brilliantly gowned, the Queen wearing the kohinoor and other famous jewels. This thing of bowing before royalty requires no small art. It means many rehearsals in private for the fortunate lady, in which members of her family and servants impersonate the court and a sheet does duty as a train. The maneuvering of the train is so important that the Lord High Chamberlain arranges it with a pole before announcing the guest, who then advances and makes the conventional courtesies before the royal pair. The Chamberlain feels a personal responsibility in this, and on an occasion not many years ago, according to a story current in London, he politely pulled a flustered American lady back into the room to make a forgotten bow to the Queen. After the presenting is ended, the guests are treated to a magnificent supper on the royal service of gold, and allowed to take away as souvenirs the menu cards. Mrs. Knox was presented to the late King Edward in 1910.

Is Coming Home

Mrs. Knox, so I am informed, intends to pay a visit to San Francisco this summer. She is well remembered here as one of the most beautiful buds of her time. Her interests, however, were intellectual rather than frivolous, and after finishing at Miss Lake's school she took a degree at Stanford and did advanced work at California. At college, as Miss Elizabeth Blossom, she was famous both for her beauty and her gracious manners. Her London home in St. John's Wood is now a gathering place for artists and authors no less than society people. It was at Stanford that she met Mr. Knox, a brilliant member of the pioneer class of '95. After doing special work at the Columbia University school of mines, Mr. Knox went to the Orient, and married Miss Blossom in Japan. He later established quarters in London as a mining expert, executing commissions in all corners of the globe. Recently he delivered a course of technical lectures at Columbia, Harvard and the leading Eastern universities. He often appears in this capacity before the Royal School of Mines and other English institutions. It is possible that he may join

A LENTEN DELICACY

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his wife in San Francisco before her return to London.

The Johnstones in Sicily

Recent letters inform friends in this city that Captain and Mrs. Ernest Johnstone have been spending the winter in Sicily. The popular retired army officer and his charming wife who is a sister of Doctors "Jack" and George Franklin Shiels, have been abroad a long time and are thinking of turning their steps homeward. With Sicily they are enchanted, finding in its lovely climate much to remind them of California. They are staying in Palermo, but have been in Messina. This latter city, they write, is a very depressing place, as it has not yet begun to recover from the disastrous earthquake which laid it low. The people are still living in the shacks they built after losing their homes and there is no immediate prospect of rehabilitation. The Johnstones have been struck by the difference in this regard between Messina and San Francisco.

Miss Keenan Entertained

Miss Hilda Keenan who is playing an important part with Margaret Illington in "Within the Law," is the daughter of Frank Keenan, the well known vaudeville bill-topper. Frank Keenan has many friends in this city, and his daughter has been extensively entertained ever since the Veiller play opened at the Cort. I know of a number of theatre parties made up for the purpose of seeing Miss Keenan, and I have heard nothing but praise of her splendid characterization. She has the part of a young girl of no brains but lots of beauty who is making her way in the New York tenderloin, a slangy girl with a genius for clothes and for captivating men. She plays it wonderfully. In the opinion of many it is the finest piece of acting in the play. Miss Keenan is very young, but she is to the acting manner born, and will go a long way on the stage.

A Dance Studio

The opening of the Kirlaw studios for dancing next to the Press Club building in Powell street near Sutter street marks an epoch of interest for all dance lovers of this city. Both Miss Claribel Kirby and Mr. Theodore Parker Lawrence have acquired considerable reputation for their unusual facility in the instruction of the more difficult modern dances. Maurice called especial attention to the class of work done by Miss Kirby and Mr. Lawrence, and said that they were among the few people out here who had the requisite patience to develop by thorough drilling in detail and assiduous attention to form and grace, a certain individuality in style and appearance when dancing, and for this reason, when he left, he took occasion to entrust his many pupils to their care. Ever since she left Miss Hamlin's School Miss Kirby has kept in touch with the most advanced innovations in the Eastern dances and her reward has now shaped itself in the form of an unusually appreciative and clever clientele. The new studios will offer every convenience and comfort for their patrons and have been fitted up with a view to the requirements for the present demand for proper dancing instruction. It is said that it is almost impossible to make engagements for teaching with this pair under ten days' advance booking, so great is the grip of the modern dances on the eager San Franciscans.

Marye or McAdoo?

Will George T. Marye be appointed Ambassador to France? His silk tile is in the enclosure. Both George and his wife will be disappointed if he is not. The Maryes have a fondness for France. They are building a home down the peninsula, and it is to be a French chateau. But they'd much rather occupy a real French chateau in the French chateau country, with an official residence in Paris besides. But George's ambition threatens to strike a snag. In Washington they are saying that after his marriage to Eleanor Wilson, Secretary McAdoo will go Paris as our Ambassador. It's only a rumor, but it may have the truth to back it. Certainly if McAdoo wants the plum, Marye won't get it. And Paris appeals to a bride, so Eleanor may insist that Papa Woodrow convince Hubby McAdoo to take it even if Hubby McAdoo doesn't want it. So it is a question of Marye or McAdoo, with the odds all in McAdoo's favor.

Hotel Del Monte Notes

Miss Marian Stone and Miss Isabel McLaughlin motored down and remained a few days. Joe Eastland was playing golf at the Del Monte links the first of the week. His stay this time will be a short one. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Surto enjoyed their sojourn at Pebble Beach, having taken one of the cottages. Almost every day they had guests to dinner with them at the Lodge. Some of the people they entertained were Mr. and Mrs. James Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson, Mr. George Sterling and Mr. Strong. The children of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. are delighted with every bit of Del Monte, enjoying the gardens, bath house and tennis courts. Many times they motor to Pebble Beach Lodge for luncheon. Gayle Anderton spent the week-end. Dr. W. H. McEnery motored down for the week-end. He is to start for England shortly. Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Olcott motored from San Francisco and plan to remain about a month. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burnham are also at the hotel, and the four spend much time on the links as well as motoring. They often entertain at the Pebble Beach Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley and their guests motored from Carmel to Del Monte where they had luncheon. Among the guests were Mrs. Pixley's niece Mrs. Ross E. Rowell, Mr. Rowell, U. S. N., George Stirling and Mrs. W. C. Crane. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Clay, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Sherman, C. E. Hume, A. T. Ellis and A. H. Higgens are a few more who motored down for the week-end. A golf tournament was held by the Sequoyah Country Club at Del Monte. Some of the players who came down for the event were Mr. and Mrs. William Pierce Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Everett, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Goodfellow, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. King, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Gordon, Harry B. Lindsay and Walter J. Wilson. Pebble Beach Lodge was the scene of one of the jolliest dances of the season on Friday evening. Many attractive dinners preceded, and the music was furnished by an augmented orchestra.

At Hotel Oakland

Manager Victor Reiter made the pleasant announcement a few days ago that the Hotel Oakland is now on a paying basis; also that it lost less money during its first year, always a year of loss to any hotel, than any other first class hotel in the country. The Mi-Careme Ball last Thursday evening was a brilliant success. Society was out in full force, and a great many people went from this side of the bay. The patronesses were the most prominent society ladies of Alameda county. Jules Pages, a Californian artist who has occupied a high position for years in the world of European art, was a visitor at the Hotel Oakland reecntly. He is a brother of Mrs. Victor Reiter. During his visit he put two Oakland scenes on canvas, and these are being shown in his exhibition in Los Angeles.

Tait's Comes First

Among those who are particular as to where they dine, the Tait-Zinkand Cafe always receives first choice. It is safe to say that this cafe is the most popular dining place in town. Nowhere else is there such a high standard of cuisine maintained, nowhere such faultless service, such pleasing decorations and novel and high-class entertainment. There's a peculiar charm about Tait's that is typical of the care-free life of San Francisco. At this cafe one always experiences the utmost in enjoyment. And no matter how often one dines within the confines of this Bohemian retreat there is always something new and novel to be seen. The special luncheon at 50 cents served there is well worth more than the price asked for it.

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In Mill Valley, Marin County; ten minutes walk from station, a substantial house in wooded grounds, of over two acres. The house was built for occupation by owner throughout the year with superior fittings and all modern conveniences; dining-room and living-room, large porch, three bedrooms and sleeping-porch, kitchen, pantries and bathroom; no stairs, all the rooms being on one level. View of Mount Tamalpais; grounds have been planted with flowers and various paths and brick terrace laid out. Address Box R. C. P., Town Talk Office

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The Opera Season

By Helen M. Bonnet

The Chicago Grand Opera Company is giving us a great feast of melody. Artistically this is a very successful opera season. Beautiful scenery, lovely music, fine ensembles, excellent acting, delightful singing—these are the essentials of good opera and we are having them at the Tivoli. Thus far there has been nobody to dispute Mary Garden's title to the premiership. With Ruffo on the sick list she has been the principal attraction, and has easily dominated every performance in which she appeared. This beauteous woman with her rich dower of gifts has an infinite variety of moods and aspects. In every role she is completely absorbed. You always feel in her presence an indefinable suggestion of latent soulful temperamental sympathy with the character she represents. So strong is her feeling for her art, so comprehensive her understanding that there is the ring of sincerity in everything she does. But of course the realism of her performance is the proof of her mimetic ability. She has the skill to portray every emotion in symbols of irresistible power. One longs to see Mary Garden in some of the roles that have become traditionally dull. How instinct with passion and dramatic effect she would make them! In Louise she gave again a vivid picture of the young Parisian working girl's sad life. Who that saw her can ever forget that beautiful love scene with Julian in the little garden on the Butte Montmartre? Who that saw her in her parents' home did not suffer with her in her rebellion and bitterness? The yearning cry of her produced a thrill which vibrates still in memory. Oh! the tragedy of those loving disappointed parents! It is in Louise that Hector Dufranne as the father makes his most powerful impression. He is a superb artist, and plays well up to Mary Garden in every opera in which they appear. In Thais where Miss Garden presents a stirring portrait of the Alexandrian courtesan Dufranne is equally effective as the stern, ascetic cenobite. But Mary Garden's greatest role is the tragic one of Tosca. In this opert she is transcendent. Her acting of the part is on a par with Bernhardt's. It is wonderful that she accomplishes so much considering that the opera limits her time of action in every picture. Beautiful beyond words in her marvelous Directoire costumes, her voice took on new beauty and brilliance. It rang with youthful splendor, loving softness, despair and indignation. She was most effective in the prayer, and needless to say entirely different from anyone else who sings it. Amedeo Bassi was Mario. His fine tenor was charming and his earnest acting impressive. Polese was a fine Scarpia, masterful, though not so unctuously cruel looking as we have grown to know other Scarpias. . . . . "The Jewels of the Madonna" repeated its success of last season. Carolina White was the Maliella again. Her singing was all that could be desired. Her lovely voice seems to have gained in purity of tone and flexibility. But Miss White can never give us an ideal representation of the wretched Neapolitan girl. Miss White is a lady with a somewhat pedestrian air and tone of conventionality. The girl of the opera must have a spirit that chafes to be free and to rove, the ability to portray wild abandon. Carolina White is a sweetly pretty woman of mani-attractions but there are many other operas in which she would shine more luminously. . . . The production of Parsifal last Sunday was very creditable. Indeed it was a more elaborate and sumptuous production than the one that was given here before the fire. Minnie Saltzman-Stevens sang Kundry magnificently. She is a singer with a voice of beautiful timbre, and she is an artist to her finger tips. The Klingor of Hector Dufranne was just what one might expect from this most dependable of artists. The merit of Otto Marak's Parsifal was chiefly vocal. . . . . I am still waiting to hear Ruffo. Think of a baritone being the only member of an opera company to fret the soul of the impresario! I wonder if there really is a Ruffo.

Gossip of the Theatre

Orpheum Vaudeville

One of Paul Armstrong's dramas is at the Orpheum this week. Armstrong is a playwright with a fine scorn for plausibilities and a lively sense of the credulity of an audience. He is pretty accurate in estimating the length he may go in trifling with the intelligence on the other side of the footlights, and usually he goes close to the line. But the crudities of his dramas are more than offset by the cleverness of his characterizations. This cleverness is well exemplified in the Orpheum play "To Save One Girl," the characters of which are living, breathing individuals. It is a political play with political types that are genuine. Even the rectitudinous reformer, young, idealistic and sentimental, is true to life; so true that it would be hard to stand him for more than one act. The play has that one all-important essential—the punch—and though you see it coming it thrills everybody before anybody has time to think how crudely theatrical it is. This week's Orpheum bill is a great improvement over the one of the previous week. Fritzi Scheff and the monkeys are the only holdovers, and there is not one of the new acts that hasn't a special appeal. Some fine fooling is done by the Kaufman brothers and by Mindel Kingston and George Ebner, and some remarkable jumping is done by the English athlete Mr. Hartley, an elastic little man who has at least one of the properties of a tennis ball. His partner Miss Hartley contributes in no small degree to the success of his act. She is one of the most industrious of women and one of the funniest of clowns. Two Spanish dancers—Matilda and Elvira—who will remind you of the last Portola poster girl, are doing some of the dances of old Spain this week, and theirs is a colorful and graceful performance.

—Theodore Bonnet.

The Lauder Singing Films

The singing and talking pictures of Harry Lauder which are being shown at the Savoy are the best we have seen so far. While the illusion of the human voice is still imperfectly attained, there is a great improvement over former attempts, and the much talked of "synchronization" between voice and action is no longer a problem. Those who did not have the pleasure of hearing Harry Lauder in propria persona may gain a good idea of his worth by visiting the Savoy. His wonderful facial expression is an important part of his artistic equipment, and this the pictures, of course, render with fidelity. There is other entertainment besides the singing films. There is a motion picture record of Lauder's trip from Denver to San Francisco. It is quite apparent that Lauder got more official attention here than anywhere else between the Rockies and the Slope. Mayor Rolph received him at the City Hall, shaking hands with him several times; Mayor Rolph accompanied him to the Fair Grounds; and Mayor Rolph boarded the "Sonoma" to bid him bon voyage, again shaking hands with him vigorously and persistently. In fact the Mayor seems to shake hands with everybody in these pictures except the movie operator. The Mayor's is a trained hand, never out of the picture. The rest of the entertainment is provided by Scottish pipers and dancers.

—The Second Nighter.

Stratford Players at Columbia

The first visit of the famous Stratford-Upon-Avon players to America is attracting the attention of students and lovers of Shakespeare everywhere. This wonderful company, including as it does, many of the foremost artists of the British stage, has played more of the dramatic works of William Shakespeare than any other organization of which there is any record. Of the thirty-six plays of Shakespeare, the Stratford players presented thirty-four. For the American tour they have brought over complete equipment for twelve plays, all of which they will present at the Columbia during the two weeks' engagement which begins Monday night. The years of training these actors have had enables them to present twelve of the plays in twelve successive performances. They are rated by English critics as the foremost Shakespearean repertory company of the present day, the cast including F. R. Benson, Dorothy Green who has a wider Shakespearean repertory than any other woman at present on the stage; William Calvert, reputed the best Falstaff in England; Charles Warburton, Basil Rathbone, Henry Caine, Alfred Harris, John MacLean, Frank Cochrane, Miss Ethel MacDowell, Rosa Burgess, the noted English character comedienne and fifty more. The complete repertoire is as follows: Monday and Friday nights The Merry Wives of Windsor; Tuesday night, King Richard the Second; Wednesday matinee, The Merchant of Venice; Wednesday night, The Taming of the Shrew; Thursday, King Henry the Fourth; Saturday matinee, As You Like It; Saturday night, Hamlet. Second week: Monday night, April 6, Romeo and Juliet; Tuesday, King Henry the Fourth; Wednesday matinee, King Henry the Fifth; Wednesday night, The Merry Wives of Windsor; Thursday, The Merchant of Venice; Friday, Much Ado About Nothing; Saturday matinee, Twelfth Night; Saturday night, King Richard the Third.

Barrie Play at Alcazar

Another treat is in store for the patrons of the Alcazar next week when Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, David Belasco's two distinguished stars, will be seen in a revival of one of their

very greatest successes, J. M. Barrie's delicious satire on growing children, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." This delightful play was charming Broadway with Ethel Barrymore in the title role when that actress was taken ill, and Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon immediately secured the rights to it from Charles Frohman. Their success in the two leading roles could not have been greater had the parts been written to order for them. Barrie wrote the piece in his very best vein. Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon will have the excellent support of Marie Connelly, a new and sweet little ingenue; Charles Compton, Louise Brownell and Howard Hickman. The minor roles will be in capable hands.

"House of Bondage" Filmed at Gaiety

Beginning Monday night the greatest set of motion pictures ever projected will be seen at the Gaiety when "The House of Bondage" is shown in all the reality of its tremendous truths. "The Candy Shop" with Rock and Fulton completes its gay engagement at the Gaiety after the performance Sunday night, and the company under the direction of William Rock will begin rehearsals on a new musical revue "The Echo" which will be prepared while the motion pictures are being disclosed. Most readers of modern fiction are familiar with Reginald Wright Kauffman's novel "The House of Bondage," which is not so much a piece of fiction as a slice of life. This is the book of which Rowland Thomas, critic on Collier's, wrote: "We are moved to recommend it to the reading of every man, woman and boy, and especially of every girl in the United States." Elizabeth Goodnow, author of "The Market for Souls," has given it her unqualified praise; Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney in Chicago, says that it covers the social problem better than anything he has ever seen, and from J. D. Rockefeller to the critic on the Chicago Evening Post there has been nothing but the strongest commendation for the work. It has been arranged for film presentation by the Photo Drama Motion Picture Company in six reels. Presentations will be given daily from 10 a. m. to 11 p. m., and the verdict of New York that it is the greatest presentation of facts with which all should be familiar is likely to be endorsed by San Francisco's public.

The Nethersole at Orpheum

The Orpheum will have for its headline attraction next week Miss Olga Nethersole, the great emotional actress. No English player has ever gained a greater reputation or made more successful tours of the United States. Her phenomenal success in "Sapho" is part of the theatrical history of this country. Miss Nethersole will present for this, her first vaudeville engagement in San Francisco, the third act of Clyde Fitch's adaptation of Alphone Daudet's novel and Daudet and Belot's play "Sapho." Herman Timberg, the versatile comedian and late star of "School Days," despite his youth is one of the best comedians of the day. He will contribute a new supply of character songs and stories. The Three Varsity Fellows, Burns, Kilmore and Grady, will appear in "A Campus Rehearsal." Their act is an enjoyable mixture of song, dance and patter. Mosher, Hayes and Mosher, direct from the Alhambra Theatre, London, will execute the most difficult feats known to the trick bicyclists and also introduce a line of comedy. Helen Ruggles, the demi-tasse prima donna who has sung prominent rules with the French Opera Comique and the Royal Opera Company in Milan, will make her vaudeville debut in this city. Dale Winter and May Field, two charming girls who have been stellar members of big musical comedy companies in the East, will offer a delightful bit of comedy and music called "Scattered Dreams." It will be the last week of the Hartleys and also of Paul Armstrong's play "To Save One Girl."

Second Week of "Within the Law"

The second and farewell week of Margaret Illington in "Within the Law" at the Cort will start this Sunday night. It is unlikely that the play will return to San Francisco for at least two seasons, so it behooves those that have not yet seen this extraordinary American play to secure reservations early. Certainly no star and drama have made such a complete conquest of local playgoers as have Miss Illington and Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law." Miss Illington established herself as an actress of rare abilities through her capital portrayal of the leading role in "The Thief" and in "Kindling." It has remained however for her sympathetic interpretation of the part of Mary Turner in "Within the Law" to place her in the front rank of American emotional actresses. Admirable work is done by Howard Gould, Hilda Keenan, Frank E. Camp, Robert Elliott, Sonia Jasper, Joseph Slaytor, Neil Moran, Agnes Barrington and others. The most talked of woman in the world, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, comes to the Cort on Sunday night, April 5.

The Last Operas

The engagement of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, under the direction of Cleofonte Campanini, will draw to an end with the performances of today, and it is safe to say that every patron of the opera during the past fortnight has been more than pleased with the wonderfully artistic productions which have been offered. Nothing has been left undone by the management to make every opera an artistic triumph from every standpoint and the organization leaves the city with the proud satisfaction of knowing that the efforts to give works of the

F. R. BENSON

Art director of the Memorial Theater, Stratford-Upon-Avon, England, the home of the Stratford-Upon-Avon Players coming to the Columbia Theater on Monday night to present twelve of Shakespeare's plays during an engagement of two weeks. Mr. Benson is seen above as "Hamlet," one of his greatest roles.

nasters in an adequate way have been thor-ughly appreciated. This afternoon Mary Gar-len will make her farewell appearance in her reatest triumph, the title role of Massenet's Thais," and with Hector Dufranne as Athanael nd Leon Campagnola, Gustave Huberdeau, Helen Warrum, Minnie Egener and Louise Berat in the other parts. Tonight Puccini's favor-te work, "Madame Butterfly," will be produced t popular prices, seats ranging from one to three ollars, and with a cast including Alice Zeppilli, Margaret Keyes, Minnie Egener, Amadeo Bassi, Francesco Federici and Francesco Daddi. The nal performance should be greeted with a house acked to the doors, as the wonderful orchestra s alone worth the reduced price of admission.

The Lauder Songs Next Week

The successful first week of the Harry Lauder inging and talking pictures under the direction f William Morris at the Savoy will be rounded ut with the performance Saturday night. The resent bill includes "I Love a Lassie," "She's he Lass for Me," "She's Ma Daisy," "Parted on he Shore," "The Saftest o' the Family" and "A Wee Deoch-An-Doris." A change of program ill go into effect Sunday afternoon, starting the econd week of the engagement. Naturally, She's Ma Daisy" and "A Wee Deoch-An-Doris" ill be retained. Lauder himself has to sing hem on every program before an audience will t him go, and seemingly the same is expected f the pictures. "The Weddin' o' Sandy McNab," Roamin' in the Gloamin'," "Same as His Fath-r Was Before Him," "The Lass o' Killicrankie," When I Get Back to Bonnie Scotland" and other selections from the extensive Lauder repertoire will be added to the entertainment. The motion pictures have made a distinct hit. Fraser's Scottish pipers, dancers and vocalists, contribute numbers to the program. A matinee is given every day and the prices are 25 and 50 cents.

Pacific Grove Hotel

Quite the smartest affair given at the hotel this winter was the dinner dance given by Senator A. J. McNab of Idaho for his daughter Mrs. Boyd of Ogden and Miss Kate Graham of Wallaceville, Canada. Miss Graham is visiting her brother Dr. Graham. The dance was well attended by the prominent people of Pacific Grove, Monterey and the Presidio. Chas. Small and his brother B. A. Small who has just won the world's championship for swimming, spent the week-end. Mrs. Pond, wife of Capt. G. B. Pond, U. S. A., is at the hotel with her little son and her uncle J. M. Powers, and will spend the summer. Mr. and Mrs. H. Edsell with Miss Edsell motored down, as did Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Lathrop and Leonard Lathrop; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Clay and Mrs. Spafford and Miss Rhoda Spafford. Mrs. James D. Strong and Miss Jean Strong of Oakland have taken apartments for a month or two. Miss Patty Wilcox of New Bedford, Mrs. S. W. Waterman of Sharen, Mrs. S. J. Worcester of Boston and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kendall of Plainsville are a party of Eastern tourists who are enjoying all the beauties of the peninsula. J. Tremmell and Miss Tremmell of Plymouth and Mrs. Young with her daughter from Chicago are prolonging their visit.

MARGARET ILLINGTON

Who is scoring again in Bayard Veiller's great play, "Within the Law" at the Cort.

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MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE
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HERMAN TIMBERG, the Versatile Comedian; THE THREE VARSITY FELLOWS, Burns, Kilmer & Grady in "A Campus Rehearsal"; MOSHER, HAYES & MOSHER, Direct from the Alhambra Theatre London; HELEN RUGGLES, the Demi-Tasse Prima Donna; DALE WINTER & MAY FIELD in "Scattered Dreams"; THE HARTLEYS; Last Week of PAUL ARMSTRONG'S Play "TO SAVE ONE GIRL."
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c

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Second and Farewell Week Starts Sunday Night
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AS GREAT A TRIUMPH AS EVER!
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In Bayard Veiller's Great Play
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Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to $2
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Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays
Charles F. Towle Presents the First American Tour, The
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON-PLAYERS
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Monday and Friday, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Tuesday, "King Richard the Second"; Wednesday Matinee, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday Night, "Taming of the Shrew"; Thursday, "King Henry the Fourth"; Saturday Matinee, "As You Like It"; Saturday Night, "Hamlet."
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Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
For One Week Only the Distinguished Stars
HERBERT KELCEY and EFFIE SHANNON
Supported by the ALCAZAR PLAYERS in
J. M. Barrie's Delightful Comedy
"ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE"
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c
Monday, April 6th—Farewell Week of KELCEY-SHANNON—"THE IDLER."

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

Francisco are in the habit of asking what they can get out of a thing. That is the wrong idea. If our city government and our big institutions are to amount to anything, all must first contribute to the common gain. Afterwards there will be dividends for everybody.

"The politicians running municipal affairs are opposed to the introduction of progressive machinery, the devices invented by good minds for economic work. They think this is against labor. They try to retard it because the machines have no votes, because you cannot register these machines. This comes from a lack of understanding of industrial conditions, and from the tendency to prevent an understanding between the employer and the employe. In no place in this country does machinery hurt the employe. Where you find the best machinery you find the best standard of workmanship.

"I met a certain man lately who has been attorney for labor in many big cases, and we spoke of the efficiency of labor. He said he didn't think labor would ever become perfectly efficient, because greater efficiency means only a few more cents for labor and bigger dividends for capital. To answer this I pointed out that B. Altman of New York had left his fortune to his employes. That was not a reward of efficiency, said the champion of labor. I argued that it was, because the inefficient had been weeded out of Altman's employ and only the efficient remained to share his fortune, and he finally agreed with me. Politicians have been busy expounding the doctrine voiced by this champion of labor. Isn't it time that people realized that employers try to do the right thing for efficient labor, but will not stand for laggard labor? We must have no breach between labor and capital, and there will be none if this is understood."

Milton Esberg, you see, is not merely a destructive critic; he is also constructive. He knows what is wrong and has a definite idea of what should be done to right it. He is representative of the disinterested men who have lost their sympathy for the present municipal administration. Let the reader decide whether he is an obstructionist; whether, to repeat the picturesque language of His Honor, he ought to have his block knocked off.

La Mort

(Continued from Page 9.)

dawny creatures, sitting by the corpse haven't the spirit to go against the priset and to rise the keen. I'll rise it myself if Father Mulcahy was to split the stones reading Latin curses at me. It's me should have laid out your grannie, but, please God, she'll be keened by me."

"Biddy Cooney, and what are you saying to the child?" asked Nellie's aunt, approaching them.

"I'm saying nothing, ma'am, but one thing better than the other, and my regrets for them that's gone."

The morning of the funeral arrived, and the house and yard were crowded with people. There was a great deal of drinking and talk and bustle. Then the hearse came, and the family gathered in the room to take the last look at the corpse. They all spoke some words of farewell, weeping aloud. Then the lid of the coffin was closed, and the sons and relatives of the dead woman proceeded to carry it to the waiting hearse. They had just got to the hall doorstep when suddenly a loud, heartbreaking cry was heard. Biddy Cooney, kneeling on the ground, outside the door between two, mud-bespattered beggar women, was raising the keen, swaying her body to and fro. The people first looked at each other in a fright at hearing the forbidden cry, and somebody went to seek the priest. Then several women disentangled themselves from the crowd, and soon a score of voices joined in the wail. They followed Biddy after the coffin over to the hearse, and cried in chorus, beating their breasts, whilst Biddy, clapping her hands and swaying about, wailed in rhythmical Irish her address to the dead. It was like the wail of lost souls, terrible, strange, unearthly.

The priest was discovered in the rear of the procession of cars on the road. He came quickly, livid with rage, and ordered the keeners to cease their heathenish cry. It was some time before his voice could be heard. Then the frightened women dropped back, all except Biddy who, ignoring him, followed the funeral on foot, and kept up her keen, and arriving at the graveyard stood over the grave when the priest had read the burial service, and wailed in Irish the chorus of the keen: "Tomorrow and every day the sun shall bring delight and pleasure and the clouds of the night shall pass away before his beam, but your breast shall no more beat with life at the return of the morning. O generous and well-born, cold is your rest."

Thus was Nellie's grandmother, with Christian and pagan rites, laid in her grave.

New Perfume at Techau's

Parfum Carolina White, named for the popular prima donna of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, now at the Tivoli, is a perfume of unusually pleasing and lasting fragrance. It is a product of the laboratories from which Parfum Mary Garden originated and is fully up to the high standard of its sister perfume. Parfum Carolina White will be presented, in pretty little souvenir bottles, to all ladies who are present at Techau Tavern on Saturday afternoons.

Why Not Have It Done Right?

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Investors of the heavyweight class neither bought nor sold and a deadlock between the bulls and bears made speculation trading light throughout the week. Some odd lot buying on breaks was the only feature. Liquidation ceased except when some special reason for it developed, as in the case of Canadian Pacific and Chesapeake and Ohio. Holders have not been shaken out of St. Paul by the condemnation of the company's bookkeeping by the Interstate Commerce Commission, though the price went down. Commission houses have been disappointed by the apathy of the public and the professional operators have been unable to do anything with the market. While many stock brokers express the belief that a break will follow this dullness, the reasons they give are not convincing. Stocks are still on a low level and most of the dividend payers yield good income returns at current quotations, so an upward movement from this level would not be unnatural. Bears in Steel common were disappointed when the Steel Corporation gave out its report of unfilled orders for February, and they are hoping against hope that profits have fallen off even if business has picked up. They predict reduced earnings for the first quarter of the year, though prices have been advanced in many lines and it is known that the independents are well satisfied. Railroads report losses in gross earnings for February, but the shrinkage is not serious except in Canada. Railroads in the southern States have been prosperous and most of the decreases elsewhere in this country were due to bad weather in the last half of February and to the short corn crop in the Southwest. Money remains easy as far as loans are concerned, but those who have surplus funds on hand are holding off for high income returns on investments which are no longer warranted by the situation at home and abroad. In all important centers the banks have strengthened their reserves in the past year and have recently lowered their discount rates. General business remains quiet in this country and merchants are buying from hand to mouth, but consumption has been well maintained and labor is better employed than it was two months ago. The spring is now opening and crop prospects are as good as can be expected at this season of the year. The weather in the Middle West has been exactly what was desired and the dangerous accumulations of snow in the Mississippi have been dissipated by the sun and this has minimized the danger of floods to a large extent.

Wheat—Wheat has been playing second fiddle to corn and a very slow one at that. The market showed a little more snap early in the week on reports of a better demand for export and fears of dry weather in the extreme western part of the belt where, it was said, the plant was being blown out of the ground by the strong winds. Later in the week a general snow fell over the entire wheat belt as far south as northern Texas and this took the edge off the market. The statistical news was about a standoff and the news from abroad did not have much effect either way. Some of the exporters reported a better demand for cash wheat, but the general opinion was that what little demand there was was for a special grade of wheat and that bids in general were from two to three cents out of line. Shipments from Argentine were small and confirm their reports regarding the small supply available for export this year. Russia however is taking the place of Argentine and is shipping wheat quite freely. The action of the market would indicate that it is being held up principally by the strength in corn and oats and should the coarse grains turn weak wheat would no doubt follow. The time however is drawing near to the crop scare period and a good many in the trade are awaiting a decline to take hold, believing that the conditions regarding the growing crop are so near perfect that any change in the situation is bound to be in favor of the bulls and that the public will follow any upturn more readily from this level.

Corn—This market is showing a disposition to oppose the influences which have so long controlled, and work away from them. We refer to the South American exports to the United States, which have added to our accumulations through the seductive persuasion of our Eastern trade. There will be a lull, however, in possibilities—an interval between the disappearance of the old crop and the availability of the new, which might develop a bullish demonstration. This market has retained a host of its old friends who would seize upon the slightest opportunity to add a few cents to the present level of prices. It is true that stocks are large, but they are concentrated and a revival of the Eastern demand could only be satisfied through a contraction of Chicago stocks, for they comprise the bulk of the grand total. A strong auxiliary would be unfavorable weather during April and May. We should go a little slow on the short side.

Cotton—A review of the past week discloses the fact that reports of an extensive outstanding short interest in the American markets, particularly in May, were not without foundation and it is evident that there still exists a large proportion of this unprotected short interest. The cerificated stock in New York market is only about 67,000 bales, and although the market has advanced about 40 points the past week, March contracts in New York still retain their premium of about $3 per bale over the May position. In the South there is a good demand for spots at advancing levels, the low grades being in good request, and as New York has not been able to attract any cotton of consequence from the South with March above the 13 cent level, it is argued that it will not be able to do so until May advances to a much higher price than it is now quoted. During the past week stocks at the 30 counted towns lost 31,000 bales, against a loss of only 16,000 bales for the corresponding week of last year, and it is expected that they will show a further comparatively heavier loss than last year the coming week. Aside from climatic conditions, the Census Report was the principal factor in the week's trading. This report showed a final crop of 13,963,000 bales exclusive of linters, and while it was a little less than was generally expected, it was not far enough out of line to be much of a market factor. The weather the past week has been too cold in the Southwest and there was talk of damage to young cotton where up as against sprouted seed in the ground. Reports are to the effect that the season is a little late not only in south Texas but in the southern portion of the central and eastern belt, owing to the unseasonable cold weather.

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Potted Philosophy

Youth looks at the possible, age at probable.

To hesitate in matrimony is often to be saved.

Those who ask for advice only want to confirm their own opinion.

Never mention what you wish should not be mentioned again.

It isn't fair to judge a man by the company he is obliged to entertain.

When hearts are trumps a girl expects a man to play a diamond.

A musician's heirs rarely inherit anything except his airs.

To speak without thinking is like shooting without taking aim.

The quality of the dinner cannot be judged by the tone of the bell.

Advice has the same delicious flavor as stale beer.

Courage is a thing that makes people forget they are afraid.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet; Post-Office Address, 88 First St., San Francisco; Managing Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Business Manager, Chas. W. Raymond, 88 First St., San Francisco; Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First St., San Francisco.

Owners: Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St. San Francisco; Ralph Grover, Berkeley, Cal.; G. L. Baraty, Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

CHAS. W. RAYMOND,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1914.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires May 29, 1917)

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased—No. 13,106, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned JANE ALICE WELCH, as Administratrix of the Estate of John W. Welch (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice (which said first publication occurs on the 28th day of March, 1914), to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney Garret W. McEnerney, Room number 1277 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

JANE ALICE WELCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 28, 1914.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,452.

In the Matter of the Application of EMMA WINIFRED HAVEN for Change of Name.

The petition of Emma Winifred Haven for judgment and decree of this Court changing her name to Emma Winifred Banks having been duly filed herein on the 19th day of March, 1914, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS ORDERED, that all persons interested in the matter be and appear before said Superior Court at the courtroom of Department No. 13 thereof, situate in the Temporary City Hall, Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said application should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, March 24, 1914.

FRANKLIN A. GRIFFIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed, Filed March 19, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By W. R. Castagnetto, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON, Attorney for Petitioner,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vourchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, deceased.

LOUIS MALIRAT,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 28, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN O'LEARY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of ELLEN O'LEARY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN O'LEARY, deceased.

WILLIAM F. O'LEARY,
ELLEN BLACKMER,
Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN O'LEARY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 28th, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor and Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), deceased.

ELISE PAULINE FAURE,
Administratrix of the Estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Marie Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 28, A. D. 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CORNELIUS MOONEY, Deceased—No. 16,729; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John A. Boyd, as Administrator of the estate of Cornelius Mooney, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 14th day of March, 1914,) to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney L. F. Young, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Cornelius Mooney, deceased.

JOHN A. BOYD,
Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius Mooney, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 14, 1914.

L. F. YOUNG, Attorney for Administrator,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 53,637; Dept. No. 4.

SUSAN CARTWRIGHT, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of December, A. D 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO,
Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES RENARD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of CHARLES RENARD, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES RENARD, deceased.

CLAUDIUS LARGE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles Renard, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 14, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney fo rExecutor,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 54,921.

TILLIE BYRNE, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
512 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-1

Notes from Coronado

Another success has been added to the list of wonderful costume balls given at Hotel del Coronado this season, the one of the 21st being a surprise to the most sanguine. Among the pretty costumes, one worn by Miss Marian Newhall of San Francisco was most becoming, that of a "daughter of the regiment," while Miss Hobson of New Orleans who has been Miss Newhall's guest wore a decidedly attractive Russian costume. Miss Natalie Campbell who is the niece of Mrs. Sidney Cloman and a most attractive girl was a bewitching Turkish lady in white and silver with pearl and aigrette head ornament. She was one of the eight young girls who with their partners opened the ball with Thomas Allen Rector and his dancing partner Dorothy Smoller in a fancy tango. Among those who were onlookers were Mrs. John McMullen, Lieut. and Mrs. Ship, Mr. and Mrs. Sig Greenbaum, Mrs. Sam Napthaley, Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson, Hooper Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fox, Mrs. Crawford W. Clarke, Mrs. A. N. Buchanan, the Misses Buchanan, A. B. Toby, Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. F. N. Freeman. After the dancing in the ball room the guests repaired to the Casino and grill and dancing was kept up in the adjoining tango room until long after the midnight hour. About the middle of April will witness a vaudeville performance in the ball room, rehearsals for which are being held. This event was postponed on account of the week of "Rector" exhibition dances, and as there is much talent among the young set the affair should be a great success. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight arrived at the hotel the first of the week. Owing to the fact that there will be a summer polo season this year, many people are already making their reservations in order to have their usual accommodations. This decision on the part of the Country Club officials has been hailed with much pleasure by both players and onlookers who have become enthusiastic over this sport. Among those who have already made their reservations are Carleton Burke and Miss Louise Burke of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Neustadt of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. John Miller of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Betner and Miss Betner of Riverside, Mrs. W. S. Hook of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hook Jr. of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson of San Francisco and Miss Grace Gibson, Mrs. W. H. Smith of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. John Dupee who usually return to their home at Oconomowock for the summer have decided to remain in their home on Ocean boulevard this summer instead of making the trip to Chicago and Europe.

It's better to miss some things as they go than to take them as they come.

The life of a woman whose husband has no bad habits must be rather monotonous.

The most expensive thing in the world is getting even, and it is hardly ever worth the price.

Letters

"Mothering on Perilous"

It was a wise move on the part of Lucy Furman to defer the publication of her "Mothering on Perilous" for an appreciable time after the periodical printing of the separate stories. A few years ago these accounts of experiences in teaching were the literary fad and when the novelty wore off the good, bad and indifferent were alike put aside and forgotten. There has been time for a new generation of readers to reach maturity, and the magazines which contained the first draft of these stories have been for the most part destroyed, so the book will have the value of novelty to some and the lure of remembrance to others. Miss Furman spent some time in the mountains of Kentucky at one of the Settlement Schools which, at this late day, is doing for the children of pure white blood and American stock what has so long been attempted for the benefit of negroes, Indians and Filipinos. They had all had astonishing experiences, and helping their fathers and uncles at the stills, hiding from the "revenues," and taking their childish part in the family "wars" were commonplaces to them. Their language and their manners would appal anyone who could not look beneath the surface and discover the real, sturdy manliness, and even the wildest of them was tameable. The ways of the "fotch-on" women were quite as bewildering to the pupils as their own primitive customs and queer expressions proved to their elders, but the reader will develop an affection for the lads. Miss Furman has not included all her stories in this volume, though there are twenty-nine titles. The others are too good to lose and it is to be hoped that they too will be gathered into a book. From the Macmillan Company.

A Manual for Parents

Dr. B. J. Kendall has condensed into about a hundred brief pages the elementary instruction on health topics and sex hygiene which every common-sensible father or mother should give to growing boys. Perhaps it would be well for the parents to do the reading and reinforce it by private conversation. Too many of these so-called guides are pernicious trash, and being overdrawn and morbid they are actually suggestive of the very evils they pretend to cure or prevent. The worst fault to be found with Dr. Kendall's treatise that he has used it for an advertisement of a previous volume. A single reference would have been ample. The book is couched in plain and simple language such as any boy of twelve should comprehend. Published by the author at Geneva, Illinois.

Elder's Easter Cards

Paul Elder has prepared a number of highly artistic Easter cards of the sort with which patrons of his establishment are familiar. They are exquisite tokens of the season beautifully printed on fine cardboard and illustrated from drawings of a high quality. They are of all sorts, suitable to all ages and degrees. There are no other Easter cards of like excellence issued here.

He of Samoa

Your sea girt land is garbed in gloom for through the dulling window pane
You watch within your shabby room the blurring drizzle of the rain.
The sea is strangely still, although across the spanning of the bar
The whitecaps, crested as with snow, determine where the breakers are.
What fancies roam within your brain, dreamer of dreams, come from afar?
Whose life was like the sad, gray rain, whose heart was like a leaping star.
Do Hawkins and the pirate crew conjure you with their rich romance?
Or do you glimpse the subtle clue that tracks a Jekyll to his trance?
Does Allan with his crimson coat make mocking laughter of your tears?
Or Silver in some land remote put forth his hand across the years?
Or does the Master, gloom oppressed, or Florizel in peril deep
Stir living terrors in your breast and wake a fear that will not sleep?
Who knows your mind's fair hiding place, or how you strove to right your wrong?
We only know your pain racked face was radiant with the soul of song!

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The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

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Then take a cigarette of any other brand and try them side by side.

You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the MILO "yellow label."

Mildness—yet with the richness of flavor—is what costs in Turkish tobacco, and its just this that makes MILO the inimitable cigarette.

You'll find it in no other brand.

This perfection is obtained by careful watchfulness from the planting of the tobacco to the finished cigarette.

For 25 years 25 cents

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 1128 SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 4, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

An idea—"A fault" and a man

25 years ago a man with an idea and a trait which some people would exaggerate into a fault started in business.

The idea was to become the exclusive clothier to the public of San Francisco.

The "fault" was to do things a little better than seemed necessary.

Charles Keilus, the founder of this elite clothing store, was the man.

The descendants of this man are still keeping the same idea in operation. They have inherited this "fault" and it has cropped up daily for 25 years.

We know the results of this 25 years experience----we want you to get acquainted with Hub Clothes.

May we show you the new models----today?

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

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Passiontide Reflections

King James VI of Scotland thanked God that the people were quit of Yule and Pasch. King James reasoned like many of our contemporary philosophers who accept the signs of the times as the signs of all time to come. Enthusiasm for the Christian holidays has often waned, but by a pretty large body of Christians it has been kept alive, and even now, a time which the croakers tell us is destitute of depth and earnestness, an age of "light without love," the queen of festivals by which we celebrate the most beautiful of the Christian mysteries has a very strong hold on the popular imagination. We shall never be quit of Pasch till we are quit of the cardinal fact of the Christian proclamation. Preachers may continue to degrade religion to the position of a mere conservator of morality; they may exalt man by insisting on the dignity of human nature and canting about its native capacities for virtue, but to the poor in spirit the gospel will remain a soothing and helpful influence as a teacher not of the art of disputation but of the way to resignation and a serene and virtuous life. It is at this season of the year that the disciple of the Cross is reminded that he is called upon to die that he may live. This is the core of all Christian teaching. A profound mystery, yet when we look about us there is much that seems to make it almost easy of apprehension. Nature at this season is no longer in travail, but joyously striving and bursting toward more life and fuller. It is the process of resurrection—the seed that fell into the furrow and died coming into life more abundant. Here are natural laws working down to our understanding, unfolding before us the whole, impenetrable mystery, symbolizing the regeneration of all things and the mystical pledge of immortality. If the seed had not died, what would have happened? "Let us speculate," says the rationalist who has lots of sense, but nothing beside. "Behold," says the man of imagination, "the drama of the gospel message—all that have been voluntarily buried with Christ shall be restored with hundredfold enrichment."

The Opera Season Failure

The loss sustained by the Chicago Grand Opera Company in this city is much to be deplored. But let us not be too ready to admit that it argues a lack of public taste or a diminution of the enthusiasm for opera which was once the boast of this proud metropolis. The San Francisco public has not been metamorphosed since the earthquake as some of its envious neighbors would have the world believe. The failure of the opera company is rightly to be attributed to a combination of causes. This has been a bad year all over the country for all kinds of business; for impresarios and the theatrical manager in his variety as well as for the railroad magnate, the soap merchant and the bloated bondholder. Nobody has prospered but the taxeater. San Francisco is not any worse off than any other city, though it is really shocking, the number of millionaires hereabouts who have experienced the tragedy of overwhelming reversal of fortune. Purse strings have been pulled in all along the line. But financial disaster that has overtaken many enterprises is not alone accountable for the horseshoe of empty boxes at the Tivoli. Society, with a big S, the folks who have vindicated their love of music on innumerable occasions, withheld the light of their countenance from the high-salaried warblers in Eddy street. If they had gone to the opera there would have been few empty seats down stairs. The success of opera depends on the plutocracy. Social eclat is quite as essential as the orchestra to the success of an opera season. This year there was no social eclat. Why? Not wholly because of hard times. Perhaps Mayor Rolph had given too much publicity to the absurdity that Society folks take nothing but a silly selfish interest in opera. Whatever the truth, it was clearly demonstrated that unless Society puts up the plain people cannot have opera. And now, as a result of the losses of the Chicago multi-millionaires who own the Chicago Opera Company, San Francisco is threatened with exclusion from the operatic itinerary. If so we have all the more reason to lament Mayor Rolph's inspired attitude toward the municipal opera house project. At the same time we are not to be taunted and reproached by Chicago just because one season was a failure. By way of retort we shall take pleasure in reminding those Chicago millionaires that not many years ago when Maurice Grau had for his stars such great singers as Melba, Sembrich, Eames, Schumann-Heink, Scotti and the two de Reszkes he lost eighty-five thousand dollars in Chicago in just two weeks.

The Irish Problem

Ireland will have Home Rule, but the old "Union of Hearts" idea to which Gladstone's audiences used to rise en masse with much clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs is evidently far from realization. Gladstone believed with such fervor himself that he could infect other people, and warm them into faith in his dreams. Not so Mr. Asquith. He has not yet been elevated to the prophet's pinnacle, but he is a man of great intellect, and the strength of his appeal to English sentiment in behalf of Ireland is obvious. It rests upon broad grounds of justice, of reparation for the past, of experience of self-government. The power which distinguishes the statesman from the mere opportunist is the power to see the case of Ireland against its sombre background of history, to bring it home to the imagination of the British people, to place it in its true relation to the imperial and international problems of our times. But of course Mr. Asquith will never be able to convert the politicians of Ulster whose jobs are in jeopardy, or the Orangemen who believe that Home Rule means government by the Vatican. The Ulster Unionists are never to be reconciled to the plans of the Nationalists. Their hostility is not wholly political. Indeed it is chiefly sentimental. Months ago Mr. Asquith offered the Ulster Unionists mechanical safeguards to any extent up to practical autonomy for the Protestant area of Ulster, so as to guarantee the people of that region against every sort of material oppression. All his offers were scorned. The Unionists would accept nothing but the exclusion of Ulster, and to enlist sympathy in England they have been calling attention to considerations that point to the strong probability of there being in the Irish Parliament a strong anti-English element and a persistent tendency to press for independence of England. But England is getting very sick of the Irish question and there is a widespread sentiment in that country that the question should be settled rather than patched up. From this distance it would seem to be folly to sacrifice the healing effects of Home Rule merely for the purpose of conciliating a small minority.

A Shining Statesman

"For years," says Congressman Murdock. "I have been contending that there is no more sense in prosecuting a trade union than in prosecuting the Knights of Pythias as a trust." And Congressman Murdock assumes that nothing more is to be said with reference to the bill for the specific exemption of labor unions from liability under the Sherman law. He flatters himself that he has demolished all argument against the bill; and our credulous contemporary, The Bulletin, whose logic was acquired in the Murdock school, quotes the Congressman with far greater reverence than it would quote a verse of holy writ. Victor Murdock is now a candidate for the United States Senate, and he will probably arrive there with the help of the constituency that elected him to Congress. Wherever a Murdock can argue himself into a job there is undoubtedly a premium on asininity. If you were to suggest to Murdock that a law regulating fraternal societies, if it exempted the Knights of Pythias, would be as objectionable as the law exempting labor unions from liability under the Sherman law, he would not understand that you were refuting his proposition with a counter-argument; not unless you first subjected him to a surgical operation. It is a mistake to suppose that the average Congressman who makes an absurd argument is designedly sophistical. He i

too much of an ass ever to become an expert in intellectual fencing.

The Happy Ultimate Consumer

Once more has the ultimate consumer been disappointed. Milk is transported to market at a lower rate than formerly, but it is sold at the same old price. However, a new feather has been stuck into the cap of the Railroad Commission. That esteemed commission has put another crimp in railroad earnings—a great triumph that must not go without appreciation in these piping times of regulation and confiscation. If the ultimate consumer has not yet found that life has been made more tolerable in recent years; if all anxieties have not perceptibly diminished and the prospect glowed with the blossom and burgeon of birth, at least he must realize that he is the happy motif of all the beneficent activities of the guides of our destinies. Everything that has been done toward the regenerating, purifying and sweetening of business: the tariff and currency legislation, railroad regulation and trust-busting,—all these things have been inspired by concern for the ultimate consumer. Being chiefly a materialist, as he drinks his milk he may not be able to appreciate the benefit that has accrued, it being thus far largely spiritual and moral in its nature. Nevertheless it is good for him to know that business has enjoyed an accession of virtue, and that many business men have atoned for their sins, while no longer the country is threatened with that corrupting prosperity which is abhorred by all wise statesmen mindful of the history of the downfall of empires.

A Breathing Spell

Just by way of reminding our readers that we look not into the seeds of time in vain and that at short intervals our predictions vindicate our gift of vaticination, we call attention to the inspiriting word from Washington that the President has come to the conclusion that the Sherman act is not in need of modification. It required no heavenly whispers to assure us that the President would shortly see the light. Mr. Wilson is not for keeping alive the reputation of his party for partiality to the dragnain that has a very powerful influence on the wheels of commerce. Nor is he so preoccupied with international problems as to be indifferent to the problems at home. He has come to perceive that the "rule of reason" will suffice and that it would be well to let business alone for awhile. It will not be necessary to make any more laws with reference to interlocking directorates. Further, the President has come to the conclusion that the Interstate Commerce Commission is not in need of an extension of power. As the Congressional elections are coming on in the fall why throw any more fare into the anathema familiarly known as Big Business? True, its abominations are intolerable to the moral sense, but after all prosperity is a sign of grace, and anyway it would be well to adjust things to the new banking and tariff laws. Besides the period of sackcloth and ashes is drawing to a close, the great moveable feast is at hand, and Uncle Trusty maimed and groggy is a spectacle of repentance that appeals to the hearts of all our jobchasers.

The Stanford Philosopher

Were it not for the arrest of Har Dyal we should probably never have known that he was formerly an instructor in Hindu philosophy at Stanford University. But if we were told that a man had come from India to the United States to spread the gospel of anarchy, preach free love and advocate the abolition of patriotism and race-feeling, and were asked to guess what university had given him a job, without hesitation we should name the institution of learning at Palo Alto. Very progressive is the institution founded by the Stanfords. There is nothing curious under the sun, nothing that for the moment spells culture in the philosophy of the Faddists, that has not an exponent in the university that reflects the extraordinary mind of David Starr Jordan. All the distressing aberrations which conspire to make modern life and literature so turbulent are to be traced to our universities, but nowhere is that insidious distemper of the soul which manifests itself under the form of divine discontent so pronounced as in the neighborhood of that freak museum which keeps alive the memory of Mrs. Stanford's belief in ghosts. Fancy the teaching of Hindu philosophy at Stanford! Perhaps the intellectual giants of Stanford conceive that Hindu philosophy is a science, a systematic structure that will reveal to us the ultimate nature of the world. It is a somewhat old-fashioned notion that philosophy is an end in itself. Wise men have perceived of late that throughout the ages philosophy like fighting and painting has remained a purely personal activity, a means, as the pundits say, of expressing one's attitude toward the cosmos. The faculty of Stanford should be ashamed of itself—being so far behind the times. If they must teach an ancient philosophy, let them consider the times and go back to the philosophy of the Stoics and cultivate the sublime celestial spirit which is temperate even in its piety. Our universities have gone to the opposite extreme. They are responsible for much of the present day theoretical discontent with things and for a great deal of what Spencer (who was probably as good a philosopher as Dyal) called spontaneous reform. "The notion that society is a manufacture and not an evolution," said Spencer, "vitiates political thinking at large." It certainly has vitiated a good deal of the political thinking in this State which has been revolutionized by the "spontaneous reforms" personally conducted by the graduates of universities whose faculties are thrilled by the flubdub of a Redfield and a Dyal.

Race Decay

What a lot of eminent authority there is on the decay of the human race! Unfortunately the authority is not of one mind as to the cause of the decay, and therefore Science, which solves all questions in this day and generation, is up a tree, as it were. If Science is to stay the ravages being wrought upon the human family Science must know where to begin. Colonel Maus, an authority guaranteed by Dr. Aked, tells us it is hereditary thirst for alcohol that is spreading ruin through all humankind. Professor Edwin Grant Conklin of the University of Princeton lecturing the other night on "Eugenics and Heredity," solemnly declared that the degeneration of the human race was due to the feminist movement. Dr. Conklin is in diametrical opposition to another distinguished student of human deterioration; for while Dr. Conklin holds that the feminist movement is the cause of the trouble, being in restraint of propagation, the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis affirms that the race is decaying because we are breeding too fast. Dr. Hillis is a gentleman with faith in the most wonderful of all superstitions—the infallibility of figures. He has invented a system of arithmetical progression by which he proves that every time the population of this country is doubled the feeble-minded children are multiplied by four and the insane by three. What the basis is of these appalling figures the reverend didactical gentleman does not divulge. But Dr. Hillis being of the same profession as Dr. Aked his words will pass for profound learning, his unctuous egoism as God-given piety. Apparently, we regret to say, the only thing on which there is hearty agreement among the savants is the sad plight of the human race. They are agreed that for the time being evolution is backward.

The Tribe of Jeremiahs

There is, to be sure, some consolation in the reflection that possibly the learned gentlemen who are bemoaning the decay of the human race are the victims of an hallucination. Maybe they have convinced themselves of race deterioration by arguing to themselves the wrong way about. This sort of things happens quite often nowadays, so full is the world of intellectual ruminants who sit around spinning cobwebs of the brain and fashioning spectres out of metaphysical abstractions. There is so much the matter with the world and so many doctors eager to set things right, that we are being deluged with prescriptions and nostrums. It was reserved for this generation to discover the absurdity of the notion that the human race has been improving by a slow process through the centuries. Wise men have sprung up like toads, each sensible of an evil which he has pondered till it has become an obsession, and which he is convinced is the one insurmountable obstacle to human betterment. When the average frail mortal has given ear to a score of so of these Jeremiahs he is appalled at the enormity of the task of reforming civilization, but he is very likely to be in the mood to vote for anything in the way of legislation that is recommended.

Varied Types

CLXXI—OLGA NETHERSOLE

By Edward F. O'Day

"I shall fetch Miss Nethersole," said Mills, her manager.

I sat in a corner of the St. Francis mezzanine and riveted my gaze on the staircase. A word may play such pranks with one! I had visions of gentle Mills fetching Miss Nethersole as Jean fetched Fanny home. But they came by the elevator.

"Let us make a little room of it, shall we, Mills?" said Miss Nethersole. Mills drew over a table. "Will you sit directly opposite me, Mr. O'Day?" I arranged my chair directly opposite a round black hat surmounting dull titian hair, a round full face with eyes of dull blue and a round full neck rising from furs of dull silver. "Bring your chair around where I can see you, Mills," said Miss Nethersole; "I can't bear people behind my back." And having made a little room of it, we proceeded to warm it with talk.

"Vaudeville," said Miss Nethersole, "makes heavy demands on one. One must create one's own atmosphere. There are so many exponents of various things in the bill that the atmosphere is heterogeneous. As soon as one appears one must make it one's own atmosphere. One must quiet the audience. I find the vaudeville audience very responsive, though the Sunday night audience is a little restless. I act for half an hour, and am disabled for another half-hour—it takes that long to recover from the emotional stress of the work.

"When your Mr. Beck—he is a Californian, is he not?—asked me to appear in vaudeville, I thought of doing that wonderful trial scene from The Merchant of Venice and the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet and a scene from Tosca—

"I have done Tosca in London, you know. That is not generally known in your country. Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson was my Scarpia. A wonderful cast, was it not? A wonderful actor! You have seen him in 'The Passing,' no doubt. Ah, but that is not to know him, is it, Mills? I should dearly love to play Tosca with him again. But that is impossible, unless we do it in London at some private affair, for he is on his farewell tour, you know. What an honor, that our king should knight him! For he is not a resident manager. Bernhardt and Sir Johnstone and myself go to and fro. Usually, you know, it is the resident managers who are knighted. There are five of them knights. It is five, isn't it, Mills? Sir Squire Bancroft and Sir Charles Wyndham—a delightful actor! Seventy-seven, and you'd think him forty—The knighting of Sir Johnstone shows how highly our art is esteemed in England. It is for you critics to command the same respect for it here.

"I wanted to do several things from my repertoire in vaudeville. But when I opened in New York in a most beautiful theatre—your Orpheum is beautiful too, isn't it, Mills?—the act from 'Sapho' went so well that Mr. Beck thought it would be better to give only that.

"It is a play that is very dear to me. When I first played it fourteen years ago your critics thought it immoral. Mr. Mills remembers what a fight it was. You have been with me a long time, haven't you, Mills? But I won the fight. When there is a great lesson to be taught the world, a great movement to be headed, there is always someone to take hold. I took hold. Fancy what a blow to the stage it would have been if I had lost. But I won! At fearful cost, though. I was on my back for a year afterwards. When I recovered I went home, knowing that the reception would be more kindly there. I opened in London in 'Sapho.'

"Let me show you what a great diplomat our late King was. He was a friend of mine. I visited at Windsor. He asked me once if I had studied at the Conservatoire in Paris. I told him that I had learned my art in England. I wondered if he meant the question as a compliment, for of course he was the King of the English. He saw my hesitation and hastened to say that he meant the question as a compliment, for he regarded the French as the greatest masters of acting in the world. A pretty compliment, was it not?

"On the second day of 'Sapho' in London the King's Comptroller sent word to me that he had

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE

a communication for me from the King. It was a message that the King was coming to the theatre and that I might announce his coming in the newspapers. That was unprecedented, for when the King comes to the theatre there is no advance announcement of the event. One is not allowed to make money out of the King's presence. It is simply chronicled in the newspapers next day. So the King came, and afterwards the King's Comptroller said to me that he fancied I realized why the King had come. It was to show the world that however the play had been received in America there was a welcome for it in England.

"And then I went to Paris. I took Bernhardt's theatre for the season. I played 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' the first night and 'Magda' the second night. On the third I presented 'Sapho.' Before the play began my manager asked me if I would receive M. Lucien Daudet, the son of the novelist. And there he stood in the door, the image of his father, with a great bouquet of flowers which he told me were from his mother. I thought of the preface to 'Sapho' in which Daudet said that his sons should read it when they reached twenty-one. You may imagine how I played. And that marvelous Parisian audience. They do half the acting for you. After it was over Madame Daudet came round and embraced me, shedding tears. 'These tears are not all for you, my child,' she said; 'they are also for memory.' And she told me how she sat beside her husband in the garden of their country place and needleworked while he wrote that great book. An effecting picture, is it not?

"And then I played 'La Dame aux Camellias.' Fancy! In Sara's own theatre! During the performance my manager who was really my ambassador that season brought Madame Alexandre Dumas, the veuve, the widow of Dumas Fils, to see me. She brought me three white roses, and she told me that she had motored that day to her country home and had plucked them from a tree which her husband had planted. 'If he were alive he would bring them to you,' she said.

"But 'Sapho' is not my favorite play. I have no favorite, unless it be that wonderful 'Sister Beatrice' by Maeterlinck. If you recall, I played it here, and Bernhardt played it immediately afterwards. I shall never forget how Sara and I sat in the Fairmont Hotel and argued about the interpretation of 'Sister Beatrice.' 'My dear child,' she said to me, 'sacrifice everything to beauty.' 'No, Sara,' I replied, 'sacrifice everything to truth.' You see, I was a mere child in my art when Sara was already great, but I had grown up until we stood beside each other. Someone has said that while Sara is the high priestess of poetry, I am the high priestess of realism.

"Daudet's 'Sapho' is a result play. 'Sister Beatrice' is a result play. I am only interested now in cause plays. Brieux' 'Les Avaries' which is so vulgarly called in your country 'Damaged Goods' is a cause play. And Shaw's are cause plays. You would call Shaw's 'Man and Superman' and 'You Never Can Tell' cause plays, wouldn't you, Mills? And 'Mrs. Warren's Profession.' And Galsworthy's? No, I shouldn't call them cause plays Mills. But Stanley Houghton's are, certainly.

"'The Handwriting on the Wall' is a cause play I had that play written to fight the evil of Trinity Corporation's tenements after Charles Edward Russell and others had failed in their magazine articles. What a fight that was! An emissary of the Episcopal Bishop came to me when the play was a financial failure and promised that the Church would indorse it if I stopped mentioning Trinity Corporation in it. I laughed and said the bribe wasn't large enough. When I took it away from New York and played it from Coast to Coast I got back the money which it had cost me in New York. That shows that one never loses if one is in the right. Afterwards in New York I was the guest of Mrs. Belmont, and Colonel Jay the president of Trinity Corporation, was there

(Continued on Page 20.)

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MEMBERS

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Perspective Impressions

Not a bad idea of the head writer to dub Villa's followers "Villains."

St. Louis is to have a tipless hotel. Let us weep for the hat-boy.

So they are going to name a Brazilian river after Teddy! Why not a Brazilian nut?

It is getting easier to confess that you can't dance the tango.

Have you met a single Irishman who liked Dr. Aked's essay on Home Rule?

Have you heard the latest toast? "To hell with the three hursts, Pank, Park and Willy."

Idealists are impractical save when it comes to bartering the actual for a wild chase after the uncertain.

It's a disturbing thought, but do you realize that every passing day brings us closer to another legislative session?

If malice can always find a mark to shoot at and a pretense to fire, why does our young friend Bill Hearst give his attention exclusively to Wilson and Root?

The "feminist movement," says Rabbi Joseph Silverman of New York, "is a movement to make free love respectable." If it can do that maybe it's worth while.

"Attorney-General Webb is regretting," says the Chronicle, "that he ever severed his connection with the Republicans." But the Republicans aren't.

Has anybody estimated the cost of the battle between the drys and the wets in the several counties of this State that are the scene of this continuous performance?

Mr. Hearst teaches us what a waste of time it is to hate men in a world where there is so much hypocrisy, cant, intolerance, injustice and pharisaism—the very things that Christ hated and that he hated with a deep, abiding, God-like hatred.

We are getting so indifferent that we don't turn to look when a pretty woman in a tight skirt boards a street car.

Perhaps it would be well to remind our religious controversialists of Casaubon's first visit to the Sorbonne. "This," said his guide, "is the hall in which the doctors have disputed for 300 years." "Ay! and what have they settled?" Casaubon asked.

The failure of the Hearst papers to set the country by the ears with their fulminations on the tolls question is probably due to the tired feeling induced by incessant agitation. If you cannot fool all the people all the time neither can you keep them in a ferment of excitement.

Eight women assessors have been appointed in Chicago to go forth among women and find what goods and chattels can be dragged into the tax net. This is an excellent idea. Why not adopt it in California where the ladies are so glad that they have the vote? All that is coming to them they should get.

Easter Allegories

By Leo Tolstoi

I—THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE

"And he said to Jesus: Remember me, Lord, when Thou comest in Thy Kingdom. And Jesus said unto him: Verily, I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.—Luke xxiii, 42, 43.

There was a man who lived in the world for seventy years, and all that time he lived a life of sin. And this man fell sick, and he did not repent. And when death came, in his last hour, he burst into tears and said: "Lord, forgive me as Thou forgavest the thief on the cross!" Scarce had he succeeded in saying this when his soul departed. And the soul of the sinner loved God and believed in His mercy, and came to the doors of heaven.

And the sinner began to knock and beg to be admitted into the Kingdom of Heaven.

And he heard a voice behind the door saying: "What man is this that knocketh at the door of Heaven, and what deeds hath he done in his lifetime?"

And the voice of the Accuser answered, and counted up all the sinful deeds of this man. And he named no good deeds at all.

And the voice behind the door answered: "Sinners cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Depart hence!"

And the man said: "My Lord! I hear thy voice, but thy face I do not see, and thy name I know not."

And the voice answered: "I am Peter the Apostle."

And the sinner said: "Have pity upon me, Peter the Apostle, and be mindful of human weakness and the mercy of God. Wert not thou a disciple of Christ; didst thou not hear His teaching from His very lips and see the example of His life? And remember—when He was afflicted and tormented in spirit, and begged thee three times not to sleep but to pray, thou didst sleep because thine eyes were heavy, and three times He found thee sleeping. And so it hath been with me.

"And remember, too, how thou didst promise Him not to deny Him even unto death, and how thou didst thrice deny Him when they brought Him before Caiaphas. And so it hath been with me.

"And remember, too, how the cock crew, and thou didst depart and weep bitterly. So it hath been with me. Thou can'st not but let me in."

And the voice behind the door of Paradise was silent.

And after no very long delay the sinner again began to knock at the door and ask to be admitted into the Kingdom of Heaven.

And another voice was heard to speak from behind the door, and it said: "What man is this, and what manner of life did he live in the world?"

And the voice of the Accuser replied, and recounted all the evil deeds of the sinner and named no good deeds at all.

And the voice behind the door answered: "Depart hence; such sinners cannot live together with us in Heaven."

And the sinner said: "My Lord, I hear thy voice, but thy face I see not, and I do not know thy name."

And the voice said to him: "I am King David the Prophet."

And the sinner did not despair, and did not depart from the door of Heaven, and began to say: "Have pity upon me, King David, and remember human weakness and the mercy of God. God loved thee and exalted thee in the eyes of the people. Everything was thine—dominion and glory and riches and wives and children; and thou didst behold from thy roof the wife of a poor man, and sin awakened in thee, and thou didst take the wife of Uriah and didst slay Uriah himself with the sword of the Ammonites. Thou, the rich man, didst take from the poor man his last little lamb, and destroyed the man himself. So it hath been with me.

"And remember how, afterwards, thou didst repent and say. 'I acknowledge my faults, and my sins are ever before me.' So it hath been with me. Thou can'st not but let me in."

And the voice behind the door was hushed.

And in a little while the sinner again began to knock at the door and beg to be admitted into the Kingdom of Heaven. And for the third time a voice was heard behind the door saying: "Who is this man, and how hath he lived his life in the world?"

And the voice of the Accuser answered for the third time, and recounted all the evil deeds of the man, and named no good deeds at all.

And the voice answered from behind the door and said: "Depart hence! Sinners cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

And the sinner answered: "Thy voice I hear, but thy face I see not, and I do not know thy name."

And the voice answered: "I am John the Divine, the disciple whom Jesus loved."

And the sinner rejoiced and said: "Now thou can'st not refuse to let me in. Peter and David might have let me in because they knew the weakness of man and the mercy of God. And thou wilt let me in because thou lovest much. Didst not thou, oh, John the Divine, write in thy book that God is Love, and he that loveth not knoweth not God? Didst thou not in thine old age say this one sentence to the people: 'Brethren, love one another?' How then can'st thou now begin to hate me and drive me away? Either deny what thou thyself hast said, or else let me into the Kingdom of Heaven."

(Continued on Page 20.)

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Who's Who Hereabouts

IV—WM. H. BEATTY, CHIEF JUSTICE

As "the best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men" the value of this page is obvious. But thus far it has reflected only the lives of men who have been successful in one profession. From their lives one may learn the science of exigencies, otherwise known as politics. The politician of the period it appears is a man who qualifies for his profession by eschewing textbooks and copybook maxims and studying chiefly his own interests, perfecting himself the while in trick and device, finesse and intrigue. He illustrates Samuel Johnson's conception of mind as a pair of legs able to walk in any direction, according to self-interest. Now the whole study of humanity is not comprehended in the lives of politicians. Something is to be learned from the lives of men who have no taste for the arts of the politician. And aside from the fact that the lives of politicians are not wholesome as a steady diet, it is well to consider the point of view of other men, the point of view, for instance, of a man who has no passion for the kind of popularity that is achieved by the champions of the plain people, who cares for that popularity only that arises from the pursuit of right ends by right means—the popularity that follows rather than that which is run after. There is such a man hereabouts—Chief Justice William H. Beatty of our Supreme Court.

Justice Beatty is approaching the scriptural period of three score years and ten, and the greater part of his life has been spent in the public eye, but not with the usual consequences. Admiration of his talents and respect for his character are sentiments in every quarter where he is intimately known. Yet Justice Beatty is no politic individual. All his life he has been a man of somewhat aggressive temperament. He has never faltered in any cause that lay near his heart. It is easy to kindle his passions into a generous flame by an appeal to his sense of justice, yet such is the graciousness of his presence, so gentle, so courteous, so kindly, that it has something of the soothing effect of a benediction.

Some sixty years ago a father and his 15-year-old son went out from the city of Sacramento to take possession of a piece of property they owned which had been taken by squatters. One of the squatters attacked the father, and just as the son was coming to his father's assistance with a stick large enough to brain a man with, two men appeared on the scene, and saved the squatter but helped drive him away and put the rightful owners in possession of their property. Each of the four—the father, his son and their two friends afterward became Chief Justice of the State of Nevada. The four were Judge Hanley, Neeley Johnson, the father of Chief Justice Beatty and the Chief Justice himself. The intrinsic interest of the coincidence is not the only reason for telling the story of the scrap with the squatters. The story shows that at fifteen years of age Justice Beatty had some "fight" in him. There are other stories along the same line, stories that show that the "fight" remained in him.

Justice Beatty began the practice of law in White Pine, Nev., and his first case was tried before Justice of the Peace Joachimsen who is now a notary in this city. He lost the case because of a defect in his pleading, and he was so disgusted that he thought for awhile of quitting the law and becoming a miner. However, he stayed with the law, and avoided blunders thereafter. In the seventies he was elected to the District Court of White Pine, which corresponds to our Superior Court, and on the bench he soon made a brilliant record. In time he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nevada, and if you want to know how he was regarded as a jurist in those days ask any old resident of the sage-brush State. It is a tradition of Nevada that when Justice Beatty held up the scales he not only weighed accurately but everybody felt that he weighed accurately. One of the anecdotes about the venerable jurist that has come down from Nevada is about a decision that he rendered in a case involving a law or rather what was said to be a law. The point was raised that the statute had never been properly passed by the Legislature. Justice Beatty decided that in this particular case it was better for Nevada to be governed by a law that had never been passed than to be governed by no law at all.

When Justice Beatty left Nevada to return to California there was a man in the Nevada penitentiary whom he had sent there. The prisoner had sent word to the judge promising to kill him when the bars were let down. This man got out of jail when the judge was practicing law in Sacramento. One day Justice Beatty received a telegram informing him that the man was on a train en route to carry out his threat. He was informed of the number of the train. It was almost due. Justice Beatty strapped on a revolver, went to the depot and waited patiently for the man who hoped to keep his promise. But the man never came. As was afterwards learned, he got off at a small town, got into a fight in a saloon and got a bullet that qualified him for a coroner's inquest.

The "fight" was still there. Perhaps it would be better to call it courage. For Justice Beatty is not a fighting man, he is a courageous man, a man of both physical and moral courage. Courage is a quality that is of very great importance on the bench; more so now than before we had the recall. Courage is really an essential of high character. It renders a man in the pursuit or defense of right superior to the fear of reproach or contempt. Nowadays it requires courage in a court to deal justly even with the dynamiters of labor unions. It was but the other day that an attorney applied to our Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus in the case of some gas company strikers who had been held to answer for having an infernal machine in their possession. Strikers have been very busy for months destroying the property of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, and Attorney John J. Barrett has been traveling up and down the State prosecuting them, and he has sent a number to the penitentiary. But now that we have the recall attorneys think it worth their while to raise any kind of technicality in the interest of a dynamiter. One of them went up to the Supreme Court and argued that it wasn't a felony for a person to have an infernal machine in his possession with malicious intent. He said that the machine could do no harm without the necessary element of dynamite to complete it, and that anyway there was no proof of conspiracy. Now Chief Justice Beatty has a luminous understanding that sends a flood of light into every dark corner, and he was not to be blinded by mists of sophistry generated by a dynamiter's attorney. He said:

"We know too much about what is done in the way of dynamiting in every direction throughout this country to believe that a man can have, or set of men can have, without conspiracy to commit felonious acts, an apparatus of this kind—a time clock that can be connected with an electric wire, and that wire connected with fourteen of these dynamite caps. They are not transported around the country for innocent purposes."

The attorney argued that a certain section of the code had been repealed. "It doesn't make any difference if that section was repealed," said the Chief Justice. "That was passed when this country had not had experience in these dynamiting enterprises. With the advance of time the country has had some experience which has led to more stringent legislation. The experience of this State has demonstrated by such instances as the explosion of the Time building in Los Angeles that it is necessary to enact more stringent legislation on these subjects."

The writ was not granted.

What for some men are their declining years are for Chief Justice Beatty years of tranquillity. A man whose intellect and judgment have been disciplined to the last degree by study and thought, they grow broader as "the river of life widens to the everlasting sea." Though the venerable jurist is seventy odd years young, he still objects to keeping his seat in a car when there is a lady standing. One day he was seated at one end of a car and Justice Melvin was seated at the other. The car was crowded. A lady entered. Justice Melvin arose. The Chief Justice called him over. "I was wondering," he said, "which member of the court would be the first to give that lady a seat."

Though good at epigram and alert in retort, there is only one bit of repartee of which, so his friends say, the Chief Justice is proud. It was evoked by a stranger respecting whom he had formed an aversion. They both transferred every evening at the same point. Justice Beatty saw that this man always rushed to get a seat, thrusting women and children aside in his impetuosity. One evening it happened there were not many people in the car. Justice Beatty, who was accompanied by a friend, got a seat beside his pet aversion, but though there was room also for his friend the stranger sat tight. Justice Beatty asked him politely to move up. The man reddened with anger and exclaimed, "I know you have the reputation of a bully, but you can't bully me." The Chief Justice was almost too amazed to reply, but he was not long in collecting his thoughts. "While I cannot agree with you as to my reputation," he said, "I will say, however, that I would rather bear the reputation of a bully than deserve the reputation of a hog."

Justice Beatty was mentioned in the dailies last week as a man whom Republican leaders would like to see nominated for Governor. The Chief Justice being a man with a keen sense of humor was doubtless amused to learn that there was talk of thrusting high political honors upon him in a State that has become so Progressive as ours. What a paradox it would be to elect Justice Beatty Governor of California! Asked by a friend if he had any thought of running for Governor, the amiable jurist smiled and observed that it was bad enough to be called upon occasionally to read the laws which are made nowadays at Sacramento. "If I were Governor," he said, "they'd kill me before the end of the first session."

The Philosopher

By Katharine Tynan

When I came back to Ireland from a foreign shore,
The stress of money-getting had made me sick and sore.
Och, foolishness of people, when no man needs to have,
And be he lord or peasant, but at last a grave.

Their land was thick with churches: aye, many spires on spires.
The people, looking sorry, in cities and in shires,
Were reading of their Bibles; one text they missed be sure:
"The poor are always with you!" Ah, God help the poor!

They haven't too much honor over there I find.
The country where no money is is better to my mind.
They don't be dramin' money and a man has got the time
To look at seas and mountains and to turn a rhyme.

They're neighborly in Ireland and if they've little store
They'd share it with a neighbor and there's still the open door.
For him that turns the poor away may turn away unfed
The very Son of God Himself, as He begs for bread.

They aren't making money of the water and the land.
Please God they'll learn no stinting but keep the open hand.
And what they lose they're saving and what they give they hold.
Ah, God help the foolish people with the yellow gold!

There's never any hurry here: there's always time to say
"God save you kindly!" as they go: and pass the time of day,
To smoke a pipe beside the fire or maybe in the sun,
And be holding kind discourses of the friends that's gone

The sun upon your shoulders'll warm you through and through,
And souls are more than bodies in the place we're travelin' to.
Och, take a sate, my traveled man, the sunny side the ditch,
And be lavin' money-makin' to the foolish rich!

In An Ulster Town

By Padraic Colum

Portadown is one of the prosperous and rising towns of North-East Ulster. A broad waterway connects it, on one hand, with a well-developed country back to Newry, and, on the other hand, with Belfast. Transit is cheap and easy; industries are established, and strikes, for the present, are not to be dreaded. Said an experienced manufactruer to one who was opening a new line of business: "Mix Roman Catholics with your Protestant hands. If there is an attempt at a strike, and if a Roman Catholic is at the head of it, take the Protestants aside and say to them, 'Would you go in with that lot?' and, if a Protestant is likely to be the leader, get somebody to approach the Roman Catholics and tell them that the Protestants have the design of getting them locked out. The plan has never failed in our business."

Religious animosity in the North of Ireland has been prompted from the outside. By such promptings the landowners kept back a settlement of the agrarian question for a long time, and the capitalists of North-East Ulster keep their workers divided. Strikes are possible only in trades where the workers are entirely Catholic and entirely Protestant.

In Portadown, as in the other towns of the North-East, the workers are Protestant and Catholic, but although their social relations have been strained there are no disturbances in the factories. It is known that the owners of the four important factories are Home Rulers. The Catholics are 2500 in a population of 11,000. They do not take seriously the Unionist disturbances and they smile at the idea of a provisional government. The population of Ulster is almost evenly Protestant and Catholic and a plebiscite would show a majority in favor of Home Rule.

On the day of the Covenant Portadown was tremendously beflagged. I walked down the street with a manufacturer who was a Liberal. "I congratulate you on your courage," a shopkeeper said to him. The manufacturer had given no recognition to "Ulster Day," and the shopkeeper, who was also a Liberal, had hung flags out. He did not wish to invite a boycott. There was a picture of Sir Edward Carson's meeting on a placard outside a news shop and I drew attention to it. "The young women in nurses' uniform are girls out of the factory," said the manufacturer, "and the young man presenting arms works in my garden. He asked me for the day off on Wednesday. He's a decent fellow but they're all taken up with this play-acting. The cannon is painted wood of course and the arms are dummy rifles." Forty young men came up the street in good step; they are going from the railway station to the Orange Hall; a few bare-footed youngsters have got hold of a Union Jack and a drum and are beating on the latter at intervals. Across the street is a streamer with the words, "For God, for King, for Covenant." It was market day also and the town was lively with people. But the streets were orderly and quiet.

Until the issue of Church disestablishment emerged the Orangeman was regarded as a disreputable fanatic by his social superiors. Then the clergymen of the threatened Church began to appear on his platform and Orangeism got a lift socially. Then came the era of agrarian conflict and the magnates perceived that it would be well to round up the fanatics and recruit from them. The lodges were subsidized from the Big House and the landlords put on insignia and walked in the Orange processions. There was seen a monstrous thing in Ulster—fathers speaking in support of tenant rights and sons beating the Orange drums to drown their speech. The alliance between the landowners and the Orangemen continues and the Unionist Organization has been made a party to it. Orangeism is now on the crest of the wave, it has drawn to itself every section of Protestantism and the opposition in North-East Ulster is now animated by its spirit.

The Orangeman of the North-East has been fed upon the strong meat of religious animosity. He is without the purge that has been given to the other people of Ireland—the purge of humor and imaginative sympathy. He remains a violent egotist and a violent sentimentalist. The man who thinks of himself in superlatives has been named by the psychologists—he is the "excessive" man. The Unionists of the North-East appear to be a community of "excessive" men. They have so much prosperity, so much enlightenment, so much civic nature, that the Catholic population of Ireland are as niggers compared to them. They claim to speak for the whole of Ulster. They insist (apparently in good faith) that they pay three-fourths of the Irish revenue. They have taken over the Red Hand of the Gaelic Princes who opposed their settlement, the Union Jack, the British Empire, the Bible, and God. When Home Rule passes what will they do? We may dismiss their talk of a provisional government. They will nag at the Irish administration and obstruct it until it is shown them that their tactics mean financial loss to them. Then they will stand in with the Government and in a few years they will be informing the world that they put the Irish administration upon its feet. But if Home Rule does not pass? Then there will be a disturbance in earnest. The Catholics of Ulster —a little less than half the population—have shown great discipline and restraint. But if the Home Rule Bill goes down they will get out of hand, and there will be fierce strife in Ulster! Nationalist Ireland will move to the Sinn Fein position and a minority will go on to Fenianism. A Nationalists Alliance will then be forced to take up a strong anti-British position. The Irish in America will give support to the new departure. Indeed many Nationalists in Ireland would be glad of a defeat of the present Home Rule Bill and would work on the temper of the people for the restoration of a more virile Nationalism.

I was permitted to attend the service in one of the Presbyterian churches and afterwards to be present at the signing of the Covenant. I was not made to feel that the people who signed in Portadown had any realization of the terms of the Covenant or any determination to carry them out.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXXIX—LOST AND FOUND

By W. H. Rhodes

(Mr. A. T. Leonard Jr. has called attention to the following verses by W. H. Rhodes ("Caxton"), and has earned our editorial gratitude. They are to be found in "Caxton's Book" from which we have already taken a poem for this series.)

Look westward! Opening on an ocean great,
Behold the portal of the Golden Gate!
Pillared on granite, destined e'er to stand
The iron rampart of the sunset land!
With rosy cheeks, fanned by the fresh sea breeze,
The petted child of the Pacific seas,
See San Francisco smile! Majestic heir
Of all that's brave, or beautiful, or fair,
Pride of our land, by every wave carest,
And hailed by nations, Venice of the West!
Where then is Eden? Ah, why should I tell,
What every eye and bosom knows so well?
Why name the land all other lands have blest,
And traced for ages to the distant west?
Here, Brothers, here! No further let us roam;
This is the Garden! Eden is our Home.

The Spectator

The Angry Redfield

In anticipation of speaking at the University exercises Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce was a guest at the Berkeley home of President Benjamin Ide Wheeler the morning of Charter Day. Thither the reporters for the San Francisco papers went in order to get interviews. They sent their names into the house and waited in the garden. After a short delay Secretary Redfield emerged, his funny whiskers bristling with rage.

"What do you mean," he cried, "by intruding thus on a cabinet officer who is a guest at a private home?"

The amazed reporters tried to explain. The men from the afternoon papers started to say that their press time was early, and they had to interview him that morning or not at all.

"I shall not be interviewed," he cried. "I shall not say a word. This is outrageous! This is a gross insult! Begone at once!"

Redfield stalked into the house, and the reporters departed, very much amused.

"Reminds me of the Queen in 'Alice in Wonderland' who was always screaming: 'Off with his head!'" said one of them.

High Play at the Alaska

Not long ago the Foresters gave a "Forty-Niner" entertainment in Native Sons Hall. To do the thing properly they enlisted the assistance of Frank Daroux who installed two faro banks, three roulette wheels and three craps games. The gaming was to continue for three nights, the proceeds to be devoted to the Foresters' Drill Team. Play started off with a bang, and the tables were crowded. Unfortunately, however, a certain player who was a little the worse for liquor, became disgruntled at losing and telephoned the police. There was nothing for the police to do except close down the games, so that feature of the Foresters' "Forty-Niner" entertainment ended on the first night with a loss of six thousand dollars. The players had been lucky. Last Saturday night there was another "Forty-Niner" entertainment, this time given by the Alaska Club. It was much more exclusive than the Foresters'. Lots of the players lost, but they were good losers and nobody called on the police to raid the games. So for one night gambling flourished merrily in the heart of San Francisco.

The Players Lost

The games were conducted by John Marshbanks who runs The Northern in San Mateo county, and "Kid" Highley, a well known gambler from Nevada. There were faro, roulette and crap games. Only members of the club and guests provided with cards by members were admitted to the rooms. There was a great crush, and the names of the principal players are to be found in the Social Register. There is no particular reason for mentioning them, nor for tabulating their losses. Play ran high, but I think the highest individual losing was not more than three thousand dollars. Everybody declared that it was a great night. Marshbanks and Highley were particularly pleased, for they cleaned up twelve thousands dollars.

Crist and Contempt

The papers recorded a few days ago that Police Judge Crist, the darling of the recallers and the suffragettes, had fined Attorney Tom O'Connor twenty-five dollars for contempt of court. Although it is an extremely rare occurrence for such a fine to be assessed in the police courts, the papers devoted little space to the occurrence. They merely recorded that O'Connor had taken exception to a whispered conversation between Judge Crist and Attorney James Oliver, the special prosecutor of the Board of Pharmacy, and that Judge Crist had retaliated by taking exception to O'Connor's remarks; also that O'Connor paid the fine and left the court room without apologizing. This piqued my curiosity, and I went to the trouble of finding out what had occurred. I think the story is interesting. Admirers of Judge Crist may like to hear it.

Whispering to the Bench

A jury had been demanded by O'Connor in a case involving an alleged violation of the State poison law. All the parties to the action were present with the exception of the principal witness for the prosecution. After Judge Crist convened court but before the case was called, Special Prosecutor Oliver held a whispered conversation with His Honor. There were peculiar circumstances about the absence of the prosecution's principal witness, and O'Connor guessed that this matter which should have been discussed openly was the subject of the whispering. When the case was called Prosecutor Oliver moved for a continuance without assigning any reason, save that he was not ready to proceed. O'Connor called attention to the fact that the case had been set for thirty days, that the defense was ready to proceed and that no legal showing had been made to justify a continuance.

"The venire may be dismissed," said Judge Crist, ignoring the objection. "What day would you suggest, Mr. Oliver?"

Whereupon O'Connor broke into the proceedings, exclaiming:

"There is no warrant in law for such a ruling on the part of Your Honor. Therefore I take it, your ruling has its inspiration in the whispered conversation you were having with the special prosecutor as I came into this court room."

Instruction in the Law

Crist reddened, and started to reply, but O'Connor continued:

"Now, to whisper to Your Honor is a distinction that I do not covet, a privilege I shall never seek. The Penal Code and the Charter which should govern this court provide that no continuance shall be had after a case is set for trial except upon affidavit. If I can make Your Honor appreciate these authorities my afternoon will not have been spent in vain."

"This language is contemptuous," interposed Oliver.

"Contempt is a relative term, and I'm a very

patient man," retorted O'Connor.

"I fine you twenty-five dollars," said Judge Crist, taking his cue from Oliver.

"Which I very cheerfully pay," said O'Connor, placing the money on the clerk's desk. "I could have gone into the corridor or upon the street, as so many others have done, and there protested against these high-handed measures, but it is worth that amount to tell you these things in the public court room."

Before leaving the court room O'Connor addressed the clerk:

"Mr. Clerk, I desire you to note an exception to every ruling of the court made this afternoon in connection with this case, save the order of the court imposing the fine. That was the one legal thing done here this afternoon."

A Threat of Jail

The following morning when O'Connor demanded that Judge Crist sign an order transferring the cause to some other department upon the grounds that he was biased and unfair, Judge Crist remarked:

"The next time it will not be a fine."

O'Connor retorted:

"To threaten is childlike. I trust I shall always have the manhood to speak up in open court on behalf of my client, and I shall never practice law in Your Honor's chambers or in the porches of Your Honor's ears."

His Honor's ears tingled, but the judicial tongue did not wag. The case has since been dismissed.

President Wilson Declined

Edward Simmons, one of the ten mural painters who are doing the decorations for the World's Fair, tells a story about President Wilson which slants rather a curious light upon his personality. Simmons had the story from Edmund Clarence Stedman, "the banker-poet," now dead. When it was proposed to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1903, Stedman and Brander Matthews were named a committee of two to arrange the program. They wrote to Woodrow Wilson who was then President of Princeton, asking him to deliver the principal address. Wilson replied that he must decline, as he was at the head of a Presbyterian institution and it would not look well for him to assist in the celebration of a man like Emerson!

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"Life's" Bitter Pill

That radiantly sane little weekly, Life, has been speaking disrespectfully of our beloved Governor. All Coast statesmen, says Life, are curious persons, and Governor Johnson, an orator of "back-action vehemence," is held up as an example. According to Life, "The Coast is all a geological afterthought thrown up long after the rest of the continent was dry and getting into shape" and it is perhaps "the shakiness of the land that gets into people who go to the Coast, and makes them so hospitable to all the novelties and distrustful of all the stabilities of political and social life." Obviously America's foremost journalistic wit is not a Progressive, and perhaps for that reason it is unworthy of quotation in a journal published in this ultra-enlightened commonwealth that has three universities keeping up the level of human intelligence. But that our readers may be warned against the heterodoxy of Life I will quote further: "The whole shore is just now a sociological museum and laboratory of political experiment, run as though the whole world were newly made and civilization was in the first stages of discovery." This is mighty unpleasant reading. Gladly I turn from the pages of Life to find refreshment in the ladylike columns of Harper's, the solemnest of the weeklies, edited by the gentlest of the neuter gender, Miss Norman Hapgood Esq., loyal supporter of the Progressive trinity—Gifford Pinchot, Hiram Johnson and Francis J. Heney.

A Sun Blister

Life is not the only paper too dull to appreciate the wonders that have been worked in California by the wizards of simple and rejuvenated Athenian democracy. In the New York Sun a writer, discussing the principle of the initiative and referendum, regrets that Californians must "face a ballot this fall that has twenty-five Constitutional amendments, four referendum petitions, six initiative petitions, an entire State ticket, candidates for Senate and Assembly, judicial officers and county officers and a number of bond proposals." He says the ballot will be several feet long, but neglects to inform the readers of the Sun how delighted the dear people are at the prospect, or to estimate the number that will be sent to the asylums for the insane when the disturbance is over.

The Knock from Iowa

The success of California as an exemplar of Progressive politics though pointed to with pride by many distinguished Native Sons is not rightly to be attributed to them. California owes much to the new blood that has been infused into the veins of its citizens by the grand old State of Iowa. California has almost depopulated Iowa, and Iowa is mad about it; so mad that the newspapers of the corn belt have started a campaign of disparagement against California. Here is a sample of the tirades that are now issuing from the press of Iowa. It is from the Cedar Rapids Gazette: "As long as Iowa can stand on its own bottom and furnish most of the bottom for California, so long will comparisons be decidedly against California and as decidedly in favor of Iowa." Long may Iowa stand on its own bottom. Another Iowan paper, I find, advises young men to go west that they may return and see what a great place Iowa is. According to this journal California is a land of boomers and sad-faced citizens who haven't had a crop for four years and who are trying to sell forty-acre plots at $75 per acre. From another Iowan journal I learn that a citizen of that State recently returned from California where he found nothing but land sharks waiting for tourists to "blow" their money. Their eagerness to get wealth disgusted him and made him wish he were back in Iowa. Maybe the gentleman fell among Iowans. It is not to be gainsaid that Iowa is a fine State or that it raises fine crops of citizens, but it would seem to be the frost-bitten and blue-nose ones that are shipped to California.

Dead Ones and Live Ones

In Cedar Rapids the reporters seek interviews with citizens who have been out here just to get criticisms derogatory to the State. When E. R. Moore, president of the American Trust and Savings Bank of Cedar Rapids, got back home the other day he was full of the right kind of stuff, and it was given half a column under the scare-head "Pasadena No Place for Real Live Ones." Said Mr. Moore: "If you want to take up your residence in a home for aged women and infirm persons of all ages move to Pasadena, Cal." Also: "If you desire to make your home in a place where living is worth while, where there is business that is profitable, and where the money that is spent in Pasadena is made, stay in Iowa." Mr. Moore swatted the whole county thus: "Los Angeles is rather up against it just now. Her most important crop has failed this year and the blow was rather severe. The crop that counts in and around Los Angeles isn't one of oranges, peaches or any other fruit; it's the tourist crop." And this isn't all. Mr. Moore is a typical Iowan with a telescopic eye for the enticements of sex. So even in the midst of chemical purity he found that "evidence of the city's immorality confronts a visitor on every side." He says further: "Why, if some of the staid women of the Middle West were to walk down the avenues in Los Angeles and see the

EASTER

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clothes some of the women in that city wear, they wouldn't get over the shock for a long time." There are dead ones in Pasadena, but if you want rejuvenating electric shocks from live wires get in touch with the ladies along Spring street. Mr. Moore will doubtless call again.

Mission Jim's Latest

The latest conundrum: When is a squaw not a squaw? Answer: When it's Mayor Rolph. Did you read the news in Sunday's paper? "Banquet Jimmy" has taken the Degree of Pocahontas. The Executive Glad Hand joined the Red Men some time ago. Now he has joined the women's auxiliary. If there was a Junior Order of Papooses, he'd join that too. Isn't he a wonder? Can you beat this Hermaphroditus of politics, this Androgyn of municipal life, this Tiresias of the City Hall? The Chevalier d'Eon wasn't in it with James the Joiner. Teddy Jr. said of Teddy Sr. that when he went to a wedding he wanted to be the bridegroom. When Mayor Rolph goes to a wedding he wants to be bride and groom. He now lacks all distinction including the distinction of sex. If his lot had been cast in Bagdad he'd be both eunuch and odalisque. He's the champion of asexuality, and of him it may be said with a difference that politics makes strange bedfellows. All hail to Her Honor, the Squaw-Buck!

The Senatorial Campaign

Signs of an awakening of interest in the senatorial campaign are to be found in the interior newspapers. Several of the most influential of the interior dailies are discussing the outlook, and most of them appear to be of the opinion that a Republican will be elected by an overwhelming majority. Also several of them are already committed to Samuel M. Shortridge. A sentiment that is widespread was voiced the other day by the Morning Echo of Bakersfield. Speaking of Mr. Shortridge who was engaged in Bakersfield in the trial of a suit involving some rich oil lands, the Echo said: "In all the thirty years since Shortridge first appeared in this city on a temporary platform erected in front of where the Scribner Opera House now stands he has never asked for an office for himself. Men whom he has helped by his eloquence in the past are remembering this fact now, and are getting behind the Shortridge candidacy with a fidelity that promises to bring him through a handsome winner."

A Voice from Orange County

An editorial in the same vein has appeared in the Daily Evening Blade of Santa Ana, Orange county. "From the days of his youth," says the Blade, speaking of Shortridge, "he has given his voice and sound judgment for the benefit of his party. Never has he asked for or received a dollar in money or political office for the service he performed. He has been a soldier on the firing line in every campaign and now, for the first time, asks his party and the people to send him to the United States Senate, there to do battle, as he always has done in the past for the greatest good to every branch of industry in the State. Throughout his entire career he has been a champion and defender of such protective tariff as will protect and build up the industries of California. In him every legitimate industry in the State will have an able and loyal champion." According to the Blade Shortridge's aspiration will go unchallenged in every section of the State, for everywhere Republicans allow "his life-long support of the Republican party entitles him to the nomination of that party," while "his recognized ability and devotion to the State insures his election."

Martinez' Pictures

Childe Hassam and Edward Simmons, two of the World's Fair mural decorators, went over to Piedmont Sunday to see the pictures Xavier Martinez has painted since his return from the Arizona Desert. To say that they were profoundly impressed with Martinez' work is to make quite a conservative statement. They were charmed, frankly delighted. They had already seen Francis McComas' desert pictures, so they were in a position to make interesting comparisons between the master of oils and the master of water colors. Neither Hassam nor Simmons has been on the Desert of the Southwest, and they found it difficult to believe that the gorgeous color in Martinez' pictures was the color of desert life. That, however, is a difficulty common to all who have never seen the Hopi country. Only those who have been there can testify to the fidelity of Martinez' brush, can corroborate the truth of his entrancing sunlight, can reinforce the accuracy of his desert blue and red and gold. Harry Leon Wilson, the novelist, accompanied Hassam and Simmons; and he was as much stirred by these pictures as they were. Martinez will exhibit the paintings in Rollo Peters' studio on Union Square beginning Monday. Besides the large canvases there are a number of exquisite "color notes" and some charcoal drawings. The exhibition will be a most significant one. It is said that Martinez has never done such good work.

Selling a Circuit

John W. Considine of Seattle met Marcus Loew of New York in Kansas City last Wednesday and sold his controlling interest in the "Essancee" for three million dollars. They met at nine-thirty in the morning, and Loew wanted to close the deal quickly so that he might catch the twelve-thirty train for New York. But he didn't catch it. The deal took just thirty-six hours of continuous work, and during that long session Otto Wise and John Ludvigh, Considine's and Loew's lawyers respectively, didn't once stir out of the meeting room in the Hotel Baltimore. As might be imagined the nerves of all parties were pretty well frazzled out when the deal was completed Thursday evening. One of those present was Mose Oppenheimer, the Spokane millionaire who for years has been one of Considine's closest friends. Oppenheimer had a heavy interest in the Sullivan-Considine circuit and did not sell it to Loew. When everybody had affixed signatures to about sixty documents and the deal was completed, there were farewells. Considine, considerably affected, wished Loew success with a hearty hand clasp. Then he turned to Mose Oppenheimer, his old time pal.

"Goodbye, Mose," said Considine.

"Goodbye," said Mose.

The two men regarded each other a minute and then fell into each other's arms, crying like babies.

The Clock Winder Complains

"Say, Joe, why don't you gag this fellow Gallagher?"

The question was asked by the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

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THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915

"What Gallagher?" Commissioner Dwyer asked.

"Andy Gallagher. He isn't doing the Governor any good telling people how much the labor unions love him. If they love him let them get behind him, but there's no use yelling their heads off about it. The Governor would like a whole lot of people to forget some of the gallery-plays that he's made to the unions. If they didn't have such a good memory down in Los Angeles perhaps the registration figures wouldn't look so bad."

"Perhaps you're right," said Dwyer.

"I know I'm right," said the clock winder.

"Besides you can't count on these union fellows anyway. See what they did to us over in Oakland. The very next day after Gallagher shot his mouth off what happened?"

"Well, what did happen?"

"Didn't you see in the newspapers? Some of the Governor's friends tried to get the Labor Council to indorse him and about twenty unions kicked over the traces. Now that's pretty bad getting turned down that way. In the first place it was bad politics to ask for the endorsement. It was making it plain that the Governor would like to use the unions in politics. The only way to get along with the unions is to treat all the captains alike. There are two sides in organized abor, and if you coddle one side you lose the other. That's why your friend Mission Jim is up against it."

In a fit of disgust the clock winder wandered into the ferry tower leaving Commissioner Dwyer in the barren solitude of his own thoughts.

Sex Discrimination"

The ladies of the clubs—bless their dear hearts!—are all "het up" over the failure of Attorney-General McReynolds to issue an Assistant United States District Attorney's commission to Mrs. Annette Abbott Adams of this city. In indignant though extremely ladylike tones they are denouncing this proof of what they call "sex discrimination" on the part of the wicked and heartless creature who appointed Johnnie Preston of Oakiah but refused to appoint Annette. They are going to see about it, the ladies are. They are going to whereas and resolute and memorialize their clubs, to the end that official Washington may know that the female of the species cannot be ignored in California. Meanwhile Johnnie Preston is very popular with the dear ladies of the clubs. He did his gol-durndest for them, didn't he? But did he? There is the faintest suspicion in some minds that Johnnie didn't do anything of the sort. There is a scarcely audible whisper that Johnnie never expected to see Annette appointed. In what base bosom the suspicion was born; what serpent tongue first breathed the whisper I do not know. But I have seen Democratic federal officials in San Francisco laugh over the whole episode. I have seen them tip the mysterious wink when they discussed it. I have received from some of them a hint that Johnnie is nobody's fool in this matter; that he knew Annette would be turned down from the first; that he was not only playing politics, but playing it with more or less of the consent of his boss. Let the ladies of the clubs drop that in their tea and drink it!

Ellen's Tribute to Benson

In her interesting volume of reminiscences Ellen Terry pays a fine tribute to F. R. Benson, the Shakespearean actor who is now in San Francisco. She has been describing the Irving-Terry production of "Romeo and Julet" at the Lyceum in London during the eighties, and she continues: "Not long after the production of 'Romeo and Juliet' I saw a performance of 'Electra' by some Oxford students. A young woman veiled in black, with bowed head, was brought in on a chariot. Suddenly she lifted her veil, revealing a face of such pure classic beauty and a glance of such pathos that I called out: 'What a supremely beautiful girl!' Then I remembered that there were no women in the cast. The face belonged to a young Oxford man, Frank Benson." Ellen Terry says that he was engaged to succeed George Alexander in the part of the County Paris, and she writes enthusiastically of him as an actor and as a man. She speaks of him as "a man with a purpose," "a great organizer" and "a good actor." "Oddly enough," she says, "the more difficult the part the better he is." She says that his later career gave him "a name honored all over England" as that of "a man always associated with high endeavor."

Aeroplane News Service

Fred W. Kellogg, the proprietor of the Call-Post, doesn't believe in merely keeping pace with progress. He prefers to anticipate it. Kellogg looks forward to the day when conditions may warrant the use of aeroplanes in news service. His mind's eye sees the aviator bearing dispatches to a newspaper office when other means of transmission are unavailable. Hence a strange clause in the lease he has made with the Sharon Estate Company for the lease of a fine new newspaper building to be erected for the Call-Post. The building will occupy a lot 68x263 feet with frontages on New Montgomery, Annie and Jessie streets and Rose alley, or Aldrich street as it is now called. The clause in question gives Kellogg the right to maintain a landing stage for aeroplanes on the roof of the Call-Post building. When the building is completed public attention will be directed to this unique privilege by aviators who will fly from various points and land there.

Sterling's New Volume

George Sterling's fourth volume of poetry will be published by Aleck Robertson of Union Square on the first of June. It will be called "Beyond the Breakers," taking the title from a poem soon to be published with illustrations by Collier's. This volume will be larger than any of the three previous ones, and in the opinion of many judges will mark a step far forward in Sterling's art. Robertson tells me that there is a steadily increasing demand for Sterling's "Testimony of the Suns," "A Wine of Wizardry" and "The House of Orchids." He is filling orders right along from all over the world. Sterling will be domiciled in New York by the time the new book is out. He has shaken the dust of Carmel from his feet, and California is soon to lose him, perhaps not to see him again for years.

To Dramatize "Bunker Bean"

Harry Leon Wilson is up from Carmel with his wife who was Helen Cooke, the daughter of Grace MacGowan Cooke the novelist. He has rented an apartment and a typewriter, sharpened a dozen lead pencils, laid out plenty of white paper, arranged his notes, and will now proceed to reduce to manuscript a story which he has completed in his brain. It will tell the adventures of an English valet in the United States, and will appear serially in the Saturday Evening Post. A few days ago Wilson had a letter from Joseph Brooks of Klaw and Erlanger, offering terms for the dramatization of "Bunker Bean." Wilson has refused to dramatize the story. Not that he is afraid of the theatrical medium, for he has such successful plays as "Your Humble Servant" and "The Man From Home" to his credit, having collaborated on these

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The North German Lloyd landed more passengers, First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage, in the Port of New York during 1913 than any other line, repeating its marvellous record of 1912. Here are the official figures as compiled by the United States Landing Agent:

	First Cabin	Second Cabin	Steerage
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD,	18,348	35,130	164,536

The North German Lloyd, with all its services, landed the greatest number of passengers in the United States—288,744—on 249 trips, an average of a steamer every thirty-five hours.

The North German Lloyd, in the Northern Service, carried 20 per cent. of all the First Cabin passengers entering New York; 15.66 per cent. of the Second Cabin and 20.98 per cent. of the Steerage passengers, with more than a score of lines competing.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

ROBERT CAPELLE

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and others with Booth Tarkington; but he feels that "Bunker Bean" would not be the same if taken from between book covers. Brooks however is confident that another than the author could make a good play of "Bunker Bean," and he has suggested Winchell Smith, author of "The Fortune Hunter," for the work. Wilson is considering the matter.

Burt and Captain Gleeson

Captain Henry Gleeson of the Police Department called on Frank Burt, Director of Concessions for the World's Fair, the other day. Captain Gleeson called after he had ascertained that Burt had the renting of the Auditorium in the Civic Center. The Auditorium will be completed about the first of the year, and Captain Gleeson voiced the wishes of the Police Department which sought the honor of opening the Auditorium with its annual ball on Washington's Birthday. When Captain Gleeson explained the purpose of his visit, Burt shook his head.

"We can let you have one of the smaller halls," he said.

"But we want the big hall," said Captain, "the whole Auditorium from Larkin to Polk."

"I don't think you really want that," said Burt with a smile.

"Why not?" demanded Captain Gleeson.

"Well, on account of the price," said Burt.

"What is the price?" asked Gleeson.

"Five hundred dollars," answered Burt.

Captain Gleeson laid the money on Burt's desk, and asked for a receipt. When it was made out he buttoned it into his pocket and remarked in conclusion:

"We don't object to paying five hundred for the new Auditorium, considering that we paid that much for the old Coliseum."

"Nu Descendant Un Escalier"

Did you know that the famous (or should I say notorious?) picture by Marcel Duchamp is on exhibition in one of the art shops here? I took a look at it the other day, and although I studied it carefully, soberly and as sympathetically as possible I am still at a loss to explain why it should be called a nude descending a staircase rather than a sweep ascending a chimney or a cord of firewood falling down a coal chute. The temptation to turn the picture upside down or sideways in order to make something intelligible of it is hard to resist. It cannot be taken seriously. Was the artist playing a joke when he painted it? Perhaps. As I looked at it I could not help thinking of the lines:

"He wiggled in and he wiggled out;
And still he left the world in doubt
As to whether the snake that made the track
Was coming out or going back."

At the Art Institute

The annual spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association is being held at the San Francisco Institute of Art and will last till April 30. A lecture by Dr. David M. Robinson, professor of Archaeology at Johns Hopkins University, will be delivered at the Art Institute under the auspices of the San Francisco Society of the Archaeological Institute of America, on Monday evening at a quarter past eight o'clock to which members of the Art Association are invited. The subject is "Buried Cities of Asia Minor," and it will be illustrated with stereopticon views.

Dinner Dance at Tavern

April 14 is the one date which should be kept in mind by all who enjoy dancing, and who, in this dance-mad age, does not? April 14, the date; Techau Tavern, the place. The reason? No other than the tremendous success of the dinner dance given at this ever popular cafe on the evening of March 4. That dinner dance left such a pleasant memory with all who were present that the management simply could not resist the many and constant appeals for another function along the same lines. So, April 14, at 7:30 p. m. an elaborate dinner will be served and those who are so fortunate as to make timely reservations may dance to their hearts' content.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Discouraging Fred

Poor Fred McNear! He wanted to increase his knowledge of Shakespeare, but the usher discouraged him; nipped his studies in the bud, so to speak. It happened at the Columbia Tuesday night. The Hopkins sisters, as everybody should know, are enthusiastic admirers of Shakespeare. They don't attend every Shakespeare performance here, because they are discriminating; but they try not to miss the best. So they had their husbands take them to see the Stratford Players in "Richard the Second" Tuesday night. Georgina and Helen and Edna enjoyed the performance very much; so did their hubbies, Fred McNear and Gus and Will Taylor. Fred was particularly attentive to the performance. Fred probably knows the play as well as most of the Burlingame set, but one of the characters puzzled him. So during a change of scene, while the theatre was dark, he struck a match and started to consult his program. Immediately an unfeeling usher pounced upon him. "Match out, please!" he whispered. Fred was so startled that he didn't have to put the match out; it went out of its own accord. And he remained in the dark, literally and figuratively. The character he was puzzled about continued a mystery until the end of the act when the lights went up.

Will They Tango?

There is going to be a tea dance at the Palace after Easter for the benefit of the new St. Ignatius Church. Now a tea dance without the tango is like an English breakfast without marmalade, flat, stale, jejune. So the question is, Will they tango at this tea dance? The question is in point. For the church has banned the tango, more or less. Certain bishops in Europe and America have denounced it, have instructed the faithful not to dance it. Where it has not been denounced it is not favored, perhaps hardly countenanced. The face of the church is set against the tango. And the Jesuits are the most careful exponents of church policy. Will they stand for the tango at a tea dance given for the benefit of their church? It remains to be seen. The ladies who have this tea dance in charge are extremely orthodox, obedient daughters of the church. I need only mention Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Pescia, Mrs. George Cameron and Miss Mary Phelan to prove that this tea dance is in devout hands. The young people who have taken tickets for the tea dance intend to tango. But will they? Here is something worth watching.

The Lenten Let-up

There is no such thing. So far as what we agree to call Society is concerned, the round of frivolity is unbroken from year-end to year-end. The penitential season means nothing that its name implies. Custom orders a suspension of big balls, but that is all. Society dances as much during the forty days of Lent as it does at any other time of the year, which is equivalent to saying that it dances to its heart's content. And Society goes to the theatre. And Society has its after-theatre suppers. And Society lies in bed next morning with no conscientious qualms about church. And Society has bigger bridge parties during Lent than at any other time of the year. Society, that is to say, is quite irreligious. It makes little or no pretense of being religious. It is more concerned about its Easter bonnet than about its soul. I am speaking of Society as though it were feminine. To all intents and purposes it is. But when I speak of Society's indifference to Lent I would not be understood to mean that all the people whose names are familiar to the society reporters neglect their religious duties. Some of them really fast and abstain and pray. Some of them humbly clothes their souls in sackcloth and ashes. Some of them are better men and women at Easter than they were on Ash Wednesday. But it is a small percentage. And it seems to be getting smaller year by year.

"The Admiral of the Fleet"

Who is the "rich and handsome woman from California" who bears this nickname? A great many must know the answer to this question, for she is so known "from one end of the Pacific Coast to the other." I use quotation marks because I am repeating the words of a bavarde who has been observing this rich and handsome woman's activities in the national capital and telling about them in a metropolitan journal. This mysterious woman is passing the winter in Washington. She entertains a great deal and is surrounded by a gay circle. "The Admiral," we learn, has a daughter who hasn't made her debut yet, but has "made a sensation by her original ways." All the impecunious bachelors of Washington are paying court to this young lady, hoping to better their position by capturing her hand. But we are assured that her heart is in San Francisco. Both mother and daughter are "big-hearted" and "hospitable." But why should so much mystery be made about them? Lots of people here know the identity of "the Admiral of the Fleet."

The Health of Tessie

"I envy Mrs. Oelrichs," said a well known middle-aged beau the other day. "Why do you envy Mrs. Oelrichs?" I asked in the proper interlocutory manner of the minstrel show. "Because she isn't afraid to eat what she wants," he replied. "I haven't dared to eat the things I like for so long that I can't remember when my palate was tickled. I admit that I often drink the vintages that I shouldn't, but I have my appetite for appealing food under better control. If I were only as healthy as Mrs. Oelrichs!" The middle-aged beau went on to say that he had seen Mrs. Oelrichs at a fancy dress ball in New York a few days before. He said she looked splendidly healthy. "And what supper do you suppose she ate?" he asked. I was at a loss to guess. "Welsh rabbit and beer!" he groaned. "I love Welsh rabbit and beer, but I wouldn't dream of touching the combination. If I did I'd leave this world on the back of a nightmare! And yet when I saw Tessie again next day she looked perfectly happy and just as healthy as the night before." The middle-aged beau was on the verge of tears, but I withheld my sympathy.

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fairs than Mrs. Walker C. Graves Sr. Mrs. Graves is established in her hospitable home in Scott street, and has been giving pleasure to her friends with a series of formal dinners and luncheons. She is not only a successful hostess but an amateur histrion of unusual accomplishment, and in the dramatic section of the Papyrus Club is looked upon as a guiding spirit. Mrs. Graves is also active in other clubs. It is interesting to know that she will do a great deal of entertaining during the World's Fair. One of Mrs. Graves' recent dinners was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kutner. The table decorations which included some quaintly original features were in pink flowers veiled with green and pink tulle. After dinner there was dancing. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. Graves included: Mr. and Mrs. Fleet Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. Walker C. Graves Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Graves, Mrs. M. Tahnestock, J. M. Sullivan and Percy Hardenberg. At a luncheon and musicale given in honor of Mrs. Jefferson G. James, Mrs. Graves entertained: Mrs. J. F. Jackson, Mrs. M. Olive, Mrs. Dempsy, Mrs. L. Armstrong, Mrs. M. Troy, Mrs. Behrens, Miss T. Semple, Mrs. W. Williams, Mrs. Charles Mann, Mrs. J. J. O'Farrell, Mrs. Florenz Richmond.

The Newest Dances

Whether Lent has anything to do with it, I don't know, but since the penitential season began there seems to be a revival of the old and stately dances. Perhaps it is a natural reaction after the violent gyratory exercises we have been going through. We seem to be taking our dancing in a more dignified manner. My observations along these lines are borne out by what that favorite teacher of dancing, Thalia Newcomb Lawrence, tells me. She says she has many pupils for the latest revival of London and Paris, the beautiful Mazurka Royale. She says also that the revival of the statelier dances like the Minuet will be quite a feature of the coming season. At the same time she continues to meet the big demand for instruction in the Argentine Tango, the Maxixe and the Hesitation Waltz. Mrs. Lawrence, by the way, continues to maintain her studio at 1443 Polk street. Some pupils were a bit confused by the announcement that Mr. Lawrence had opened a new studio downtown. The Polk street studio, however, is just as much the Mecca of dance disciples as ever.

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In Mill Valley, Marin County; ten minutes walk from station, a substantial house in wooded grounds, of over two acres. The house was built for occupation by owner throughout the year with superior fittings and all modern conveniences; dining-room and living-room, large porch, three bedrooms and sleeping-porch, kitchen, pantries and bathroom; no stairs, all the rooms being on one level. View of Mount Tamalpais; grounds have been planted with flowers and various paths and brick terrace laid out. Address Box R. C. P., Town Talk Office

At Del Monte

The Mrs. Louis Hill cup was won by Mrs. E. S. Jaques, and the defeated four had a cup put up for them by Mrs. George T. Kelly which was won by Mrs. Louis Hill. This golf tournament was just for women. Robert H. Harshe gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on the art of California Monday evening in Del Monte Art Gallery, which was enjoyed by the guests of the hotel and of Monterey and Pacific Grove. The dance on Wednesday night brought many people from all over the peninsula. Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Olcott danced the paragon and the maxixe very beautifully. Some of the other dancers were: Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Mason L. Dean, Mrs. Walter Hill, Mr. and Mrs. William Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Ashton, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hunter, Miss Florence Musto, Mrs. E. Hendry, Miss Pearl Hendry, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney G. Miller, Miss Beattie Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Winton, Miss Helen Winton, Mrs. O. J. Humphry, Capt. Arthur Poillon, Messrs. G. K. Rhinehardt, G. W. Sliney and E. T. Spencer. Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Hill motored to San Francisco for the opera, looked over the Fair grounds and returned to Del Monte. Mr. Hill has purchased a beautiful site at Pebble Beach where he will build a home overlooking the ocean. Mr. and Mrs. Jerome A. Hart are again at Del Monte, and Mrs. Hart spends most of her time on the links. The dansant at the club house was very well attended. Many of the guests had to wait for tables. The club house was prettily decorated with ferns, palms and tulips. Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibble, Miss Carolan, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, A. T. Kittle and John Kittle are at Del Monte. The dance on Saturday was very much enjoyed, there being about four hundred guests. Many dinners preceded the dance; and never were there so many fine gowns. Dancing began about ten. More couples were dancing the paragon and maxixe than heretofore.

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In the Social Spotlight

Mr. R. E. Mulcahey has been on a visit to friends at Denver, where, according to the Rocky Mountain News, he was the guest of Mrs. Genevieve Chandler Phipps at a handsomely appointed dinner at the Country Club. Mr. Mulcahey gave a theatre party one evening and also entertained at a supper party. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Morey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Benton Whitehead and Mrs. Genevieve Chandler Phipps.

Restful Tait's

Nothing can heighten the pleasure of a day's shopping more than an hour or so whiled away at Tait-Zinkand Cafe. One is so certain to find something new in the way of amusement, something to drive away trivial cares, for the cafe is famous for the uniqueness of its entertainment. Then, too, the atmosphere of the place is in such pleasing contrast to the busy hum of the city streets. The decorations have been chosen with an eye to the restful and give a delightful, pleasing effect. The special luncheon served daily is a revelation in the purchasing power of fifty cents.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW FAMOUS HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

The Splendid Stratford Players

By Edward F. O'Day

Before the first performance was over we realized that we were in debt to Frank R. Benson. The obligation has increased with every performance. We can't all go to Stratford, and it was scarcely to be expected that the Stratford Players would be brought to us. But Benson is a brave man as well as an artist. He dares greatly. He had the courage to skip New York on his tour, a piece of hardihood for which New York has not forgiven him. It required even greater courage to bring so large a company so far into the West; and it is to be hoped that Benson's bravery will be solidly rewarded by an enthusiastic patronage of his offerings. Here is a company of players with whose names even we are imperfectly acquainted. With the exception of Benson who paid us a flying visit about a year ago, and of George Manship who learned the elements of acting under Garnet Holme at the University of California, they are all strangers. But they have made themselves our friends, all of them, by the effective method of demonstrating their worth to us. They have commanded our admiration by exhibiting rare ability. It is an unmixed delight to see them play. Here is no star shining by contrast, but a company of bright lights intermingling brilliance. The individuals of this company seek no personal triumph; they are trained to the more artistic purpose of triumphant ensembles. The man is nothing; the scene is everything. Individuality has its proper place, and is confined to that place—its province is to contribute a finished part to a perfect whole. The result is splendid. Every scene is a picture that delights the eye by its balanced composition. Staging in the best taste and costumes selected by a master of color values and a student of history have their share in producing the effect; but these would be negligible were not the actors endowed with superior intelligence and animated by the wonderful Benson spirit. They make Shakespeare a very human playwright. They extract from him all his fun and all his tears. They make it plain that when he was said to be "not of an age but for all time," our own very modern time was included.

* * * * * * * * *

When we last saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor" here, the attraction was the Falstaff of that true comedian Louis James. This time the attraction was the play. Looking at the program and finding that Frank Benson was to play Dr. Caius, one's curiosity was piqued. Dr. Caius? Who can recall the name of an actor who ever played Dr. Caius? The part has been considered negligible. Managers regard it as one of those Shakespearean parts from which time has dried out all the original humor. But it becomes an important part in this Benson production of the comedy. All the parts become important parts. Humor is extracted from every one of them. You get as much joy from seeing Nym and Pistol and Slender and Evans played as you derive from reading these parts. More, in fact. This is to say that Benson's players treat Shakespeare's comedy as they would a comedy by one of the playwrights of today. They start with the understanding that every character must have been funny to Shakespeare's audience, and they leave nothing undone to make every character funny to the audience of today. As a result, our eyes are opened. A student can learn more about the comic genius of Shakespeare from this performance than from a whole high school course of Rolfe's text books. It is something new to laugh as uproariously at a Shakespearian scene as at one from a roaring farce of today. The novelty makes this performance memorable. See the duel scene between Caius and Evans and learn what Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote it. Where all are so good it seems unnecessary to mention names, but it would be wrong not to make special note of Calvert's Falstaff, of Carrington's Ford and of Dorothy Green's Mistress Ford.

* * * * * * * * *

As a study in morbid royalty Benson's Richard the Second could hardly be bettered. Here was a king whose world was out of joint, a king sick of life, luxuriating in gloom, a weak, terrified talker hemmed in by menacing darers and doers. That an actor should play Dr. Caius one night and this Richard the following night is proof of extraordinary versatility. And to see this performance is to read history in a new light. Benson might have found his interpretation for this Richard in the gloss of Pater: "Shakespeare's kings are not, nor are meant to be, great men; rather, little or quite ordinary humanity, thrust upon greatness with those pathetic results, the natural self-pity of the weak heightened in them into irresistible appeal to others as the net result of their royal prerogative. . . . . It is that irony of kingship, the sense that it is in its happiness child's play, in its sorrows, after all, but children's grief, which gives its finer accent to all the changeful feeling of these wonderful speeches." But again it is the ensembles that count. The play becomes a pageant of historic value. Our attention is not centered on Richard to the exclusion of the others. Here is "time-honored Lancaster" played by Randle Ayrton; here is Bolingbroke, played by Carrington; here is the Duke of York, played by Calvert. These would challenge attention in any production. Here they are but contributors to the uniform excellence of the whole performance. If you love the theatre don't miss the Stratford players; if you are a closet Shakespearian, go and see your favorite played as you have played him in your mind.

Gossip of the Theatre

n Artless Act

The supposition is that the demand in vaudeille is for facility, technique, ingenuity and the ir of alertness and worldly wisdom. If the perormer be an acrobat he must show that he can o things that were never done before. He must ave something of the facility and technique nd novelty that give distinction to the act of Mosher, Hayes and Mosher who bring the Orneum bill to a close this week. In their special, I fancy, they are supreme. If the performer a singer, a prima donna, let us say, like Helen uggles, even though she be able to sing as well as is little lady, it helps out a lot to have a label. Call r "The Demi-Tasse Prima Donna," and at once tention is called to the fact that from a small dy cometh a large voice, a circumstance to reckoned an asset. It signifies the unusual. it maybe lovers of vaudeville, gorged as they e with ingenuity, technique and artistry, would casionally appreciate a breath of pure artlessss. Perhaps this explains the big hit which e "Three 'Varsity Fellows" are making in "A mpus Rehearsal." Here are three young men o are either as ingenuous as they seem or e they simulate artlessness exceedingly well. ey have the manner of college youngsters, and y entertain in the fashion of talented varsity cut-ups who can do a few things in a crude way, the things that bring joy to the campus. The charm of the act is the apparent lack of technique. At the end of it the gallery whistles for more, which is pretty good evidence of "a hit." After Paul Armstrong comes Alphonse Daudet at the Orpheum—a contrast of papier-mache heroics and glib sentimentality with some of the genuine emotions that occasionally tug at the heart strings. There is one characterization in which French writers excel, and that is the type of woman that Daudet portrayed in the novel of "Sapho," one scene from which Olga Nethersole is presenting at the Orpheum. This is the scene of Jean's renunciation of his mistress —a stirring scene when it comes as the "catastrophe" of a four-act play, yet not without its poignant appeal even when isolated for the purpose of vaudeville. It is a complete drama in itself, affording the actress in the title role abundant opportunity for the display of her resources. Olga Nethersole gives us a vivid picture of the Daudet heroine. In her convulsive frame, by the spasms of her voice, with touching and forlorn grace she reveals the soul torn by the conflict of emotions. The whole scene is given in subdued tones, and as to voice the tones were too subdued in the opening performance; so much so that the audience grew restive from inability to hear.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Kelcey and Shannon in a Barrie Play

"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" is like all of Barrie's plays—one never tires of it. As played by Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon it is a fantasy of continuous charm. In all their repertoire these sterling players have no more grateful medium for the display of their mature artistry. They play it lightly, gracefully, wittily, gaily. They set it to the music of their laughter. Defter characterization it would be unjust to look for. The burden of the play is upon Miss Shannon, if one may call a burden that which is borne so easily, with such perfect poise. Herbert Kelcey subordinates his role to hers, which is as it should be; but he has the experienced actor's sense of values, and the play owes much to his hearty interpretation. He knows how to create an atmosphere not only for himself but for his associates. It must be a pleasure for these stars to appear with the Alcazar players who possess sympathy and understanding beyond the gifts of ordinary stock actors and actresses. In such circumstances acting ceases to be work; at least it conveys no suggestion of labor to the audience.

The performers seem to enjoy this Barrie play as much as the audience, which is saying a great deal.

—The First Nighter.

Mischa Elman Coming

The next event of musical importance will be the two Sunday afternoon concerts that the sweetest of violinists, Mischa Elman, will give at the Columbia on April 26 and May 3. Elman has begun his transcontinental tour, having left New York where he was accorded a most enthusiastic adieu, playing before one of the biggest crowds ever jammed into the spacious Carnegie Hall. This tour of Elman's will be one of the longest ever undertaken by an artist, and by the time it is finished the celebrated young violinist will have circumnavigated the globe, and will have introduced his superb art to Australia, Japan, the East Indies, India and other lands en route. The masterful playing of this genius will be a revelation to most people in those countries who have rarely heard an artist of Elman's achievements. Elman has forwarded two beautiful programs to Manager Greenbaum for his concerts here. In the first such brilliant works as the Beethoven D major, op. 12, No. 1 Sonata, the Goldmark Concerto, op. 28, the Handel Sonata, E major, a Chopin Nocturne, Schuman's "Vogel als Prophet," Gretry's Gavotte and Wieniawski's Polonaise will be given. In the second the artist will give the Mozart Sonata No. 10, Saint-Saens Concerto in B minor, op. 61, Wieniawski's "Faust Fantasie" and works by Tschaikowsky, Brahms, Couperin, Paganini, etc. Percy Kahn, the splendid accompanist who has always been a feature of the Elman concerts, is again supporting his star, and will shine in the rendition of the sonatas with his chief.

The Flonzaley Quartet

Manager Greenbaum has arranged to close his very auspicious season with no less an attraction than the Flonzaley Quartet which has not visited us for two years. This quartet is the same in personnel as it has been since it started a decade ago, and the members still cling to their ideal to devote their entire lives to the playing of chamber music, with the result that their work is absolute perfection. No mere words can describe the work of these four brilliant musicians. Theirs is an art that is irreproachable.

Sacred Concert in Berkeley

The annual University of California Sacred Concert and production of Rossini' "Stabat Mater" will be given in the Greek Theatre this year on the afternoon of Friday, April 10, again under the direction of the choragus of the University, Mr. Paul Steindorff whose annual presentations of this famous work have made this day famous the world over for the University and for California as a music center. Mr. Steindorff has his splendid choruses at hard rehearsal and expects to eclipse all former productions of the "Stabat Mater." His soloists will be headed by the noted coloratura soprano, Mme. Yvonne de Treville who will that day make her only public appearance in this section. Mme. de Treville created a sensation at Mrs. Hearst's Pleasanton Castle last week in a song recital and displayed a vocal talent of brilliant proportions. Miss Fernanda Pratt, the popular contralto, Thos. C. Barr, a young tenor who has achieved much fame in Europe, and Charles F. Robinson, basso, will complete the quartet that will render the arias in the Rossini work. The chorus is selected from members of the Berkeley Oratorio Society, the Treble Cleb Club and choral societies in Oakland and San Francisco. Steindorff will direct a specially selected orchestra of sixty men. Prior to the production of the "Stabat Mater" a sacred concert, the fourth in as many years, will be given at which Mme. de Treville will render a group of works, Miss Pratt will sing Bizet's "Agnus Dei" and the orchestra will render the Beethoven "Leonore" overture, and the Prelude Choral and Fugue of J. S. Bach. Tickets go on sale Monday at the usual Greek Theatre ticket offices in Berkeley and at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in Oakland and San Francisco.

Another Week of Films at Gaiety

But one week remains of the motion picture season at the Gaiety, which playhouse on Easter Sunday night will return to its merry mission of providing light and gay entertainment for San Francisco amusement lovers. "The House of Bondage" which has been adapted for picture purposes from the novel of the same name by Reginald Wright Kauffman, has created a sensation at the Gaiety where for a week the house has been thronged by those who may have come out of curiosity but who left instructed, shocked and thrilled by the pitiful story, pitilessly told of Mary Denbigh, the country lass whose adventures in the clutches of the "white slave" traffic supply the plot of both book and pictures. For more than two weeks William Rock has been rehearsing the members of the famous "Candy Shop" company in the new revue from Broadway, "The Echo," and with Maude Fulton, Oscar Ragland, Kitty Doner, Mary Ambrose, Will Philbrick, Frances White and others of the original cast promises to eclipse the record of "The Candy Shop" for popularity.

The Rays at the Orpheum

Next week will be the last at the Orpheum of Olga Nethersole in the third act of "Sapho." A great new bill will be presented. Johnny and Emma Ray will appear in "On the Rio Grande," a farce with music. The Rays are among the most popular farceurs in vaudeville. A particularly thrilling and interesting performance will be given by Bryand Creerbert's Marvelous Manchurians. The muscular development of these Chinese is extraordinary and they are fine specimens of physical manhood. Clara Inge who has successfully alternated between musical comedy and vaudeville, will amuse with an eccentric monologue which has been the delight of New York. H. M. Zazell and Company who have just returned from a six years' tour of Europe, will appear in a comic sketch "An Elopement." Henry Catalano and Jack Denny, two capital entertainers, call their act "A Lively Ragtime Diversion." Julia Nash and Company will appear in Zellah Covington's comedietta "Her First Case." Herman Timberg will close his engagement with this program. A special feature will be Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, America's foremost exponents of society dances, in motion pictures which have been specially secured for the Orpheum circuit. This film is the only successful dancing picture ever taken.

The Last Week of Kelcey and Shannon

The popularity of Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon has increased during their brief starring engagement at the Alcazar. They will bring their season to a close next week with an elaborate production of C. Haddon Chamber's interesting and highly dramatic play "The Idler." Mr. Chambers, the author, is now on his way to San Francisco and he will accept the hospitality of the management of the Alcazar as their guest at one of the performances of his play next week While the action of "The Idler" takes place in England the story has a decidedly American flavor, because the early life of the male character concerned has been replete with adventures in California. Mr. Kelcey will be seen in his original role of Mark Cross, "the Idler," created by him in the original New York Lyceum Theatre production of the play, and Miss Shannon will have the role of Lady Harding which she also created at the time of the birth of this substantial and holding society drama. The best acting qualities of the Alcazar players will be brought to the fore in this presentation and an elaborate and accurate scenic production is promised. Kelcey and Miss Shannon will say "good-

JOHNNY AND EMMA RAY

Who will appear in Junie McCree's skit "On the Rio Grande" next week at the Orpheum

ye" to San Francisco on Sunday night, April 12. On Easter Monday, April 13, another surprise will be sprung at the Alcazar when Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau, two of the most sterling artists now appearing before the American public, will make their first local appearances except for their tremendously successful two weeks' engagement at the Orpheum in their sensational one-act play "Kick In"). They will have the support of the full strength of the Alcazar players and during their season a number of high-class and exceptional dramatic productions will be made. The opening play will be Charles Kenyon's powerful drama "Kindling."

Stratford Players at Columbia

The Stratford-Upon-Avon Players continue at the Columbia next week. The final eight performances, commencing Monday night will afford them opportunity further to establish themselves in the favor of San Francisco theatre-goers. Elaborate productions are promised in each case. On Monday night will be offered Romeo and Juliet;" Tuesday night, "King Henry the Fourth;" Wednesday matinee, "King Henry the Fifth;" Wednesday night, "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" Thursday night, "The Merchant of Venice;" Friday night, "Much Ado About Nothing;" Saturday matinee, "Twelfth Night;" Saturday night, "King Richard the Third." At the Monday night production of "Romeo and Juliet" Mr. Murray Carrington will have the role of Romeo and Miss Dorothty Green that of Juliet. The next attraction at the Columbia will be Chauncey Olcott who opens on Sunday night, April 12 in his latest success "Shameen Dhu," a romantic drama from the pen of Rida Johnson Young which was staged under the direction of Henry Miller. Mr. Olcott's songs for this play are said to be especially delightful.

Evelyn Thaw at Cort

This Sunday night Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, the most talked of woman in the world, makes her debut before San Francisco theatre-goers at the Cort in the musical, dancing divertissement "Mariette." Mrs. Thaw is here for one week but will play matinees daily, starting Monday. Mrs. Thaw comes direct from the London Hippodrome and Hammerstein's, New York, at the head of a big company. In her dancing selections she is assisted by Jack Clifford, a California boy who is credited with being the young man who introduced the turkey trot and kindred dances from the Barbary Coast to the social world. Two other popular Californians in her company are Willie Weston and Mike Bernard, dispensers of ragtime, who will be seen here for the first time since their recent Eastern success. Not so long ago Weston and Bernard appeared here for a continuous engagement of one year. The famous Courtney sisters, the Arnaud brothers, Peppino, Foucher and other fine players are also members of the organization. In "Mariette" Mrs. Thaw is said to be seen at her best.

MARY AMBROSE

Who will be seen Easter Sunday night at the Gaiety in the musical revue "The Echo."

Many a man can't tell black from white when it come to a lie.

Might isn't always right, but on the other hand it is seldom left.

It may be all right to take the thought for the deed, but no man ever got rich that way.

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MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE

The Greatest Emotional Actress in The Third Act of "SAPHO"

In Conjunction With

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JOHNNY AND EMMA RAY in "On the Rio Grande" by Junie McCree; BRYAND CHEERBERT'S MARVELOUS MANCHURIANS; CLARA INGE, Eccentric Comedienne; H. M. ZAZELL & CO. in the Comic Sketch "An Elopement;" HENRY CATALANO AND JACK DENNY, "A Lively Ragtime Diversion;" JULIA NASH & CO. in Zella Covington's comedietta "Her First Case;" HERMAN TIMBERG; Special Feature America's Foremost Exponents of Society Dances MR. AND MRS. VERNON CASTLE Before the Camera.

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Next—Sunday, April 12th—"The Honeymoon Express" with AL JOLSON

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Greatest Film Drama Even Seen

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First American Tour of the

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON-PLAYERS

Monday night, "Romeo and Julet;" Tuesday night, "King Henry the Fourth;" Wednesday matinee, "King Henry the Fifth;" Wednesday night, "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" Thursday night, "The Merchant of Venice;" Friday night, "Much Ado About Nothing;" Saturday matinee, "Twelfth Night;" Saturday night, "King Richard the Third."

Evenings and Saturday Matinee, 25c to $2.00

Wednesdaoy Matinee, 25c to $1.50

Sunday night, April 12th—CHAUNCEY OLCOTT in "Shameen Dhu."

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Week Commencing Monday Night, April 6th

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HERBERT KELCEY-EFFIE SHANNON

Supported by the Alcazar Players in

C. Haddon Chamber's N. Y. Lyceum Theatre Success

"THE IDLER"

Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c

Easter Monday, April 13th—WILLARD MACK and MARJORIE RAMBEAU Supported by the Alcazar Players in "KINDLING."

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

Mrs. Belmont came to me and said: 'I want to introduce Colonel Jay. He will take you down to dinner.' Colonel Jay said: 'Miss Nethersole, you may refuse to take my arm.' And I said: 'No, Colonel Jay, I shall not, for we are the guests of Mrs. Belmont, and besides, we must break bread together. That is the only way that anything may be accomplished.' I had heard that seventy of Trinity's tenements had been razed. Colonel Jay confirmed this and said that the others would be razed very soon. A wonderful result, was it not? But I have always been a pioneer, you know. I have made it easier for those who come after me.

"There are very few things in the world I can laugh at. I am serious by nature. It is tragedy that is important in the world, is it not? The great plays that live are tragedies, are they not? The plays of Sophocles and Euripides that live, they are the tragedies. Is any comedy of Shakespeare as well known to the public as some of his tragedies? And the Crucifixion which has influenced the world, or a great part of it, for two thousand years, that was a tragedy. If it had had a happy ending would it have had the same importance? I am religious, but not in the sense that I must go into a church to worship. I do not go to church. My religion is too big to be put under any roof.

"Some day I shall publish my memoirs. I have known all the great of my time. There are so many things in my life the public has a right to know, things that will help the world. I shall tell how the American critics have treated me. That will be interesting, will it not? When I first came to your country nineteen years ago—you should show surprise when I say that—you should wonder that it could have been so long ago—but I am not looking my best today and I forgive you—when I first came here your critics said I was vulgar, that I insulted the audience. Fancy! And what I did then other actresses do now as a matter of course. As I said, I have been a pioneer. But I do not wish to talk about myself.

"I am very much interested in my brother man. As the great Swift, the great English Dean you know, said once, I like to hear the dog's side of the story. There are always two sides, aren't there? And I feel that I am part of the great Universal. I feel that if ever I lose my grasp on the great Universal I am lost."

Whereupon we unmade the little room, and Miss Nethersole with a firm grasp on the Universal and her muff of dull silver fur, signalled for the elevator.

Easter Allegories

(Continued from Page 7.)

And the gates of Paradise were opened, and John embraced the penitent sinner, and admitted him into the Kingdom of Heaven.

II—HATRED IS SWEET, BUT GOD IS STRONG

In the olden time there lived a good master. He had much of everything, and many slaves served him. And the slaves praised their master. They said: "There is no master better than our master under heaven. He clothes and feeds us well, and gives us work to do according to our strength; he offends none by word of mouth, and bears no grudge for anything. He is not like other masters who torment their slaves and treat them worse than cattle, and punish them whether they commit faults or not, and have not a good word to say to them. Our master has our welfare at heart, and does good to us, and speaks well to us. We want no better life than the life we lead."

Thus did the slaves praise their master. And the Devil was wroth because the slaves lived so well, and in all loving-kindness with their master. And the Devil took possession of one of the slaves of this master, whose name was Aleb. He took possession of him, and bade him offend the other slaves. And when the other slaves were resting from their labors and praising their master, Aleb also lifted up his voice and said:

"Vainly do ye praise the goodness of our master, my brethren. Try and please the Devil, and the Devil will do you good. We serve our master well, we please him in everything. Whatever he fancies that we do for him, we anticipate his thoughts. How can he help being good to us? But just cease to please, and do him evil, then you'll find he'll be like all the rest of them, and will render evil for evil even worse than the bad masters do."

And the other slaves began to dispute with Aleb. And they disputed and laid a wager together. And Aleb undertook to provoke the good master to anger. He undertook to do so on this condition: that if he did not provoke him to anger he should lose his festival garment, but if he did provoke him to anger they promised that each one of them should give him his festival garment; and besides that they promised to defend him against his master, and if he put him in irons or thrust him into a dungeon they said they would loose him. So they laid their wager, and the next morning Aleb promised to provoke his master to anger.

Aleb served his master in the sheep-folds and took charge of the costly breeding rams. And behold! in the morning, when the good master came to the sheep-folds with his guests and began to show them his dear and precious rams, the Devil's laborer signified to his comrades: "Look now, I'll provoke my master to anger instantly." All the slaves assembled. They looked through doors and over fences, and the Devil ran up a tree, and looked down from thence into the yard to see how his servant would serve him. The master entered the yard and showed his guests his sheep and his lambs, and wanted to show them his best ram. "The other rams are good," said he, "but this is one with strong horns; he is priceless, and more precious to me than my own eyes." The sheep and rams rushed about the yard because of the people, and the guests could not distinguish the precious ram amongst them. No sooner did this ram stand still than the Devil's laborer, as if by accident, scared the sheep, and again they were all intermingled. The guests could not distinguish the ram that was priceless. And the master began to be wearied. "Aleb, my dear friend," said he, "see thou to this! Catch the best ram with the strong horns very warily and hold him fast." And no sooner had the master said this than Aleb flung himself like a lion in the middle of the lambs and sheep, and seized the priceless ram by his shorn fleece. He seized it by the shorn fleece, and immediately clasped it round its left hind leg with one of his hands, lifted it up, and right before the very eyes of his master, tugged the leg violently upwards, and it snapped like the peeled branch of a young linden-tree. Aleb had broken the leg of the good ram below the knee. The ram began to bleat, and fell down on its front knees. Aleb seized it by the right leg, and the left leg turned inwards and hung down like a short whip. The geusts and all the slaves groaned, and the Devil rejoiced when he saw how cleverly Aleb had done his deed. The master turned as black as night, he frowned, cast down his head, and said not a word. The guests and the slaves were silent. They wanted to see what would happen. The master was silent for a time, then he shook himself as if he wanted to shake off something, raised his head, and fixed his eyes on heaven. Not long did he look, his wrinkles disappeared from his face, and he smiled and cast his eyes upon Aleb. He looked at Aleb, smiled, and said:

"Oh, Aleb, Aleb! thy master bade thee anger me. But my master is stronger than thine, and thou hast not angered me, but I have angered thy master. Thou didst fear that I would punish thee, and thou didst wish to be free, Aleb; know, therefore, that I will not punish thee, but as thou didst desire thy freedom, look now! in the presence of my guests I release thee, thou are free to follow thine own will. Depart whithersoever thou wilt, to the four corners of the earth, and take thy festival garment with thee!"

And the good master went home with his guests. But the Devil gnashed his teeth, glided down the tree, and vanished through the earth.

At Pacific Grove Hotel

A very attractive dance was given by the hotel on Friday evening. All the prominent people of the peninsula attended as well as many guests from Del Monte. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, the music furnished by an augmented orchestra. Some of the auto parties for the week are: G. Clark with Mrs. M. E. Patton, Miss Gallagher and Miss A. H. Martin; Mr. and Mrs. James Shelton of Los Angeles with C. S. Farnsworth, U. S. A., and Mrs. Farnsworth, Mrs. C. B. Marquette and Miss K. House. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Roberts motored from San Jose. W. B. Miller of Stockton, A. F. Nichell of San Francisco, W. H. Powers of San Francisco, Mrs. A. C. Briggs of Berkeley, R. W. Dickey and Mrs. Dickey of Los Angeles and Mrs. Allen McQuillken of Gilroy registered during the week.

At Paso Robles

The Paso Robles golf course never was in such good condition as it is now. The greens are perfect. Many players take their luncheons and remain on the links all day. The roads are now passable for automobiles. Monterey county keeps a man and a pair of horses at the Salinas crossing above San Miguel conveying autos across the ford free of charge. The bridge at Bradley has been completed and the ferry at Soledad is very satisfactory. Prince and Princess Kalianaole of Honolulu gave an out-of-door luncheon party on the golf links last Saturday. The guests included Mrs. A. F. Zipt, Judge and Mrs. Thomas Graham, Mrs. W. H. Avery of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Daily of Butte. Many San Franciscans have made reservations for the month of April. Among the arrivals are: B. H. Van der Linden, I. W. Hellman and Mrs. D. C. Kingsbury of San Francisco; Thomas H. Luke of Stockton, W. I. Rowen of Palo Alto, G. Johnson of Sonora, Mrs. A. Coghlan of Sacramento and a great many others.

Musings of the Gentle Cynic

We are never too old to learn the latest wrinkle.

Many a man has won his spurs, only to find them a thorn in the flesh.

Reputation and character are about as synonymous as the north and south poles.

Bacteriologists say kissing must go. It already goes with some girls.

Many a man never does anything worth while because he thinks it isn't worth while.

This would be a much more pleasant world if there weren't so many ways of being unhappy.

A little learning is a dangerous thing, especially if it is about an automobile.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—All the stock market needed to send it up was a pleasant smile from President Wilson, and when he spoke of the railroads in a friendly way prices rose and trading became more active. He made Wall Street forget all about political uncertainty in Paris, the massing of troops in Ulster, the weakness of Brazilian securities and the war in Mexico. The market was so heavily oversold that the bears were easily frightened. Professional traders are pessimistic enough, but they dared not sell more stocks. The only factor of real importance, apart from the President's attitude, was the good condition of winter wheat. With the largest acreage ever sown and the best condition and prospect, a record-breaking crop is indicated at the present time. Commission houses that are carrying heavy accounts for operators short of the market are showing signs of nervousness. The professional element has not only been selling short for nearly two years, but it has been talking too much. Attempts to break the market by circulating bearish rumors have induced all sorts of people to go short, but have not shaken out the holdings of real investors. Too much company has made the bear position weak, and the danger that threatens the bears is the ease with which the herd can be stampeded. Liquidation ran its course long ago, except in a few special cases that had little bearing on the market as a whole. The bad odor of the Rock Island, Rumeley and New Haven cases has kept the professionals in a pessimistic frame of mind, but has no other influence at present. General trade conditions have not improved and business men are waiting for some further developments. Stocks of goods have been liquidated and no accumulations are reported anywhere, so all classes of merchants and tradesmen will be compelled to keep on buying to meet the daily demands of the ultimate consumers. Spring is at hand and business will soon be swayed by crop prospects and stimulated by the employment of more men in all the walks of life. The number of immigrants from Europe poured into New York City since the beginning of the year far exceeds the number of the unemployed, so work must have been found for more persons in that community than were actually employed a year ago or even four months ago. The balance of trade in favor of the United States grew larger last February contrary to general expectation. Toward the close of the week reaction set in due to the announcement by several of the leading Eastern railroads that they were obliged to retrench by laying off thousands of men. The market, however, was not very active and the undertone was firm.

Wheat—The price movements have been within a limited range during the week, there being an absence of news of a kind to compel wide fluctuations in either direction. There has been no talk of export business, but there is a well-defined idea that such a demand may spring up in the event of any particular slump in values. In the early part of the week there were frequent advices of damage to the winter wheat plant in the Southwest from dry weather, but since then snow has fallen in that region, and at the moment the prospects for the crop are regarded as excellent. The advices from abroad are about even, one section balancing another. The fine winter wheat prospect has engendered a great deal of bearish sentiment, particularly in local circles, and there is a pronounced disposition to work for lower prices. This pressure usually appears on the very weak spots, and up to the present there has been sufficient demand on resting orders to overcome its effect. There is, so far as can be ascertained, but a light long interest, and the declines consequently fail to force liquidation, which makes possible an oversold condition on every decline. Until there is a positive development, favoring one side or the other, the market doubtless will be a trader's affair.

Corn—Has had an extraordinary advance, the animating conditions arising in Western and Southwestern markets, where an unusual demand and much higher prices have prevailed until now when there is an intimation of a let-up in the strength. Conditions have not altered in any considerable degree except that receipts are somewhat lighter and that there is some improvement in the Eastern demand. The local conditions have been responsible for the general accumulation of an enormous short interest, which, failing to cause holders to unload, has been obliged to cover their outstanding contracts. The result has been a rapid advance to a level which has not been seen since the extreme decline which took place some months back. Advices are being received of large sales by Argentine, and no doubt from now on this will be a considerable factor in the making of values. The unusual rise, eliminating the short interest, has left the market with a thin surface and probably quite susceptible to pressure.

Cotton—Contracts for the future delivery of old crop cotton were in better demand in all markets and at prices somewhat higher than the previous week. March futures which have reached the 13 cents level, are referred to as showing the probable disposition to be made of the May and July position, as it is reported that a private settlement of 50,000 bales, short March contracts, has been made on the basis of 60 points on May. Within a few days the current month will have expired, and as the May position will then be in line for adjustment, now selling at discount of about $4 per bale compared with the value of middling in the South, shorts are apt to find themselves in a very uncomfortable situation when they start to liquidate. In the meanwhile the market is becoming very sensitive to weather conditions in the cotton belt. Reports from Texas are to effect that this was the coldest March for the past twenty-two years, and the temperature remains unseasonably low, especially in the South Atlantic States where heavy frosts were experienced again last week. The trade is apprehensive of wet weather setting in now, which would continue to interfere with farm work, and as there is danger of the new crop being late in maturing, and as the total visible supply in the United States, including the unmarketed portion of this crop, is about 2,992,000 bales compared with 3,150,000 last year, the heavy drain of the export movement to Europe is gradually creating a strong position of the staple. If good weather should be witnessed this planting season, buyers may hold off in the hope that prices will work lower, but if unfavorable climatic conditions are experienced, there is no doubt that values would seek a higher level, especially since there is the probability of manipulation this summer.

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December 31, 1913

Assets	$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
Number of Depositors	64,639

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New York, 61 Broadway
Investment Department
Woolworth Building

H. Taylor Curtis, Auctioneer.—Sale No. 2—The Unredeemed Pledges of the San Francisco remedial Loan Association at Auction Commencing Wednesday, April 8th, at 11 a. m. in the Sutter Street Salesrooms, 534 Sutter Street, above Powell. On Exhibition April 6th and 7th from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Unpaid loans to No. 7504 inclusive, made previous to and including June 31st, 1913. Loan No. 48, 25 pcs. silver; 730, sol. dia. stud; 730, cameo bracelet; 730, gents gold watch; 730, lady's gold watch; 1315, 3 gold nuggets; 1557, 2 gold rings; 3218, gent's gold watch; 3543, pr. dia. links; 3542, dia. Eagle button; 3581, sol. dia. ring; 3583, sol. dia. screws; 3583, sol. dia. ring; 3584, 5 stone dia. ring; 3622, 2 loose pearls; 3629, gent's h. c. filled watch; 3686, plain gold ring; 3687, lady's h. c. gold watch; 3692, gent's o. f. filled watch; 3715, 2 suits of clothes in suit case; 3722, sol. dia. ring; 3728, Colts auto. revolver; 3765, gent's o. f. filled watch and fob; 3803, gold agate ring; 3818, gold ring; 3872, pearl and dia. scf. pin; 3927, sol. dia. ring; 3928, sol. dia. ring; 3946, gent's o. f. filled watch; 3965, 5 stone dia. ring; 3965, 5 stone dia. ring; 3998, lady's h. c. filled watch; 4043, sol. dia. ring; 4048, nugget scf. pin; 4061, gent's h. c. gold watch; 4070, gent's h. c. filled watch; 4101, gent's o. f. filled watch; 4106, 10 sil. spoons; 4106, gold bar pin; 4167, coin charm and chain; 4173, 3 nugget cuff pins; 4182, pearl ring; 4193, gold Mason charm; 4209, pr. dia. cuff links; 4222, gent's o. f. filled watch; 4248, gold ring; 4250, gold ring; 4286, gent's o. f. nick. watch; 4312, rope chain gold; 4318, sol. dia. ring; 4318, dia. princess ring; 4322, sol. dia. ring; 4322, sold. dia. earring; 4324, solitaire dia. ring; 4324, sol. dia. ring; 4325, sol. dia. ring; 4326, sol. dia. ring; 4358, opal brooch; 4367, gent's o, f. filled watch; 4385, plain gold ring; 4397, sol. dia. ring; 4422, pr. gold cuff buttons; 4435, gold pencil brooch, turq, neckchain, gold links, 3 gold collar buttons; 4467, gent's h. c. gold watch; 4467, gold chain dia. locket; 4467, gold ring; 4478, dia. drop earring; 4504, sil. spoon. c. g. bowl, 6 coasters, 7 pces. chinaware; 4598, turq. ring; 4612, gent's h. c. filled watch; 4612, gold chain; 4612, nugget chain; 4622, gold ring; 4637, gent's o. f. filled watch; 4642, o'coat; 4658, gent's o. f. filled watch; 4703, gent's h. c. filled watch; 4724, sol. dia. earring; 4737, lady's h. c. filled watch; 4740, sol. dia. ring; 4751, gent's h. c. sil. watch and chain; 4773, lady's h. c. gld. watch; 4806, lady's h. c. gold watch; 4808, lady's h. c. filled watch; 4824, o'coat and hair lariat; 4840, gent's o. f. filled watch; 4848, pr. gold links; 4859, lady's o. f. filled watch; 4881, gent's h. c. filled watch; 4908, gent's h. c. gold watch; 4911, sol. dia. ring; 4911, sol. dia. stud; 4929, sol. dia. ring; 4931, sol. dia. ring; 4931, sol. dia. ring; 4933, pr. gold cuff buttons; 4939, gent's h. c. gold watch; 4940, loose dia., ⅛ carat; 4941, gent's o. f. filled watch; 4979, dia. crescent brooch; 4985, gold vest chain; 5002, gold ring; 5028, pr. fld. glasses; 5065, gent's h. c. gold watch; 5065, gold vest charm; 5072, dia. Eagle charm; 5077, lady's ring; 5083, 155 pcs. silverware; 5091, lady's h. c. gold watch; 5091, lady's h. c. gold watch; 5091, gold chain; 5091, gold chain; 5091, gold chain; 5138, lady's sol. dia. ring; 5161, gent's o. f. filled watch; 5199, gold bloodstone ring; 5219, gold ring; 5283, sol. dia. ring; 5285, gold ring; 5294, sol. dia. ring; 5299, frat. pin; 5324, gent's o. f. filled watch; 5333, lady's h. c. gold watch; 5333, gold guard chain; 5347, lady's h. c. gold watch; 5347, gold guard chain; 5358, gold ring; 5371, gold ring; 5375, dia. scf. pin; 5376, lady's h. c. filled watch; 5409, dia. clus. ring; 5424, dia. brooch; 5424, gold neck chain; 5428, revolver; 5442, 5 loose diamonds, ½, 1/16; 5442, 2 lockets and 2 neck chains; 5442, 3 rings and braceler; 5505, dia. marq. ring; 5513, gold chain and knife; 5519, 3 stone dia. ring; 5590, buckle; 5594, dia. locket; 5598, gent's o. f. gold watch; 5598, gold ring and scarf pin; 5627, dia. and saph. clus. ring; 5654, pearl scf. pin; 5677, 3 loose opals; 5745, gent's o. f. filled watch; 5754, ring and dia. pin; 5755, silver cigarette case; 5771, sol. dia. ring; 5771, sol. dia. ring; 5771, 3 stone dia. ring; 5771, turq. 9 dia. princess ring, one stone out; 5773, gent's o. f. filled watch; 5794, lady's h. c. gold watch; 5800, gold ring; 5806, gent's o. f. filled watch; 5821, pearl and dia. scf. pin; 5833, sol. dia. ring; 5916, gent's h. c. filled watch; 5916, gent's o. f. filled watch; 5922, gold buckle; 5946, sold. dia. scf. pin; 5956, sol. dia. ring; 6043, sol. dia. earring; 6061, gent's h. c. filled watch; 6064, emblem charm; 6072, 3 small dia. rings; 6190, sol. dia. scf. pin; 6209, gold ring; 6227, gold ring; 6227, gold ring; 6237, loose dia. 3/8, 1/32 ct; 6279, sol. dia. ring; 6279, sol. dia. ring; 6279, 8 stone dia. bar pin; 6309, dia. head pin; 6319, dia. clus. ring; 6352, sol. dia. scf. pin; 6372, 2 gold rings; 6380, sol. dia. ring; 6380, sol. dia. ring; 6404, gent's h. c. filled watch; 6420, gent's o. f. filled watch; 6454, dia. and opal ring; 6454, dia. and sapphire ring; 6454, dia. and ruby ring; 6530, lady's hckw. gold watch; 6568, pr. dia. links; 6568, dia. collar button; 6572, sol. head ring; 6572, dia. and opal ring; 6572, dia. and sapphire ring; 6575, 2 gold rings; 6579, gent's h. c. filled watch; 6580, gent's o. f. filled watch, chain and charm; 6650, sol. dia. ring; 6650, clus. dia. ring; 6587, sol. dia. ring; 6587, 3 stone dia. ring; 6657, lady's h. c. filled watch; 6691, topaz ring; 6697, sol. dia. ring; 6698, pr. sol. dia. screws; 6698, 2 loose dia., 5/8, 1/16 ct.; 6739, dia. and pearl brooch; 6750, dia. locket; 6750, turq. and dia. clus. ring; 6750, opal and dia. clus. ring; 6750, opal and dia. ring; 6750, ruby and dia. ring; 6750, sol. dia. ring; 6750, sol. dia. ring; 6750, dia. and ruby ring; 6797, gent's o. f. gold watch; 6797, gold chain; 6798, dia. and pearl ring; 6799, gent's h. c. gold watch; 6826, lady's h. c. filled watch; 6829, nugget scf. pin; 6844, lady's g. m. watch and pin; 6892, cameo ring; 6899, gold ring; 6913, gold bracelet; 6922, 3 gold pins; 6931, gent's o. f. sil. watch; 6947, dia. locket; 6955, sol. dia. ring; 6968, dia. head fob; 6988, sol. dia. ring; 7056, 2 stone dia. ring; 7082, Y. M. C. A. medal; 7115, gent's o. f. gold watch; 7117, gent's o. f. filled watch; 7158, gent's o. f. filled watch; 7158, gold chain; 7171, lady's h. c. gold watch and chain; 7171, 2 emblem charms; 7177, loose diamond, ¼ and 1/16 ct.; 7187, lady's h. c. gold watch and pin; 7198, gent's hckw. gold watch; 7198, gent's h. c. filled watch; 7212, dia. brooch; 7245, Battenburg bed spread; 7269, gent's h. c. gold watch; 7274, gold ring; 7274, gold fob; 7274, gold ring; 7274, silver cigarette case; 7283, lady's h. c. gold watch; 7301, gent's o. f. filled watch; 7327, gent's o. f. filled watch; 7331, sol. dia. ring; 7354, dia. horseshoe scf. pin; 7356, sol. dia. ring; 7366, ring, pin and scf. pin; 7371, dia. scf. pin, one stone out; 7384, sol. dia. ring; 7398, sol. dia. screws; 7400, gold ring; 7419, sol. dia. ring; 7427, turq. dia. ring; 7437, lady's h. c. filled watch; 7442, gent's o. f. filled nick. watch; 7474, pr. gold cuff links; 7510, 3 gold studs; 7518, gold ring; 7528, gent's h. c. sil. watch; 7552, pr. dia. drop earrings; 7590, pr. dia. drop earrings; 7602, sol. dia. ring; 7614, gent's o. f. filled watch; 7634, sol. dia. stud; 7649, lady's h. c. filled watch; 7649, 2 gold rings; 7664, 2 gold coins, $10.00.

H. TAYLOR CURTIS,
Auctioneer.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CORNELIUS MOONEY, Deceased—No. 16,729; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John A. Boyd, as Administrator of the estate of Cornelius Mooney, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 14th day of March, 1914,) to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney L. F. Young, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Cornelius Mooney, deceased.

JOHN A. BOYD,
Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius Mooney, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 14, 1914.

L. F. YOUNG, Attorney for Administrator,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 53,637; Dept. No. 4.

SUSAN CARTWRIGHT, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO,
Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES RENARD, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of CHARLES RENARD, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES RENARD, deceased.

CLAUDIUS LARGE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles Renard, Deceased
Dated, San Francisco, March 14, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney fo rExecutor,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 54,921.

TILLIE BYRNE, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
512 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased—No. 13,106, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned JANE ALICE WELCH, as Administratrix of the Estate of John W. Welch (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice (which said first publication occurs on the 28th day of March, 1914), to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney Garret W. McEnerney, Room number 1277 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

JANE ALICE WELCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 28, 1914.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,452.

In the Matter of the Application of EMMA WINIFRED HAVEN for Change of Name.

The petition of Emma Winifred Haven for judgment and decree of this Court changing her name to Emma Winifred Banks having been duly filed herein on the 19th day of March, 1914, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS ORDERED, that all persons interested in the matter be and appear before said Superior Court at the courtroom of Department No. 13 thereof, situate in the Temporary City Hall, Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said application should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, March 24, 1914.

FRANKLIN A. GRIFFIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed, Filed March 19, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By W. R. Castagnetto, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON, Attorney for Petitioner,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vourchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, deceased.

LOUIS MALIRAT,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 28, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN O'LEARY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of ELLEN O'LEARY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN O'LEARY, deceased.

WILLIAM F. O'LEARY,
ELLEN BLACKMER,
Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN O'LEARY, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 28th, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor and Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), deceased.

ELISE PAULINE FAURE,
Administratrix of the Estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 28, A. D. 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

Siftings From Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

An Anti-Russian Outburst

The jingoes have been busy in Germany and Austria-Hungary, and their firebrands have been aimed at Russia. An extraordinary anti-Russian campaign has been conducted in the press of the two Empires. Nothing was left undone to inflame public opinion against the Muscovites. The outburst began suddenly, was of amazing violence, and now seems to be subsiding. Russia did nothing to provoke it and remained quite calm. Now that it is almost over outsiders are trying to figure out who started the campaign. That the attack was organized does not admit of doubt; it was delivered with every indication of carefully elaborated team work. It is one of those phenomena that might have caused war. Fortunately nothing has happened.

Intemperance in Russia

The Czar having urged his ministers to action, the Russian Administration is now working out a temperance program for the Empire. To combat drunkenness, acknowledged to be the besetting evil in Russia, four proposals have been made. The output of vodka will be reduced. The penalties on illicit trading will be increased. The advantages of temperance will be taught to the people through the medium of the churches and schools. Lastly, extenuating circumstances will not be admitted in case of crimes committed under the influence of drink.

Bad French Finance

The finances of France are said to be in a chaotic state, and there is widespread pessimism. All the banks are suspected of being in an unhealthy condition. They are said to be gorged with Balkan treasury notes. Some blame the crushing burden of military expenses. Others say the budgets have been unsound for years. Legislation for electioneering purposes, like the purchase of the Western Railway and old age pensions has caused the expense of government to exceed all estimates. There seem to be signs of trade depression. The people have lost confidence in investments which once appealed to them strongly. Even the best American railroads are not now favorably regarded.

The Latest in Biplanes

The air has been conquered for some time, but it looks now as if the dreams that H. G. Wells and Rudyard Kipling made fiction out of are coming true. They have a biplane in St. Petersburg that flys up in the air for an hour and a half, flying without the roll or pitch noticeable in other machines, and carrying as many as sixteen persons. There are eight men in its crew. The passengers move about in a roomy cabin pleasantly warmed by the exhaust from the motors and illuminated by large windows through which the passengers are able to watch their progress with the greatest comfort. There are also windows in the floor for both observation and photographic purposes. At night this cabin is lit by electricity. The mechanics can move about freely to attend to the motors and other parts of the machine without disturbing the equilibrium of the aeroplane while in flight. It is understood that the Russian Admiralty has ordered ten of these machines. Is not fact overtaking the wildest flights of fiction?

Demonstrative Britishers

If we can believe some novelists restraint is the characteristic of the British men. One doesn't believe some writers when one readers newspaper accounts of what takes place in the House of Commons. It was considered remarkable, during the recent portentous Home Rule debate, that the Nationalists did not cheer wildly when Mr. John Redmond entered the House. For they are wont, says the Thunderer, to "give vent to shrill cries which, passing over the heads of their opponents, imparts a sharper edge to every shout of their allies on the opposite side of the House," these allies being the Liberals. When Sir Edward Carson appeared he was greeted "with a roar of cheers." When Bonar Law made a point the Opposition "cheered vehemently." When John Redmond replied his followers gave "their one characteristic cheer." The Unionists answered "with a fierce cry that was a challenge to battle." Nevertheless, all through the debate there was "a studious avoidance by all sides of everything that might needlessly cause personal irritation or arouse party heat." This was unusual, for the Times adds: "That is not a very common circumstance on great occasions of party conflict." Clearly there is generally more tumultuous demonstration in the House of Commons than in our House of Representatives.

Britain's Army

"What would be the position in regard to the Regular Army if we had to go to war tomorrow?" asked Colonel Seely, British Secretary for War, in the House of Commons a few days before bigger problems engaged his attention. He answered the question. He said Great Britain had in India and the Colonies 117,000 men; at home 121,000 men with the colors and 146,000 in the Reserves. She could mobilize an Expeditionary Force of about 162,000 complete in all details. But recruiting causes the War Office anxiety, Colonel Seely confessed. It is hard to get work for the men after they leave the colors. Of the 28,000 men whose term expired last year work was obtained for only 16,000 and it was not always permanent work. Conditions, he said, were better in the Territorial Force where recruiting went on satisfactorily, largely because time-expired men re-enlisted. Perhaps they did this because they were afraid they couldn't find work elsewhere. But Colonel Seely didn't say so.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,543.

WASYLI IWANOW, Plaintiff, vs. CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRNE & LAMSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 533 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-4-10

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIII | San Francisco, April 11, 1914 | No. 1129

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TOWN TALK

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Defenders and Prosecutors

In some towns where busybodies are always on the alert for new contrivances to decrease the sum of human injustice they have a functionary known as the public defender who acts as an offset to the district attorney. The public defender is one of the products of the uplift movement, and like most of the products of that movement he serves to illustrate the importance of at least some little acquaintance with fundamental principles. If uplifters were aware that it is a district attorney's duty not only to prosecute persons charged with crime but to see also that innocent persons are not convicted, they would perceive that instead of calling for a public defender it would be better to inculcate a correct conception of the ethics and proprieties that ought to obtain in courts of justice. Too many prosecuting attorneys are under the impression that they have been entrusted with a divine mandate to convict. Often it is on account of their misconduct that new trials are granted. Often the appellate courts find it difficult to sustain verdicts in cases in which it is apparent that overzealous prosecutors have done more than their duty. Now the corybants of the nebulous, altruistic uplift craze might do a great deal of good were they to make restraint of over-zealous prosecutors one of the planks in the platform of their morbid philanthropy. Unhappily these reformers are pursuing a course that leads to the very evil which made them think it wise to create the office of public defender. Their road to the millenium is through the penitentiary. They spend half their time enlarging the penal code, the other half agitating for the conviction of persons under indictment; and though the average district attorney needs no other incentive than opposition from counsel for the defense, he is spurred on by the clamors of uplifters and the minatory admonitions of a vociferous press, and very often he convicts the wrong man.

The Passion for Conviction

Some day when the world has grown a little better, and there is less of distrust and more of love among men a great change will be wrought in the attitude of society toward the public prosecutor, and he will then find it more delightful to vindicate innocence than to obtain convictions. In the meantime it would be well were something done to create a sentiment against the idea at present prevalent that it is consistent with the public interest for district attorneys to organize a State association and hold conventions and inflame the public mind with a view to making it easier for them to improve their record for convictions. It is high time to abate the zeal of our district attorneys. We are well aware that guilty men often escape, but we also know that innocent men often go to jail, and that miscarriages of justice are very often the result of misconduct on the part of district attorneys. There are district attorneys, apparently very zealous, who don't care what ultimately happens provided they triumph at the trial. There is no species of unfairness, however outrageous, that they will disdain when striving for a verdict of guilty. The meanest, most contemptible practices of the police court shyster are indulged in by some of the district attorneys of this State with the consent of trial judges, and the consequence is that verdicts are set aside, and the State put to the cost of extra trials. The mood in which a district attorney should approach the trial of a case is the mood described in one of the notable English trials by Sir Alexander Cockburn afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England. He said:

I approach the consideration of this case in what I hope I may term a spirit of fairness, of moderation and of truth. My business is to convince you, if I can, by facts and legitimate argument, of the prisoner's guilt. If I cannot establish it to your satisfaction, no man will rejoice more than I shall in the verdict that you will pronounce of not guilty.

How different apparently was the mood in which District Attorney Hynes of Oakland began his argument in the Drown case. Here was the revolting spectacle of a district attorney appealing not to the reason of the jury but to its passions and prejudices. "I tell you," said Hynes to the jury, "the condition is becoming alarming. Women can kill men with impunity." And he asked, "Are you going to encourage women whose husbands have left insurance and an income to go out and kill them?" It is true that juries have been exceedingly kind to the bloodthirsty female of the species. It would really seem that skirts render the murderer immune. Perhaps the state of affairs is alarming. But it is not so alarming as to justify a prosecuting attorney trying to make a scapegoat of one woman. It is just barely possible that Millie Drown was crazy when she killed her husband. The dead man's blood relatives knowing all the facts, believe she was, and they were in sympathy with her, though they might have won a fortune by testifying for the prosecution. Whatever the truth it was not part of the district attorney's sworn duty to ring a general alarm and try to frighten the jury. It would have been quite sufficient for him to analyze the testimony and appeal to common sense. A district attorney who lets himself go as Hynes did in the Drown case, or as Governor Johnson did in the Ruef case, may sometimes convict the innocent, and that is not only unnecessary, it is a very unpleasant thing to do. District Attorneys are not elected to incur the danger of searing their conscience.

The Special Prosecutor

Let us pursue this important subject a little further. Let us consider the special prosecutor. A district attorney may be a man of very tender sensibilities, and it is his privilege to concern himself about the rights of the man in the dock as well as about the interests of the people of the State. He is therefore in a more comfortable position than the special prosecutor who is hired to convict. This is a job that some members of the bar will take, if at all, only in exceptional cases. Aside from the fact that they think it advisable to let the State attend to its own business they know that in the heat of conflict there is always danger of being carried into excesses. How easy for an attorney while working for a fee as a prosecutor to imagine himself the civil arm of a spiritual power, and to assert the righteous efficacy of brutality and indignation! An illustration of this ugly facility was recently furnished in the case of the Western Fuel officials whom Matt Sullivan, the damage-suit lawyer and politician, was hired to prosecute. Sullivan had before him a jury of the "plain people"—small storekeepers and men of little means, and he told them that unless they found a verdict of guilty it would be futile for the government "in a case such as this at any time in the future to attempt to convict the officials of a wealthy corporation." All through his argument he harped on the wealth and social position of the defendants, virtually demanding a class verdict. "This million-dollar corporation," "defendants connected with a million-dollar corporation," "counsel well paid, representing wealthy and powerful clients"—these were some of the attorney's favorite phrases. Referring to one of his witnesses he said: "He was not a million-dollar financier. He did not have a million-dollar corporation behind him, he did not have million-dollar friends to intercede for him." Sullivan referred to himself as a man who had been "battling all his life for the cause of the people not connected with corporations," and one might judge of the character of the jury from the fact that perhaps there was not more than one man on it able to apprehend the principle on which Sullivan has been fighting for the people. The special prosecutor had nothing but praise for his own witnesses, but for the witnesses on the other side, especially the expert witnesses, he had nothing but abuse. These expert witnesses were distinguished college professors, men of the highest standing in their profession. They gave testimony regarding the effect of moisture on coal. It was testimony that bore out the contention of the defendants, and it was little more than what is of common knowledge among chemists. There was only one argument with which to answer

these experts—the argument of abuse, and Matt Sullivan did not scruple at employing it. He told the jury that these experts, gentlemen whose character had never been impugned, were not experts but hired advocates "bought for money to perjure themselves." In other days not remote when Mr. Sullivan was battling for the plain people, all college professors were the salt of the earth. They were all for the prosecution; and the prosecutors regarded the support of college professors as conclusive of the righteousness of the cause. But in Matt Sullivan's philosophy when college professors are not with you it is not because they are misguided; it is because they are downright crooks. Hence, to the pillory with them, and with the acquiescence of the court play the assassin of character. Of course the experts in the Western Fuel cases received compensation for their services. Nobody expects an expert or any professional man to give his professional services for nothing. But Sullivan, himself a hired man in this case, under oath himself, charged the experts with perjury, accused them of hiring themselves out "to fool a jury and defraud the government." "There is no question about that," he said, and then pronouncing them humbugs he added that they had come a thousand miles "to bamboozle the jury." You see, Mr. Sullivan's blood being up, what cared he for the naked merits of the case! It was as though the quarrel being personal to himself, he must execrate, fight tooth and nail, might and main, without mercy, without compunction. This is what the spirit of partisanship does to a man of not very refined sensibilities.

The Morbid Woman

Twice in New York last week city magistrates had before them men accused of annoying women in cases in which, on investigation, the charges turned out to have been unfounded. One luckless individual happened to encounter on a ferryboat a young married woman who informed the court that all the men tried to flirt with her." This delusion is not peculiar to the New York woman. While it is not to be gainsaid that there are loafers who annoy women in public places, neither is it to be disputed that there are supersensitive women, and women strongly convinced that their charms are irresistible that they suggestionize themselves into the belief that all men are flirting with them. At the same time public feeling is so strong against the "masher" that when a man is arrested for mashing his case is almost invariably prejudged. And as to rape, a man arrested on that charge is in almost a hopeless plight. We are a very chivalrous people, and so profoundly do we reverence womankind that at the bidding even of morbid women we permit ourselves to be led into cruel injustice.

Where the Recall Is Unpopular

Is it premature to suggest that perhaps the craziest of all the political contrivances of the New Freedom is falling into disrepute? The question is asked on account of the defeat of the proposition to recall Senator Owens of Contra Costa and Marin counties. Some very interesting news with reference to that recall election has come out of the two counties where it was held. There is for instance the news that the proposition was defeated not because of the esteem in which Senator Owens is held but because of the disesteem with which the recall has come to be regarded. More gratifying still is the news that the proposition was defeated by the women of the two counties. The women took a very active interest in the campaign, and their argument against recalling Owens was that the recall in the abstract was bad in principle. Wouldn't it be an eye-opener for all the world if the women of California redeemed the State from the eccentricities to which it was committed by the Christian Soldiers of the Progressive Party? What tremendous impetus they might give to the suffrage movement everywhere! The consummation is not at all incredible. Women are taking their politics seriously. They are studying the science of government, which is something very few men have taken the trouble to do. Perhaps the enlightened women will soon come to the front and thrust into the background those busybody sisters who have shown a disposition to make a profession of politics and engage in the intrigues of the taxeaters. In view of what happened in Marin and Contra Costa—the defeat not only of the recall but of organized labor—it would seem that maybe it is not well to be sure that what the people did a few years ago is a sign of permanent public sentiment.

The Elliptical Clause

If President Wilson has caused a split in his party and supplied his enemies with unlimited capital it is to his credit that he has bravely fought for the preservation of his country's honor. The moral rights and duties of nations are very much the same in principle as those of individuals, and in the long run with nations as with individuals honesty is the best policy. Now President Wilson is pursuing a course about which there is much bitter controversy, and about which there may be honest difference of opinion, but there is hardly room for question as to this,—that unless we are willing to take his view of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty we should be willing to submit the matter to arbitration. To assert that there are good reasons for not going to the Hague Tribunal; that the question is not a proper question to arbitrate, is manifestly dishonest. Enthusiasm for arbitration originated in this country only a year before the tolls question arose. It was a beautiful scheme that was proposed by Secretary Knox, whereby all disputes between this country and England were without exception to be composed either directly by the two governments or by despatch to the Hague of special plenipotentiaries against whose judgment there would be no appeal. This fruit of the Garden of Paradise has never ripened. From the position assumed at Washington two years ago it would appear that we had taken a one-sided view of the whole business—all the advantages were to be for ourselves and all the disadvantages for our neighbors. Of course it is pretended we have a right to fear that as the issue is one between ourselves and all other peoples the court would be packed against us. But perhaps what we should have much more reason to fear is a literal interpretation of the language of the treaty. "The canal," says the treaty, "shall be open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic." Read in the light of State papers that have been written through the years since the canal was first projected it would appear that the treaty means just what it says, but according to Mr. Wilson's critics it is full of ellipses. The words "all nations observing these rules" are not, according to Mr. Hearst and others equally distinguished for their intellectual honesty, to be construed as including the United States. They argue that as the United States made the rules it must not be presumed to be bound by them. Apparently in their judgment there are two things incompatible—the power to make rules and an obligation of the entity exercising the power to be bound by the rules. In all probability we should lose in this contention before the Hague. It is also argued that in order to get a proper interpretation of the treaty it should be understood that the words "all nations" mean "all other nations." Which is probably the principle reason why we object to arbitration in Europe where the American language is not understood by statesmen.

Patterson and His Admirer

It seems natural enough that Dr. Aked should be excited to rhapsodies over the reformed drunkard, former Governor Patterson of Tennessee, who has joined the Prohibition forces and is now a propagandist of the "horrible example" brand. Patterson has forsworn booze, renounced the Demon and all his jags, abjured alcohol and all the insidious concoctions of which it is an ingredient, but the maudlin effects are still visible in his parts of speech. Patterson is a man of perfervid rhetoric. He talks of having felt the 'foul and stealthly blow" of the Demon, that turned upon him "in its deadly and shaming wrath." And Dr. Aked quotes him with great gusto. He appears to be a man after Aked's own heart. According to this veracious authority Patterson swore off after a debauch which ended in his arrest and disgrace, and since then he has "consecrated his life to the destruction of the foe that all but destroyed him." Patterson's own testimony is that "deep in humiliation" he perceived that the "oft-repeated phrase of the power of the human will to resist temptation is as unsubstantial as the fabric of a dream." In other words, this great man who has won the admiration of that other great man of the Examiner

staff, waking one day to realization of the fact that he was so constituted that he could not touch liquor without making a beast of himself formed the self-exculpating conclusion that he was no weaker than the majority of men. Further, as it was not to his interest to incur the danger of arrest and disgrace he concluded that it was advisable to become an itinerant teetotaler and a shrieking house-top penitent. "Is the man sincere?" The question is Dr. Aked's. "Will he hold out?" Dr. Aked asks. For his own sake, we hope not. There are worse men than drunkards in the world; and the man who says right out before everybody, as does Mr. Patterson, that he can testify from his own experience "to the miraculous power of God to cleanse the souls of men," we should be more fearful of meeting on a lonely road in the dark of the moon than a whole troop of the Demon's disciples loaded to the guards.

Our Art Critics

Nothing is more remarkable than the growth of the esthetic temperament in the American mind. Critics of art in its variety are to be met everywhere. Most of them are didactic, cocksure persons who will take any art as their theme and descant upon it as if they had a prescriptive right in it. If a man employs an architect of genius to build a house and it shows some originality of design you will be amazed at the number of persons you hear pronounce it "a monstrosity." Especially you will be amazed at the unanimity of opinion on minor details that escaped your attention. There is one hypothesis on which to account for this unanimity—that nearly all the critics got their views at second, third or fourth hand. Goldsmith supplied a very simple recipe for establishing a reputation as an art critic—praise the works of Pietro Perugini. Nowadays the formula is to find fault with some particular artist or work of art, for the critic is no longer a person with a special and peculiar gift of appreciation. Thus if you wish to acquire a reputation as a critic of the vocal art affirm that Melba would be great were it not for the unsympathetic quality of her voice, or assert that though John McCormack sings Irish songs well he has not had sufficient cultivation to sing a grand opera aria. But to maintain your reputation you should be careful never to discuss the art of song with an expert therein. It is well in posing as a critic of any art to avoid assuming the pose in company where there is any knowledge of the art. This is a precaution that some of our chautalkative critics never take, and as a consequence theirs is the kind of criticism that Thackeray satirized. The club woman who has acquired a little literary knowledge and would make it a matter of class distinction is the most reckless of critics. You hear her episcopating in a street car, copiously vindicating her vacuum. With just brains enough to be futile, she isn't aware of the fact that every art has its elements and essentials and that unless you know something of them you cannot discuss an art without giving yourself away. But there is no harm done by the queens of Philistia, and perhaps their pretensions are a sign of a praiseworthy passion for an insight that some day they may acquire.

The Secret Room

By George Sterling

No sun therein, no beam of star,
Hath use a little in its air;
No hand hath found the hidden bar,
Nor footfall hurt the silence there.

The room is lost, the door is sealed,
The sword upon the wall is rust;
The rayless lamp hangs unrevealed
To midnight and the accepted dust.

No hand remains that holds the key,
Nor is there any sign to tell
Who dreamt therein what could not be,
Nor what the exiled dream befell,

Save that a dead rose evermore
Is parted from the twilight's tears—
Whose petals on the estranging floor
Grow dimmer with the tacit years.

April, 1914.

Perspective Impressions

The next step will be to expurgate the chanteys.

Sarah Bernhardt is coming over for another farewell tour. She's getting as bad as Patti.

Bill Bryan has tired of grape juice, but Josephus Daniels is relaying him.

If you can't eat a chocolate Easter egg you're really getting old.

You can find lots of fossils down Los Angeles way without digging in La Brea tar beds.

Daniels' idea is that the marine should be ultramarine.

Some people didn't know it was Lent till they saw the Easter bonnets.

An Illinois judge has decided only one case in twenty-one years. Must make some of our incumbents envious to read that.

Hint to baseball reporters: To inject originality into your articles say that a ball player who shows stupidity has a head of solid ivory.

Hostesses in the habit of entertaining naval officers will now double their orders at the wine merchants'.

Senator James Hamilton Lewis has been lauding Mr. Hearst to beat the band. Now it's Ashearst's turn again.

"The morals of colleges have awakened," says Dr. Williams. Yet but a short time ago no professor would admit that they were asleep.

Some profess to see a significant symbolism in that picture of Mayor Rolph at the throttle of a donkey engine.

If you don't like Underwood you certainly feel grateful to him for having saved the Senate from that monumental ass "Hero" Hobson

The hired apostles of Prohibition are foregathering in California, and apparently the columns of the Examiner are open to them. How long will they remain open?

So John D. Rockefeller is one of the principal owners of the Colorado Iron and Fuel Company. Too bad, but the old boy will square himself with another secret contribution to the Prohibition fund with which greedy preachers are lining their pockets.

Varied Types

CLXXII—P. H. McCARTHY

By Edward F. O'Day

"Organized labor in California," says P. H. McCarthy, "is getting stronger and more conservative."

McCarthy ought to know, for there are fifty-five thousand workers in the State Building Trades Council which he heads.

McCarthy is getting more conservative too. So at least it seems to one after a chat with him. He talks better than he used to. He always had the gift of the gab, but he impresses one as calmer and keener than of yore. There is more breadth to him. It is not so easy now to get his views of men. He prefers to talk of measures. But he's the same old hard hitter when you manage to get him started.

I should say offhand that McCarthy's service on the Board of Directors of the World's Fair has done him a lot of good. It has brought him in contact, as never before, not even when he was Mayor, with the conservative forces of the community. He started on common ground with these men, to be sure. All the World's Fair men are striving for the good of San Francisco. But in the inevitable clash of wills these men have done McCarthy good.

McCarthy has done them good too, I'll be bound. Ask them about him. They don't talk of him as an ogre any more. They praise him highly and sincerely. They confess that they couldn't have gotten along without him. He promised at the start that there would be no labor difficulties on the Fair grounds. There haven't been any. Several times they have been narrowly averted, and McCarthy was the averter in every instance. The general public doesn't know this. But then, a lot of things have happened inside that Exposition fence of which the general public, for its peace of mind, has been kept in ignorance.

McCarthy won't talk much about his Exposition work. But he said one thing worth repeating:

"If it hadn't been for the Exposition work during the past sixteen months, San Francisco would have had a very hard time. There would have been an enormous number of men out of work. Mark you, the membership of our unions has not increased a great deal since the Exposition work began. The Board of Directors had no design of excluding outsiders, but local men have done the bulk of the work. And the outsiders have been drawn largely from the transbay regions. The millions that have been spent for labor have gone to men who have families in San Francisco and the nearby cities."

Turning from the World's Fair to San Francisco in general, McCarthy was more communicative. In two years of private life he has had lots of time for observation and what he has seen has given him, he says, "plenty of food for thought."

"What Barnum said of the American people is true of the people of San Francisco," he says. "They like to be fooled. Those who laid the blows against me three years ago seem to be of the opinion too. I have tried at times to understand some of the things that have been done here during the past two years. Even by throwing myself into the craziest frame of mind possible I have not succeeded. They are beyond me.

"The people were told by the gentlemen who opposed my re-election that my defeat would mean untold millions of dollars and thousands of new settlers for San Francisco. One speaker, I recall, declared that if Mr. Rolph were elected in September ninety per cent of the vacant flats would be rented before the first of the year. There are still quite a number of vacant flats.

"Despite these and other glittering promises they had rather a hard time beating McCarthy. They spent a million and three-quarters in that campaign. It has been estimated that thirty-six hundred men worked against me. Hundreds of them received ten dollars a day for traducing me on the streets, in the cars, in saloons. Between sixteen and eighteen thousand were registered who had no right to vote. There was a registration booth near the Ferry for the convenience of commuters. We arrested two of them for voting, if you remember. But when I asked that the roll be purged the reply was that there was no money available. The police captains were all switched twelve days before the election. And the count of votes was peculiar. When a ballot is handled nineteen times instead of once, as the law commands, some strange things can happen. My opponents lost a great deal of money betting that I wouldn't poll fourteen thousand votes. But in spite of it all I got twenty-seven thousand."

Terkelson and Henry photo.

P. H. McCARTHY

Some of these latter statements are undeniably true. Others are not so acceptable. But there is no doubt that McCarthy believes them all. Despite his growing conservatism it is still possible for McCarthy's admirers to convince him that the enormous sum of a million and three-quarters were spent to compass his defeat. Rolph didn't cost his backers anywhere near that sum.

"What has been done? What is the condition of the city formerly held back by McCarthy, the labor agitator? Well," continued McCarthy, "I remember that two years ago a number of speeches were made to the good people of Ingleside who had no water. A day of oratory was devoted to telling them how quickly they were going to get that water. They haven't got it yet.

"In the matter of morals San Francisco is worse off than ever. Is the Barbary Coast closed? I hear they are selling near-beer down there that contains about fourteen per cent of alcohol.

"The Municipal Clinic is closed, there's no doubt about that. Every crook in town, every man making a dollar off lewd women, fought it. I was for the Clinic. I stood with Father Weyman for the regulation of vice. The man who thinks you can wipe out prostitution as you wipe a slate with a sponge is wrong in the head.

"There were no streetwalkers in San Francisco when McCarthy was Mayor. Look at the streets now.

"The scandalizers, the people of evil mind, took my statement about making this city the 'Paris of America' and put their own vile construction on it. The cultured traveler doesn't go to Paris to find wickedness; he goes there to enjoy pictures, statues, fine architecture, beautiful boulevards and parks. I wanted to attract that traveler to San Francisco; but my intention was misrepresented.

"There was no reason why I should be misunderstood. I always spoke straight out. And I never sidestepped. I was for women's suffrage, and said so during my campaign. What did Mr. Rolph do? He sidestepped the question.

"I have not been a trimmer in politics. I have no use for the trimmer. The trimmer doesn't succeed very long. The people get on to him. It is impossible to be everybody's man. If you carry water on both shoulders you can't go very far. You know what Lincoln said about fooling the people. The trimmer is always trimmed.

"I am not impressed with the value of the handshake as a political asset. The glad hand has seen its best days. A tired wrist is no indication of success. As a political institution the handshake has lost its usefulness.

"Not all our politicians realize this. While they do not manage to fool the people, they manage to fool themselves. I suppose a phrenologist could explain why this is so. There is always the chance that the man in power will be swayed by continual contact with designing persons who have selfish motives for directing his mind along certain lines. The strong man is not going to be swayed. But let us charitably remember that human nature is weak at best.

"Some people advocate the recall as a cure for municipal ills. I don't believe in it and would not assist a recall movement. The recall is not an effective weapon, and it is not a fair test of political strength. It is apt to be a tool of evil. You can't legislate men honest. There are many other ways of curbing dishonest or incompetent officials."

"Have you ever joined a woman's auxiliary?" I asked, thinking of Mayor Rolph's recent initiation in the Degree of Pocahontas, the women's auxiliary of the Red Men.

"The only woman's society I belong to is Mrs. McCarthy's," said P. H.

He took out his watch and showed me a picture of the other members, five fine looking youngsters.

Who's Who Hereabouts

V—ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN

It is one of the paradoxes of life that a man may be at once eminent and inconspicuous. In quest of an illustration let us quit for a brief space the world of baffled purpose where men love and hunger and desire; let us turn from the turmoil of politics, from the ravening spectacle of sordid and futile strife, from the life that is hardly less sad than Golgotha and quite as mad as Bedlam; in short let us go to church. Rather let us go to a particular church; for to be sure every church is not an image of the rest and hope we expect to find at the end of a life of trouble and sorrow and hardship. Nor in all churches is he to be found—the man who is at once inconspicuous and eminent. Indeed it is in church that the self-made nonentity rises to prominence. Church has come to be the name of a house where man is adored for his ability to set his fellow-creatures by the ears. To some of our churches people go to hear pounding pulpiteers quarreling with God over the sorry scheme of things. Here may be found a clergyman roaring his head off about political and economic questions. Around the corner you may behold the divine who hates the sinner more than he hates the sin, sweating over the construction of sentences that sear and burn. Nearby is the fashionable congregation deeply interested in the preacher who would make a triumphal chariot out of his pulpit and adjust it to the wheels that he breaks butterflies on. It is not to any of these churches we would go; for the subject of this sketch is one of the mildest mannered of men, the very incarnation of calm, dispassionate scholarship. He is the representative of a church that never gets excited about world movements. Knowing that controversies are ephemeral and that the new ideas of today are consigned to the scrapheap of tomorrow, this church is incurious of the novelties of a controversial age. It is content to inculcate a morality that pervades and purifies, to succor the needy, soothe the sorrows of men and to demand a piety which is vindicated not by diatribes against sinners and demands for the abolition of temptations but by a devout life resplendent with good deeds. This church was founded two thousand years ago, and its representative, the eminent yet inconspicuous personality to whom special attention is being called on this page is a member of a very old nobility. The man is Archbishop Patrick W. Riordan. His title has come down through the centuries. Though there is no mention of an archbishop before the Council of Nice, yet that council speaks of the eccelesiastical dignity as having been long established, and it is believed to be of apostolic institution. Through all the years of its existence the principal duty of the men raised to this dignity has been the promotion of morality, charity and education. To this duty Archbishop Riordan has devoted himself ever since he came to this city thirty years ago. It is a duty to which a man may consecrate his talents without making much noise. You don't often hear of Archbishop Riordan. As he takes no interest in newspaper crusades, and is concerned with the things of his immediate neighborhood rather than with the care of the universe his picture rarely appears in the public prints. But the results of his labors are apparent enough. Monuments to his holy zeal and human sympathy are mighty conspicuous not only in San Francisco but in many cities of the State. The record of his services to humanity is writ in symbols large and luminous, chapters of it are inscribed in many hearts, but of the man himself, the personality representing here in California the pontiff whose brow is encircled with the papal tiara,—of him what do we know? Is he a personage hard to approach? It all depends on what you approach him about. If it is to interest him in a case that might appeal to human sympathy he is very easily approached. A man of the very tenderest sensibilities, in him personality and strength are conspicuously present. A priest of innate dignity, he is also a man of princely suavity. A scholar in the exact sense of the word, he exhibits the rare combination of the spiritual and practical man. Above all things a great administrator, he is by no means disunited from fellowship with the drab things of today. Though concerned chiefly with the things of the spirit, he has led a life of incredible toil. He has built up a great organization, he has founded many institutions, the diocese has expanded and grown under his supervision, and today it is one of the most important in the United States.

The Catholic Church of this diocese is an institution of many branches. Its houses of worship are but a fraction of the whole. Not more ardent in its definite spiritual purpose than in the practical work of ameliorating the hard lot of the poor, it is a great engine of civilization, a vast apparatus of social, educational and charitable activities. Its forces are much greater than its army of priests. There are hospitals, colleges, convents, parochial schools, societies for the promotion of morality and for the distribution of charity, all under the supervision of the Archbishop. Where is there another man hereabouts with the responsibilities that rest on Archbishop Riordan? He is certainly a very busy man. He is in touch with every institution connected with the church, with every priest of the diocese. Every charitable enterprise is directed by him. And what a lot of charitable work is done by the Catholic Church through its Humane Bureau, its Sisters of Charity and its Little Sisters of the Poor! Every priest is at once a physician and an almoner, ever ready to guide, to soothe, and when necessary to rebuke, shrinking from no aspect of misery however repulsive, nor from the most loathsome forms of guilt from which a soul may be reclaimed. Here is a church with a most diffusive influence, and it never complains of empty pews. It takes no interest in the buzz and frothy simmering ferment of the general mind, but wherever its ministers are busy in our midst or vicinage we see that God is visibly acting in His world.

Archbishop Riordan's pet institution, 'tis said, is the Theological Seminary in San Mateo which he founded, but if so it certainly does not receive any more of his attention than any of the other institutions which owe their existence to him. He takes a very deep interest in the affairs of the Humane Bureau, and he is proud of the Newman Club which was established for the benefit of Catholic students at the State University. The organization of a similar club he recently started at the State Normal School in San Jose. He takes more than a casual interest in the agricultural farm for boys at Rutherford in Napa county, but perhaps there is nothing which more deeply concerns him than the cause of religious education. One of the most notable of his achievements as the head of the Catholic church in California was the prosecution of the claim against Mexico growing out of the confiscation of what is known as the Pius Fund which was created for the spread of religion in the Californias. The case involving that claim was the first ever tried before the Hague Tribunal. The Archbishop, represented by Mr. Garret W. McEnerney, obtained an award of $1,400,000; also an annual allowance in perpetuity of $42,000. A notable instance of the foresight of the Archbishop was the founding of Holy Cross Cemetery, the first of the cemeteries in San Mateo county. When it was first opened the hack drivers of the city formed a trust and established a rate of $20 for each carriage engaged for a funeral. The Archbishop quickly broke up this combination by inducing the Southern Pacific Company to put on what is known as the funeral train.

Archbishop Riordan was born in New Brunswick, August 27, 1841. His boyhood was spent in Chicago. As a boy he saw the first railroad train that entered that city. He was educated at Notre Dame University in Indiana and also at the University of Louvain in Belgium from which he was graduated in 1864. For a time he was a professor of theology in the Seminary of St. Mary's of the Lake, and he was a parish priest in Chicago. He was created Archbishop of this diocese in December, 1884. He was the personal choice of Archbishop Alemany who went to Rome to request the appointment of a coadjutor. While there Archbishop Alemany heard of a priest who had been very highly recommended, and for whose services as Archbishop two cities of the South had made application. This priest was the man appointed at Archbishop Alemany's request. Archbishop Riordan came to San Francisco on a special car presented by Chicago friends. The train reached Ogden very early one morning, and as it steamed into the depot, much to Archbishop Riordan's astonishment, there was Archbishop Alemany waiting for him. Archbishop Riordan expressed his astonishment, and the venerable Spanish ecclesiastic smiled and said: "It is the custom in my countrty for the native prince to receive visitors on the borders of his dominions."

Archbishop Riordan came to San Francisco as a rare and strange portent, not to be readily classified. Even the priests of the church couldn't make him out. Some of them haven't made him out to this day. But he soon made his influence

(Continued on Page 14.)

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A Bet On The Ledger

By Veritas

I shall never forget the Leger of 187— as long as I live. I was only a girl of eighteen at the time; now I am a woman of—never mind how many years. And the events of that memorable Doncaster are still as vivid in my memory as if they had happened yesterday. It was the first time my father had ever taken me to a race meeting, inveterate habitue of such gatherings though he himself was. But there was no one just then in London with whom he could conveniently leave me, and as I could not very well remain alone in the hotel which was then our temporary home, he decided that I should accompany him. I was delighted when he told me this. I have always been devoted to horses ever since I could toddle, and the sporting instinct—inherited, no doubt, from my father and grandfather, who between them have managed to dissipate most of the family property on the turf—was strong within me. But if I had known what was going to happen on that fatal Wednesday, ——. However, I must not anticipate.

We went down on the Monday to spend the week with Sir Daniel Lauder at his old place Lauderdale Abbey, situate within a few miles of Doncaster. Sir Daniel, an intimate turf acquaintance of father's, was entertaining a large party for the races—most of them rather distinguished people; for Sir Daniel, being not only a man of old family, but also extremely rich, was a person very much cultivated by the smartest people. Nor was it, you may be sure, anything against him that, though nearer fifty than forty, he was still bachelor.

In appearance he was tall and well set-up, with face rather distinguished than handsome, a firm, somewhat grim mouth, and a square, determined chin. He had dark penetrating eyes, which he had a habit of fixing on me, and I dare say upon others also, in a way that often made one feel uncomfortable. Yes! There was something in his look—well, I can't exactly explain, but the effect of it was to rouse in my girlish bosom a vague sense of mingled fear and dislike.

This sense was increased, rather than diminished by something else which I could not help noticing in the respective attitudes of my father and Sir Daniel towards each other. It seemed as if my father were, for some reason, afraid of Sir Daniel, and Sir Daniel had some sort of hold over my father. There was nothing exactly definite which I could lay hold upon to account for this impression. Probably it was based upon intuition rather than inference. All our sex, as is well known, are far more susceptible to these intuitive impressions than are men, and it is very seldom that they go far astray. So, though I could not have quoted chapter and verse for what I felt about the relations between Sir Daniel and father, I had little doubt but that those feelings rested upon a solid foundation.

However, it must not be supposed that at my age and with so many novel amusements at Lauderdale Abbey to attract me I was brooding over, or most, of the time on these disquieting thoughts. On the contrary, I flung myself into the delights of the occasion with girlish zest and enjoyed myself—especially at the races—immensely. As I have said, the inherited sporting instinct was strong within me, and the pleasure of seeing for the first time really high-class animals run in a big event, as I saw them in the Leger, gave me a thrill of delight impossible to describe.

The finish was most exciting. It made my heart beat so that I thought I should suffocate. It had resolved itself into a duel between Filix Mas, the favorite, and a rank outsider named Dinna Despair; and what made it still more exciting for me was the fact that Dinna Despair was owned by Captain Postlethwaite of the Blues, a personal friend of mine, in whom I was much interested. I was naturally therefore not a little elated when the outsider, after a ding-dong finish, got home in front of the favorite by a short head.

Evidently the victory was not popular, for the hoisting of Dinna Despair's number, instead of being greeted with that Yorkshire roar of which I had heard so much, was received in dead silence.

"The people don't seem pleased, daddy," said I, turning to my father who was standing next me. I saw that his face had gone as white as a sheet. "Why, what's the matter, daddy dear?" I cried in alarm.

"Oh, nothing," he said evasively.

But I was quite sure that something, and something very bad, was the matter all the same. It was easy to guess what that something was too. No doubt father had plunged—he had a fatal habit of plunging—on the favorite and had lost a pot of money.

"Daddy, I see what it is!" I exclaimed sympathetically, laying my hand upon his arm. "You had backed Filix Mas?"

He nodded.

"Have—have—you lost much, daddy?" I asked anxiously.

"All I have in the world and more," he groaned. "I had made sure of bringing off a real good thing this journey and now—"

But at that moment Sir Daniel Lauder joined us, so my father did not complete his sentence.

Sir Daniel, who looked very well pleased with himself, suggested a stroll in the paddock, and father and I accompanied him thither. I heard a good deal of turf jargon going on there which I didn't quite understand, also some strong language not altogether fit for feminine ears. It appeared that other people besides father had been badly hit by Dinna Despair's victory over Filix Mas, and there was a good bit of grumbling and cursing and muttered allusions to in-and-out running. Had they known Captain Postlethwaite as well as I knew him they would never have hinted the ridiculous nonsense they did, for I was perfectly certain a straighter man never breathed. But there! One must make allowances for men who are still sore and bruised from a smashing facer.

We returned to London on the Saturday. I felt awfully miserable about father. He looked so broken and wretched. But when I tried to condole with him over his losses he always turned the conversation into other channels. Evidently the subject was one which he did not care to discuss. It was like probing a raw wound every time one referred to it.

And now I must came to the events of that ever-memorable Monday—the Monday following the Leger—a black Monday that year, I am afraid, for a good many people; but blackest of all for me and father. It was just after luncheon. We were sitting in our private room at the hotel, father smoking and pretending to read the paper, and I engaged in cutting out a blouse, or rather a Garibaldi, as the prototype of the modern blouse was then called. It was easy to see that father was in the bluest depths of the blues, and somehow I myself felt strangely depressed with the vague, yet sure, foreboding of disaster close at hand. One of the waiters threw open the door and announced: "Sir Daniel Lauder."

Sir Daniel entered, bowing to me and shaking hands with father. There was an odd, determined sort of look on his strong face that made me feel more than ever afraid of him. He seated himself in the best armchair in the room with the air of one to whom the place belonged, then addressing father in a clear, resolute voice, he said: "I wish to have a serious talk with you, Danvers."

At that I rose to leave the room but Sir Daniel, turning to me, said:

"Pray do not go, Miss Danvers. What I have to say concerns you equally as much as your father, and I should much prefer that you remain and hear it."

So I sat down again, wondering what Sir Daniel meant and feeling more afraid of him than ever. I noticed that father avoided looking at me and that his face wore an expression of mingled shame and despair.

"What I have to say, my dear Danvers," continued Sir Daniel, in his clear, incisive voice that somehow suggested to me the edge of a peculiarly sharp razor, "will not come as a surprise to you, in view of the conversation we had last Wednesday evening. I presume it is scarcely necessary for me to ask you whether you remember what passed between us on that occasion?"

Father groaned and made a feeble, despairing movement with his right hand as if signifying by the gesture that he remembered only too well. Sir Daniel's glance took an expression of something between triumph and contempt (for which I hated him) as he went on in the same even, steely voice:

"It will be within your recollection, my dear Danvers, that I then told you plainly that I should expect you to pay me the £10,000 which you lost to me over the Leger by noon on settling day; and as that hour has already gone by and I have not received your cheque—although I gave you my address in town to which you were to send it—I suppose I am to infer that you are unable to find the money. Perhaps you will kindly correct me if I am wrong in this inference?"

"I cannot pay you today, Lauder," answered my father hoarsely, "but if you will give me time—"

"Pardon me, my dear Danvers," interposed Sir Daniel with a cold, merciless smile for which I hated him more than ever, "but I made it perfectly clear to you at our last interview that I could not possibly entertain any such suggestion. And from what I said then I will not budge one iota. Either you must pay me my £10,000 or it will be my painful duty to have you posted as a defaulter—or, well, you are aware that there is a third alternative by which you can still save your honor without paying me the money. Shall I take it upon myself to specify what that alter-

(Continued on Page 20.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Poems About San Francisco

CXL—THE LOST CITY

By Frank C. Drew

(Frank Drew is a lawyer, not a poet; and as he doesn't claim the transfiguring influence of the divine afflatus, we don't have to appraise his versicular effort by the hard and fast rules we apply to the Sterlings and the Coolbriths. These lines will recall the Midwinter Fair to San Franciscans whose memory goes back that far. They were written eighteen years ago. Drew has practiced a lot of law since then—and written not a few verses. Those who have read the lyrics in the comic opera he wrote with Eugene E. Schmitz declare that Drew has a greater facility than Joe Redding showed in "Natoma.")

A City once with spires and towers
  And music, song and mirth and flowers,
Where all the nations of the world,
  Within its walls, with flags unfurled,
Passed to and fro;
  Today no spire nor tower remains
Of all its structures, streets and fanes;
  And where are all who thronged its ways
In those bright past midwinter days
  So long ago?

The Turk, Hindoo and Esquimaux,
  The dancing girl, Hawaiian beau,
The minstrel with his southern lays,
  The electric tower and mystic maze
Have had their day.
  And Pharoah's daughter, sweet and fair,
Has vanished hence with old Roltair,
  The Haunted Swing, Midway Plaisance
And girls from Greece and Sunny France
  Are all away.

Mechanics Building, Hall and Towers,
  The joy and song of those bright hours
Are faint remembered like a dream
  That leaves behind it but a gleam
Of days long past.
  The weeds now grow where fountains played
And rankle where Belle Baya strayed.
  Of each enchantment thus bereft,
A memory's all of it that's left
  With us to last.

The Spectator

A Cinch Ordinance Knocked Out

It appears that the Founders, those backnumber mossbacks of the Revolutionary period who gave us the miserable contrivance known as the Constitution, are still doing business at the old stand. The news comes from Washington where the Supreme Court, still blindly committed to the primitive "rule of reason," decided the other day that the principle of the new kind of squatter sovereignty is not always entitled to respect. The decision is of local interest inasmuch as it relates to an amendment to our Constitution, a fine specimen of the handiwork of some of our exceedingly Progressive statesmen who preen themselves on their facility in law-making. The case in which the decision was rendered had its origin in Los Angeles where the councilmen presumed to ruin the Economic Gas Company. The courts of the State upheld the councilmen by virtue of the Constitutional amendment, and Attorney Garret W. McEnerney then took charge of the case, carried it to Washington on a writ of error, and got the decision which asserts the right of the public service corporations to live notwithstanding the ordinance and the Constitutional amendment.

Reed's Back-Action Amendment

The decision of the Supreme Court is to the effect that the Los Angeles ordinance impairs the obligation of a contract, and therefore under the Constitution of the United States is invalid. Three years ago Charles Wesley Reed and several members of the Legislature were bitten with dissatisfaction with the Constitution of the State. They deemed it advisable to enlarge the powers of municipal authorities and make it easier for cities to acquire public utilities. Also, they wished to limit the rights of public service corporations. What particularly displeased them was that section of the Constitution which provides that any person who wished to supply a municipality with artificial light or water might do so without getting a franchise. The purpose of this section was to prevent public service corporations from maintaining monopolies. It was aimed chiefly at the Spring Valley monopoly in this city. Reed and his associates were of the opinion that this section was futile. They decided to improve on it, but being quick-fire statesmen it never occurred to them that remedies should be carefully scrutinized, weighed and analyzed lest the antidote prove more deadly than the poison. This is something, which, judging from the statesmanship of this era, is not to be learned in the Progressive school. Nearly all our contemporary statesmen are just as heady and cocksure as Charles Wesley. They make laws with the same facility with which children blow bubbles. Reed drafted an amendment by which the common council of Los Angeles could put a public service corporation out of business. Under his amendment as interpreted down South a water company or gas company had to get a new franchise every time it wished to extend its system to serve new customers. Witness the contradictory consequences. The Economic Gas Company of Los Angeles was denied permission to complete its system, and our Supreme Court upheld the action of the council. Then came some folk in this city who were without water, and they brought suit to compel the Spring Valley Company to lay the necessary pipes. Under the decision in the Los Angeles case the courts have held that as the company has not obtained the necessary franchise it cannot be compelled to perform the function which it agreed to perform under its original franchise. Thus we see what a Reed can do at a time when the people are in a mood to be led by the nose by half-witted reformers.

The Hold-Up

Reed's amendment, as may be readily seen, revived the very situation which the framers of the Constitution had regarded as abhorrent; that is, he put the local authorities once more within the reach of temptation and made boodling an aid to the success of public service corporations. Yet Mr. Reed is one of the solemnest and holiest of reformers. Wouldn't touch a tainted nickel in a thousand years. Nothing wrong with him but his principles. Now I am not prepared to say that the Economic Gas Company of Los Angeles is for the moment as impeccable as our reformed water company, but the fact is it was held up in a manner that years ago would have been regarded with suspicion. The company had obtained a franchise to supply the people of Los Angeles with gas. It invested a large sum of money in a generating plant with a capacity large enough to supply a very large area. It then laid pipes and conduits over part of the area, and about the time it was ready to go ahead and complete its system the Constitutional amendment was adopted. Thereupon the city council decided that the company should not be permitted to com-

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plete the system except on condition that it pay one-half of the net profits in the remaining district into the public treasury. In other words, the company was called upon to apply for a new franchise on terms dictated by the authorities. If these terms were accepted the company would lose two thousand dollars a month. This was corporation smashing with a vengeance. In his argument before the Supreme Court Attorney McEnerney pointed out not only the injustice but the absurdity of the city's position. He said that while the State may radically change a given policy it cannot do so at the expense of private individuals who in good faith have endeavored to carry out their enterprises under the original policy. Otherwise the Constitutional guarantees would lose their meaning and property rights be at the mercy of popular whim. Further it might not be to the interest of a city to take the position that was taken in Los Angeles, since the principle meant the abrogating of control by the city over public service corporations. If a franchise to supply a city is but a partial grant then a company cannot be compelled by mandamus to complete its system or to supply people in need of service. According to the decision a franchise not only confers a privilege but imposes an obligation, and both are of considerable importance.

The "Indiana Push"

For years Stanford has been dominated by a group of men brought out to California by Dr. David Starr Jordan, and known from the section which produced them as the "Indiana push." They were poorly selected, most of them of mere high school calibre, and knowing that they could not possibly get similar positions any place else, they have spent most of their energy holding onto their jobs. For years they have had the younger and more progressive members of the faculty thoroughly cowed. This is a situation with which the alumni of Stanford are well acquainted, although loyalty to their Alma Mater has prevented most of them from discussing it.

Stanford's New Policy

The trustees have now initiated a new policy. In pursuance thereof they are giving deserving men pay according to their rank. A secret classification of the faculty was made according to their standing, which was impartially fixed. The titles of the present professors were not altered. But for the purposes of salary they were regrouped. A new rule giving a minimum salary respectively to full, associate and assistant professors, with a bonus for those of extraordinary merit, was then applied to the new classification. Not a single member of the "Indiana push" gets an extra dollar, so their status, as impartially fixed, may be imagined. Men promoted through favoritism or in lieu of increased salary during the Jordan regime, will be allowed to hang on until retired. When this new policy was put into effect a howl went up. The "Indiana push" held secret meetings and chattered and plotted. They could do nothing, however. Then came another blow. They were made to work. One of them, the head of one of the biological departments, had arranged to give no lectures at all but merely to "supervise" his department. He now has to lecture the minimum of seven hours a week.

More Changes in Prospect

It may safely be said that when Dr. Branner retires next year a president will be appointed who will make some more important reversals in policy. Among other things, the number of students will be limited, and instead of raising the entrance requirements, each applicant will have to show a satisfactory character. Preference will be given to poor students, as Stanford has none of the heavy fees and charges that largely support the big Eastern colleges. At the end of the freshman year, the number of students will be arbitrarily cut down, those passing but not selected to be given full credits to enter other colleges. Another important change will be the doing away with expensive courses for the special preparation of teachers which can be better done in other places. The departments of German, Latin, Greek, French, etc., will be made departments of general culture without specialization.

The Mayor Is Worried

Ever since "The Missionites" organized Mayor Rolph has been worried. When the Mayor read in Town Talk (for the Mayor reads his Town Talk as regularly as Dr. Aked does) that "The Missionites" had incorporated for the pursuit of politics "as distinguished from the betterment of hypocritical politicians" and for the furtherance of the Mission's welfare by proving to the rest of the city that the Mission is not full of "claimers" and "trimmers," he conceived the not unnatural suspicion that the organization was not friendly to him. He has been trying ever since to learn all that can be learned about its aims and its personnel. As his knowledge increases his worried look takes on a heavier cast of anxiety. No doubt the Mayor has heard, as I have heard, that a number of municipal office holders, elected and appointed, have applied for admission and that the roll is growing long and imposing. Every time the Mayor meets a resident of the Mission he brings up the subject of "The Missionites." A great deal of what he hears is far from encouraging. The heyday of his popularity in the Mission has passed.

The Prohibition Crusade

The hired agitators of the Prohibition propaganda are now foregathering in our midst, and some of them are already on the bema shrieking against the liquor evil and calling on California to submerge itself in the wave of frenzy that is sweeping over the South. Poor old California! It has not been tormented enough by its own demented citizens. Now it must listen to the vaporings of a lot of superheated and inspired bigots sent to us from other States to appeal to ignorance and intolerance with a view to aggravating our burdens. They are a pretty tough lot, these propagandists of Prohibition; direct descendants most of them of the witch-burners of other days; cheap politicians who have run their course in public office, braying preachers who mirror the heavens in their eyes, and embrace a cause for what there is in it. These hired invaders are going to make a lot of trouble all over this State. For there is not one among them with a squeamish conscience, as their record in other States conclusively proves. What they hope to win by is hysteria; and the methods they employ to afflict a community are far from conducive to good feeling. Naturally there will be opposition to the crusade, for it threatens not only to revolutionize economic conditions but to impoverish thousands of families. In sections where hops and grapes are grown and where wines are manufactured there will certainly be manifestations of the profoundest resentment. Men are not going to sit idly by while the incendiary agents of a politico-religious organization, affecting to be concerned for the welfare of mankind, are trying to start a disastrous conflagration. The incendiaries will find that the reception they get in California, a State that prides itself on its wine industry, is not precisely of the character of the receptions they experienced elsewhere.

A Rockefeller Tool

The Anti-Saloon League which is financing the crusade in California was organized in Ohio by the political agents of that incredible personality John D. Rockefeller. It was organized to crush Attorney-General Frank Monnett who had prosecuted the Standard Oil Company under the anti-trust law of the State, procuring its expulsion. Monnett was running for Governor, and the Anti-Saloon League was organized to create a diversion. Monnett was beaten. Rockefeller being satisfied with the political value of the new tool has been supporting it ever since. In whatever State he has obtained an industrial foothold, his Anti-Saloon League becomes active. Also, it becomes powerful because it puts money into the pockets of the greedy preachers who turn their churches into forums and use the League as a support to any particular scheme in which they are interested. In some States it has proved an excellent aid in the promotion of religious bigotry. According to William Marion Reedy, the able editor of the Mirror of St. Louis, the crusaders "have not hesitated to enter into an alliance with oppressive economic factors (forces far more odious and burdensome than the

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abuses of the liquor traffic ever were), in order to procure a majority with which to abridge the natural freedom of the minority." He also says: "Among their leaders are notorious lobbyists for the railroads, the schoolbook trust and other special interests," and he adds: "These scalawags gain absolution and the odor of sanctity—without abandoning their anti-democratic practices—merely by affiliating with the preachers who seek to impose their version of ecclesiastical law upon a secular State, and with the paid agents of the organization which owes its birth to Rockefeller's need of a weapon with which to punish an honest attorney-general."

The Liquor Fight

"Will you have a drink?" asked the man who winds the ferry clock.

It was the first time he ever asked me, and before I could find words of declination we were resting a foot apiece on the brass rail.

"I'm thirsty," he explained as he drained a long lager; "thirsty and disgusted. I've been out to the Y. M. C. A. to hear this reformed drunk Patterson give the demon hell. The extank from Tennessee is a better talker than Joe Dwyer, but not in the same class with the Governor. He handed out a hot line of talk, and I could see that the nice boys of the Y. M. C. A. just ate it up. He quoted Lincoln about a nation half slave and half free, and went on to say that this country can't exist half sober and half drunk. You ought to see how the Y. M. C. A. chappies swallowed that. They took it as an honest-to-goodness argument for Prohibition. After the reclaimed booze fighter got through they started to sing hymns, so I escaped."

Raising Money

"Set 'em up again, Bill," said the philosopher of the Embarcadero.

"I want to show you," he continued, turning to me, "the niftiest little scheme for raising money I ever did see. When I was leaving the Y. M. C. A. they handed me this."

The ferry clock winder passed over a card with a little pencil nicely sharpened attached to the top of it. "The Anti-Saloon League of America Campaign for National Prohibition" was the heading. Underneath in attractive red and blue type was a scale of sums ranging from one thousand to one dollar a month with a blank column to mark a cross in. Alongside was a pledge to subscribe the monthly sum designated for the furtherance of the cause. Below was a space for name, address, church and date; also the information that part of the subscription would pay for the New Republic and the American Patriot, temperance journals no doubt. I admired this device and passed it back.

"You've missed the best part," said Father Time's understudy. He turned the card over. There was a small envelope pasted to the back. From this envelope the clock winder drew a blank order for drawing money such as is used in savings banks.

"You see, if you haven't the coin in your jeans, you simply fill out the order, and the Anti-Saloon League does the rest. I wonder who checks up on the funds they raise? And wouldn't it be awful if the repenant sinner from Tennessee fell off the water wagon!"

The clock winder frowned at the bartender for laughing, pocketed his change and passed out through the swinging door.

Horrible Examples

"Did it ever strike you," went on the ferry Socrates as we paused at the safety station, "that these Prohibition cranks are kind of rough on the feelings of their children?"

I told him that his remark was vague.

"Why, here's what I mean," he explained. "This rehabilitated alcoholic from the South gets up on his hind legs in public and tells the whole world how his son's life was ruined by drink. You may remember that Senator Works did the same thing in the United States Senate when Christian Science was attacked. Don't you think it's pretty tough on the sons? How do they like to be held up as horrible examples? Why can't these cranks mind their own business? It's a nasty bird that defiles its own nest, isn't it?"

I agreed, and as I caught my car I meditated on the strange ways of reform.

The Cemetery Land Scheme

A referendum proposition against the ordinance requiring the removal of bodies from Calvary, Laurel Hill, Masonic and Odd Fellows cemeteries is to be submitted to the voters of the city this fall. Mayor Rolph has said that he would have the proposition submitted, but the Society of California Pioneers will not wait on the Mayor in the matter. The Pioneers will attend to the matter themselves. The scheme to close the cemeteries has been opposed by the Pioneers from its inception. At first they were moved wholly by sentiment, but now they are actuated in a large measure by concern for the interests of the city. They believe that the removal scheme is a selfish enterprise conducted by men intent on perpetrating a fraud on the taxpayers for the fattening of their own wallets. They have made a thorough investigation of the whole matter, and they say that it originated in the brains of certain men in control of two real estate companies that formerly owned nearly all the land in San Mateo county now occupied as cemeteries. The story as told at Pioneer headquarters is one of sordid scheming and political intrigue. The men behind the land companies, it appears, became interested in certain cemetery associations in San Mateo county, and then got control of one of the cemetery associations in this city, after which they took a hand in politics, obtained the co-operation of the Board of Supervisors and landed one of their men in the Health Depart-

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ment with the result that it was resolved that the occasional removal of bodies from local cemeteries was a menace to public health.

A Big Melon

According to the Pioneers the men behind the removal scheme have not the interest of the city or any section of the city at heart. Their whole purpose is to sell more ground in San Mateo county and get possession of valuable real estate in this city. The four cemeteries in this city contain about one hundred and sixty-three acres, which, if put on the market in town lots would be worth about $7,000,000. It is estimated that twenty-five per cent of the bodies in Laurel Hill, Masonic and Odd Fellows' cemeteries are unclaimed, and it is contended that the ground in which they were buried should revert to the State. This land is said to be worth $2,000,000. So it appears that there would be quite a melon to be cut in the event of the removal scheme going through According to the Pioneers the plan is for the city to move unclaimed bodies from property which rightfully belongs to the State to land to be bought from the San Mateo cemetery corporations. In justice to the Odd Fellows and to Archbishop Riordan it should be stated that they are not proponents of the removal scheme, and have taken no part in the agitation. The agitators are representatives of the San Mateo land companies. Also it should be explained that the Pioneers are well aware that the cemeteries in their present state are a nuisance. They are in favor of extending streets through the cemeteries and converting them into public parks.

A Wail from the Comstock

A veteran of the Comstock sat in a big upholstered chair in the St. Francis the other day and poured maledictions on the heads of the men now in control of some of the mines that made Virginia City famous. In these mines, he said, are immense quantities of low-grade ore which can be worked at a profit, but for some mysterious reason the clique of brokers in control, prominent among whom is Herman Zadig, refer to levy assessments on the stock. The potentialities are indicated, he declared, down in lower Gold Hill where the owners of the Sturges group of mines consisting of the Yellow Jacket, Belcher and Crown Point are successfully handling low-grade ores. The probability is that these mines will soon be placed on a dividend paying basis. There are promising developments also in the Caledonia, New York and Confidence mines which are not being worked for assessments. The veteran miner complains particularly of the state of affairs in the Mexican mine. The Mexican company has about $250,000 in the treasury which was obtained from an ore body of unknown extent discovered by Superintendent Whitman Symmes. This money, it is said, will in time go to the Comstock Pumping Association which is one of the big creditors of the company. The association is composed of a number of mining companies, most of which have suspended operations. Nothing is being done at present toward developing the great ore body known to exist in the Mexican mine. This is because of dissatisfaction over the management which has become so discredited that it is almost impossible to collect assessments from the stock-buying public. Large blocks of the stock are owned by Chinese capitalists of this city. They are shrewd business men and are resisting the demands of the clique that is trying to have Superintendent Symmes removed. Meanwhile the power and water companies that have a claim of $150,000 against the mining companies are threatening to shut off the water. If this is done the mines will fill with water and the old lode will be abandoned.

Where Fortunes Were Made

The Comstock lode, which was discovered over fifty years ago, has produced over $600,000,000. The first big discoveries were made in the Crown Point and Belcher mines from which Sharon, Jones and Ralston derived their fortunes. A little later enormous bodies of rich ore were found in the Con. Virginia, and Flood, O'Brien, Mackay and Fair became millionaires, and Virginia City became one of the most prosperous cities in the country. What it was like in flush times when thirty thousand vigorous, adventurous people were packed into it one may learn from Mark Twain's entertaining account of his experience there which he gives in "Roughing It." At present there are not more than two thousand five hundred people in the old town, and with its empty and decaying houses it presents a melancholy spectacle.

Sterling Has Gone

George Sterling has left us. He started this week for New York and "a hazard of new fortunes." He will make the trip in leisurely fashion, seizing the opportunity to visit brother poets whom thus far he has known only through their works and through correspondence. In Bancroft, Nebraska, he will visit John G. Neihardt, author of "The Stranger in the Gates." In Springfield, Illinois, he will tarry awhile with Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, author of that wonderful poem "General Booth Enters into Heaven." In Louisville, Kentucky, he will be the guest of Cale Young Rice, the dramatic poet whose "A Knight in Avignon" and "Porzia" are so admired by the discriminating. Rice has lately entertained Alfred Noyes, the distinguished young English poet. At Ann Arbor Sterling will deliver a lecture on the Californian poets, discussing Joaquin Miller, Harte, Warren Stoddard, Louis Robertson, Ina Coolbrith, Herman Scheffauer, Clarke Ashton Smith and others. And then, ho for New York!

Times Have Changed

The poet must to the metropolis. It is the law of song that it be sung in the great market place. Every minstrel feels the urge.

"And at night, upon the highway, near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the lights of London flaring like a weary dawn;
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the lights he looks at, in among the throngs of men."

Tennyson felt it, of course. Are there more fascinating incidents in the history of English literature than those which tell of these hopeful pilgrimages? Shakespeare going up from Stratford with the manuscript of "Venus and Adonis" in his pocket; poor doomed Chatterton trudging the high road from Bristol with the Rowley ballads, already discredited; Johnson, with his tragedy of "Irene," footing it from Lichfield in company of Davy Garrick; Goldsmith, winning from Dublin by the devious route of Leyden, Louvain and Padua, writing "The Traveller" on the way. Some of them went to conquer; some to die. Today the adventure is essentially the same. Only the manner has changed. Sterling goes by the Limited. His fame has preceded him. His three books are in many appreciative hands wherever he stops. A fourth will follow on his heels. But it is an adventure just the same. A larger outlook, a bigger audience awaits him. Will he conquer "the modern Nineveh?" Will they hearken when he strikes his harp in the new Babylon? I think so. Sincerely I hope so. Good luck, George, and God speed!

The Zeal of Willis

"Tingalingaling," rang Willis Polk's telephone.

"Hello," said Willis.

"Mr. Polk," came a feminine voice, "this is Mrs. Soandso of the Women's Board of Directors of the World's Fair."

"What can I do for you?" asked Willis.

"We are collecting a fund," said Mrs. Soandso, "a fund which will be used to take care of unprotected girls who come here during the Exposition. We should like you to contribute one hundred dollars."

"Times are pretty hard, Mrs. Soandso," replied Willis, "and you'd better let me think that over a bit."

"But don't you believe in saving girls, Mr. Polk?"

"Sure I do," said Willis; "save me two blondes for Saturday night."

"Bang!" went the phone at the other end of the line.

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The North German Lloyd, in the Northern Service, carried 20 per cent. of all the First Cabin passengers entering New York; 15.66 per cent. of the Second Cabin and 20.98 per cent. of the Steerage passengers, with more than a score of lines competing.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

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Is It the Same Man?

The following is taken from Kipling's "Letters of Marque:"

"A Punjabi Sirdar, Har Dyal Singh, has reformed, or made, rather, Courts on the Civil and Criminal side; and his hand is said to be found in a good many sweepings out of old corners. It must always be borne in mind that everything that has been done was carried through over and under unlimited intrigue, for Joahpur is a Native State. Intrigue must be met with intrigue by all except Gordons or demi-gods; and it is curious to hear how a reduction in tariff or a smoothing out of some tangled court had to be worked by shift and by-way. The tales are comic but not for publication. Howbeit Har Dyal Singh got his training in part under the Punjab Government and in part in a little Native State far away in the Himalayas, where intrigue is not altogether unknown. To the credit of the 'Pauper Province' be it said, it is not easy to circumvent a Punjabi. The details of his work would be dry reading. The result of it is good, and there is justice in Marwar, and order and firmness in its administration."

Is this the Har Dyal who was arrested here by the federal authorities recently? ' Or it is just a coincidence of names?

A Great Auction

The announcement is made by A. J. Rich & Co. that the date of their auction sale is now definitely set for the 17th of May, although, owing to the great number of pieces listed, the sale itself will have to be spread over several days and perhaps even a week. More than twenty large pieces of unimproved downtown property will be offered at upset prices, which should prove a vigorous stimulus to bidding. The impetus to business given by such an event, especially in the stirring up and smoking out of the until recently very dormant local buyers and investors will be of inestimable benefit to the realty market and exchange centers. The auction department of the firm now has its hands full appraising and listing various properties. Many inquiries have already been received.

Pacific Printing Co.

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The Dance at Techau's

The success of the last dinner dance at Techau Tavern and the promise of the management that the next one, to be held on the evening of April 14, will be an even more attractive function, should and will fill this popular cafe to the limit. The dinner will be an elaborate affair, the service of which will begin at 7:00 p. m. The dancing space is ample, consisting of the veranda on the main floor and the banquet room upstairs. In honor of the return of the season of gaiety which follows Lent, it is planned to enhance the jollity of the occasion by the presentation of such appropriate souvenirs as caps, horns, bells, etc., after the custom on New Year's Eve.

Desirable

I love a widow fast and fair—
A fig for that I do not care—
Her only whoa is that with ease
She calls unto her mettled gees.
Such lusciousness doth she possess
That each admirer, I confess,
The same as I, always forgets
Her only weeds are cigarettes.

"Advertisements on the scenery!" exclaimed the star. "That's carrying commercialism really too far."

"It isn't commercialism," exclaimed the manager. "We want the scene to look like a real meadow, don't we?"

Who's Who

(Continued from Page 8.)

felt not only among the clergy but among the laity as well. Perhaps his greatest achievement was the rousing of enthusiasm for the church among the communicants of all classes. From the beginning he made influential Catholics understand that they owed something not only to their church but to the cause of religion and to the needy of their faith. The succor of the needy has been a passion with him, and if Catholic charities hereabouts are now on a firm basis it is because of the rare executive and administrative ability of the venerable ecclesiastic who is the subject of this brief and inadequate sketch.

The reason that Archbishop Riordan seemed a strange portent when he first came to this city was that he gave the impression of aloofness. Some folks styled him an aristocrat. In a sense they were right. He is an intellectual aristocrat. He is a man with a highly cultivated mind. He has a fine taste in literature, and there is not a more polished or effective pulpit orator in all the country. Now that he is not in robust health and has an active coadjutor to relieve him of many of his burdens, he has time for reading, and the kind of literature that interests him may be judged in a measure from an observation that he made on the witness stand some years ago when being interrogated as to the sufficiency of a fund for the endowment of a library. He said that there were not more than seven books published in a year that were worth shelf room in anybody's library. If one stops to consider the number of books that are read after they are a year old it will be seen that the Archbishop's estimate was pretty accurate.

Archbishop Riordan is now in his three score and thirteenth year. Blessed he who has lived a long life of usefulness doing good to men, women and children! Tall, erect, grave of face, of tranquil, spiritual dignity, time like a dream has settled over his features, as the mists of twilight spread over a placid landscape. This is Archbishop Riardon, a man worth looking on.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Modest Lion

General Sir Francis Younghusband, the hero of Thibet, hasn't allowed himself to be lionized very much during his brief stay here. His rank appealed to society more than his achievements, but he resisted many attempts at exploitation. He's a modest hero. His modesty was put to rather a severe strain the other day when a certain well known dowager captured him in the lobby of the Fairmont:

"You must sit down and tell me where Thibet is and all about what you did there," she cooed.

Younghusband fled.

A Romance in Prospect

Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughry, the co-heiress with Mrs. Stocker of the millions of "Lucky" Baldwin, has still some time to wait before she obtains her final decree of divorce from Hull McClaughry. Her friends, however, are anticipating another romance. They will be disappointed if Mrs. McClaughry does not essay the marital state once more.

The Gregg-Mann Engagement

I am glad that the romance of those devoted youngsters Ethel Gregg and Daulton Mann has gone the course I predicted for it quite a while ago. Anybody who watched them at the dances they attended could see what was coming. And when Daulton was included in the very small wedding party of Enid Gregg and Stuart Haldorn, the formal announcement was quite unnecessary. Nobody was surprised, but everybody was "tickled to death." They are very young, but youthtful marriages are "the thing" nowadays. Young Mann may be felicitated on capturing one of the prettiest and cleverest girls we have. Ethel is a worthy sister of Enid; could more than that be said? On Monday night, with the good wishes of their friends still ringing in their ears, Ethel and Daulton were in a box at the Columbia watching the progress of the world's greatest love story under the chaperonage of Papa Seth Mann who beamed upon them in the happiest paternal manner. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn had aisle seats nearby and signalled them all sorts of merry messages ween acts. The youngsters bore themselves very well, seemingly unconscious that they received a goodly share of attention from the audience.

Why Katherine Didn't Come

Blaine Elkins and his wife passed through town recently, on their way to join the Joe Leiters on the Leiter yacht which is in Japanese waters. Mr. and Mrs. Billy Hitt were invited to be of the party, but declined owing to the expectation of that old-fashioned people who haven't studied sex hygiene still blushingly call "an interesting event." What a to-do there would have been if the former Katharine Elkins had visited us! Our parish never gets used to looking on mighty personages. Contact with a young woman who might have been d'Abruzzi's wife if she wanted to would have filled us with awe.

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Birdie and Mrs. McNear

Birdie Vanderbilt was out at the Cliff House last Friday night, one-stepping and hesitation-waltzing with a small and jolly party. She looked very attractive and seemed to enjoy herself immensely. No wonder, for some of the best dancers in town were in attendance upon her.

Geo. G. Fraser photo.

MRS. D. McCONE McDONALD

One of the patronesses of the Tea Dance to be given for the benefit of St. Ignatius Church at the Palace, April 21.

"Mrs. Vanderbilt," said one of them, "reminds me of Mrs. Fred McNear. She likes a good time, enters into the spirit of the occasion and contributes to the joyousness of it."

A Week-End Romance

With the advent of spring week-end parties to the country are becoming more numerous. The delightful informality of these gatherings often starts friendships which ripen into warmer feelings and, as like as not, culminate in marriage. Week-end parties have thrown Count Montgelas and a belle of Menlo Park together a good deal. Montgelas is a charming fellow, and has made a host of friends since he came here. He has the social graces reinforced by solid qualities. The belle is a girl of high position and superior accomplishments. Those who have watched what they regard as a tender attachment hope that it may be a match.

Maxine and "Mrs. Pat"

Apropos the love affairs of the beautiful Maxine and the talented Mrs. Pat: At what age do the talented ladies of the stage cease to fall madly in love? So madly that they marry, even? The trip to the altar is supposed to be the supreme test of true affection and stage female celebrities now and then prove true to the test and are "proud of it." If all the marriage ceremonies in the civilized world took place in one sanctuary and the bridal couples marched up in procession, now and then there would recur before the reviewing stand a striking looking bride with a familiar face. The spectators would behold her always gowned in the mode of a period quite remote from her last previous promenade; but she would always arrest attention by the note of unusualness about her. Beside her, each time, would be a nice happy looking bridegroom. Some style to him each time—if you could take your eyes off the bride to notice him for a moment or so. She might be getting along in years but she would always be beautiful and interesting.

Some London Celebrities

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, known to fame by the cognomen of the husband of her youth, has just taken unto herself a new spouse—George Cornwallis-West. He is a kid of forty, she is fifty plus. He is known to fame as the son of Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, beauteous one who enthralled the discerning eye of King Edward when he was Prince of Wales. My! how he did admire that lady until he saw Mrs. Langtry! The new groom's sister is the Princess of Pless, renowned for her physical loveliness. Another sister is a duchess—I forget her name—who tenaciously clings to her title to prevent her handsome, young, wealthy husband from marrying Gertie Millar, musical comedy star, wife of Lionel Monckton, renowned and wealthy librettist of English musical comedy. Mrs. Pat's new husband likes loveliness mature, for did he not once espouse Lady Randolph Churchill now in the sixties? She had the distinction of blazing the trail for rich American girls to marry European noblemen. Though her marriage with George Cornwallis-West brought her no distinction, except as the enslaver of an Apollo, she has the undeniable honor of being the mother of Winston Churchill, English politician whose brilliance of mind and initiativeness are acknowledged by friends and opponents to be a heritage from his American mother.

Her First Husband

As to Mrs. Pat, the new bride, what do you suppose her first husband was? Nothing more or less romantic than a dentist. After some time of domestic felicity which was productive of two fine children with both of whom the dear public has been inflicted in mother's dramatic tours (but that's another story), Mrs. Pat went upon the stage in the English provinces. After ten years she was recognized and launched as a London star. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was her vehicle, and she certainly made good in London, so good that all the English-speaking

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world proclaimed her as a shining light of the drama. Mr. Pat died an heroic death as a volunteer in the Boer war, since which his illustrious widow has lived an unspectacular stage-society existence. Behold her now leading forth to the altar, or being led thereto by George Cornwallis-West. Bless you, my children!

The Statesqque One

Maxine Elliott, who is so unfortunate as to have to confess to forty-four on account of her accuracy about her age when she became prominent—is once more upon the verge of matrimony with a person who has not yet arrived at such discretionary years. Maxine is a raving beauty, always was and always will be. She has plenty of money, so years don't count. As Jessie McDermott of Maine she married her cousin, a nice young man with a good education who made the wherewithal in baseball. In California we are greatly interested in her because once she lived in Oakland where her sister Gertrude, now Lady Forbes-Robertson, once attended Snell's Seminary. Later on Maxine helped her young husband by keeping a boarding house in New York. Fate would not have it that way at all so she went upon the stage. Her rare beauty and refinement were wonderful and all the world knows the result of her venture. The zenith of the career of Nat Goodwin, her second husband, was during the period of her association with him as leading lady. He and she didn't get on, history says; so they parted. Maxine continued on her histrionic career, attracting many serious students of the drama. One was the late J. Pierpont Morgan who thought he discerned, besides her undeniable beauty, rare ability as an actress. He did much for her socially. Through him she met the late King Edward and Mrs. George Keppel who were charming to her. The Maxine Elliott Theatre in Thirty-ninth street, New York, is said to have come by its euphonious name through the admiration of Mr. Morgan for the beauty of Miss Elliott and her worthy effort to elevate the drama. As Allan Dale, dean of American critics, said at the time of its dedication: "This is the way, girls, to do in the dramatic struggle. Work on and on and on. Your reward will be a theatre named after you"—or something like that.

The Art of Receiving

During the Lenten season when even the most devout Christians in social life are pleased with themselves if they improve their minds and manners as a sort of discipline for their morals, would it not be an excellent idea for some of our ladies to form classes in receiving and presiding at social functions? I regret to say that very few of them do so with any grace or distinction. I have seen many young ladies assisting at teas who behaved very much like "salesladies" on opening days in the big shops. Either they stand stiffly about, or perform their ornamental duties in a perfunctory, smileless way. If they attempt animation they bear an unhappy resemblance to ill-bred young women at church fairs holding up the crowd to buy chances on tidies or home-made china sets. While the talent to be a graceful hostess is a gift inborn, like tact, it can be cultivated to a great extent. Mrs. Grover Cleveland is said to have had it in a remarkable degree. When at twenty-two she became mistress of the White House she is said to have amazed experienced diplomats by her self-unconsciousness and queenly, animated manner of receiving, and her remarkable freedom from ineptitudes in her difficult position. Even now that she has married again and entirely withdrawn from the glamor of political life, her home is a Mecca for most of the distinguished foreigners who visit our country. Mrs. Catherine Ivancovich of this city is a lady whom our hostesses might study to their advantage. I have never seen anyone receive with her ease and grace. She has perfect repose and glows with the happiness of greeting her friends. She is charmingly impartial to her guests but gives each the impression of being the one most desired and honored. Of course she has a delightful little foreign way all her own which American women could not imitate with success. Still as her cordiality never becomes gushing I would suggest her as a model for sincere study. The numerous semi-public affairs given make it almost an imperative need for ladies to know how to receive with grace. And in 1915 I hope the ladies on reception committees won't stand about like a board of directors at a country lodge party.

Douglas Crane's Debut

Douglas Crane, portrait painter and society dancer, is about to enlarge his scope. He is going to make his debut as an actor. He will make his first appearance on the legitimate stage next week in the company supporting his wife in "Her Soul and Her Body." Crane has been on the stage already. He and his charming wife appeared at the Orpheum. But that required dancing only; now he is going to act. He admits himself that he is going to act.

"I have as many as seven words to speak, and I'm quite excited about it," he says.

Fred Belasco has written a small part into the second act of Louise Closser Hale's terpsichorean play, a part which will allow Douglas to appear and dance a tango with the star after she has done the "Moth and Flame" dance. Douglas is going to make his dramatic debut at Hollister. The tour of the special Alcazar company with Mrs. Crane at its head will start there. The tour will last for three months or so, and will take Mr. and Mrs. Crane as far north as Vancouver. In other words, they are now enrolled in the noble army of "coast defenders."

For the Humane Bureau

It isn't the "human bureau." That suggests an animated dressing table. Why do the bavardes call it the "human" instead of the Humane Bureau? The good women at the head of this charitable organization whose particular care is dependent children, will give a tea dance at the St. Francis next Thursday afternoon, the sixteenth. The best exhibition dancers in town including Vestoff and Lagaretto will be seen in the tango, maxixe, Pavlowa gavotte and other popular steps. There will be a large attendance, judging by the table reservations. Those who haven't reserved their tables so far may do so by telephoning to any of the following: Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot, Mrs. Harry F. Sullivan, Mrs. Andrew Welch Jr., Mrs. Edward de Laveaga, Miss Edna Fay, Miss Alma Tobin, Miss Anne Lacy, Miss Margaret Lacy and Miss Phyllis De Young.

The St. Ignatius Dansant

The Society Dansant at the Palace Hotel on the 21st bids fair to be one of the most brilliant of the post-Lenten season. It will be for the benefit of St. Ignatius Church, and the patronesses are overlooking nothing that can add to its artistic and financial success. Well known artists have come forward generously to aid with their talents and grace. The following have charge of the committees: arrangements, Miss A. M. Geraghty assisted by Miss Tyna Wannemacher, Miss Julia Conway and Miss Alice Code; talent, Mrs. Thos. H. Dempsey; music, Mrs. James J. Donnelly; publicity, Miss Cecile M. Sorbier. The floor will be under the able management of Mr. Wm. A. Lange. Reservation of tables for the tea must be made at the Palm Garden, Palace Hotel, Thursday, Friday or Monday, from 4 to 6, preceding the Dansant. Exhibition dancing will be given by the following well known artists: Mrs. Edw. Dewitt Taylor and M. Veronine Vestoff of the Russian Imperial School of Dancing, Miss Marion White and F. Chase Shannon, Mrs. Anita Peters Wright and Ruloff Cutten, Miss Queenie Tilton and Offa Shafer.

Tea and Teaching

Something exceedingly novel for those under the spell of the dance has recently been established at the Kirlaw studios in Powell street, conducted by Maurice's proteges, Miss Claribel Kirby and Theodore Parker Lawrence. These clever young people are giving afternoon teas in connection with their dancing, and various charming affairs have already been chaperoned by Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. John Breuner, Mrs. C. W. Harvey and Miss Lurline Matson. Many new steps are being perfected during the lull of the Lenten season in these studios and the management is taking unusual care to combine instruction and pleasure during the course of their afternoons and evenings. These new studios are the first of their kind in San Francisco and a result of the general demand for a studio after the Eastern ideas. So great is the request for instruction that it has been necessary to keep open until midnight in addition to day appointments.

All Moods Pleased at Tait's

"Where shall I lunch?" is a troublesome question with many. In search of variety and differentness, one's patience is oft-times taxed to the utmost. Rare is the place that can hold the same noon-day patronage, month in and month out. One's string of moods is somewhat similar to a line of many-colored beads in that each reflects the tint that comes within its focus. And speaking of moods and fancies, to say nothing of the desires of the "inner man," the one cafe in town which succeeds in holding a regular noon-day clientele is the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. There is always something new and diverting to be seen and heard at this cafe every day between 11:30 and 2:00. And the dainty and appetizing luncheon served at fifty cents is well worth the price asked for it.

Knox—I hear he's very successful.

Crox—Why, man, he makes money as fast as his wife can spend it.

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Gossip of the Theatre

"Romeo and Juliet"

"Whatever is most intoxicating in the odor of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem." Aye, and all its intoxication, languor and voluptuousness are preserved in the rendition by Benson's Avon players. This "Romeo and Juliet" makes a strong, steady tug at the emotions. The spectator is transported. He breathes the sultry air of Verona. He mingles with young men quick at love and quarrel, smiling gaily in the face of doom. He meets a young woman who stands for all the glory of first love; a creature of passion and purity, of ingenuousness and abandon. He sees the lovers scale the heights of felicity and plunge into the depths of woe. He is not human if his heart remains cold. He has never been young if his heart doesn't bleed. It is not a production that can be analyzed coldly. One takes away a kaleidoscopic impression of beautiful scenes, gorgeous costumes and vivid groups, the whole set to the music of Shakespeare's most touching poetry. Dorothy Green played Juliet. As Miss Green had already succeeded as Mistress Ford, as Portia, as Katharina, as Doll Tear-sheet and as Rosalind, one might easily have forgiven her for failing in this most difficult part. She didn't fail. She was a fine Juliet. Murray Carrington was a splendid Romeo. Randle Ayrton, perhaps, achieved the greatest individual distinction with his Mercutio. Frank Cochrane's Friar Lawrence and Rosa Burgess' Nurse were outstanding successes too. But what has been said so often remains true; it is the company as a whole which counts.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Mack and Rambeau in "Kindling"

After three unsuccessful attempts the management of the Alcazar has finally landed those two sterling artists, Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau, for a starring engagement in a series of splendid dramatic productions, beginning Monday night with a pretentious production of that powerful play of mother love, "Kindling" by Charles Kenyon of San Francisco. Three different times contracts were signed with Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau by the Alcazar but each time the contracts had to be cancelled owing to the success of the two stars in their sensational one-act play "Kick In," written by Mack and seen here recently at the Orpheum. Now that they have brought their vaudeville tour to an end they will enter upon their long deferred contract at the local stock house. Willard Mack is not a brother of Andrew Mack, as many people have been led to believe. Willard states regretfully that the two male stars have never had an opportunity of appearing in the same city at the same time. "Kindling," Kenyon's play, ran for six months at Daly's Theatre, New York, on the occasion of its original production. Maggie Schultz, the tenement wife, is one of Marjorie Rambeau's greatest roles and, as the husband Steve, Willard Mack is seen in one of the most powerful portrayals on the American stage. Annie Mack Berlein has been specially engaged for her original role of Mrs. Bates, the philosophical Irish woman, and the cast will include Louise Brownell, Dorcas Matthews, Burt Wesner, Kerran Cripps, Howard Hickman and David W. Butler of the Alcazar players.

Olcott at Columbia

Chauncey Olcott in Henry Miller's splendid production of Rida Johnson Young's new Irish play "Shameen Dhu" comes to the Columbia for two weeks commencing this Sunday night, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday each week. The play is meeting with marvelous success throughout the country and is credited with being one of the most romantic and beautiful productions with which Mr. Olcott has yet been equipped. It is a tale of the dashing, madcap period in the Emerald Isle when all the nobility of the country found amusement and fashion in the metropolis of Ireland. Consequently all of them resided in Ireland and had beautiful homes

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

Who will appear in his new play "Shamun Dhu" at the Columbia commencing Sunday night, April 12.

in the most picturesque places. They became actively identified with the life of the country and entered into its politics with a zest that made the age famous for their eloquence and their deeds. It was an age which produced Grattan, Curran, Phillips, Emmet, Wolfe-Tone and a host of others whose names will go down in history as some of the most brilliant men of the world. In this period such novelists as Charles Lever, Maxwell, Samuel Lover and others held the balance of literary power in their hands and found the most abundant and rich material for their stories. The author of "Shameen Dhu" could not have done better than draw on such a period for the characters and types around which to build an Irish play. Mr. Olcott has five new songs for this production.

Mischa Elman

Mail orders for the two concerts to be given by Mischa Elman, the "Caruso of the Violin," at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, April 26 and May 3, will now be accepted and filled in order of their receipt. Address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's where the box office will open on Wednesday, April 22, or at Kohler and Chase's. Mr. Elman will be assisted by the eminent pianist Mr. Percy Kahn who has been his accompanist for many years. A special feature at each concert will be an important "Sonata" for violin and piano played by these two splendid artists. Mischa Elman as a violin virtuoso stands in a class quite alone. He is not merely a great musician, a brilliant virtuoso and intelligent interpreter—he is a true genius. There are qualities about his playing that are simply gifts of God and all his colleagues such as Fritz Kreisler, Eugen Ysaye, Elfrem Zimbalist and others recognize this fact. Elman can make his violin sing into the very hearts of his audiences. At the conclusion of his concerts in this city Elman will sail to Australia and from thence will tour the world and will not be heard again in this country for several years.

The Flonzaley Quartet

The definite dates of the three concerts to be given by the famous Flonzaley String Quartet are Sunday afternoons, May 10 and 17, and Thursday night, May 14, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. As the acoustic properties of the auditorium are of the utmost importance at a concert of this character, Manager Greenbaum will have a special stage built in front of the regular platform for these concerts so that no portion of the beautiful tone coloring may be lost in the scenery, hangings, etc. Among the important works to be introduced here by this organization are the "Quartet" by the muchly discussed futuristic composer Arnold Schoenberg and the "Suite" for violin and 'cello by Emanuel Moor. Season tickets for the three events will be sold at a special rate.

"The Echo" at the Gaiety

The third great musical comedy production to be made in San Francisco and presented through the enterprise of the Gaiety will be seen Easter Sunday night when "The Echo" will be given on an elaborate scale of costumery and scenic investiture. The cast will be ideal for the interpretation of the merry musical revue, for it will have principals and chorus from "The Gandy Shop" company. Rock and Fulton will of course be the featured players, and they have nothing in the new show that has ever been presented to the public before. Every interpolated specialty will be entirely new, created for this production. Assisting in the fun will be Will Philbrick, Kitty Doner, Mary Ambrose, Bessie Franklin, Frances White, Frederic Santley, Oscar Ragland, Jane Grant and many others of like fame in musical comedy and vaudeville. There will be some startling surprises introduced—creations for "The Echo" designed and arranged by William Rock who has been rehearsing the talented company for several weeks. As with the other Gaiety Theatre productions, "The Echo" was costumed by the genius of Madame Keeler of New York, and the book has been entirely rewritten and adapted for present uses by Addison Burkhardt who has added some merry lyrics to those in the original.

"The Honeymoon Express" at Cort

The latest and best of all New York Winter Garden shows "The Honeymoon Express" with Al Jolson, the famous black-faced comedian, at the head of the original cast which includes such well known musical comedy entertainers as Mellville Ellis, Mlle. Marie Robson, Ada Lewis, Anna Wheaton, Sybyl Sunday, Marie Fenton, Doyle and Dixon, Donald McDonald, Arthur Monday

and a chorus of sixty beautiful women, said to be the prettiest ever sent on tour, will be the attraction at the Cort for two weeks, beginning Sunday evening with matinees on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of each week. It was a great success in New York for thirty weeks. It is filled with catchy music, novelties galore, no end of opportunities for its clever cast of principals and a small army of pretty chorus girls in elaborate costumes. What it is all about doesn't much matter. Those who have seen productions from the New York Winter Garden will know pretty well what to expect.

David Bisphan at Orpheum

Music lovers will hail with delight the announcement that David Bispham, the celebrated baritone, will be the star attraction at the Orpheum next week. Included in his program are operatic numbers and old and new ballads. Particular features will be his famous rendition of Kipling's "Danny Deever" and Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven." His accompanist will be Ward Lewis, a distinguished pianist. Among the brilliant society dancers who have attracted an unusual amount of attention are Annette Woodman and Guy Livingston. Miss Woodman is a graceful, willowy and handsome girl who has been dancing since childhood and has followed one terpsichorean vogue after another with complete success. Her partner, Mr. Livingston, is of that clean type of American so generally admired. Their program will consist of their own interpretation of the hesitation waltz, the tango, the maxixe and a gavot. Ben Deely, assisted by Marie Wayne, will appear in a laughable farce, "The New Bell Boy." Deely is a capable comedian and a song writer of merit and originality. Joseph E. Bernard and Hazel Harrington will appear in a new skit called "Who Is She?" by Willard Mack, now firmly established as a successful writer of vaudeville sketches. Mr. Bernard and Miss Harrington are great favorites on the legitimate stage. Mr. Bernard was featured in the name part in "The Devil" and he was prominent in the support of Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles." Miss Harrington's greatest success was probably achieved in Clyde Fitch's comedy "The Blue Mouse." Next week will end the engagements of Clara Inge; H. M. Zazell and Company; Bryand Cheerbert's Marvelous Manchurians and Johnny and Emma Ray in "On the Rio Grande."

An Expert on Kissing

A successful young novelist was praising the critical powers of a certain famous author.

"I once had the honor of reading a tale of mine to this author," he said, "and, thanks to his criticism, the story was greatly improved. Originally it was too high flown; he brought it down to earth and made it homelier and truer.

"For instance, the tale concluded with these words:

"'Mabel's lovely eyes drooped for an answer, a faint flush tinted her cheek, and she gave him both her hands; and there in the old orchard, in the shade of the heavy-fruited trees, he drew her to his breast, and, raising her long ringlets to his lips, kissed them reverently.'

"The author, at this ending, blew a cloud of smoke thoughtfully into the air, and as he watched it curl upwards he drawled:

"'What do you think, now, honestly, of a young man who would go nibbling at a girl's back hair when she had her face with her?'"

KITTY DONER

In "The Echo" at the Gaiety.

AMUSEMENTS

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell near Powell — Phone Kearny 2

Commencing Easter Monday Night, April 13th
Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
First Appearance in San Francisco, (Except At the Orpheum in Mack's Own Sensational One Act Play "Kick In,") of
WILLARD MACK and MARJORIE RAMBEAU
Supported by the ALCAZAR PLAYERS in the Powerful Play of Mother Love

"KINDLING"

By Charles Kenyon of San Francisco

Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c
Monday, April 20th MACK and RAMBEAU in "THE DESERTER."

Orpheum

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL phone Douglas 70

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
THE CLIMAX OF VAUDEVILLE
The Noted Baritone

DAVID BISPHAM

Accompanied by WARD C. LEWIS
In Operatic Numbers and Old and New Ballads
ANNETTE WOODMAN & GUY LIVINGSTON Presenting Terpsichores Latest Vogues; BEN DEELY & CO., Assisted by Marie Wayne in "The New Bell Boy"; JOSEPH E. BERNARD & HAZEL HARRINGTON, Presenting "Who Is She?"; CLARA INGE; H. M. ZAZELL & CO. Last Week—Immense Success of BRYAND CHEERBERTS MARVELOUS MANCHURIANS and JOHNNY AND EMMA RAY in "ON THE RIO GRANDE."
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

CORT

Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460

Last Time Saturday Night—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw
STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 12th
3 Matinees—Wednesday, Friday and Saturday
The Most Massive and Elaborate of All New York Winter Garden Productions

THE HONEYMOON EXPRESS

With

AL. JOLSON

Its Great Original Cast of 100 and Its Cargo of Delightful Feminity
Nigts, 50c to $2; All Matinees, 50c to $1.50

GAIETY

O'FARRELL near POWELL — Phone Sutter 4141

The Merriest of Musical Revues

"THE ECHO"

With the Merriest of Comedy Artists
ROCK and FULTON
And the Favorites of "The Candy Shop": Will Philbrick, Kitty Doner, Frances White, Mary Ambrose, Bessie Franklin, Oscar Ragland, Frederic Santley, Jane Grant and THE LIVLIEST DANCING CHORUS ON THE STAGE.
Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00. Saturday and Sunday Matinees—25c, 50c and 75c. Thursday "Pop" Matinee—25c and 50c.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phone Franklin 150.
Two Weeks Beginning Sunday Night, April 12th
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

In His New Play

"SHAMEEN DHU"

Direction Henry Miller
Mr. Olcott Sings Five New Songs

Hotel Social Notes

At Hotel Del Monte

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Havemeyer with J. W. Barney of New York spent a very pleasant week at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hargrave, Capt. John Cowell, Miss Alice Sterling, Miss Stella Tuttle and R. H. Stevens motored from Carmel and had dinner at Del Monte on Sunday evening. Mrs. Mason L. Dean and James S. Price won the cup in the golf tournament on Saturday, mixed foursomes. Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas motored to Pebble Beach on Saturday for tea. Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Hill entertained about thirty of their friends at an attractive dinner on Monday evening at Pebble Beach Lodge. After dinner dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. The bridge tournament on Tuesday was a pleasant diversion. There were twelve tables. Pretty little French gilt baskets were the prizes. Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Allen Kittle and Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibble are enjoying their sojourn. The informal hop was very much enjoyed Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. H. Conger Pratt, the Misses Grant, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wainwright, the Misses Littebrant, Capt. Arthur Poillon and the Messrs. H. D. V. Munnikhuysen, C. K. Rhinehardt, G. W. Sliney and E. T. Spencer came from the Presidio of Monterey. Among the other dancers were: Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Olcott, Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Hill, Mrs. Walter Hill, Mrs. A. Ordway, Miss V. B. Padelford, Mrs. S. E. Hendry, Miss Pearl Hendry, the Misses Hixon, Mr. and Mrs. George V. Kelley, Miss Cremora Agnew, Miss Ruth Hulburt, Bruce Nelson, H. M. Campbell and David Sullivan. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre are enjoying their stay.

At Pacific Grove Hotel

Mrs. E. A. Jordan and Miss L. E. Jordan of San Jose are at the hotel and plan to spend the entire summer. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Roberts of San Jose have spent a most enjoyable week and have made reservations for the summer. Mrs. H. E. Averill and her son F. C. Averill of Toledo are making the hotel their headquarters, but are visiting their many relatives in Pacific Grove. The Rev. H. H. McQuilkin and family of San Jose spent a pleasant week. K. Isukime, cashier of the Japanese Metal Bank of San Francisco, is enjoying his sojourn. Some of the Eastern tourists registered are: C. R. Turner of New York, B. Winterfield of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Clise of Colorado Springs, Miss Edith Strong and Miss Onete Hedges of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McConnon of Winona, Mrs. Wm. Church and Miss Katherine S. Swift of New Bedford, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Swales with Miss T. H. Penglaves of Detroit, Mrs. J. H. Hamilton with Miss Mabel Hamilton of Buffalo.

At Paso Robles

The automobile parties are beginning to arrive from both the north and the south at Paso Robles Hot Springs. Most of the bridges that were damaged by the floods have been repaired and the other crossings have been made passable. The entire country is so beautiful now that it is a great delight to motor along the coast route. The hotel is enjoying the usual spring business, having a large number of arrivals daily and many reservations for the months of April and May. A number of prominent San Francisco families are coming down for the last two weeks of April and the first two weeks in May. Among the arrivals from San Francisco for the past week are: Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Farnsworth, Mrs. D. B. Marquette, Miss Inez House, W. H. Avery, Chester A. Judah, M. V. Brady, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Young, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, J. L. Landers, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Andrews, Mrs. E. M. McLaughlin, Miss Henrietta Moffatt.

The St. Francis Dances

The patronesses have decided to resume the Thes Dansants at the Hotel St. Francis, beginning Easter Monday, April 13, from 4 to 7 p. m., and continuing every Friday and Monday thereafter. The Apres le Theatre Dansants will also be given Monday evenings, at 9 o'clock, beginning April 13. Reservations must be in by Monday noon. Membership cards must be presented

DAVID BISPHAM

The noted baritone who will be heard next week at the Orpheum.

at the door. Annette Woodman and Guy Livingston, exponents of the latest steps in ball room dancing, will give exhibitions at the Dansants. They will also appear in the cafe every evening after the theatre.

ANNA WHEATON

The sprightly little dancer in "The Honeymoon Express" at the Cort.

At Coronado

Dinners and dances continue to hold their attraction for the young set. Among those enjoying them is Miss Margaret Kingston who with her mother Mrs. Paul Kingston is making a prolonged stay at the hotel. She attended a dinner given by the host of the hotel on Monday night, and the informal dance given later in the ball room. Others invited were Mr. and Mrs. Burnham W. Marsh of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Jere Maupin of New York, Mrs. J. C. Peacock and Misses Mildred and Lolita Magie of Chicago, Roy Ensworth Pierce, Lieuts. Taliaferro, Carberry and Patterson and Miss Dorothy De Long of Philadelphia. The management gave a circus party on Monday afternoon, sending the guests over to the grounds in big automobiles. Tuesday afternoon many of the younger set were the guests of Roy Ensworth Pierce for a trip on the bay in the hotel launch "Glorietta," finishing the afternoon as the tea guests of William Ramsey Heberhart at the Coronado Country Club. Lieut. William L. Patterson, recently assigned to the School of Aviation on North Island, arrived at the hotel on Sunday. Baron and Baroness de Stackelberg of Russia, accompanied by their family, arrived by motor the beginning of the week, and contemplate making quite a stay. Much regret will be felt over the sudden illness of R. G. Neustadt of Pasadena who has many friends in the northern part of the State, especially among the polo set.

Edith—Jack Roxleigh is good-looking enough, but I don't care for his ways.

Edna—Never mind about his ways, my dear; think of his means.

A Bet On The Ledger

(Continued from Page 9.)

native is or would you rather I left it to you to do so?"

"You," murmured my father in a dead, lifeless voice, as of one out of whom all spirit had been crushed. "You, Lauder, if you are cruel enough to persist in this shameful demand. I have not the heart—I have not the face—to speak of it. If you must be so hard, so pitiless, I will leave it to you to put it into words. But before you do so I implore you once more—"

"Nay, my dear Danvers," interposed Sir Daniel with a cold, callous brutality for which I could have struck him, "these tragedy airs are thrown away upon me. They are, really. I am quite determined in the course I have chosen to adopt. And there's an end of it. Miss Danvers," he said, turning suddenly to me and fixing his penetrating eyes full upon my face, "can you guess what this third alternative is to which I have alluded?"

"No," I answered faintly.

But that was not true. For indeed I had already guessed what the alternative was and the very thought of it made me feel sick and dizzy.

"Then I will enlighten you," replied Sir Daniel in his cool, incisive voice. "And as I am not a man who wastes words on useless circumlocution, I will put the case before you as plainly and concisely as possible. If you will promise to become my wife, I will give your father a full discharge for the £10,000 he owes. There is the whole position in a nut shell."

When he uttered those words—which he did with no more sign of feeling or consideration for me than if it haad been a horse or a dog that he was offering to buy—my shame and indignation were such that I could not speak. I stood regarding him in dead silence, with flaming cheeks and burning eyes, while every pulse in my body throbbed and tingled with outraged maidenhood.

But Sir Daniel, evidently insensible to shame, was not at all abashed by my demeanor.

"I am afraid you do not regard my proposal with favor, Miss Danvers," he said coolly. "To be candid, I did not suppose you would; otherwise I should not have adopted this stringent method. But since I knew perfectly well that you'd refuse me if I made an offer of marriage in the ordinary way, and since, at the same time, I am quite determined if possible to secure you for my wife I have found it necessary to press my suit with you under conditions which would make it difficult for you reject it."

The more Sir Daniel said the more the callous, unabashed brutality of the man impressed me. If only he had only taken the trouble to dress up his odious, unmanly demand in specious phraseology it would, though essentially as iniquitous, not have seemed quite so bad. The velvet glove, while not rendering less cruel the grip of the iron hand beneath, does at any rate invest that cruelty with an appearance of consideration for the victim that makes it outwardly less shocking. But Sir Daniel did not think it worth while to conceal his brutality behind specious forms. Nay, I think he even enjoyed revealing his brutal cruelty in as brutal a manner as possible. This is often the way with coarse bullies such as Sir Daniel was now showing himself to be.

Here at length I found words:

"And do you think it consistent with the conduct of a gentleman and a man of honor," I cried with hot indignation, "to take advantage of your position to force your odious attentions on a defenceless girl, Sir Daniel?"

"Pardon me, you are not defenceless. Have you not a natural protector, Miss Danvers?" he retorted as he glanced sneeringly towards my father who sat with his face buried in his hands, too crushed and helpless to interpose one word on my behalf.

I too at that moment—must I confess it?—felt indignantly contemptuous of father. I could not help feeling that, at whatever cost to himself, he ought to have shown fight and stood up for me—nay, should have kicked Sir Daniel out of the room. And then my sense of contempt changed on a sudden to one of pity for the broken man, reduced by his load of debt to such humiliating impotence. It is always a bad business to owe money that you cannot pay; but to owe it to such a remorseless creditor as Sir Daniel Lauder is much worse than bad business—it is something scarcely distinguishable from hell on earth.

"Your cowardly sneer at one who cannot retort makes your conduct doubly despicable, Sir Daniel." I flashed out. "I never liked you. And now I loathe and despise you from the bottom of my heart."

My words did not seem to anger him. Indeed when he next spoke there was something more of respect in his tone, as though he rather admired me for my spirit.

"I am sorry though not surprised to hear it, Miss Danvers," he replied, "yet it does not in the least alter my desire—nay, my determination—to secure you for my wife. And may I remind you that we have already wasted a good deal of time and my question still remains unanswered?"

"Can it be," I exclaimed, "that knowing how I —I—hate you, you would still press me to marry you?"

"Yes," he answered resolutely, pursing up his grim, strong mouth in the most decided manner.

"It will be a wretched existence for me, and it shall not be my fault if I fail to make it equally wretched for you," I declared.

"I am willing to take my chance, Miss Danvers," he answered coolly.

"And you will not spare my father on any other terms?"

"I will not," he answered.

I saw the case was hopeless. I had seen it from the first. Either I must promise to marry this stony-hearted, determined brute or he would carry out his threat of ruining and dishonoring father. For a moment I hesitated thinking of Reggie Postlethwaite and of all he was, all I had hoped he would one day be, to me. Then I nerved myself to speak the fateful words:

"If I promise to marry you, Sir Daniel," I asked, "you will let father off the money he owes you —on your word of honor?"

"Of course," he replied. "Have I not said so? I will write him a full discharge of the debt here and now."

For a moment I was silent, looking at father. Even yet I hoped he might prove himself a man and decline to accept release on such terms. But his face was still buried in his hands. He did not meet my eye. And he uttered never a word.

Then I spoke.

"Very well, Sir Daniel Lauder," I said in a hoarse, muffled voice, sounding strangely unlike my own. "On that condition, and if you still persist in spite of your knowledge that I detest and loathe you—I—I—promise."

"It is a bargain," he replied.

It might have been thought that I had gone through enough strain for one day, but before the sun set that evening I had to face a further aggravation of my misery.

Reggie Postlethwaite called to see me, and almost before I realized what he was saying he had told me he loved and asked me to be his wife. So the chance of happiness for which I had longed had come, and I was not free to accept it. Never can I forget the acute misery of that bitter moment.

Reggie was almost beside himself when he heard of my engagement to Sir Daniel Lauder.

"It is monstrous!" he cried. "The man is old enough to be your father. Oh, Mollie, why have you done this thing?"

"Do not ask me, please," I replied as proudly as I was able. "I am engaged to Sir Daniel and there is nothing more to be said."

"I am sure you do not love him," he cried vehemently. "Pressure has been put upon you to marry him because he is rich. Tell me, is it not so, Mollie?"

"I can tell you nothing," I replied, still retaining my self-control, though it was desperately near giving way. "I have promised to marry Sir Daniel Lauder, and—and—please do not ask me any more questions, but leave me and forget me as soon as you can."

But he did not comply with my request. On the contrary, he broke out into all sorts of fervent professions of his love for me, of his indignation against Sir Daniel and of abuse of father for having forced me into the union.

"An engagement of this sort is not binding," he cried. "You love me; you know you do, Mollie. Come, my darling. Throw over Sir Daniel and marry me instead. Yes, let us run away together and defy them all. You only have to say the word—"

"But I can never say it," I interposed, rising from my chair to leave the room (for I feared lest if I stayed any longer my courage would fail). "I have promised Sir Daniel, and I must keep my word. Now good-bye, Reggie."

He caught my hand in his and tried to detain me. But I tore myself away and fled to my bedroom, which I did not leave again till the following morning. What I went through that night, fighting out with myself the battle of strength and honor against love and weakness, I can never forget, nor will I attempt to describe. Many of my readers have doubtless wrestled with themselves in like manner during the night watches in

(Continued on Page 23.)

3 Daily Trains

To Portland, Tacoma, Seattle

SHASTA LIMITED—Extra Fare $5

Lv. San Francisco, Ferry Station, 11:20 a. m.

Drawing Rooms	Stenographer
Compartments	Stock Reports
Three-Room Suites	Barber Shop
Observation Car	Shower Bath
Ladies' Parlor	Valet Service
Library	Ladies' Maid

First Class Tickets Only

PORTLAND EXPRESS

Lv. San Francisco, Ferry Station, 1:00 p. m.

Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars
Observation Car
Dining Car to Portland
All Classes of Tickets

OREGON EXPRESS

Lv. San Francisco, Ferry Station, 8:20 p. m.

Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars
Dining Car to Portland
All Classes of Tickets

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stories of what may happen were optimistic enough, while news of what actually happened was uniformly bad, but traders listened to the stories and paid no heed to the news, so the market again advanced. Though trading was less active and became very dull late in the week, the market closed firm with prices close to the top. London was very cheerful over the cheapness of money, and consols and other high-class securities were higher and the demand was better than it has been for a year. London traders and stockholders believe that the Liberal Government has become stronger this week and no political crisis is likely to develop in Parliament or in Ireland. Wall Street has talked itself into believing that the Interstate Commerce Commission will decide the rate case in favor of the railroads within a month. The commission is pushing the hearings in Washington as fast as possible and has apparently decided to defer consideration of extraneous matters, such as car spotting charges and allowances to industrial railways and tap lines to a later date. This sounds promising. So many side issues have cropped up since the hearings began that the task threatened to be endless. Steel common was unchanged, though the gloomiest foreboding were printed in a leading steel trade journal. Prices are being cut, the railroads are not buying, builders and contractors are not ordering structural steel and coal miners are out on strike. The stock market acted as if it did not believe a word of this sad tale. Copper stocks were strong on account of large exports of the metal in March, which reached 1973 tons and broke all previous records for any single month. Domestic deliveries are said to have been better in March than in any of the three preceding months, but they are not large and consumers in this country are holding off. Smelting interests claim that exported copper is going into the hands of European consumers and that the price of the metal will jump when domestic consumers begin to scramble for what is left. These domestic consumers say they are not worrying because the exported copper is being hidden in Europe for "rigging" the market, and it will come into sight again as soon as there is a chance to sell it.

Wheat—Extremely favorable crop prospects, further precipitation in the Southwest relieving apprehension of drought, together with poor domestic cash call, indifference on part of foreigners, result of bearish conditions at home creating bearish enthusiasm and more than offsetting anything of a bullish nature that can be found in the old crop conditions. Minor upturns are probably due to oversold conditions—until there is a change in crop outlook or something instrumental develops to create an export demand, prices are going to work lower.

Corn—Is feeling the weight of the large stocks in this market—free offerings of Argentine corn at seaboard at lowest prices on the crop—slow cash markets in all directions and lower sample values. New England has made reduced rates on Argentine corn, which will result in importations coming through interior points. Missouri River markets getting a free movement of corn, while the East is not worrying about supplies. We see nothing in the situation to cause any change regarding the ultimate course of values. Buying was not of any important sort, only to take profits; nevertheless it would be good judgment not to press the selling side on weak spots. The logical thing to do is to meet all minor upturns with sales.

Cotton—The continuance of unfavorable weather in the cotton belt, general rains interfering with farm work and improving domestic and foreign cotton goods trade advices, coupled with prospects for constructive cotton trading legislation in Washington, were features that resulted in a further advance in contract values last week. Advices from the interior as regards preparations for the new crop remain unsatisfactory. The rains are delaying farm work in all districts, especially in south Texas where farmers have been obliged to plant a considerable quantity of corn several times, and in some instances it has been necessary to replant early cotton. At this time last year cotton and corn were up to a good stand in the southern portion of Texas. If unfavorable wet weather continues to prevail in the belt, as is indicated, the tendency of the market will probably continue upward, as nothing less than perfect weather conditions are necessary to make prospects favorable for a large crop, which the world will be so much in need of next season. In the meanwhile the intention of Congress to enact legislation in the interest of the American cotton grower has given the Northern manipulator cause for much concern, as there is no telling when the proposed law will become effective, perhaps sooner than most people think. There was a sharp advance in old crop deliveries in New York where contract values are so much below the price of spot cotton. In an effort to attract cotton to New York, March was advanced to above the 13 cents level and there was much disapointment at the small amount of cotton that found its way to that market. It is only natural therefore for shorts in May and July to be uneasy, because if the cotton to be delivered on May contracts in New York is taken up, that month may go the way of March, and July shorts would be in a very uncomfortable position owing to the possibility of New York being deprived of her protective stock.

No matter how square a man might be, he'll usually look round if you call him.

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December 31, 1913

Assets	$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
Number of Depositors	64,639

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New York, 61 Broadway
Investment Department
Woolworth Building

A Bet On The Ledger

(Continued from Page 9.)

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Here at length I found words:

"And do you think it consistent with the conduct of a gentleman and a man of honor," I cried with hot indignation, "to take advantage of your position to force your odious attentions on a defenceless girl, Sir Daniel?"

"Pardon me, you are not defenceless. Have you not a natural protector, Miss Danvers?" he retorted as he glanced sneeringly towards my father who sat with his face buried in his hands, too crushed and helpless to interpose one word on my behalf.

I too at that moment—must I confess it?—felt indignantly contemptuous of father. I could not help feeling that, at whatever cost to himself, he ought to have shown fight and stood up for me—nay, should have kicked Sir Daniel out of the room. And then my sense of contempt changed on a sudden to one of pity for the broken man, reduced by his load of debt to such humiliating impotence. It is always a bad business to owe money that you cannot pay; but to owe it to such a remorseless creditor as Sir Daniel Lauder is much worse than bad business—it is something scarcely distinguishable from hell on earth.

"Your cowardly sneer at one who cannot retort makes your conduct doubly despicable, Sir Daniel." I flashed out. "I never liked you. And now I loathe and despise you from the bottom of my heart."

My words did not seem to anger him. Indeed when he next spoke there was something more of respect in his tone, as though he rather admired me for my spirit.

"I am sorry though not surprised to hear it, Miss Danvers," he replied, "yet it does not in the least alter my desire—nay, my determination—to secure you for my wife. And may I remind you that we have already wasted a good deal of time and my question still remains unanswered?"

"Can it be," I exclaimed, "that knowing how I —I—hate you, you would still press me to marry you?"

"Yes," he answered resolutely, pursing up his grim, strong mouth in the most decided manner.

"It will be a wretched existence for me, and it shall not be my fault if I fail to make it equally wretched for you," I declared.

"I am willing to take my chance, Miss Danvers," he answered coolly.

"And you will not spare my father on any other terms?"

"I will not," he answered.

I saw the case was hopeless. I had seen it from the first. Either I must promise to marry this stony-hearted, determined brute or he would carry out his threat of ruining and dishonoring father. For a moment I hesitated thinking of Reggie Postlethwaite and of all he was, all I had hoped he would one day be, to me. Then I nerved myself to speak the fateful words:

"If I promise to marry you, Sir Daniel," I asked, "you will let father off the money he owes you —on your word of honor?"

"Of course," he replied. "Have I not said so? I will write him a full discharge of the debt here and now."

For a moment I was silent, looking at father. Even yet I hoped he might prove himself a man and decline to accept release on such terms. But his face was still buried in his hands. He did not meet my eye. And he uttered never a word.

Then I spoke.

"Very well, Sir Daniel Lauder," I said in a hoarse, muffled voice, sounding strangely unlike my own. "On that condition, and if you still persist in spite of your knowledge that I detest and loathe you—I—I—promise."

"It is a bargain," he replied.

It might have been thought that I had gone through enough strain for one day, but before the sun set that evening I had to face a further aggravation of my misery.

Reggie Postlethwaite called to see me, and almost before I realized what he was saying he had told me he loved and asked me to be his wife. So the chance of happiness for which I had longed had come, and I was not free to accept it. Never can I forget the acute misery of that bitter moment.

Reggie was almost beside himself when he heard of my engagement to Sir Daniel Lauder.

"It is monstrous!" he cried. "The man is old enough to be your father. Oh, Mollie, why have you done this thing?"

"Do not ask me, please," I replied as proudly as I was able. "I am engaged to Sir Daniel and there is nothing more to be said."

"I am sure you do not love him," he cried vehemently. "Pressure has been put upon you to marry him because he is rich. Tell me, is it not so, Mollie?"

"I can tell you nothing," I replied, still retaining my self-control, though it was desperately near giving way. "I have promised to marry Sir Daniel Lauder, and—and—please do not ask me any more questions, but leave me and forget me as soon as you can."

But he did not comply with my request. On the contrary, he broke out into all sorts of fervent professions of his love for me, of his indignation against Sir Daniel and of abuse of father for having forced me into the union.

"An engagement of this sort is not binding," he cried. "You love me; you know you do, Mollie. Come, my darling. Throw over Sir Daniel and marry me instead. Yes, let us run away together and defy them all. You only have to say the word—"

"But I can never say it," I interposed, rising from my chair to leave the room (for I feared lest if I stayed any longer my courage would fail). "I have promised Sir Daniel, and I must keep my word. Now good-bye, Reggie."

He caught my hand in his and tried to detain me. But I tore myself away and fled to my bedroom, which I did not leave again till the following morning. What I went through that night, fighting out with myself the battle of strength and honor against love and weakness, I can never forget, nor will I attempt to describe. Many of my readers have doubtless wrestled with themselves in like manner during the night watches in

(Continued on Page 23.)

3 Daily Trains

To Portland, Tacoma, Seattle

SHASTA LIMITED—Extra Fare $5

Lv. San Francisco, Ferry Station, 11:20 a. m.

Drawing Rooms	Stenographer
Compartments	Stock Reports
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Lv. San Francisco, Ferry Station, 1:00 p. m.

Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars
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All Classes of Tickets

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Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars
Dining Car to Portland
All Classes of Tickets

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stories of what may happen were optimistic enough, while news of what actually happened was uniformly bad, but traders listened to the stories and paid no heed to the news, so the market again advanced. Though trading was less active and became very dull late in the week, the market closed firm with prices close to the top. London was very cheerful over the cheapness of money, and consols and other high-class securities were higher and the demand was better than it has been for a year. London traders and stockholders believe that the Liberal Government has become stronger this week and no political crisis is likely to develop in Parliament or in Ireland. Wall Street has talked itself into believing that the Interstate Commerce Commission will decide the rate case in favor of the railroads within a month. The commission is pushing the hearings in Washington as fast as possible and has apparently decided to defer consideration of extraneous matters, such as car spotting charges and allowances to industrial railways and tap lines to a later date. This sounds promising. So many side issues have cropped up since the hearings began that the task threatened to be endless. Steel common was unchanged, though the doomiest foreboding were printed in a leading steel trade journal. Prices are being cut, the railroads are not buying, builders and contractors are not ordering structural steel and coal miners are out on strike. The stock market acted as if it did not believe a word of this sad tale. Copper stocks were strong on account of large exports of the metal in March, which reached 1,973 tons and broke all previous records for any single month. Domestic deliveries are said to have been better in March than in any of the three preceding months, but they are not large and consumers in this country are holding off. Smelting interests claim that exported copper is going into the hands of European consumers and that the price of the metal will jump when domestic consumers begin to scramble for what is left. These domestic consumers say they are not worrying because the exported copper is being hidden in Europe for "rigging" the market, and it will come into sight again as soon as there is a chance to sell it.

Wheat—Extremely favorable crop prospects, further precipitation in the Southwest relieving apprehension of drought, together with poor domestic cash call, indifference on part of foreigners, result of bearish conditions at home creating bearish enthusiasm and more than offsetting anything of a bullish nature that can be found in the old crop conditions. Minor upturns are probably due to oversold conditions—until there is a change in crop outlook or something instrumental develops to create an export demand, prices are going to work lower.

Corn—Is feeling the weight of the large stocks in this market—free offerings of Argentine corn at seaboard at lowest prices on the crop—slow cash markets in all directions and lower sample values. New England has made reduced rates on Argentine corn, which will result in importations coming through interior points. Missouri River markets getting a free movement of corn, while the East is not worrying about supplies. We see nothing in the situation to cause any change regarding the ultimate course of values. Buying was not of any important sort, only to take profits; nevertheless it would be good judgment not to press the selling side on weak spots. The logical thing to do is to meet all minor upturns with sales.

Cotton—The continuance of unfavorable weather in the cotton belt, general rains interfering with farm work and improving domestic and foreign cotton goods trade advices, coupled with prospects for constructive cotton trading legislation in Washington, were features that resulted in a further advance in contract values last week. Advices from the interior as regards preparations for the new crop remain unsatisfactory. The rains are delaying farm work in all districts, especially in south Texas where farmers have been obliged to plant a considerable quantity of corn several times, and in some instances it has been necessary to replant early cotton. At this time last year cotton and corn were up to a good stand in the southern portion of Texas. If unfavorable wet weather continues to prevail in the belt, as is indicated, the tendency of the market will probably continue upward, as nothing less than perfect weather conditions are necessary to make prospects favorable for a large crop, which the world will be so much in need of next season. In the meanwhile the intention of Congress to enact legislation in the interest of the American cotton grower has given the Northern manipulator cause for much concern, as there is no telling when the proposed law will become effective, perhaps sooner than most people think. There was a sharp advance in old crop deliveries in New York where contract values are so much below the price of spot cotton. In an effort to attract cotton to New York, March was advanced to above the 13 cents level and there was much disapointment at the small amount of cotton that found its way to that market. It is only natural therefore for shorts in May and July to be uneasy, because if the cotton to be delivered on May contracts in New York is taken up, that month may go the way of March, and July shorts would be in a very uncomfortable position owing to the possibility of New York being deprived of her protective stock.

No matter how square a man might be, he'll usually look round if you call him.

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Assets	$56,823,600.56
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In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM PETERS, sometimes known as W. Peters, Deceased—No. 12,280; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION OF MELVILLE ROSENBERG FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF A CONTRACT OF SAID DECEASED WITH HIM TO EXECUTE A LEASE TO HIM OF CERTAIN PROPERTY, SAID LEASE TO CONTAIN A PRIVILEGE TO PURCHASE CERTAIN LANDS HEREINAFTER DESCRIBED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Melville Rosenberg has filed herein his verified petition asking for the specific performance of a contract made by said decedent with him and that on the filing of said petition an order has been made by the said Superior Court appointing a time for the hearing of said petition, a copy of which order is in the words and figures following:

"On reading and filing the verified petition of Melville Rosenberg for the specific performance of a contract made with him by said decedent in his lifetime by which said decedent agreed to lease certain real property and to execute a lease containing an option in favor of said petitioner to purchase said real property all as appears by said petition herein on file and to which reference is hereby made, and praying for an order and decree requiring the executrix of the will of said deceased to execute to said petitioner a lease of said real property on the terms set forth herein and in said agreement in writing;

IT IS ORDERED that Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court at the New City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of said application and petition be served on said executrix personally and be published four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

The real property described in said petition is all those certain pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Mendocino, State of California, and being portions of the Rancho Sanel and bounded and particularly described as follows:

First—BEGINNING at a stake on the Western boundary line of the "Rancho Sanel" marked F. F., running thence North 62¼ degrees East 16.50 chains to stake marked V and D from which a black oak tree 12 inches in diameter bears South 36¼ degrees East, distant 130 links and a white oak tree 8 inches in diameter bears North 9¼ degrees East, distant 83 links; thence South 35.75 chains, thence along the Western boundary line of "Rancho Sanel" North 27¾ degrees West to the point of beginning and containing Twenty-five and 92/100 acres. Being the same land conveyed by E. H. Duncan to H. Vander Stratten and recorded July 10, 1883, in Book 31 of Deeds on Page 88-89, Records of Mendocino County."

Second—COMMENCING at a point on or near the west side of the public road through the Town of Sanel in said County where said road is crossed by the boundary line of the lands formerly owned by William E. Connor, deceased, and the lands of Elijah H. Duncan, said point being the Southeast corner of the land hereby conveyed and being the exact spot from which a line running Northerly therefrom at right angles to the boundary line between the lands of said Connor and Duncan intersects the center of the junction of two trees that are the most westerly of a cluster of four oak trees that grow from one root situated on the South bank of Feliz Creek a few yards north of said starting point, thence northerly to the junction of the said two trees marked J. F., thence northwesterly in a straight line following the general course of said Feliz Creek passing between two oak trees blazed at a stake marked J. F. at the base of a large smooth rock also marked J. F. and having an oak tree marked with two notches about one chain to the west, thence westerly along the meanderings of the south channel of Feliz Creek to a point intersecting the Westerly boundary of the Rancho Sanel; thence south 27¾ degrees East along said boundary line of the Rancho Sanel to a point on said line forming the southwest corner of the tract hereby conveyed and which is the northwest corner of the lands of Elijah H. Duncan; thence Easterly along the northerly boundary line of the lands of said Duncan to the place of beginning and containing three hundred (300) acres of land a little more or less, and being the same tract of land described in a deed from S. B. Edsall and wife to H. Vander Stratten, recorded December 22, 1877, in Book 7 of Deeds, at Page 252, Mendocino County Records.

Third—Lot One (1) of Section Twenty-five (25) and Lots One (1) and Two (2) and West half of Northeast quarter of Section Twenty-six (26) in Township Thirteen (13) North, Range Twelve (12) West Mount Diablo Meridian and containing One hundred and fifty-five and ten hundredths (155 10/100) acres of land, and being the same tract of land upon which letters patent issued from the United States of America unto Nathan B. Hall on the first day of February, 1876.

Fourth—All that portion of the Sanel Rancho, being a portion of the same which was conveyed by A. M. Burke to T. A. Givens and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING in the center of the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, a distance of Thirty (30) feet South 73 degrees 30 minutes East from an iron stake at the intersection of the lands of W. W. Thatcher and Thomas A. Givens; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6 and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the Southwest corner of the lands of said Thatcher; thence South 1 degree 15 minutes West Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains, thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes East Six and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the center of the aforesaid County Road, thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East along the center of said County Road Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains to the place of commencement, and containing Two and one-half (2½) acres, more or less.

Fifth—COMMENCING at a point in the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, distant two hundred (200) feet N. 33 degree E. from the most Westerly of a cluster of four oak trees which grow from one root and standing about 30 feet North of the Northerly line of the land of E. H. Duncan, thence from said point of commencement North 38 degrees E. 7.12 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 7 chains to the Southeast corner of the land of Henry N. Peters and Wm. Peters; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6.65 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 3.79 chains; thence North 2 degrees 45 minutes West 7.88 chains; thence North 23 degrees East 5.70 chains; thence North 74 degrees West 9.50 chains; thence North 31 degrees 30 minutes West 3.20 chains to a stake; thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes West 10.60 to a white oak tree standing on the top of the second ridge; thence South 57 degrees 15 minutes West 13.60 chains to a corner in the picket fence North 60 degrees 45 minutes West 1.21 chains to a corner; thence South 48 degrees 45 minutes East 18.87 chains; thence South 24 degrees 30 minutes West 10.40 chains to the County Road leading from Yorkville to Hopland, thence along said road South 75 degrees 30 minutes East 12 chains; thence North 14 degrees W. 532 feet; thence South 52 degrees East 875 feet to the place of beginning and containing 97.80 acres more or less.

Sixth—COMMENCING at a stake in the center of the road leading from Ukiah to Cloverdale near Sanel on the South from which stake a white oak tree 48 inches in diameter bears North 71 degrees 15 minutes East 6.75 chains distant; thence South 89 degrees 30 minutes East 41.58 chains to the center of the channel of Russian River; thence down the center of the channel of Russian River to the lands of E. H. Duncan; thence Westerly along the line of the lands of E. H. Duncan to the center of the County Road; thence along the center of said road Northerly to the place of beginning and which last described tract contains One hundred and twenty (120) acres, a little more or less.

Done in open court this 1st day of April, 1914.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge."

Witness my hand this first day of April, 1914.

MELVILLE ROSENBERG.

E. H. RIXFORD and HALSEY L. RIXFORD,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CORNELIUS MOONEY, Deceased—No. 16,729; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John A. Boyd, as Administrator of the estate of Cornelius Mooney, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 14th day of March, 1914,) to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney L. F. Young, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Cornelius Mooney, deceased.

JOHN A. BOYD,
Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius Mooney, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 14, 1914.

L. F. YOUNG, Attorney for Administrator,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES RENARD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of CHARLES RENARD, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES RENARD, deceased.

CLAUDIUS LARGE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charles Renard, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 14, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney fo rExecutor,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 54,921.

TILLIE BYRNE, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
512 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

The dimple in her elbow fair
We thought beguiling quite; but gee!
The gown she now prefers to wear
Displays the dimple in her knee.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased—No. 13,106, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned JANE ALICE WELCH, as Administratrix of the Estate of John W. Welch (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice (which said first publication occurs on the 28th day of March, 1914), to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney Garret W. McEnerney, Room number 1277 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

JANE ALICE WELCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 28, 1914.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,452.

In the Matter of the Application of EMMA WINIFRED HAVEN for Change of Name.

The petition of Emma Winifred Haven for judgment and decree of this Court changing her name to Emma Winifred Banks having been duly filed herein on the 19th day of March, 1914, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS ORDERED, that all persons interested in the matter be and appear before said Superior Court at the courtroom of Department No. 13 thereof, situate in the Temporary City Hall, Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said application should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, March 24, 1914.

FRANKLIN A. GRIFFIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed, Filed March 19, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By W. R. Castagnetto, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON, Attorney for Petitioner,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vourchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, deceased

LOUIS MALIRAT,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 28, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN O'LEARY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of ELLEN O'LEARY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN O'LEARY, deceased.

WILLIAM F. O'LEARY,
ELLEN BLACKMER,
Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN O'LEARY, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 28th, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor and Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), Deceased.

ELISE PAULINE FAURE,
Administratrix of the Estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 28, A. D. 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28

A Bet On The Ledger

(Continued from Page 20.)

some bitter struggle, with the iron entering deep into their souls. They will understand without desecription; and to the others mere desecription will convey nothing. Knowledge of the deepest things in life, whether of joy or pain, is not communicable. It must be felt to be understood.

I must say this for Sir Daniel, that having once gained his point and extorted my promise to become his wife, he behaved towards me with more consideration than I should have expected from a man capable of taking advantage, as he had, of his hold over father to force me into accepting his unwelcome suit. You see, there was nothing now to be gained by insolence and brutality, and Sir Daniel, though not having scrupled to use those weapons while it suited his purpose, had doubtless too much practical sense to persist in employing them when their purpose was served.

So his attitude changed to one of polite and conciliatory respect. He made me several very handsome presents, which of course, I felt bound to accept. But he did not force his company upon me unduly nor when we were together did he attempt to make love to me or even so much as to kiss my hand. Of course I saw that his object was to propitiate me into taking a more favorable view of him. But that I felt I could never do. The true man had revealed himself so clearly on that terrible settling day after the St. Leger. Still, though I was not deceived by the present polite restraint of his behavior, I was certainly relieved by it, for it made my situation for the time being at least tolerable.

Our engagement had lasted about six months, when, one day, I saw the report of a case in the newspapers which caused me a most terrible shock. It referred to Reggie Postlethwaite, who had been called before the stewards of the jockey club to explain the running of one of his horses at Newmarket, and after an exhaustive inquiry had been warned off the turf. And as if that were not enough, only a few weeks later he figured in a peculiarly scandalous divorce case, in which he came in for some scathing comments by the judge. I think the love which I still bore him, though I had tried hard to overcome it, might have survived the turf incident. But the other was too much for me. It killed my love on the spot. From that moment he passed out of my life.

Now, I had not breathed a hint of my regard for Captain Postlethwaite to a single soul, and the secret of his proposal to me still remained my own secret. So at least I thought. But Sir Daniel Lauder, with his almost diabolical penetration, appeared to have guessed everything.

So that fellow Postlethwaite has had to cut the country," he remarked to me one day. "Well, I always knew he was a bad lot, and bound to make a scandal sooner or later."

Then, suddenly laying his hand on mine and speaking with a certain grave tenderness of which I should have supposed him incapable, he added:

"I am sorry for you, my dear."

"Why 'sorry?'" I ejaculated.

"Because I know how you cared for him," said Sir Daniel, "and it is always a terrible blow when those for whom we have cared prove to have been unworthy."

Then, while I sat regarding him in silent astonishment, he did a very curious thing. He took my left hand in his and gently removed the engagement ring he had given me.

"You need not wear this badge of servitude any longer, Mollie, my dear," he said, "for you are now a free woman."

More amazed than ever, I could not find words; but I suppose my face invited explanation. At any rate he went on:

"You thought me a cruel, insolent brute and an inexorable creditor, didn't you, little Mollie? Well, it was my object to impress myself upon you just then in both those characters. For I knew that caring for Postlethwaite as you did you would never promise to marry me unless you were forced into it. And to force you into an immediate engagement was the only way to save you from marrying a blackguard who would have made you miserable all your life. So your father and I entered into a little conspiracy—But there! I see you understand. So I need not say any more, little Mollie."

I did understand. I saw it all. I also thought I saw something else to which Sir Daniel had not alluded.

"Then you didn't really want to marry me?" I asked.

He hesitated, looking for the first time since I had known him, seriously embarrassed.

Then "We need not go into that, Mollie, my dear," he answered; "it was your safety, not my happiness, with which we have been concerned. And now that your safety is secured, I set you free."

I knew then that he did want me. I knew also—it came to me all in a flash—that I wanted him. And placing my left hand in his I murmured meekly:

"You may put that ring back again on my finger, if you like—Daniel."

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 53,637; Dept. No. 4.

SUSAN CARTWRIGHT, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,543.

WASYLI IWANOW, Plaintiff, vs. CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal). H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRNE & LAMSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
533 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-4-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 1130 SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 18, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

EXPERIMENTS PROVE AKOZ MINERAL BEST ANTIDOTE FOR POISON OAK

"The marvelous success of Akoz, the wonderful California medicinal mineral, in the treatment of rheumatism, stomach trouble, liver, kidney and bladder complaints, eczema and catarrh has caused the Natura company to conduct experiments on other ailments of the human body," said John D. Mackenzie, president of the company, in discussing the remedy.

"Our experiments have led us to try the Akoz remedies on poison oak, a vegetable poison common throughout California. While there have been many remedies put on the market for treating poison oak, none of them have anywhere approached the effectiveness of Akoz. For some three years I have paid considerable attention to using the mineral for poison oak and have been convinced after these years that it is as near a specific remedy as can be found. Hundreds of cases have been eradicated, Akoz seems to conquer the ailment in all its stages. Not only has it brought quick relief but it is a preventive as well. In this season of picnicing, hunting, fishing and camping every person should have a can of the dusting powder and some of the ointment or compound in their outing kit.

J. D. MACKENZIE
President Natura Company

As a preventive the dusting powder should be applied on all the exposed parts of the body. If the poison manifests itself after contact with the poison oak the dusting powder will immediately stop the progress of the poison and dissipate any of the unpleasant symptoms. If the poison progresses to the blister stage and "breaking out" the Akoz ointment or compound will be found to check the progress and clear the skin in three or four days or less. In cases of long standing where the poison has entered the system and there is a recurrence or "breaking out" of poison oak the mineral water should be used. Unless the latter condition prevails it is not necessary to drink the water for poison oak.

"Akoz has also been found exceptionally effective for sun burn, wind burn and insect stings. For a blistered back or arms from sea bathing the Akoz ointment and dusting powder will prevent blistering and the agonies that the bather goes through during the first part of a beach outing. The remedy will not lessen the healthy tan, courted so much by golfers, tennis players, sea shore visitors and automobilists, but it will save much suffering in preventing blistering and burning."

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TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

A Statesman's Bleat

The Hon. Walter Lafferty, an Oregonian statesman, was among the most vehement and vociferous protestants in Congress against reducing the allowance for the traveling expenses of members and their families to the sum required. Representative Lafferty wants all the perquisites that the job can be made to yield, and he is also in favor of raising the salary from $7,500 to $10,000 a year. "A Congressman," he says, "cannot live decently on a salary of $7,500 a year without practicing the most rigid economy." It would be interesting to learn how much this great but obscure statesman was able to earn before his jaw and pretensions won him a seat in the House of Representatives. If Representative Lafferty has the mentality of the average statesman in the Lower House the probability is that he got along in Oregon on about $100 a month. At any rate we may be certain that if his talents earned him an income of seventy-five hundred a year he never would have become a candidate for Congress. There are some able men in Congress, but most of them are here because they cannot make a living at anything else but politics, and that is one of the reasons why millions of citizens are today compelled to practice "the most rigid economy."

Happy Bryan

Is it possible to find within the limits of this vast country a citizen whose days are so delightful, whose nights are so ambrosian as those of Secretary William J. Bryan? If so the state of him must be attributed to something more exhilarating than grape juice. Listen to him as he exults in his felicity: "There is no golden age like this; in all the years there is no time like ours; no period in all the annals of man when the human being could render such service to the world as he can render today. It is the era of hope, the day of confidence, the time of rejoicing." Happiness, you see, is not always the attainment of our desires. It consists in being perfectly satisfied with what we have got. Long ago winded in pursuit of the rainbow, the erstwhile Hope of a famished Democracy is made the whipper-in of a President, gets a swell title and the privilege of neglecting duties he is incapable of performing, and at once the fountain of content springs up in his breast and floods his parched being with ecstasy. After the wild-goose chase comes the golden age. Though Mr. Bryan would rather be President than competent to fill the role in which he is putatively employed, nevertheless he is content, for after all it was a job that he wanted, and a job he has got.

The Autocrat of the White House

"When," says Senator Albert Cummins of Iowa, "we elect a President who is not inclined scrupulously to regard the demarcation between legislative and executive authority, and he is inherently strong and avaricious of power, we witness an invasion of the legislative domain which makes those who care more for the perpetuity of free institutions among men than for party supremacy or popularity shudder for the future." Thus does Senator Cummins express a sentiment that has been uttered by Town Talk many times in recent years. It was uttered in these columns when Theodore Roosevelt was President and Senator Cummins was complaisant. It is not to be disputed that President Wilson has been doing more than his whole duty in Washington. Perhaps the consequences in some instances are to be deplored, but whatever we may think of them certainly it is not to be gainsaid that the invasion of legislative power is the beginning of a despotism. But maybe it is well that President Wilson is making clear the subservience of Congress and the ready responsiveness of provincial statesmen to the will of an Executive who has patronage to hand out and a political pull to exercise to the disadvantage of jobchasers. Of late much has been said in disparagement of the Supreme Court, and agitators of the Hearst and Roosevelt brand have cultivated the sentiment that it should not be within the power of the judiciary to nullify the acts of Congress. It is now easy to see that if we had no Supreme Court to uphold the Constitution the President with Congress as his tool would have no difficulty in exercising the power of an unconstitutional autocrat.

Plus and Minus Puritans

According to Mrs. E. Nesbit, a noted English literary woman, the quality which we call Puritanism is bred in the bone, and sincere Puritans are divided into two classes—"the under-sensitive and the over-sensitive—the plus and the minus." This of course is nothing more than a theory, but after long and conscientious observation we have come to the conclusion that it has all the merit of a scientific deduction. There are many minus Puritans in the world—persons born without the common five senses by means of which with the help of imagination we enjoy God's good earth. A minus Puritan gained some notoriety in one of the divorce courts not long ago. He lacks so many things as to seem less than human, and his wife had to quit. The average minus Puritan is a person who takes his food in tabloid form. To him wine and beer are merely things that make people drunk, and the rose is only a flower with a scent a little less pungent than the odor of onions. It gives him no physical satisfaction to feel the arms of his laughing babe around his neck. The kiss that he gives his wife is a conventional symbol of respect. On the whole he is a bloodless person with no passion except for frozen systems of morality calculated to render him a normal man by the simple process of putting all men on his diet. Every man whose senses help him to a fulness of life is an object of the minus Puritan's envy. Is not this an hypothesis on which we may account for the peculiarities of many reformers? Now the plus Puritan, according to our learned authority, is the man whose senses, if he gave them rein, would lead him into the most shameful excesses. Afraid to indulge his appetite, his coarse physical nature repressed beyond endurance, seeks outlet and relief in the contemplation of the sins of others. Usually he becomes a monomaniac on the subject of the vice to which he is most strongly inclined, and goes about inveighing against it, demanding that temptation be removed from all men. The plus Puritan with the appetite of the libertine is in the habit of nosing out scandal and gloating over the details. Under pretence of regulating vice he steeps himself in the dregs of it, and knows all of it except its pleasure. "It is the plus Puritan," says Mrs. Nesbit, "who wallows in stories of white slavery." Further: the plus Puritans "will more evil than they durst, and since they dare not do the things to which their over-strong senses call them, they will at least talk about those things with a wealth of slimy detail that would turn Don Juan sick." Mrs. Nesbit, though far away in London, writes as though she were a resident of San Francisco and a faithful reader of one of our daily papers.

Courtship to Be Regulated

We are living in an age when revolutions occur without bloodshed. At no period in the world's history has society been so moved and influenced by isms, osophies and ologies as at present. All nature appears to be brimming with political, philosophical, social and sanctimonious irony. The whole menagerie is in an uproar, and amidst the grins and grimaces of the wise old apes a screaming and biting goes on the like of which has not occurred since Nero fiddled and danced to the burning of decadent Rome. No principle, proposition, custom or theory in this captious world and questioning age is permitted to pass unchallenged. It is a funny world, occasionally shaken by laughter of the gods in the back-

ground. How they will laugh when they hear the news from Boston, the grand old city of culture and cults. In Boston there is a large body of women by whom it has been resolved that courtship must be regulated. Funny? To be sure, but this is the age of regulation; and paternalism has come to mean taking burdens off the shoulders of God. This is also the age of the feminist movement, one of the objects of which is the regulation of man. There is no pleasanter part of a man's life than that which is passed in courtship, but some men are not honest, and therefore the wooing of all men must be according to schedule. Occasionally a brute after rousing all the pleasing emotions of a woman's soul loses interest in her and leaves her disappointed and forlorn. This is the tragedy of many a woman's life; for, in some instances, while disappointment is tracking the footsteps of hope, charms fade, attractions diminish, and the lady is doomed to spinsterhood. So courtship has become a problem to burn and baffle, like motherhood and marriage, and it has been taken up by the serious women of Boston with an immense amount of purpose about them, for they have determined that women must succeed as a sex. In Boston men woo in a leisurely fashion. It is the city of bashful swains, and the popping of the question is too long deferred. Hence the proposal of a time limit. Climate makes a big difference. Here in California where there is always sunshine matches are made on the spur of the moment. Men and women marry in haste and repent at leisure. There is a notion hereabouts that if there is to be any interference with courtship it should be for the purpose of lengthening it, so many of our divorces are due to the fact that folks don't get acquainted until they start on a honeymoon.

Ideas Versus Facts

Once more the Padre of the Rains is attracting attention and winning encomiums, but the scoffing scientists have yet to be convinced. His method they say is not scientific. Scientists always have had a prejudice against men whose susceptibility to ideas is greater than their faith in the superstition of the infallibility of facts and formulas. This is because of their blind and servile worship of the inductive method of arriving at physical truths. There are scientists who believe that since the time of Bacon all great physical discoveries have been made by the inductive process. This of course is not true. As a matter of fact the most important discovery yet made respecting the inorganic world—the discovery of the law of gravitation—was made by the deductive method; that is to say, Sir Isaac Newton reasoned more from ideas than from facts. He saw an apple fall from a tree. He did not at once proceed to make experiments. Nor did he go home to consult observations made by others, or to collate tables of observation. He did not even devote himself to study of the organic world. But like one entranced he became absorbed in reflection. Ideas thronged his mind. He reflected that if the apple had been on the very highest tree it would have fallen. What was the power that made it fall? Was it susceptible of diminution? Was it susceptible of limit? Did it bear any relation to the power which kept the moon in its orbit? Thus the unbridled imagination roamed the realms of space till it got on the right track in the midst of speculations the most sublime that ever engaged the mind of man. Father Ricard though a scientist is also a poet, a man of imaginative power, and therefore he is more likely to make important discoveries than the hidebound disciple of the logical inductive method of reasoning. There is often science in the apparent want of science. In the man who cannot break away from the formulas of science there is a want of that humor which is often the beginning of wisdom. We are reminded by the experience of Father Ricard that it was the poet Goethe who discovered the great law of the metamorphosis of plant life; also that it was when he stumbled on a skull in a cemetery the idea flashed across his mind that the head was the expansion of the bony covering of the spine. This discovery made by a poet, which led to a general scheme of philosophic anatomy, was received by scientists in about the same manner as Father Ricard's sun-spot theory. Nobody but the fool disparages science, but experience teaches that instinct is often a better guide than conscious reasoning, and that while we have no logic for our deepest impulses our actions when prompted by them are not illogical.

The Power of Affirmation

The power of positive ideas and positive affirmation moves the world. There is no vitalizing and organic power in simple opposition and negation. Aggressive, straightforward affirmation has a power in itself, independent of what it affirms, greater than negation when associated with all the influences it can engage. So impressive is strong affirmation that we may go about uttering the most venerable platitudes, and command rapt attention. This was demonstrated by Colonel Roosevelt long before he became a dancing dervish and shaker of things. He just spoke as though convinced that he was revealing a new light kindled by the intensity of his emotions, and the clapper-clawing groundlings listened to him with their mouths wide open. Learned critics laughed at him, and said that he was on the most familiar terms with the obvious, which was quite true, but the obvious is precisely what people always like to hear. They can understand it, and they relish it most when it is spiced with emphasis. However, it is not necessary to stick to the obvious. Any audacious and subversive assertion in philosophy, finance or faith will quicken the pulse of an audience that would not listen to denials or refutations. The best proof of this is the success of Bernard Shaw who is always having fun with the public by affirming the preposterous. Shaw is one of the most fantastic of humorists, but the solemnity with which he sets things forth enables him to be taken seriously by cults of worshipers that are too dull to perceive that he is the most delightful of living wags.

The Reckless Preacher

The ministry enjoys, through custom, a latitude of statement not allowed to other professions, the supposition being that as ministers are men of God they have a deeper reverence than ordinary mortals for the truth. This is not a wise supposition. The ministry of some churches has become a shortcut to a livelihood for men of weak nature and flabby character, and as a result the liberty which the profession enjoys does not guarantee a corresponding responsibility. Wherever the church is a breeding place for partisanship and bigotry mischievous falsehood is propagated without regard to consequences. The intellectual dishonesty of the pulpit is becoming a serious evil. In New Jersey a few weeks ago a preacher made grave charges against the character of a number of public school children. An investigation showed that there was not the slightest foundation for the charges. Then the preacher pleaded that "a wrong interpretation had been put on his speech," but he confessed that he had repeated what was merely a rumor. The fact is he passed along a bit of malicious gossip affecting the characters of a number of young women, and gave it such respectability as his cloth could confer on it, to the injury of a number of persons from the circumstances of the case unable to defend themselves. Last week the Rev. W. F. Sheridan of Chicago, a Methodist minister and the general secretary of the Epworth League, accused a bishop of the Catholic Church of attempting to prevent the singing of the patriotic hymn "America." "Since there are no reporters here," he said to his audience, "I have a secret to tell you. A very powerful dignitary of a very powerful church has issued orders that the members of his denomination shall not sing 'America' in Buffalo on the ground that it is a Puritanical hymn." It happened that reporters heard of this accusation. They asked the Rev. Sheridan what ecclesiastic he referred to. "What I said was really a secret," he explained, and he refused to divulge the name of the ecclesiastic. All he would say was that he had "excellent authority." The probability is that the Rev. Sheridan's authority is on a par with the Jersey preacher's authority. Catholics have been singing "America" ever since the hymn was written. But not because they have been singing it and are singing it do we believe that the Rev. Sheridan has been lying. It is because we are quite sure that if he knew that a Catholic dignitary had tried to prevent the singing of the hymn he would have lost no time in giving time, place and circumstance. Why should the matter be a secret? Was there ever a Methodist minister who made a secret of anything that might be repeated to the discredit of a Catholic dignitary?

Varied Types

CLXXIII—WILLARD MACK

By Edward F. O'Day

Seventeen years ago a Georgetown College student locked himself in his room with a bottle of ink, a nice new pen, a ream of white paper and plenty of cigarettes. When he emerged the ink was on the paper and on his fingers, the pen was worn out and the cigarettes were ashes. The result of his work was a college farce called "Let It Lay." We have a few Georgetown men in San Francisco, and if any of them were there seventeen years ago they may remember that "Let It Lay" was a howling success when given by the amateur thespians of the college. They may remember also that "Let It Lay" was written by an undergraduate named McLaughlin who was called "Mack" for short. Well, that was Willard Mack's start in life.

The author of "Let It Lay" didn't "let it lay." "Laissez faire" has never been his motto. He's been up and doing every single one of those seventeen years. There's a good deal to show for his activities. He has seven plays to his credit, most of them successful. He draws royalties from a dozen or so sketches that are making the rounds of all the circuits. He has acquired the reputation of an actor of unusual ability. He has been a bill-topper in vaudeville, playing one of his own sketches that has been hailed everywhere as a distinct contribution to the one-act drama. He has married a beautiful actress who will disappoint the best judges of histrionism if she doesn't mount to the top of her profession. And I don't think he's more than thirty-five years old.

When I met Willard Mack at the Alcazar Monday morning they were rehearsing Charlie Kenyon's "Kindling." Our talk was interrupted several times when Mack's presence was needed on the stage. During one of these interruptions George Davis sauntered over and said to me: "That man has more magnetism than any actor who has appeared here in a long time."

There's no denying Mack's magnetism. You wonder at times whether some actors are human. You marvel how some of them can bear up under the load of their monumental egotism. You speculate as to whether they ever think or talk about anything except their own transcendent greatness. Mack isn't that kind of actor. His naturalness is refreshing. He doesn't blow, he doesn't pose. He doesn't prate of temperament and art. He has no actorial airs. Perhaps this negative description of his personality may help to explain his positive magnetism. Certainly I rather chat with him than with most of the crowned kings of the theatre. And so, I imagine, would you.

Some time after writing "Let It Lay" Mack left Georgetown and went to New York. He got a publicity job from A. M. Palmer, but he says he was unskilled in the work, and I fancy he was fired. At any rate he had a tough time of it for a while. He just managed to make ends meet by staging entertainments for fraternal orders and charity benefits. The only real hit he made was when he turned "Let It Lay" into a political burlesque and put it on in Brooklyn. Making a political burlesque out of a college farce argues, I should say, a tolerable degree of ingenuity. The young man who could lay ruthless hands on the first fruit of his dramatic tree must have possessed a healthy sense of humor from the start. After that he wrote some other burlesques, and he says the only fault found with them by the managers was that they were too clean.

About this time Channing Pollock asked him to go to Washington and write a skit for a benefit performance Wilton Lackaye and some other Georgetown actors were getting up. He wrote the skit and played a part in it. Wilton Lackaye told him he had the makings of an actor. There's only one thing to do with the "makings," as any cigarette smoker will tell you, and that is to use them. So Willard Mack became an actor.

For a while Mack played in Washington stock.

WILLARD MACK

Then he joined Tom Kean's company, playing the juvenile roles in Shakespeare, Laertes, Mercutio, Edgar, Cassio and Richmond. A little later he joined a stock company in Chicago. He was fairly launched.

Meanwhile the writing bee was in his bonnet.

"As soon as I got settled with a regular stock engagement, and had a room where everything was familiar and I could look at one spot in the ceiling and think, I wrote a play," is the way he puts it.

It was a play called "Wyoming," and he sold it for fifteen hundred dollars. It made about fifteen thousand. Then he wrote another called "The World and a Woman."

"It was an instant failure," he says. "Everything about it was wrong."

That was one instance when Mack "let it lay." He tackled something else. Then he was taken down with typhoid pneumonia, and when he recovered his doctor advised him, for the good of his lungs, not to go back on the stage. So he got a job on the Record-Herald.

Mack has a large and accurate acquaintance with the seamy side of life. He knows pretty well how yeggs and "hypos," cops and grafters and prostitutes will think, talk and act under a given set of conditions. The slang of the underworld is easy for his tongue. He learned all that as a police reporter for the Record-Herald. For he was behind the scenes with the Chicago police. He saw men sweated, and a lot of other strange things. What is more to the point, he saw all things as drama. The theatrical value of an incident he appraised by a sort of instinct. It was just the experience he needed.

One result of it was a crook play. It was called "Inside Stuff," and it was presented about 1905 in a little theatre in the suburbs of Chicago where nobody in particular took the trouble of seeing it. Mack thought it was a good play; so he read it to the only manager to whose ear he had access, John Cort. Cort shook his head.

"It's a good play, Mack," he said, "but the public wouldn't like it. There's too much yegg stuff in it."

"I honestly believe that is where Cort and I lost the chance to make a lot of money. There were a lot of crudities in 'Inside Stuff,' but it had the qualities which made 'The Deep Purple' and 'Jimmy Valentine' such big hits two years later. When those plays were produced I dug up 'Inside Stuff' and took it to Cort once more. But he said it was too late then; everybody would say I was an imitator."

Later on when Mack and his wife went into vaudeville, "Kick In," part of an act from "Inside Stuff," was an enormous hit.

That experience taught Mack a lot about the ways of producers. He shares with a good many others the belief that their judgment is not infallible. This applies to the haughty New York managers too.

"Why," he says, "of two big successes in New York last season, one was produced by a booking agent and the other by a baking powder magnate who was inveigled into the theatre as an 'angel.'"

Mack doesn't see why plays shouldn't be produced in San Francisco and played across the country to New York instead of being produced in New York and played westward to us. He thinks the judgment of a San Francisco audience is every whit as good as that of a metropolitan assemblage of first-nighters. He instanced the success of Dietrichstein's "Temperamental Journey" which was first produced at the Alcazar and then went eastward to conquer Broadway. And he instanced the work of Oliver Morosco in Los Angeles.

Mack possesses the courage of his theories. He will put them to the test when a play of his called "So Much for So Much" is tried out at the Alcazar during his ten-weeks' stay in San Francisco. He gave me an idea of what this play is like, and there's no doubt it sounded promising.

"It's easier to write a play than a sketch," says Mack. "But at that, writing vaudeville sketches is not so difficult. The reason so few people write them is that they think there must be some secret about the process. There isn't; it's an open book. Of course you must start with some knowledge of the mechanics of the stage.

(Continued on Page 16.)

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A Strong New Play

Theodore Bonnet Makes an Excellent Beginning as Dramatist

By George Douglas

(In the San Francisco Chronicle)

Theodore Bonnet, editor of Town Talk and widely known for his clear, forceful and entertaining comment on politics and the drama, has written a play and is not ashamed of it. On the contrary, he offers a welcome to all the criticism he has not anticipated in a preface worthy to rank with those delightful prologues of Bernard Shaw. Bonnet differs from Shaw chiefly in that while the illustrious Irishman writes a preface and a play the San Franciscan writes a play and a preface. Chesterton, you will remember, said that Bernard's introductions were the real entertainment and his dramas only appendices. Bonnet, however, in his open letter to Ashton Stevens, seems to have written his explanation after having written the play.

Another parallel and we will promise no further reference to the author of "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant." Shaw said that he had been talking about the new drama for so long without it making any appearance he finally decided to write it himself. Bonnet remarks: "Long ago I wished to see a politician treated as I have treated a politician in this play. Several of my literary friends whom I thought better equipped for the task than myself I urged to write a play of this type. As they would not gratify me I set to work myself."

And we are grateful for the result. It is an excellent treatment of a character novel to the drama but familiar to newspaper men and others who have been permitted to see behind the mask of uplift and sentimental humanitarianism the fraud and hypocrisy of certain political reformers. "A Friend of the People" is to our knowledge the first attempt in America at a play in which a political theme is treated by one not steeped in the holier-than-thouism of the Progressive. Here is a man who has captured his State by posing as the champion of uplift, of all that is written in the creed of the professional humanitarian. But he is a greater scoundrel than has ever been exhibited as the corrupt politician abusing his public trust for the benefit of "predatory wealth."

The experiment is daring; almost as daring as "An Enemy of the People," that dramatic masterpiece in which Ibsen sneered at the organized majority by showing its violence toward a sincere servant when he has the courage of his convictions. Like Ibsen, Bonnet hits at that portion of his audience which is led away by catchwords and cant phrases, but the local dramatist is in this respect more skillfully indirect. The average Progressive will not see that such hypocrites as Governor Hopkins are possible only because so many electors take the loud voice and the empty phrase as the hall marks of political sincerity.

It is a strong play because the characters are flesh and blood types who interest us from the beginning; men and women who frequently say the smart and always the natural thing, and who invariably fit into situations as strikingly dramatic as they are logical and inevitable. The ending is not pleasant, but it is too rich in poetic justice to be called unhappy. As for the beginning and the action generally, they have that Ibsenic strength which consists in reducing the story to a minimum and in explaining everything that has happened before the rise of the curtain by a series of explosive situations. It is not narrative, but interpretation and spectacle, the keynotes of the highest drama.

Governor Hopkins is a scoundrel posing as a reformer and doing it remarkably well until exposed by an exceedingly clever woman whose conflict of secondary emotions would be a severe tax on the best of actresses. They have indulged in Lenten love, but the woman comes through the ordeal with a healthier character than that of the man. She still has faith in something and she moves to a moral victory while he descends to a cowardly defeat. In every sense an actable play, the public will have the pleasure, and incidentally the political profit, of a performance at the Alcazar next month. The reviewer is tempted to quote from the array of sparkling epigrams, but the difficulty is one of choice, while to reprint many would be unfair to the author. (San Francisco: Pacific Publication Company; price $1.50.)

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Fate of Sweden

There is a general election in Sweden this month. On that election depends: Whether the country will be given over to the Socialist, anti-militarist policy with the probable abdication of the King and a possible invasion by Russia, or, will back up the King and leaders like Dr. Sven Hedin in their policy for additional armaments which shall, at least, postpone the inevitable conflict with Russia. The Parliament, which was dissolved was pledged to a reduction of armaments. The Socialists neither affirm, admit, nor deny the existence of the Russian peril. They are merely concerned with the economic phase of the question and reject an increase of armaments, as this would lead to additional taxation. Dr. Sven Hadin is affirming that it is Russia's ambition to reach the Atlantic, and as steps to satisfy this ambition the St. Petersburg Government has first Russianized Finland and has then concocted the story of an alliance between Germany and Sweden in order to find an excuse to coerce the latter.

French Suicide Rate Growing

Suicides in France are increasing. Since 1904, when the total was 8,876, there has been a continuous rise in numbers to 9,819—7,476 men and 2,343 women—in 1910. This is 25 suicides to 100,000 inhabitants, and treble the proportion of seventy years ago. A great number of those killing themselves are widowers. Of the 9,282 suicides whose domiciles are known, 4,968 lived in rural places and 4,314 in cities. In both sexes it is the domestic who shows the largest proportion of suicides; then persons practicing the liberal professions. The motives in the average 100 suicides are: Twenty-one from physical suffering, 15 from misery or reverses of fortune, 13 from drunkenness, 12 from domestic troubles, 9 from thwarted love, 4 from debauchery, 2 from unknown motives, and 24 from heat. There are always more suicides in the spring and summer than in the autumn and winter.

Italians' Huge Savings

In the last thirty years savings in Italy have more than quadrupled, having risen from $268,600,000 to $1,200,000,000. The chief means of inducing thrift are the ordinary savings banks, which number about 200, with nearly 3,000,000 depositors, whose deposits total $500,000,000, and the post office savings banks, with an average of 6,000,000 depositors, whose savings amount to $450,000,000. The remainder of savings are held by co-operative societies of credit and by the savings departments attached to the State pawnbrokers' establishments.

Cost of War

Professor Tsankoff of Sofia has figured out the cost of the Balkan war to Bulgaria. The total credits voted amounted to $62,000,000. The requisitions for horses, supplies and other necessaries are estimated to have cost $30,000,000. The deficit in the revenues of the country owing to the hostilities amounted to $10,000,000. Munitions and transport cost $30,000,000. The expenses of taking strategic railways and other miscellaneous expenses are placed at $36,000,000. Pensions for soldiers incapacitated will require the capital sum of $80,000,000. The value of the territory ceded to Rumania is placed at $300,000,000. The grand total is thus $548,000,000. The number of lives lost was between 55,000 and 58,000, or between 6 and 7 per cent of the adult population of the country.

Perspective Impressions

Let's drink "bottoms up" to those victories of the "wets."

All the Prohibition orators seem to be intemperate in speech.

The case of the preacher who beat a boy for not praying is expounded in works on flagellation.

That Chicago preacher who was charged with unbuckling a young lady's garter in a parlor game probably got his indoor sports mixed up.

It would be easier to size up the President if we knew just what he thought of his cabinet officers.

"Daniels extols Administration" we read. Whatever else they may be, the President's affidavit men are nifty little extollers.

The New York American calls Congressman Kent "a weasel of deceit." This is eulogy in disguise.

Extra! Dr. Aked has discovered Archbishop Whately.

Secretary Franklin K. Lane has taken the trouble to deny that he has been thinking of resigning from the Wilson cabinet. Fancy Frank quitting a job! As well try to imagine Bryan ceasing his talk for revenue or Roosevelt hiding his light under a bushel.

Editor Hapgood says it is all wrong to dislike President Wilson on account of the unsuitability of his temperament to general mixing. When we heard that he attended mass in a Catholic church we concluded that as a "mixer" he was pressing Mission Jim for first place.

Confess that Billie Burke has disappointed you just a little bit.

"I tell you," says President Wilson, "that the so-called Radicalism of our time is simply the effort of Nature to release the energies of the people." Considering the general stagnation of business, Nature must be becoming inefficient, or, at least, incapable of coping with Congress.

Hearst's attacks on the Administration are resented by Congressmen who think something should be done in the way of restraint. Something will be done presently. The newspapers that have been preaching an expanded Democracy are bound to have their turn. Even now there is regulation through the postoffice, and before long the passion for bridling which is rapidly curtailing individual liberty will be felt by the press.

Who's Who Hereabouts

VI—FRANK HAVENS

"Great geniuses," said Emerson, "have the shortest biographies." This is one way of accounting for the dearth of material out of which to fashion a portrait of the vivid personality whose name appears above. It is not easy to find much that throws light on the character of Frank Havens, the gentleman who was the other day regarded as one of the richest men in Oakland. All that can be said of him with any degree of certainty is that he is a man with a powerful imagination. It is imagination that sometimes makes it appear that Nature has packed into a man's body the nervous energy to move and transform the world. The value of imagination is greatly underrated. This is perhaps owing to the fact that poets have imagination and hardly anything else. There is this difference between the great poet and the great financier: the poet, his eye in fine frenzy rolling, conjures up glorious forms and beautiful visions and takes sensuous delight in their contemplation; the financier dreams of castles in Spain and proceeds to build them. In other words, while the poet is content with giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name, the financier transmutes airy nothing into fine gold. The imagination of a Frank Havens is not mere—an image-making power. It is the great spring of human activity and the principal source of wealth. It is the faculty that put a sceptre in the hands of Napoleon. It put money in Frank Havens' pocket. It makes solitude populous for the poet, but the poet's peopled solitude has no use for public utilities. Havens had dreams of a populous Oakland, and he proceeded to people it with folks who pay rent, ride on Realty Syndicate cars and drink the nectar of the People's Water Company.

Not many years ago Frank Havens was one of the garden variety of real estate men in Oakland. He had a little office, and acted as a broker in small real estate transactions. One day he conceived the scheme that made the Realty Syndicate notorious. First he looked into the future, and saw a great metropolis on the east shores of the Bay. He resolved to have a hand in the building of it. He unfolded his scheme to F. M. Smith, borax king and they entered into partnership, Havens supplying the brains and Smith the cash. Presently they had large tracts of solitude contiguous to Oakland cut up into town lots. They bought property right and left, and paid for most of it with the bonds of their company. No men ever had greater faith in the power of the printing press and the lithographer's stone than Havens and Smith. They turned out printed paper by the ream. Meanwhile their real estate holdings were growing rapidly, and to increase the value of their property they bought the street railroads of Oakland, extended them, and sent electric cars whizzing all over the county. By this time Havens did all his thinking in millions. He became an up-to-date Colonel Sellers. And for a long time shrewd financiers looked on him as a dangerous visionary. Realty Syndicate bonds were viewed with suspicion. Indeed in some quarters they were viewed with more than suspicion. There were ugly rumors regarding the Realty Syndicate, and the Oakland Tribune threw out a few unpleasant hints. Havens retorted by starting a daily newspaper, which he called the Herald, and which absorbed many thousands of dollars during a very brief career. About the same time he started the Key Route ferry system to connect with the street railroads. Much to every wise man's surprise the system seemed to prosper, but every little while one heard dire predictions as to its fate. In the course of time the Southern Pacific Company offered to take the ferry system off the Realty Syndicate's hands. A large sum of money was offered, but Havens wanted twice as much. A year or so later the company met his price, but he demanded double the amount. A third time his figure was accepted, and again it was doubled.

What might have happened to the Realty Syndicate long ago had not San Francisco been destroyed by fire can only be conjectured, but that fire put an end to scepticism for awhile. The situation that followed the fire was just what the doctor ordered. Oakland began taking on the semblance of a metropolis at once, and the Havens-Smith paper began affecting the sense of touch like government bonds. The two millionaires had most brilliant visions about that time. They indulged in airy notions that caused them to hope miles beyond the limits of probability. But everything might have gone along all right had not Havens conceived the notion that a printing press had necromantic power. The pen in his hands had become a sort of magician's wand. He bought the People's Water Company when it was bonded for five millions, and presto! a bunch of paper came from the printer's and the company had seven more millions to operate with. Compared with Havens, the former water magnate, W. J. Dingee whom Oakland had regarded with terror, was a mere piker. Nevertheless Havens was now adored by the populace. He was looked upon as the foremost public-spirited citizen of Alameda county. Had he not given great impetus to the growth of the county? Had he not inspired unlimited confidence in the future of the county? To be sure he had. And so had F. M. Smith. Think of all the paper representing Oakland properties and industries scattered over the country. The very way in which this paper was handled inspired confidence in Oakland. At first they wouldn't let a banker have it for more than ninety days—some of it. No matter how he begged for the precious stuff, the loan had to be made on a short-term note. Country bankers everywhere grabbed for it. Oakland bankers hungered for it. Nowhere but in San Francisco were bankers shy of it. Perhaps everything might have come out all right if Roosevelt had not split his party and given us Wilson. Perhaps if Havens could have pulled off another earthquake he might have pulled through. And perhaps if Smith had not built that jerk-water railroad through the sage brush the bonds of which he had to reinforce with stock in the borax mine, the Realty Syndicate would now be as prosperous as ever. But sometimes contingencies don't happen just right. This is the reason why San Francisco financiers are now engaged in straightening out the tangle. It's a big job, but the financiers are big men, and they generally accomplish what they undertake.

As to Havens, of course he will "come back." A man with his imagination cannot be kept down. He has but one vice—a passion for works of art. It is said that no matter how much he is in need of money in business he can always dig up enough to buy a painting. As to his former associate, the "Borax King," while he is lacking in imagination he is probably somewhat equipped for a fresh start, but a borax mine is not to be found every day.

Did I Ever Live? A Silly-Season Argument

By Dr. Naked, N. G., P. D. Q.

Such is my importance (admitted by myself and others) that without the least doubt somebody some day will write a book about me entitled "Historic Doubts Concerning Dr. Naked." You don't know it of course, but a similar book was written about Napoleon. If there might be historic doubts concerning Napoleon, why not about me? It will be a book which everyone will want to read. I should like to read it myself. But I shall probably be denied that privilege; so let me, for my own pleasure and your profit, summarize what that remarkable book will contain. I have a column to fill anyway.

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First of all it will be observed that I am monstrously improbable. A sheriff's auctioneer becomes John D. Rockefeller's pastor. Everybody admits that it is marvelous. On what grounds are we asked to believe it? The English Who's Who says I was an auctioneer's apprentice and a sheriff's auctioneer, but the American Who's Who says nothing of the sort. If we may disbelieve what Matthew says and Mark does not say, may we not disbelieve what the English Who's Who says and the American does not? Furthermore, who ever saw me on the block? or saying "Going! Going! Gone!" Clearly this auctioneer story is quite improbable. (This is a part of the book I should like to believe. To make the evidence stronger I shall write to the editor of the English Who's Who and have the offensive statement deleted from the next edition.)

Was I ever Rockefeller's pastor? This too is open to grave doubt. What is a pastor? A guardian of souls. But Rockefeller has often been referred to as soulless. How can you guard a man's soul if he is soulless? A pastor is also a director of consciences. Has Rockefeller a conscience? Many say that he has not. Ida Tarbell, for instance. Then how could I direct his conscience? But then, I have been in Rockefeller's confidence. How is this known? Because I am supposed to have said so every chance I got. But is this credible? Would the vainest, the most egotistic of men boast of such a thing? Why, even Elbert Hubbard looked shamefaced when he had his picture taken with John D.! Clearly, I had nothing to do with Rockefeller. Rockefeller, by the way, is as monstrously improbable as I am.

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Of course the above paragraph was written in a sportive vein. My fingers were crossed. I had king's x. If Rockefeller hears about it, it doesn't go. I can't be too careful. I might want to go back to that Fifth Avenue Church some day.

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Doubts about me gather strength when you consider what I am supposed to have advocated. It is said that I tried to abolish prostitution. Can I have been so silly? It is said that I opposed the Municipal Clinic. Would a big, broad-minded man do that? It is said that I believed in a gigantic organization of vice under the name of white slavery. White slavery is known to have been a myth. The man who believed in it must have been a myth too! It is said that I revived worn-out objections to the Bible. Could I have been so incredibly stupid? It is said that I received a salary of ten thousand a year. I ask you: From what you know about what I am supposed to have been, was I worth it? Obviously, such a man never lived. Common sense repudiates the possibility of such a man.

* * * * * * * * * * *

But if I never lived, where did my name come from? That is easily answered. We have the name of Adam. Does any up-to-date person believe he ever lived? We have the name of Noah. Do you think there was such a man? We have the name of Jonah. Do you swallow him? And so we have also the name of Naked, to-wit: nude, nothing on. From 'nothing on' to 'nothing' is but a step. Naked means nothing. So you see, the whole Naked myth is the glorification of nothingness, the celebration of nullity. I remind myself of the little boy in Sunday school who was asked the catechism question: Had God a beginning? and answered: "God had no beginning; He never was and He never will be."

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But these are all splendid sophistries. Of course I exist. You'll find an excellent likeness of me three times a week in the Examiner. And if you wish to see me, you may come to my religious service. It is advertised with the other amusements. Admission is free, but we take up a collection for the benefit of starving employes of the Anti-Saloon League.

"It Has Choke and Grip in the Bare Reading"—ASHTON STEVENS

A FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE

By THEODORE BONNET

A Play in Four Acts with a Prefatory Epistle to Ashton Stevens who has pronounced it a drama of "upbuilding conflict."

"Now it occurs to me that the noblest theme for the dramatist is to be found right here in the tragicomedy of a nation inflamed by politicians and smoldering with a manufactured discontent that here and there bursts forth into flame like beacons at night on dark hills."—PREFATORY EPISTLE.

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The Pink Diamond

By Veritas

It was the end of July. The London season was just expiring in a stale atmosphere of dust, heat and general stuffiness; and all who could get away had already fled to the fresher air of the country, the sea or the mountains. But some still lingered, detained by Parliamentary or official duties, and the clubs in and around St. James' and Pall Mall were not yet wholly deserted.

The particular club which I have in my mind's eye at the moment is the Carlton, the smoking room of which institution Jonas Bobstock and Lord Ronald Giblet had, on this evening, almost to themselves. They were sitting in armchairs smoking expensive Havanas (from Bobstock's case) and talking confidentially together, the subject of conversation being a certain foreign Royalty—H. R. H. Prince Heinrich of Gasgoburg-Botha—who had lately come to this country on an informal visit.

I should explain that the meeting between Bobstock and Lord R. Giblet was not accidental, the former having invited his noble acquaintance to join him at the Carlton for a specific purpose. But before stating what that purpose was, let me first give a brief description of the two men.

Bobstock—vulgarly known as "The Liver-Jogger," in allusion to the liver pill out of which he had made his fortune—was a man of about fifty-five, with a fat, rather flabby white face, a bull neck, a considerable corporation and a pair of abnormally short, withal abnormally massive, legs. His frock coat, although the handiwork of a celebrated West End tailor, refused to sit with any degree of elegance upon his impossible figure, and his trousers, though the handiwork of the same artist, declined to hang with any approach to grace upon his equally impossible legs. His coarse, common hands looked all the coarser and more common for the diamond rings that adorned them; and his big, splay feet looked all the larger and splayer for being squeezed into a pair of ridiculously tight boots. In the well-dressed man, as we know, art and nature are always found pulling together. In Jonas Bobstock they were engaged on opposite sides in a perpetual tug-of-war.

So much for his appearance. In character he was thick-skinned, coarse-minded and pushing, persistent in obtaining his ends and unscrupulous as to the methods which he employed to do so. By these methods he had built up an enormous fortune in business. By these methods he was now trying to build up for himself a social position. He was lavishly ostentatious in his hospitalities and yet, at heart, was far from a hospitable man. That is to say, he did not entertain for the love of the thing nor from any spontaneous wish to give pleasure to others, but simply as a matter of business and a necessary means to gain social prominence. Moreover, he found it agreeable to his vanity to air his wealth and to outshine the splendor of other people's entertainments. When it is added that he had practically killed his late wife by his coarse and brutal ill-treatment of her, you will be able—by putting everything together—to form some sort of an idea of what an obnoxious beast Jonas Bobstock was.

Lord Ronald Giblet formed the strongest possible contrast to his companion. He was tall, spare, even rather gaunt. But he bore himself unmistakably with what our Gallic neighbors call "le bel air." His face, though it showed some marks of dissipation, was nevertheless the face of an aristocrat. You could easily see that he had gone the pace. You could easily see, also, that he had gone it like a gentleman. This is not to suggest that his morals were any better than those of more plebeian Lotharios. In this respect he was as bad and battered a hat as any of them. But through all such batterings the original good style was still visible.

Financially it is enough to say that he was an undischarged bankrupt, in which respect he had followed in the steps of his noble father, the Marquis of Ravensburg—a James I creation—who had already been through the court three times. How Lord Ronald managed, not merely to live, but even to keep up some sort of appearance (as he did) was one of those mysteries of bankruptcy which ordinary solvent persons can never understand. But he certainly did things in very fair style; he was a member of three smart clubs; he went everywhere, knew everybody, and was persona grata at Court. All this on an apparent income of nothing a year. Truly the ways of the undischarged bankrupt are past finding out.

Now Lord Ronald had a natural aversion for bounders, and the coarse, ostentatious vulgarity of Bobstock in particular jarred upon his fastidiously sensitive nerves. But he recognized in these days of plutocracy, when money is the one thing needful and nothing else is of any account, the plentifully gilded cad—whether he has yet "arrived" or not—is a person to be nursed and cultivated. In fact, before his arrival is the best time to make friends with him. For then you have some chance of applying the "first come, first served" principle; whereas, after his arrival, half Society will have its hands in his pockets. Bobstock had not arrived. He was still only in the first stages of arriving, and Lord Ronald Giblet, with but two or three others, shared at present the call of the market. But now to the particular subject which they were discussing that evening at the Carlton Club.

"You know his Royal Highness the Prince of Gasgoburg-Gotha, don't you, Giblet?" inquired Bobstock, looking sideways at his companion.

"Oh, yes. I have the honor of his acquaintance, though I cannot pretend to be in any sense on intimate terms with him," replied Giblet.

"Still, you are on intimate terms with those who are—hey?" said Bobstock with a knowing wink.

"Well, yes, I suppose I am," answered Giblet indifferently, as though he did not find the subject particularly interesting.

"If need be, you could get at his Royal Highness—could pull the wires? What?" pursued Bobstock.

"I don't know, I'm sure. I've never tried," replied Lord Ronald stifling a yawn.

"Well, I want you to try now," said Bobstock, fixing his large, inflamed eyes upon his companio's face in an impressive gaze.

"In what way? I don't understand," answered Lord Ronald.

"I'll explain," returned Bobstock. "Look here, Giblet. You know I've taken the Duke of Dillwater's Yorkshire moors for the coming season —hey?"

"I ought to know it, considering you have invited me down there for the Twelfth," said Lord Ronald with a smile.

"Just so; and I've got some other nobs coming too—six guns at present and handles to their names, every one of 'em. But I'm meaning to go one better than that, Giblet. I want Royalty. Now, do you follow me?" inquired Bobstock, as he thrust his fat thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and faced Lord Ronald with all the impressive self-importance of a consequential publican.

"Eh? You mean you want to entertain the Prince of Gasgoburg-Gotha?" asked Lord Ronald, as if in surprise at the cheek of the suggestion.

"That's the size of it. I want his Royal Highness to come down to Dillwater Hall for a few days and shoot my grouse for me," said Bobstock with his most magnificent air.

"You're flying rather high, Mr. Bobstock," rejoined his companion in a tone of mild expostulation.

"What's the good of having a hundred thousand a year if you don't fly high," retorted Bobstock.

"There's something in that of course. You are entitled to air your wings a bit upon an income of a hundred thousand a year," admitted Lord Ronald.

"I'll do his Royal Highness well, Giblet," said Bobstock with conscious grandeur.

"I'm sure you would, Mr. Bobstock. But—well, you see, a reigning Prince—even of a minor German State—occupies rather a different position from ordinary mortals. You don't invite him. He invites himself. That's the way these things are done."

"So I've heard," nodded Bobstock. "But first you have to intimate to him, through the proper channel, that you'd like him to invite himself, don't yer?"

"Yes; that is so," assented Lord Ronald.

"Well then, Giblet, I want you to intimate to his Royal Highness of Gasgoburg-Gotha that I'd like him to invite himself to Dillwater Hall. See?" exclaimed Bobstock, cocking his head on one side in a monstrously knowing manner.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Bobstock, I'm not one of his Royal Highness' court officials—"

"No, but you're hand in glove with those who

(Continued on Page 14.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CXLI—LAND'S END

By E. C. Tompkins

(The following verses by Eufina C. Tompkins of the Star were published in Leslie's Monthly, August, 1902. They celebrate one of the favorite parts of our peninsula.)

Northward—northward—tramp and tramp,
  Passing palace, cottage, camp,
  Green and white Presidio—
White of tent and green of turf,
Green of tree and white of surf,
  Where the soldiers marching go,
Where the flag is never furled,
  Where from grassy covers peep
  Murderous monsters fast asleep—
Guns to guard this border-world.

Wide across the water-way
  Sausalito dreaming lies;
Blue the ocean, blue the bay,
  Blue the answering summer skies—
Sweet wild lupin, flower and pod,
Soft dunes rippled, hill on hill
Where the winds are never still;
Glad beach asters, hearts of gold,
  Crowns as purple as the dawn
Climbing ledges ages old
  Man may not set foot upon!

Rocks where waves break into lace,
  Sheer and steep the rugged height;
Tide-worn caverns at the base—
  And atop, the Sailors' Light—
Follow—follow—round the bend,
  Breezes freshen—sea gulls fly—
  Here the west world says good-bye,
This the trysting place—Land's End.

The Spectator

The Lantern Explained

They were talking about the strange articles which were stolen from Mayor Rolph's automobile.

"I can understand the loaded revolver," said Charley Sutro, "for there are a lot of footpads abroad. But why did the Mayor carry a dark lantern?"

"He was probably looking for a friend," said Tom O'Connor.

Looking for the Nigger

Those who take a sporting interest in such pursuits, and those others who make a business of politics have been trying to find the real reason for Judge Sturtevant's action in dismissing the Grand Jury so suddenly and unexpectedly. They have not been satisfied with the presiding judge's explanation of his action; and they have had their curiosity pricked by the baffling caution that characterized the statement put out by the discharged jurors. What they want is the "low down" so dear to the hearts of the "wise ones," and they have been working with feverish eagerness to drag forth the nigger from the woodpile. The ascription of unworthy motives is one of the commonplaces of political intrigue; so it is not surprising to hear Judge Sturtevant charged with reasons other than those he has set forth. Indeed, the Grand Jury laid some stress on the statement that politicians had been to see the presiding judge before he took such summary action.

Was It Tom Finn?

I do not intend to attribute unworthy motives to Judge Sturtevant. He is not of the judicial type one easily suspects of a too tender regard for selfish political considerations. I don't for a minute suppose that he would consider aught but the law and the evidence in deciding a case. I should hesitate to agree with anybody who declared that he allowed political pull to influence him in the matter of terminating the life of a Grand Jury, unless the proof were proof positive. But there can be no harm in stating that certain men in a position to know more of this matter than you and I can know (and that includes some of the discharged grand jurors), believe that Tom Finn had some mysterious connection with Judge Sturtevant's action. Tom is a keen politician, resourceful, cunning, a puller of wires that reach out into many strange places. He may have brought influence to bear upon Judge Sturtevant so cleverly that the judge became the innocent tool of his designs. This is no reflection on Judge Sturtevant. More sophisticated public servants than he have been made the unconscious dupes of designing politicians.

Those Keepers' Fees

Briefly put, the story of those who think they have discovered why the Grand Jury was discharged is that the Grand Jury was engaged in an investigation which proved embarrassing to Tom Finn as a former sheriff, and that Tom Finn found it impossible to stop the investigation but feasible to have the investigators stripped of their authority. One-half of this is a matter of record; the other, naturally, it would be difficult, if not impossible to prove. In the course of its investigation of the Sheriff's office the Grand Jury found more than merely a bad system of bookkeeping. The inquisitors found an irregularity in the matter of keepers' fees. When at attachment is levied, the Sheriff installs a keeper to guard the property attached. This keeper is paid three dollars a day for his work, and the attorney who levies the attachment puts up six dollars to pay the keeper's fees for the first twenty-four hours. If he is a "green" attorney he continues to put up three dollars a day thereafter until the matter is settled; but if he "knows the ropes" at the Sheriff's office, he does nothing of the sort. The initial six dollars is his only outlay for keeper's fees. But the keeper is paid just the same, the money coming out of the Sheriff's office. This was the system that the Grand Jury found established at the Sheriff's office. They found that at the end of every Sheriff's term there was a deficit in the office of two or three thousand dollars caused by the Sheriff paying money which should have been paid by attorneys. This deficit was always written off at the end of the Sheriff's term, and the new Sheriff proceeded to pile up another deficit in precisely the same way. The taxpayers were paying the keepers' fees which should have been paid by lawyers. As to whether the lawyers charged their clients with these fees which they didn't pay, that is another story.

Collecting Arrears

When the Grand Jury discovered this abuse it took steps to put an end to it. Sheriff Eggers was directed to collect the arrears due his office from the attorneys who had levied attachments in the good old easy-going way. Eggers got busy and had collected about eleven hundred dollars of arrears when the Grand Jury was discharged. There were still several hundred dollars coming to him, and I don't know whether or not he has collected them since. Probing deeper into this matter the Grand Jury found that at the end of his term Sheriff Tom Finn had wiped off the books a couple of thousand dollars of these unpaid keepers' fees. They took the stand that the Sheriff or his bondsmen were liable for this deficit; so they sent word to Tom that he would have to "come through." That is to say, they notified him that he would have to collect the fees from the attorneys who should have paid them in the first place, or else pay them himself. Finn appeared before the Grand Jury and made one excuse after another for not complying with their demand. When they pressed him he exerted himself mightily and collected twenty

four dollars of the total amount. Finally they demanded that Finn submit to them a list of the attorneys who owed fees together with the amounts they owed. This demand was made on the second of April. The Grand Jury expected to hear from Finn on the ninth. But on the ninth the Grand Jury was suddenly discharged by Judge Sturtevant. So far so good. But was it Tom Finn who procured their discharge? Grand jurors and others think so.

The Ferry Philosopher Discovers McNab

"If I were you," said the man who winds the ferry clock to Harbor Commissioner Dwyer, "I'd try to meet Gavin McNab once in a while."

"Why should I want to meet him?" Dwyer asked, and it was clear that he was nettled by the suggestion.

"You're one of the Governor's advisers, ain't you?"

The Commissioner's chest visibly expanded, and beaming on his questioner he made reply with nonchalant intonation. "Oh, yes, 'tis true, the Governor consults me in all matters of great importance." Then seeing an ironical smile on the clock-winder's countenance he exclaimed: "But what are you driving at? What's this talk about McNab?"

"He says some pretty good things," said the man with the key, "and you can get a tip from him occasionally. I heard a man ask him why business was so dull, and he said perhaps for one thing it was because 'the principles of the Johnson administration forbid prosperity,' and then he explained."

"What did he say?"

"He said that the policy of the Administration is such that every citizen 'has a policeman on one side of him, a tax-collector on the other and a tax-eater behind him.' Think it over." And the bilge-water Socrates went up in the tower to study the effect of the winds on the hands of the clock.

The Late Judge Treadwell

He was a big-hearted man, was Judge Treadwell, and he had many warm friends. He was a man of more learning and of keener mind than he was usually given credit for. He had a homely humor, and refused to take himself too seriously when there was no special call for doing so. His forte was languages, and he spoke several with fluency. He was trying a case once before Judge Campbell, and there were several Italians on the jury. In his argument Treadwell addressed them in Italian, pleading with them not to convict his client. Judge Campbell interrupted him, telling him that he must speak English.

"You Honor," said Treadwell, "I have practiced law a long time and I have yet to learn that it is not permissible to use Latin in the court room."

"The point is well taken," said Judge Campbell. "You may proceed."

Another time opposing counsel was examining a venireman whom Treadwell knew to be a professional juror. The opposing counsel made an exhaustive inquiry into the venireman's knowledge of reasonable doubt. Finally he turned the man over to Treadwell for examination.

"Do you know the difference between a reasonable doubt and two dollars a day?" was all he asked.

A Mild Interpretation

One day in Judge Cabaniss' court Treadwell was engaged in the defense of a Spaniard charged with assault with a deadly weapon. The complaining witness was on the stand and signified that he desired an interpreter.

"What language does the witness speak?" asked Treadwell. "As Your Honor may know, I am fairly conversant with Italian, French, German, Latin, Greek and Portuguese. I should like to interrogate the witness in his language to find whether he needs an interpreter."

"Well," said Judge Cabaniss, "your limited linguistic ability will prevent you from interrogating this witness in his native tongue, as his name happens to be Alfonso Sepulveda, a Spaniard I take it."

"Ah," said Treadwell, "I had forgotten to mention that I also speak Spanish."

Thereupon Treadwell addressed the witness at some length in Spanish, and a very uneasy, unhappy witness he was at the conclusion of Treadwell's remarks. The case proceeded, the regular court interpreter having been called in. Much to the surprise and chagrin of the District Attorney the witness completely exonerated the defendant. As the witness had testified very strongly in the lower court, the District Attorney was curious to find out what brought about his change of front. He requested the interpreter to ask the witness what Treadwell had said to him.

"He told me," said Alfonso Sepulveda through the interpreter, "that if I told the truth about the assault his client would have my ears cut off."

An Oblique Reference

Judge Joachimsen and Treadwell were very bitter towards each other when Joachimsen was on the police bench. One day Treadwell was defending a man charged with disturbing the peace and startled a crowded court room by arising, shaking his fist under Joachimsen's nose and shouting:

"You miserable old scoundrel! You rascally blank! You poor, double-dealing blanketty blank blank!"

Joachimsen almost fell off the bench. His face was purple with rage.

"That," said Treadwell calmly, "that, Your Honor, was the language addressed to my client, and for resenting that language he was arrested."

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Overruling the Supreme Court

Judge Treadwell administered a primitive sort of justice. When a certain lawyer argued that the Supreme Court had decided a case thus and so, Judge Treadwell said:

"Maybe they did. They overrule me. Why shouldn't I overrule them? They were elected by the same people who elected me. Let them attend to the business of their court, and I'll attend to mine. Honors are even."

In unlawful detainer cases the fact that the defendant had a large family was always a good defense to a suit for unpaid house rent. Very often during the interrogation of a female witness Judge Treadwell would break in by asking the witness how old she was, how much she weighed and what sum she paid for her dress.

A Good Campaigner

Treadwell always wore a frock coat of black broadcloth, and his jet black hair which he wore very long was crowned with either a tall silk or a broad-brimmed black slouch hat. He belonged to numerous societies, and rode in every parade. In former years during campaign times he rode in a barouche drawn by four white horses and would smilingly bow from side to side, calling people by name whether he knew them or not. The idea of this barouche and the four white horses he may have borrowed from the late Dr. C. C. O'Donnell. He organized the Rough Riders of California as a joke in the heyday of Ruef's ascendancy; but recognizing its potency as a political factor, he developed the organization until it became quite a valuable political asset. He always retained the colonelcy.

Quite a Tribute

Last Thursday, the day Wallace A. Wise died, Otto Irving Wise (who is not related to the deceased lawyer) was entering a court room in the City Hall. Two men walked before him.

"I hear that Otto Wise is dead," said one of them. "Too bad. He was a very decent son of a gun."

Out of the Past

Jacob J. Gottlob, of Gottlob and Marx, managers of the Columbia, received the following note recently:

> Mr. Gottlob, Dear Sir: Here is a theatre ticket dated April 20, 1906, "Babes in Toyland." The quake of April 18, 1906, prevented use of ticket, also destruction of theatre. If consistent, please send check for $1.00 and greatly oblige, Respectfully,
>
> R. G. Mathey,
>
> 968 Flood Bldg., S. F.
>
> P. S.: I purchased this ticket, and same was found in a trunk a few days ago.

A ticket to the balcony of the old Columbia was enclosed. A check was sent to Mathey, and Gottlob and Marx are having the letter and the ticket framed.

A British Fabulist

Judging from a letter that appeared in the London Daily Mail some time ago it is taken for granted in England that the average Englishman knows about as little of this country as he knows about Darkest Africa. The letter was from a most facile liar by the name of Birmingham. It is so full of misstatements about matters of common knowledge that the publication of it justifies the conclusion that the editor of the Mail is a provincial person who has never traveled or met anybody that ever traveled. If there is one thing about which Americans have reason to boast it is the superiority and excellence of transportation facilities and especially of the service in the Pullman cars. But according to Birmingham Americans travel under the most wretched conditions. They are herded like sheep into cars in which there is nothing but discomfort, nothing in the nature of a "convenience," much less of a luxury. Here is a specimen of the misstatements in which the letter abounds: "The American sleeps in a berth with some stranger's feet within two inches of his head, and his own legs coiled up lest his feet come against the head of the lady in the berth beyond him." So common is misrepresentation in England of manners, customs and conditions in this country that very seldom does anybody take the trouble to challenge the statements of a lying commentator, but the Birmingham letter was not ignored. Singularly enough it aroused the indignation of an American who is an Englishman by birth—George F. Hatton the attorney. Mr. Hatton wrote a letter to the Mail which was published and which occupied a whole column. He traversed every false assertion in the Birmingham letter, gave a pretty complete description of American train service, and wound up with an interesting pecuniary proposition.

A Little Challenge

"If he (Birmingham) can substantiate to the satisfaction of the Daily Mail," Hatton wrote, "the statements in his article quoted by me, I will place in the hands of your editor the sum of $500 to be distributed to any charities he may see fit. On the other hand, if Mr. Birmingham fail to show that any of the statements I have made herein are untrue he is to make the $500 donation to charity. I think this is a fair proposition, and if Mr. Birmingham was warranted in what he wrote he should not hesitate to accept. I am perfectly willing that the editor of the Daily Mail shall be the sole judge in determining the issue." The Hatton letter appeared under this caption:

THE MOST COMFORTABLE TRAINS
BRITISH OR AMERICAN?
By G. F. Hatton

The letter was published March 14, and Birmingham has not yet accepted the challenge.

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The Playwright in Bohemia

Bohemianism may have been a negligible factor in Roman society, but one seems to remember that Playwright Plautus was a slave and sweated in a grist mill. Perhaps if he had flattered a wealthy Maecenas, this wouldn't have happened. Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, alias Moliere, knocked about the French provinces with a company of half-starved strolling players, the while he was thinking out "Les Precieuses Ridicules." Doubtless his Bohemianism would have been pleasanter if he had accepted the Prince of Conti's offer of a secretaryship. Then there was that poor lad from Warwickshire who held horses outside the theatre and drudged in "bits" inside while he was polishing his first drama. And Kit Marlowe who probably wrote "Doctor Faustus" in one of those wicked establishments Dr. Aked wants to abate, because he had no lodging and his score at the tavern was unpaid. We all remember the circumstances of misery wherein Noll Goldsmith wrote "The Good Natured Man." And how Dick Sheridan, like Fielding before him, scribbled many a witty scene in a spunging house. Coming down to our own times, didn't Gene Walter sleep on a park bench with "The Easiest Way" in the pocket of his shabby coat? And didn't poor Walter Browne slave for years, only to die before "Everywoman" had its premiere? Of a verity, the playwright has had a hard time of it in Bohemia. It is easy to see now how most of his misery might have been avoided, but the stubborn fellow lived his life in his own sweet way, which was a bitter-sweet way at that.

And the Bohemian Dramatist

Had Plautus been parasite to a patron; had Moliere accepted a salary from a prince; had Shakespeare wheedled a sinecure out of Southampton, and Marlowe apprenticed himself to a greengrocer; had Goldsmith practiced Micawber's rule of happiness (which Wilkins himself did not follow), and Sheridan married money; had Gene Walter kept away from the dangers of "Flash Alley," otherwise Broadway; and had Browne undertaken patent medicine advertisement instead of journalism—all their sorrows might have been joys. If they had lived in San Francisco, however, they might have accomplished the same result by joining the Bohemian Club. The Bohemian Club is the stamping ground of the playwright de luxe. You don't mix heart's blood with your ink in the Bohemian Club or faint from hunger over your typewriter. In the Bohemian Club they believe that inspiration is the handmaiden of luxury; that the muse loves coddling; that the best in the house is none too good for the dramatist. Consider "Jack" Shiels who is writing the grove drama for this mid-summer jinks. The genial doctor-brother of Dr. George Franklin Shiels is luxuriating in dramaturgy. He's up at Bohemian Grove putting the finishing touches on his Indian drama. He has the freedom of the grove clubhouse. He has a private cook to prepare his meals and a private waiter to serve them. He has a valet to temper the water of his bath and lay the razor to his sunbronzed cheek. He could have a stenographer to take his dramatic dictation if he preferred that method of composition. It is thus that Bohemia as represented by the Bohemian Club treats her playwrights. Fortunate indeed are her sons who need stint no humor, discipline no desire however costly while engaged in lengthening her artistic tradition!

A Feminist Reporter

Does feminism jibe with journalism? Is the advanced woman a good reporter? Norman Hapgood must think so, for he commissioned Mrs. Inez Haynes Gillmore to write an article on the Wheatland hopfield troubles for his weekly. Mrs. Gillmore is as ultra as any feminist of them all. More than that, she is very charming about it. But to be a feminist is one thing, and to be a good reporter is another. Charlie McClatchy, the editor of the Sacramento Bee, thinks Norman made a mistake when he detailed Mrs. Gillmore to write that article. And it must be said that Charlie makes out an impressive case. We pass over Charlie's reference to her article as "a miscellaneous melange of misapplied misinformation;" we ignore Charlie's statement that Mrs. Gillmore went to Marysville "with a bunch of the Sob Sisters and Bathos Brothers from the Bulletin;" we overlook Charlie's calling her the "Sweet Neophyte of the Sob Sisters." If Charlie had ever met Mrs. Gillmore he wouldn't have the heart to be so mean. But when Charlie gets down to brass tacks, there's no doubt he says what's what.

Correcting Mrs. Gillmore

Charlie quotes Mrs. Gillmore as saying: "Marysville wanted blood. Marysville wanted an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. And Marysville wanted something else. It wanted to teach the I. W. W. to keep away from Yuba county. It wanted to strike a blow at Organized Labor." Charlie rightly points out that "Marysville wanted to see Justice done—wished the guilty punished for the blood that was shed." Then he goes on to point out that there is "nothing in common" between the I. W. W. and Organized Labor, adding that "a woman who would confound or connect them would not be able to distinguish between the Serpent in the Garden of Eden and the Angel with the Flaming Sword, or between Judas Iscariot and St. John, the Divine, the best-beloved of the Lord." Charlie quotes Mrs. Gillmore's discovery that the jury was not locked up, that the jurymen went home nights. About this discovery Charlie unkindly writes: "Holy cats! And once again, most marvelous reincarnation of the seven motherless pigs! . . . . . Surely, it is to laugh at Fair Inez." Charlie concludes thus: "Seriously, Harper's Weekly owes an apology to Marysville as a city, to all her people as citizens, and to the jurors who tried that case honestly, and fairly, and squarely, and who rendered a just verdict under the oath they had taken before their God. And, seriously also, the next time that 'Journal of Civilization' desires to have any similar tragedy written up, it should entrust the task to a writer who has some respect, if not veneration, for Truth in all the beauty of her nakedness."

The Truth from Choate

The Congressional Record containing the speech of Senator McCumber on the tolls question came to hand this week. This is the speech which attracted a great deal of attention on account of the wealth of evidence which the Senator supplied. He had written to every living person who participated in the making of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty asking for information, and their replies were incorporated in his speech and made part of the record. From these letters it appears that President Wilson's critics haven't a leg to stand on. One of the letters is from Mr. Choate who was our ambassador to England and who negotiated the treaty. He supports the position of the President. He says that at no time was it suggested that coastwise traffic be exempted from tolls. "It is true," he says, "that in many treaties there have been specific exceptions of vessels engaged in the coastwise trade, and it would have been easy to insert it here. But nobody ever suggested that there should be or could be such an exception or exemption inserted by implication in this treaty." Mr. Choate explains that by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty for which the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was substituted it had been agreed that neither Great Britain nor the United States should impose any charges or conditions respecting traffic except such as both governments should approve. Further, Mr. Choate says that during negotiations there was "no question that as between the United States and Great Britain the canal should be open to the citizens and subjects of both on equal terms."

Confirmation from White

Quite as important as the Choate letter is one from Henry White who was the American charge d'affaires in London during the treaty negotiations. It was he that at the suggestion of Secretary Hay approached the British Government with a view to ascertaining whether it might not be possible to secure certain modifications of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty "whereby the construction of the canal might be accomplished." He said that Lord Salisbury told him that Great Britain would agree to the modifications desired only with the understanding that the ships of all nations should be guaranteed the use of the

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[illegible] on equal terms. "The exemption of our coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls," [illegible] Mr. White, "was never suggested to, nor by, anyone connected with the negotiations of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in this country or in England. He adds: "The words 'all nations' and 'equal terms' were understood to refer to the United States as well as to all other nations by everyone of those, whether Americans or British, who had anything to do with the negotiations."

Protecting Girls

I told last week how Willis Polk, when asked by a zealous member of the committee which is going to look after unattached girls who come here for the Fair, whether he believed in saving girls, replied:

"Sure! Save me two blondes for Saturday night."

That seemed to indicate that Willis didn't take their work too seriously. Neither does Annie Laurie. She has written an article on the subject which has been widely syndicated. She pokes a little fun at the good women. She is not over impressed with their statement that five thousand girls dropped out of sight at the World's Fair at St. Louis. Perhaps she wonders, as I have wondered, where this muchly reiterated statement comes from. Annie Laurie has a lot of horse sense, and she doesn't take much stock in the kidnaping stories we hear so much of. She says she knows three women who are always afraid they'll be kidnaped: "One of them is over 40 and never was good looking in her life. One of them is cross-eyed and has absolutely nothing about her which could interest the most hardened abductor in the world. And the other is a young person who never saw a man pass even on the other side of the street without giving him a look which said 'follow me' as plainly as any look ever said anything in the world."

Annie wishes the dear ladies luck, but hopes, right to their face, that "that good work of yours isn't really needed half as much as you think it is." The good ladies will probably wait on Annie Laurie. Listen for a noise of trouble coming from the direction of Russian Hill.

How They Win at Juarez

A follower of the turf who came up from Juarez when the racing was over tells me a story that illustrates the way things are sometimes done at the track down across the border. A man named McClanahan who had made some money shipping arms and supplies across the line to "Pancho" Villa was a habitue of the track. McClanahan wasn't "picking them" and the bookies got all his money. Having established himself with the ring he was allowed to bet markers, but still he lost. On the last day of racing he went to Lazy Ham, the leader of the ring, to bet a marker of two hundred dollars on Panzaretta, the favorite, at three to five. The bet was taken on condition that he settle his markers at the end of the day. The favorite was beaten and Lady Panchita won at 10 to 1. Ham called upon McClanahan to pay the marker.

"Marker nothing!" exclaimed Villa's friend. "You owe me two thousand! Didn't Lady Panchita come home in front?"

"Why, you bet on the favorite!" exclaimed Ham.

"You better get a competent bookmaker," retorted the friend of Villa, "but let your cashier get busy right now with my two thousand."

"All right," said Ham evasively, "I'll settle with you tonight."

"This is the place to settle," said McClanahan. "Nobody leaves here till I'm paid. And you better be quick because I'm going to smoke in a minute."

As he said this McClanahan pushed back his coat, revealing a Colt's forty-five on either hip. He collected on Lady Panchita.

"Peer Gynt" at Paul Elder's

On Tuesday evening in the art gallery of Paul Elder and Company there was an unusual entertainment. It consisted of the playing of "Peer Gynt" music by the McIntyre Trio in illustration of a lecture on Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" delivered by John D. Barry. The Trio, violin, 'cello and piano, was under the direction of Joseph McIntyre. It gave the four numbers in the Grieg suite, "Morning," "The Death of Ase," "Anitra's Dance" and "The Chase of Peer by the Gnomes." Mr. Barry discussed in an interesting way the place of "Peer Gynt" among the dramas of Ibsen. He pointed out several resemblances in method to "Brand" and he compared its philosophy with the philosophy in Goethe's "Faust." He also read several of the more dramatic scenes. After the program the audience had the opportunity of viewing the exhibition of paintings by Gottardo Piazzoni which is now being held in the gallery.

The Dance at Techau's

Everyone who attended the dinner dance given at Techau Tavern last Tuesday evening was thoroughly delighted with every detail of the occasion. The dinner was exceptionally fine and dancing to the strains of the thoroughly competent Tavern orchestra was a pleasure which proved so alluring that it was practically continuous from seven p. m. to one a. m. Every lady present at this dance received a souvenir package of Madame Duval's Lip Rouge. The occasion was managed with that thoughtful efficiency which is characteristic of all Tavern functions.

The Pink Diamond

(Continued from Page 9.)

are," interjected Bob the Liver-Jogger. "You can pull the wires all right if you like to pull 'em. And I ask yer to pull 'em for me. I don't ask yer to work for nothing either," he added. "That's not my way. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' that's my principle. You shall pocket something fat over the transaction, Giblet, I promise yer."

"You're very kind," replied Lord Ronald, who evidently did not feel himself at all insulted by the offer of money made with such brutal plainness though it was. "You know I'm not proud in this way, Mr. Bobstock. Can't afford to be! And I'd willingly take on the job for you, if I could. But there are all sorts of difficulties. For one thing, his Royal Highness may already be engaged to go elsewhere—"

"No, he isn't," answered Bobstock. "He was engaged to shoot with the Earl of Dovedale, on his Derbyshire moors; but that's just been put off owing to the sudden death of his lordship's mother. I saw it in the Times this morning."

"Did you? I haven't looked at a paper today," rejoined Lord Ronald. "Of course that removes the particular difficulty of which I spoke. Still, many others remain, and—however, I must think what can be done."

"What is done must be done at once," answered Bobstock. "Otherwise his Royal Highness will be making other arrangements."

"I quite appreciate that, Mr. Bobstock," rejoined Lord Ronald. "And I'll see a friend of mine, who may be able to work the oracle for me, before I go to bed tonight."

"Very well," said Bobstock. "And when will you let me have your friend's answer? Tomorrow morning? Remember we're running on time."

"I will call on you at your hotel tomorrow morning at eleven," replied Lord Ronald as he rose to take his departure.

Next morning at the hour named he duly made his appearance at the Ritz, where Bobstock was putting up. He found the Liver-Jogger enjoying his after-breakfast cigar in a brilliant deshabille of crimson velvet smoking jacket and gorgeously embroidered slippers.

"Well, Giblet, see your friend last night, hey?" was the millionaire's immediate inquiry.

"I did," said Lord Ronald.

"And what did he say?" asked Bobstock anxiously.

"It's not a he, it's a she," Lord Ronald corrected him.

"Oh, a she, is it? What did she say then, Giblet?"

"She said she thinks it can be done," answered Lord Ronald.

"Good girl! I'd like to kiss her for saying that," exclaimed the pleased millionaire playfully.

"It will want working in a certain way though," pursued Lord Ronald.

"I don't care in what way it's worked as long as it is worked," answered Bobstock genially.

"That is as well," remarked Lord Ronald. "For this is a matter in which it won't do to be too squeamish. You have heard of Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton?"

"I don't know that I have. What is she?"

"Incidentally, she's the widow of Major Saunders-Hamilton, late of the Garrison Artillery—but what is more to the purpose, she is one of the prettiest women in London at the present time."

"Oh! Prettiness be d—d! I don't want to hear anything about that. Tell me where she comes into the present scheme," cried Bobstock impatiently.

"She comes into it at every point. In fact, she may be said to constitute the scheme," replied Lord Ronald with a peculiar smile.

"What are you driving at, Giblet? Come, out with it. You needn't beat about the bush with me."

"Let me put it to you in this way, my dear Mr. Bobstock. Wherever the Prince of Gasgoburg-Botha goes, Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton goes. Or, if you like to convert the proposition, wherever Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton goes the Prince of Gasgoburg-Botha goes. You have but to induce the lady to come to you for the Twelfth and the Prince follows as a matter of course," declared Lord Ronald meaningly.

The Liver-Jogger burst into a loud, coarse laugh.

"So that's the way the wind sets, is it?" he chuckled.

"Yes," replied Lord Ronald. "That is the way the wind sets."

"Wicked old dog! At his age—a married man too, and the father of a grown-up family," ejaculated Bobstock, licking his thick lips over the tasty scandal.

"I need not remind you, however," said Lord Ronald, "that, so far as your attitude towards the Prince is concerned, you must not appear to have any cognizance of the affaire between him and Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton, but that, while in effect winking at it, you must make believe to shut your eyes to it. Any allusion to the matter, even the most distant, would be recognized by his Royal Highness as an unpardonable indiscretion."

(Continued on Page 20.)

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Malaprop Talks

We have a Mrs. Malaprop in San Francisco ociety, and her interesting inaccuracies of speech re rendered still more piquant by a rich brogue. few days ago a friend was saying complimentry things about Mrs. Malaprop's niece, laying articular stress upon her cleverness. Mrs. Malarop glowed with family pride.

"The dear girl comes by its naturally," she said, especially on her mother's side. I was the same hen I was at school. In all my lessons, and specially in spelling, I was the dinosaur of all es!"

he Retort Insouciant

The charming and cultivated wife of a cerin well known lawyer has the dancing craze its most intensive form. She one-steps and ngoes very gracefully, and attends many parties, metimes with her husband and sometimes withit him. One night recently she went to the each with a jolly party of intimate friends. They sited the principal road houses. At Dibble's elsewhere they all danced. A friend of the wyer noted that he was not in the party with his fe. Meeting the lawyer next day he mentioned at he had seen his wife at Dibble's, and asked e lawyer if he approved of his wife dancing in ch places. The lawyer knew where his wife d been and in what company. But he didn't ther explaining to the would-be trouble-maker. l he said as he turned on his heel was: "Ich ge Dibble!"

ho the Daughters Are

"Mamma, dear," asked little five-year-old, "why going to the Doctor's Daughters' Dansant d who is the doctor?" Twenty-five-year-old mma in her most religious manner explained t the "Doctor" is our good Lord and that daughters are those girls and women who p Him in caring for the poor and sick. Thirtye-year-old aunty took mother aside and elucited matters. "My dear," she said, "your consions are all right but your premise is all ong. The Doctor was Dr. McKenzie, that fine Presbyterian divine well beloved and esmed in San Francisco." Dr. McKenzie was pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Sacranto and Van Ness avenue where many of our st prominent Presbyterians worshipped. He ght the doctrine of love and kindness in the me and abroad in the world among strangers. organized a band of seven little girls of his k to do good among the needy and helpless ording to their ample means. Six names I e forgotten but that of Jennie Blair I remember. She has broad sympathies, executive ability and ample means to do this good work, and she expends energy to enlist the sympathy and interest of others. This little band has broadened its field, established an auxiliary for children and held a bright light for those of other faiths to guide them in parallel paths. One of the sweetest sermons I ever heard in my life was delivered by Dr. McKenzie. The subject was "God Is Love." Whenever I hear of the "Doctor's Daughters" I think of that sermon and do not marvel that those little girls reared in the amtosphere of his religious influence are able to help others less fortunate than themselves.

Billie Burke's Marriage

"And what do you think of Billie Burke?" is the query all along the line among people who know or observe theatrical life and people. Love him? How could she? He is neither young nor attractive. Wealth? Not sufficient to be tempting. Position—socially? My word! no. Position theatrically? He is hardly a rival to Frohman and even if he were, Billie Burke has nothing to gain. Billie Burke has had no end of wooers, and she has a "future" in her profession. Why, then, did she marry Anna Held's discarded husband? Brainstorm. Ziegfeld is a clever theatrical manager, but he is also an inveterate gambler, and when Anna Held left him, though she had been allowed but a small percentage of her earnings she was wealthy and he was far from hard-up. However, he has had a most successful season with his "Follies." He is one of the few theatrical managers who has made any money this season.

The Busy Mrs. Kohl

Mrs. Frederick Kohl is very active in the cause of charity these post-Lenten days. No other woman in society gives as much of her time to charitable work as Mrs. Kohl. Lately she has taken an interest in the Sisters of Charity at Haight and Laguna streets who visit and succor the bed-ridden and helpless. Miss Julia Coffey, sister of Dr. W. B. Coffey, has for many years been one of the most faithful members of the society which has aided this sisterhood. Mrs. Andrew Welch, another devout and wealthy Catholic, is lending her aid to the order for the benefit of which a children's dansant will be given at the Palace on May 8. Mrs. Kohl, by the way, is one of the patronesses of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Society of California Pioneers which gave a dansant at the Palace Tuesday to raise funds for a monument to the pioneer mother. In this movement Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has taken a keen interest and she is interesting others.

The Talk of Tessie

Those New York bavardes smiply won't let our Tessie Oelrichs alone. They are always "picking on her." Here we have one of them telling how Tessie went to the circus "with the very attractive Miss O'Connor from San Francisco." Harry was with her too. Harry's last name is not given. Perhaps he was her son, Harry Oelrichs. Mrs. Oelrichs gave all her attention to Harry, says this bavarde. "All the wonders of the three rings held nothing for her that compared with Harry." So she "talked and talked and talked—to Harry, with Harry, and at Harry." The bavarde speculates about Miss O'Connor's feelings. And the bavarde touches on the quality of Tessie's talk. This talk, it seems, "is rather disturbing when one is not used to it; there is so much to it, and it flows from her tongue like the disc of a Victrola." How the disc of a Victrola flows from a tongue is not explained. Leaving the tan bark Miss O'Connor fell and was nearly trampled by an elephant. The bavarde absurdly says that she fell because she was confused by Tessie's everlasting talk to Harry. But that is not credible. Why can't the bavardes give Tessie a little peace?

The Heiress and the Cop

The dispatches told us the other day that the romance of Giulia Morosini had come a cropper. This was a romance that attracted attention all over the country three years ago, for it was like a Laura Jean Libby fiction in real life. Beautiful girls with more millions than they can count don't usually fall in love with dashing policeman outside the pages of the Libby sort of novels. But that's just what the ravishing Giulia did. Seven years ago Giulia who is a dashing equestrienne lost control of her charger on a road in the Bronx. The animal took the bit in his teeth and ran away. There might have been a tragedy. But there wasn't, because the brave and handsome copper appeared on the scene just in the psychological nick of time. At the risk of his own skin he stopped the runaway horse and saved the life of the entrancing heiress. When Giulia asked, in the approved fashion of a Laura Jean heroine, whom she should thank for the boon, she found that her life-preserver was Artie Werner, the Beau Brummel of the New York traffic squad. She went home and told Papa Morosini all about the adventure, and papa showed his gratitude by giving the cop a job as manager of his estate which extends for a quarter of a mile along the Hudson. Then Papa Morosini died. Four years ago Artie Werner's wife got a Reno divorce. Three years ago Artie married Giulia. The cop copped the heiress, to put it in language Laura Jean would never use. But the romance hasn't lasted. Artie has been pining for the society of his pals on the force. Of course he couldn't entertain them at home, so he sought them elsewhere. It is also hinted that his affection for his first wife, the Renowidow, has revived. Anyway, he came home recently and found guards around the estate who wouldn't let him in. He took this as a delicate hint that Giulia was through with him. Alack that it should be so, as Laura Jean might say. For a policeman's wife Giulia spends a lot of money on clothes; two hundred thousand a year, 'tis said. At one Horse Show she displayed seventeen different gowns in six days. Now that the

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[illegible] probably be a [illegible]

Fred Morrill's Engagement

[illegible]

At Del Monte

[illegible] Mrs. Arthur Lang [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner with Miss Warner at Monterey have been here for a week. Mrs. George W. Jenney and Miss Dorothy Jenney, who are quietly enjoying their stay, [illegible] golf and were delighted to hold the honors of such wonderful conditions and showers of prizes. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Stewart with Miss Eleanor Stewart and Master Stewart, of Minneapolis, spent a very pleasant time here at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Sherman were at Del Monte for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gilb [illegible] spent a week. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert M. Reed of Tacoma were guests. Frank L. Pierce and Louis A. Sullivan [illegible] Monday

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evening a very interesting stereopticon lecture was given on the Yellowstone Park. Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron and family have leased Grove Acres, the handsome home in Pacific Grove of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner, for the summer. On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tyrrell entertained many friends at luncheon at Pacific Beach Lodge. Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph spent part of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and Miss King are at Del Monte. On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Vallerga entertained some of their friends at luncheon at Pacific Beach Lodge. The social dance on Saturday evening was very well attended by the guests and the people from Monterey, Pacific Grove and the Presidio of Monterey.

At Coronado

Gaiety in an old-fashioned way still continues. Sunday evening Rear Admiral Pierce of New York invited twenty-five people for a moonlight sail on the hotel launch Hilderina. After a fine trip on the bay such as he had not in his memory on the Point Loma lighthouse, the party assembled on the hotel for a light supper, the wedding being broached by a bowling contest. Mrs. Arthur Murray, wife of Major General Murray, now inspecting army affairs in the south, was among the guests present at the informal gathering of San Diego and Coronado in the dining room on the hotel on Monday evening complimentary to Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Captain B. J. Boyes, aide de camp to Lieutenant Murray, was among those who enjoyed the informal dance in the hotel lounge on Monday evening. Among others present were Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, Major General and Mrs. Arthur Murray, Admiral and Mrs. Cecil Simons, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Dahlgren, Mr. and Mrs. Chase Spaulding, Miss Phillips, Miss Doris Stevens, Miss Dorothy de Long, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison W. Martin, Lieut. William L. Wallingford, U. S. A., Captain and Mrs. A. S. Cowan, Lieut. Tomlinson and Calloway.

At Paso Robles

There are many San Francisco at beautiful Paso Robles. Among others Mr. and Mrs. George W. Anderson, Mrs. E. M. Poll, Miss Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Weed, Mrs. E. A. and Miss Dunbar, C. C. Tom, W. H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Stark, Mr. and Mrs. T. Van Gelder, Douglas S. Wallace, Mrs. J. Chandler, Mrs. W. Cooley, Miss Rosenfeld, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Rosser, Ray Knight, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wasserman, Dr. and Mrs. Bernard R. Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kane. There are a great many other guests from all over the world.

At Pacific Grove Hotel

F. E. Newberry, a banker of Santa Cruz, accompanied by Gordon A. and C. W. Vollmer of Santa Cruz, spent the first part of the week. Miss C. Pigott of Bryan, Texas, is at the hotel and will be joined by a few days by her brother and sister. They plan to stay for a month or so. Mr. and Mrs. William Dandy of London and Mrs. R. J. Kelly and Miss Frank E. McGowan of Xenia, Ohio, motored to the hotel. They stayed a few days taking in many points of the Coast. Miss Whitney, who comes from San Francisco to the Sea and Spray hotel, is the Mr. Robinson to be the guest. Mr. C. N. Lyon of Hackensack, N. J., has taken quarters for the week. Mrs. Lillian M. Cobb, Miss Ethel C. Wilson and Percy S. Cobb of Marysville, Mrs. J. E. Sachtleben, Miss M. D. Barton and Mrs. E. W. Stevens of Sacramento, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Dugan of New York and the Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Howard of Los Angeles are some of the guests. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bates of New York are again at the hotel. They make a visit to the peninsula every year.

Indefinable Charm at Tait's

"Why is it people often stop to ask their guests, 'what big [illegible] and again to the Tait Tailored Cafe and [illegible] at 8?'" Of course we know that Tait's serves the best 50 cent luncheon in town, and have often impressed that such a delicious morning meal could be served at such a moderate price. But in addition, there is a tremendous amount about Tait's that we do not find in any other restaurant. Is it the charm of the cozy front dining room? The excellence of the menu? The magnetism of the singers and the Tango [illegible] who give exhibitions of [illegible] every afternoon between 4 and 6 and every morning between 11 and 12? Or is it the delightful coziness of the place? No one [illegible] to get the bigger, or the real reason, and this is the secret of Tait's charm.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 15)

[illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Audience very [illegible] if you ever hope to cheat their emotions. I don't pretend to know much about art. As far as I know, acting is largely a matter of personality and writing a plays is simply building [illegible] around personalities. When Frank Keenan and Joseph Kaz ask me to write vaudeville sketches for them, I feel it easy because I know their personalities. I consider write anything [illegible] I feel by asking the people who were to act it. And it's the little incidents that make effective drama. Now, need to the paper that [illegible] thousand head [illegible] up at Torreon, and you'll feel nearly as much affected as when you read that the Villa wrecked Murphy's child down two days. Still all about to the shack while Mrs. Murphy was not working. These are the things you know."

At this point Mack had to go on for the big scene in "Knickerbocker." I stood in the wings and watched him. Willard Mack, playwright, became Oliver Schuyler for my benefit. As for his wife, I watched her Thursday afternoon rehearse "Kind [illegible]" and saw Margaret Vaughan play it.

Columbus—Did you hear Mr. Pryor's church sing a small congregation?

Hilliard—Yes, indeed. Every time he saw Timothy Bulwinkle, you feel as if you had received a personal.

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Mack And Rambeau

By Theodore Bonnet

Iow long will it be before they flash in electr light in Broadway?" This question I asked or his page last July. I was speaking of Wil- la Mack and Marjorie Rambeau whom I had se for the first time. They were playing at th Orpheum in a one-act melodrama called "k k In," written by Mack himself. So re- m cable was the performance they gave I could no help wondering how long it would take them to each the Mecca of the theatrical profession. Tl have not reached it yet, but they are on th way. This week they stopped off for a brief en gement at the Alcazar, where they are playing the Kenyon drama "Kindling" as it was ne r played before. It is not to be expected of stock company that it will give a better pe rmance of a play than was given by the sta and satellites of the original production, but the unusual is what you may enjoy at the Al- ca r this week. The whole performance is wr ght out with a mastery over the resources of ex ssion such as one rarely has the good for- tur to enjoy. It is so exceptional that the op ng night performance was positively sen- sat nal. It affected even the door-keepers, ap etic gentlemen, whose senses have become so rophied that they seldom take notice of what is ing on on the stage. "Kindling" is the play of man who has something to say and who say it not only in dramatic form but accord- ing o the best dramatic traditions. Unlike the ave ge pamphleteering dramatist he never thr s his personality between the play and the au nce. His message is expressed in inci- den It is not preceptive. He passes but few con ents of his own. There are a few sly sar sms at uplifters, a few verbal assaults on gre y landlords, and a comment on the obtuse- nes of the self-centred and unsympathetic rich, but e play as a whole is a series of vivid pic- tur that take life when acted. "Kindling" is not hilarating, but it is life; or rather a corner of e well worth exploration in the interest of unfortunates who are stifled in it. The ther is as impressive and poignant as any that ever red the genius of poet or dramatist. What coul be more affecting than the plight of the you woman of this play? A woman whose whole being is absorbed in the maternal instinct, conscious that she is soon to bring a soul into the world, thrilled with the yearning that is the essence of real human love, she is at the same time on account of her poverty afraid to tell her husband, and on account of the squalor of her surroundings in which the death of an

MISCHA ELMAN

"The Caruso of the Violin" who gives two splendid programs at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoons April 26 and May 3.

infant is almost a daily occurrence she is filled with dread forebodings. What a forlorn sense of desolation is hers! It would be hard to find anywhere in fiction a character of such deep and haggard pathos. Such a picture of mental torture would in itself make the fortune of any play with an audience of average wits. The theme of the play is so big, so sublime that to do it full justice would require the genius of the dramatists of old Athens. The power to do the character justice is another matter. Quite as intensely as it was imagined by the playwright it is conceived by Marjorie Rambeau. In the person of this young actress the soul, the form, the walk, the voice—all the saliences of the perplexed and wretched mother-to-be are fused as indissolubly as the matter and manner of a perfect lyric. Knowing in advance the story of the play, when you first see that picture of woe against a background of pinched poverty, savorsome in its severity, you are almost moved to tears. When she speaks the impact of the tragic character on the thoughts and senses of the susceptible spectator is overwhelming. Marjorie Rambeau is a true artist. Young, and possessed of many charms of person, apparently there is no sacrifice she will not make to "look the part." And for the acting of the part, which is even more important, there is nothing lacking in her technique. But it is a subtle technique, so subtle that it never appears studied. It has all the effect of spontaneity. Marjorie Rambeau confirms at the Alcazar the impression she made on me at the Orpheum in her husband's little sketch. She is an actress of many resources. In the joint performance of herself and husband the "business" of both is so complete, so elaborate and telling in all aspects of manner and phases of emotion as to seem like the fruit of long years brooding over the psychology and possibilities of the two parts—the wife and the husband. As the dull German stevedore Mack is always effective whether in whimsical abruptness, comical incongruity or gust of passion. But the two stars are far from being all that there is to this performance. Annie Mack Berlein as the philosophical Irishwoman, supplies the comic relief with an ebullience of spirits that is refreshing. The part of Steve, her son, might have been written for Kernan Cripps who has seldom been more congenially cast. Bert Wesner has not much to do as the plain-clothes man, but he fits into the role with his customary precision. Miss Dorcas Matthews plays the ingenue with fine tact and in a manner that is sweet and winning, and the Mrs. Burke Smith of Louise Brownell was lacking in none of the touches required to make the lady grate on the nerves of the tenement dwellers.

Gossip of the Theatre

"Th Honeymoon Express"

N in many a day, nay, in many a year, has ther been so smart a show in San Francisco as "Th Honeymoon Express," which is now the attra ion at the Cort. This is a show with the true roadway flavor. It is a show opulent of colo nd sparkle and beauty, and the sophostica- tion f it is peculiarly New Yorkish. It is so full charming and bewildering detail that you ar rdly able to enjoy it to the full at one sitti "The Honeymoon" is one of those rare, effer scent shows in the mounting of which it woul seem that no expense had been spared to mak ure the conquest of the senses. And it has some ing more than its superb externals with whic to divert and captivate. It is a sprightly show n every sense; amusing in its situations, with glittering background for specialties of a high order. The inimitable, quick-witted Al Jolso in the role of a negro valet, furnishes most of th amusement, but he has not a monopoly of the talent. Melville Ellis, Ada Lewis, Marie Fenton and Anna Wheaton are generous contributors to the happy flow of fancy and melody. Melville Ellis gives a delightful pianologue, but that is the smallest part of his contribution, for this alert young San Francisco exquisite was the designer of the wonderful gowns that ravish the eyes and make this a really notable show.

—H. M. B.

The Spice of Life at the Orpheum

You're hard to please if you can't find entertainment at the Orpheum this week. If this bill doesn't hold your favorite vaudeville dish, you'd better leave the table. Are you a high brow? Then here is Dave Bispham singing an aria from Handel and a song from Mendelssohn's opera. You don't like opera, but do like Kipling-Damrosch? Dave gives you goose flesh with his wonderful rendition of "Danny Deever." Something lighter still for your taste? Well, Dave sings Sidney Homer's Banjo Song. Perhaps Bispham's style of entertaining doesn't appeal to you at all. Try Clara Inge. Clara sings not half-badly, does a few steps gracefully, and imitates a very small boy. You hate imitations of very small boys? How about Ben Deely? Ah, I thought you'd like Ben of blackface, Ben of ragtime, Ben of the burlesque tango. Everybody in the house did the night I was there. They couldn't get enough of him. Ben "stopped the show." But you've seen Ben before? Ah, but you haven't seen Willard Mack's skit "Who Is She?" before, have you? Even if you have, you'll find it easy to laugh heartily again. Joseph Bernard and Hazel Harrington do it with a lot of spirit. You'd like to see some dancing? Here are Annette Woodman and Guy Livingston in the hesitation, the tango, the maxixe and the gavotte. Don't you envy them their good looks, their grace and their proficiency? You don't? You're a roughneck? Step this way! Behold

policeman's star has set there will probably be a divorce.

Fred Myrtle's Engagement

At the Bohemian Club where he has resided for so many years they were beginning to look upon Fred Myrtle as a confirmed bachelor. So of course the inevitable happened. Just when a man's friends decide that he is irrevocably baccalaureate, he ups and announces his engagement! Just why it should be so I don't know, but it turns out that way so often that there must be some relation of cause and effect. A great many of Fred's friends were surprised, but not all of them. The more intimate had noticed his attentions to the charming widow Mrs. Margaret Jardine, and were waiting for the announcement which surprised the less knowing ones. Fred and his bride-to-be have been acquainted for many years. It is a case where sympathetic tastes drew two together until their fellowship of feeling was transmuted into love. Both are extremely popular with a circle of cultivated people. Fred Myrtle was one of the best and best known newspapermen in town before he forsook the local room to take charge of the gas company's publicity department. In this position he has been a tower of strength to the company. Among Bohemians he is known for his wit, and at club entertainments may always be counted on for a happy impromptu or a graceful set of verses. Mrs. Jardine is the daughter of Mrs. G. J. Bucknell, so she belongs to one of our best families. The wedding will be celebrated at the home of Mrs. Bucknell in Green street on the twenty-second. Needless to say, the engaged couple are being extensively entertained.

At Del Monte

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson of Carmel entertained Julian Street and Wallace Morgan of New York at Del Monte for a few days last week. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Atkins and Mrs. H. H. Watson with Miss Watson of Vancouver were down for a week. Mrs. George W. Kinney and Miss Jennie Kinney who are quietly enjoying their stay, plan to spend another fortnight. They are very fond of golf and were delighted to find the links in such wonderful condition and situated so prettily. Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Stowell with Miss Eleanor Stowell and Morris Stowell of Minneapolis spent a very pleasant two weeks at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Sargent were at Del Monte for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill Jr. spent a week. Mr. and Mrs. Calvin M. Reed of Piedmont were down. Frank L. Brown and Louis A. Hilborn were at Del Monte for a few days. On Monday evening a very interesting stereopticon lecture was given on the Yellowstone Park. Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron and family have leased Grove Acres, the handsome home in Pacific Grove of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner, for the summer. On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Edward Townsend entertained their friends at luncheon at Pebble Beach Lodge. Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph spent part of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and Miss King are at Del Monte.. On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hathaway entertained some of their friends at luncheon at Pebble Beach Lodge. The usual dance on Saturday evening was very well attended by the guests and the people from Monterey, Pacific Grove and the Presidio of Monterey.

At Coronado

Gaiety in an informal way still continues. Sunday evening Roy Ensworth Pierce of New York invited twenty-five friends for a moonlight ride in the hotel launch "Glorietta." After a fine trip on the bay and as far out in the ocean as the Point Loma lighthouse, the party returned to the hotel for a light supper, the evening being finished by a bowling contest. Mrs. Arthur Murray, wife of Major-General Murray, now inspecting army affairs in the south, was among the guests invited by the representative ladies of San Diego and Coronado to the dinner given in the hotel on Monday evening complimentary to Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Captain H. J. Brees, aide-de-camp to General Murray, was among those who enjoyed the informal dance in the ball room on Monday evening. Among others present were Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, Major General and Mrs. Arthur Murray, Admiral and Mrs. Uriel Sebree, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Miss Peddle, Miss Doris Skinner, Miss Dorothy de Long, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham W. Marsh, Lieut. William L. Patterson, U. S. A., Captain and Mrs. A. S. Cowan, Lieuts. Taliaferro and Carberry.

At Paso Robles

There are many San Franciscans at beautiful Paso Robles. Among others: Mr. and Mrs. George W. Andrews, Mrs. E. M. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. West, Mrs. E. A. and Miss Peabody, C. C. Ertz, W. H. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hoag, Mr. and Mrs. D. Van Gelder, Bradley S. Wallace, Mrs. J. Chanslor, Mrs. W. Cosby, Miss Rosenthal, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Reese, Roy Knight, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Boardman, Dr. and Mrs. Morton R. Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kane. There are a great many other guests from all over the world.

At Pacific Grove Hotel

P. E. Newlove, a banker of Santa Cruz, accompanied by George A. and C. W. Valliant of Ocean Park registered the first part of the week. Miss C. Braatz of Bryan, Texas, is at the hotel and will be joined in a few days by her mother and sister. They plan to stay for a month or so. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Davis of London and Mrs. R. J. Kelly with Mrs. Frank E. McGervey of Xenia, Ohio, motored to the hotel. They stayed a few days before resuming their tour of the State. Mrs. Wingate who owns Pine Inn at Carmel-by-the-Sea and lately leased it to Mr. Belmont is at the hotel. Mrs. C. K. Law of Hackensack, N. J., has taken apartments for several months. Mrs. Lillian M. Cobb, Miss Ella C. Pierce and Percy S. Cobb of Albany; Mrs. J. H. Sachinder, Mrs. M. D. Bartlett and Mrs. F. W. Stevens of Jamestown, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Preston of New York and the Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Rowand of Los Angeles are some of the guests. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Baine of New York are again at the hotel. They make a visit to the peninsula every year.

Indefinable Charm at Tait's

"Why is it," people often stop to ask themselves, "that we go again and again to the Tait-Zinkand Cafe and never tire of it?" Of course we know that Tait's serves the best 50 cent luncheon in town, and have often marveled that such a delicious noon-day meal could be served at such a moderate price. But, in addition, there is an intangible something about Tait's that we do not feel in any other restaurant. Is it the charm of the ever fresh decorations? The excellence of the music? The magnetism of the singers and the Tango experts who give exhibitions of its fancy steps every afternoon between 4 and 5 and every evening between 11 and 12? Or is it the delightful coziness of the place? No one is able to put his finger on the real reason, and this is the secret of Tait's charm.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

And you must study Mr. and Mrs. Audience very closely if you ever hope to cheat their emotions I don't pretend to know much about art. As far as I know, acting is largely a matter of personality; and writing a play is simply building a story around personalities. When Frank Keenan and Johnny Ray ask me to write vaudeville sketches for them, I find it easy because I know their personalities. I couldn't write anything unless I had in mind the people who were to act it. And it's the little incidents that make effective drama. You read in the paper that a thousand dead were picked up at Torreon, and you're not nearly as much affected as when you hear that the little crippled Murphy child down the alley died all alone in the shack while Mrs. Murphy was out washing. Those are the things that count."

At this point Mack had to go on for the big scene in "Kindling." I stood in the wings and watched him. Willard Mack, playright, became Heinie Schultz in an instant. As for his wife—I'd rather see Marjorie Rambeau rehearse "Kindling" that see Margaret Illington play it.

Celestine—And has Mr. Pryor's church such a small congregation?

Hilda—Yes, indeed. Every time he says 'Dearly Beloved' you feel as if you had received a proposal.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER
Purifies as well as beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every bemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the last harmful of all the skin preparations.
For Sale by all Druggists and Fancy Good Dealers
GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.
GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE
Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1.00, by Mail
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop.,
37 Great Jones St., New York City

A GENTLEMAN'S
COUNTRY HOME
FOR SALE OR LEASE
ONE HOUR AND FIVE MINUTES (40 Miles) DOWN THE PENINSULA
BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY FURNISHED RESIDENCE, CONTAINING TEN ROOMS, TWO BATHS, FINEST PLUMBING, FIXTURES, ORIENTAL RUGS AND BEAUTIFUL FURNITURE. TWENTY ACRES IN FRUIT. WONDERFUL VIEW OF VALLEY, BAY, FOOTHILLS AND MOUNTAINS. SEPARATE QUARTERS FOR SERVANTS. FINEST WATER. ELECTRIC LIGHTS, TELEPHONE, GARAGE, TENNIS COURT. NO FOG OR FROST. CAN GIVE IMMEDIATE POSSESSION. WORTH OVER $50,000.
WILL SELL FOR $38,500
BOX 566, Care of TOWN TALK, 88 First St., S. F.

Mack And Rambeau

By Theodore Bonnet

"How long will it be before they flash in electric light in Broadway?" This question I asked on this page last July. I was speaking of Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau whom I had seen for the first time. They were playing at the Orpheum in a one-act melodrama called "Kick In," written by Mack himself. So remarkable was the performance they gave I could not help wondering how long it would take them to reach the Mecca of the theatrical profession. They have not reached it yet, but they are on the way. This week they stopped off for a brief engagement at the Alcazar, where they are playing the Kenyon drama "Kindling" as it was never played before. It is not to be expected of a stock company that it will give a better performance of a play than was given by the star and satellites of the original production, but the unusual is what you may enjoy at the Alcazar this week. The whole performance is wrought out with a mastery over the resources of expression such as one rarely has the good fortune to enjoy. It is so exceptional that the opening night performance was positively sensational. It affected even the door-keepers, pathetic gentlemen, whose senses have become so atrophied that they seldom take notice of what is going on on the stage. "Kindling" is the play of a man who has something to say and who says it not only in dramatic form but according to the best dramatic traditions. Unlike the average pamphleteering dramatist he never obtrusts his personality between the play and the audience. His message is expressed in incidents. It is not preceptive. He passes but few comments of his own. There are a few sly sarcasms at uplifters, a few verbal assaults on greedy landlords, and a comment on the obtuseness of the self-centred and unsympathetic rich, but the play as a whole is a series of vivid pictures that take life when acted. "Kindling" is not exhilarating, but it is life; or rather a corner of life well worth exploration in the interest of the unfortunates who are stifled in it. The theme is as impressive and poignant as any that ever fired the genius of poet or dramatist. What could be more affecting than the plight of the young woman of this play? A woman whose whole being is absorbed in the maternal instinct, conscious that she is soon to bring a soul into the world, thrilled with the yearning that is the essence of real human love, she is at the same time on account of her poverty afraid to tell her husband, and on account of the squalor of her surroundings in which the death of an infant is almost a daily occurrence she is filled with dread forebodings. What a forlorn sense of desolation is hers! It would be hard to find anywhere in fiction a character of such deep and haggard pathos. Such a picture of mental torture would in itself make the fortune of any play with an audience of average wits. The theme of the play is so big, so sublime that to do it full justice would require the genius of the dramatists of old Athens. The power to do the character justice is another matter. Quite as intensely as it was imagined by the playwright it is conceived by Marjorie Rambeau. In the person of this young actress the soul, the form, the walk, the voice—all the saliences of the perplexed and wretched mother-to-be are fused as indissolubly as the matter and manner of a perfect lyric. Knowing in advance the story of the play, when you first see that picture of woe against a background of pinched poverty, savorsome in its severity, you are almost moved to tears. When she speaks the impact of the tragic character on the thoughts and senses of the susceptible spectator is overwhelming. Marjorie Rambeau is a true artist. Young, and possessed of many charms of person, apparently there is no sacrifice she will not make to "look the part." And for the acting of the part, which is even more important, there is nothing lacking in her technique. But it is a subtle technique, so subtle that it never appears studied. It has all the effect of spontaneity. Marjorie Rambeau confirms at the Alcazar the impression she made on me at the Orpheum in her husband's little sketch. She is an actress of many resources. In the joint performance of herself and husband the "business" of both is so complete, so elaborate and telling in all aspects of manner and phases of emotion as to seem like the fruit of long years brooding over the psychology and possibilities of the two parts—the wife and the husband. As the dull German stevedore Mack is always effective whether in whimsical abruptness, comical incongruity or gust of passion. But the two stars are far from being all that there is to this performance. Annie Mack Berlein as the philosophical Irishwoman, supplies the comic relief with an ebullience of spirits that is refreshing. The part of Steve, her son, might have been written for Kernan Cripps who has seldom been more congenially cast. Bert Wesner has not much to do as the plain-clothes man, but he fits into the role with his customary precision. Miss Dorcas Matthews plays the ingenue with fine tact and in a manner that is sweet and winning, and the Mrs. Burke Smith of Louise Brownell was lacking in none of the touches required to make the lady grate on the nerves of the tenement dwellers.

MISCHA ELMAN

"The Caruso of the Violin" who gives two splendid programs at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoons April 26 and May 3.

Gossip of the Theatre

"The Honeymoon Express"

Not in many a day, nay, in many a year, has there been so smart a show in San Francisco as "The Honeymoon Express," which is now the attraction at the Cort. This is a show with the true Broadway flavor. It is a show opulent of color and sparkle and beauty, and the sophistication of it is peculiarly New Yorkish. It is so full of charming and bewildering detail that you are hardly able to enjoy it to the full at one sitting. "The Honeymoon" is one of those rare, effervescent shows in the mounting of which it would seem that no expense had been spared to make sure the conquest of the senses. And it has something more than its superb externals with which to divert and captivate. It is a sprightly show in every sense; amusing in its situations, with a glittering background for specialties of a high order. The inimitable, quick-witted Al Jolson, in the role of a negro valet, furnishes most of the amusement, but he has not a monopoly of the talent. Melville Ellis, Ada Lewis, Marie Fenton and Anna Wheaton are generous contributors to the happy flow of fancy and melody. Melville Ellis gives a delightful pianologue, but that is the smallest part of his contribution, for this alert young San Francisco exquisite was the designer of the wonderful gowns that ravish the eyes and make this a really notable show.

—H. M. B.

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Johnny Ray and wife Emma in a Junie McCree absurdity. You needn't be ashamed of laughing at them. I noticed a lot of high brows splitting their sides at Johnn's antics. You want something of the slapstick order? Behold the Zazell pantomimists, introducing new wrinkles in one of the most ancient forms of amusement. Some acrobatics? Here are the Marvelous Manchurians. You've got to go a long way to find their superiors. And motion pictures to top off the feast. Everything but an animal act. You don't miss the animals? Shake! Neither do I!

—E. F. O'Day.

The Mischa Elman Concerts

Next Wednesday morning the sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's for the two concerts to be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, April 26 and May 3, by Mischa Elman, the young Russian violin virtuoso who has been aptly called "The Caruso of the Violin." Elman stands in a class quite by himself; no other violinist can produce the effects that this artist does, for he makes his instrument sing into the very hearts of his auditors. He is more than a great virtuoso and musician—he is a true genius. At the first concert Elman will play the following beautiful program assisted by Percy Kahn, the eminent English pianist: "Sonata," op. 12, for violin and piano, Beethoven; "Concerto," op. 28, Goldmark; "Sonata" for violin, E major, Handel; "Nocturne," Chopin-Auer; "Prophet Bird," Schumann-Auer; "Gavotte," Gretry-Franko; and "Polonaise," A major, Wieniawski. At the second concert the program will include the "Sonata" for violin and piano, No. 10, Mozart; "Concerto" in B minor, Saint-Saens; "Faust Fantasie," Wieniawski, and smaller works by Tschaikowsky, Brahms-Joachim, Couperin-Kreisler and Paganini-Auer. Mail orders may be addressed to Manager Will L. Greenbaum at either box office.

Flonzaley Quartet

On Sunday afternoons, May 10 and 17, and Thursday night, May 14, the world's greatest string quartet, "The Flonzaley" of Switzerland, will give three splendid programs at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The first concert will be attended by a theatre party of some three hundred members of the Pacific Musical Society and on this occasion the muchly discussed "Suite" for violin and violoncello by Emanuel Moor will be played for the first time in the West. Mail orders for the Flonzaley concerts are now being accepted by Manager Greenbaum.

Flonzaley Quartet at Greek Theatre

For the past five years the Music and Dramatic Committee of the Faculty of the University of California has been arranging a special musical event for commencement week. This year the Flonzaley Quartet has been secured as the attraction, and a special program will be given in the Greek Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, May 12, which will be attended by alumni from all parts of the State. A string quartet is most effective in this wonderful open-air auditorium. Tickets will be on sale at the usual places in Berkeley, Oakland and San Francisco.

Olcott Next Week

Chauncey Olcott in his altogether delightful Irish romance "Shameen Dhu" is a decided success at the Columbia where he remains for a second and final week, commencing with this Sunday night. More than ever is Olcott welcome this season, for his play from the pen of Rida Johnson Young shows the actor and his splendid supporting company to fine advantage in a play that at once interests and entertains. "Shameen Dhu" has been staged under the direction of Henry Miller whose master hand is seen from the first curtain to the last. Olcott has a number of splendid songs, and as he is singing in better voice than for a number of seasons back, they are received with great enthusiasm. The production is elaborate, and Olcott gives a fine interpretation of the stellar role. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Hilliard in "The Argyle Case"

Robert Hilliard appears at the Columbia for two weeks commencing Monday night, April 27, in his new success "The Argyle Case," presented under the direction of Klaw and Erlanger. The mystery of "The Argyle Case" is a murder solved along lines of modern criminal investigation suggested by the famous detective William J. Burns.

WILL PHILBRICK

With Rock and Fulton at the Gaiety in "The Echo."

AL JOLSON

The famous fun-maker who heads the great cast in "The Honeymoon Express" at the Cort Theatre.

who has co-operated with Harriet Ford, successful playwright, and Harvey J. O'Higgins, popular magazine writer. There is nothing in the drama to arouse class prejudice or to offend the individual. The play is intensely interesting and grips the audience, holding it in thrilling suspense from the curtain's rise until its final fall.

"The Echo" a Great Hit

"The Echo" proved last Monday night to be the best thing that the Gaiety has presented since "The Candy Shop" was offered as that theatre's production. Rock and Fulton, stars of "The Candy Shop" maintain their position at the head of the present company, and William Rock has added laurels to his theatrical fame as the producer whose ingenuity has conceived the many specialties that enliven the performance. The "scene behind the scenes" is a revelation and a sensation. "The King Is In the Bathtub" is a superb burlesque achievement; the specialty dances done by Rock and Fulton are all new for this production, and then there is in an interpolated "melodrama" which must be seen to be appreciated. Everything from the opening of the first act to the close of the final scene is accomplished with speed, wit, humor and melody, and the chorus was pronounced last Sunday night to be the greatest dancing organization on the American stage. "The Echo" has been rewritten and adapted to an up-to-the-minute audience by Addison Burkhardt, and Miss Fulton has enriched the musical score by several composition from her own pen. The whole show speeds along like a joy ride.

Another Week of Jolson

The big New York Winter Garden entertainment "The Honeymoon Express" with its large company of jolly fun-makers headed by Al Jolson, now taxing the capacity of the Cort at each performance, continues next week. The final week begins Sunday evening, and three matinees, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, will be given.

Harry Gilfoil at Orpheum

Next week will be the last of the famous American baritone David Bispham who will present an entirely new program of songs. A splendid new bill will also be presented. Harry Gilfoil will appear in his original and clever character impersonation Baron Sands. Mr. Gilfoil has so popularized his impersonation of "the man about town" that he has come to be regarded as one of the foremost character actors. Ed Blondell assisted by Katheryne Caine will appear in the diverting skit "The Lost Boy." Blondell who has been called "the vaudeville billikin" has a most amusing personality and is a comedian who never fails to get his audiences in a roar. Ruth Roye, the princess of ragtime, a handsome dashing girl who sings well and has a keen appreciation of the meaning of the words she utters, will be heard in the newest ragtime songs. Keno, Walsh and Melrose, a trio of expert gymnasts and comedians in eccentric make-up, will perform a series of acrobatic and sensational feats. Jack Ward and Eddie Weber, two exceptionally clever dancers, will bid for popularity in a unique act entitled "A Minstrel Boy's Conception of Art." Kartelli will instance his ability by performing innumerable astounding feats on a thread of steel. In his particular line he is unequalled and was till lately one of the principal attractions in the European music halls. Next week will be the last of Ben Deely and company in "The New Bell Boy" and Annette Woodman and Guy Livingston in their ball room dances.

"The Deserter" at the Alcazar

"The Deserter," a powerful play of the United States secret service, in which Helen Ware scored her greatest triumph, will be the second offering of Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau, supported by the full strength of the Alcazar players, beginning Monday night. One scene has to do with a dance hall on the Barbary Coast in this city. There are incidents of tremendous dramatic power. Miss Rambeau will have a splendid opportunity to display her great dramatic

HARRY GILFOIL

As "Baron Sands" next week at the Orpheum.

talents in the role of the secret service agent, and Mr. Mack, as the deserter, will have one of the strongest roles of his career. The supporting Alcazarans will all have fine parts and there will be a lot of specially engaged people for the great Barbary Coast scene. In this scene Miss Rambeau will introduce a specialty, as will also Charles Compton and others of the versatile Alcazar players.

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell near Powell — Phone Kearny 2

Commencing Monday Night, April 20th
Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
WILLARD MACK-MARJORIE RAMBEAU
Supported by the ALCAZAR PLAYERS in

"THE DESERTER"

Helen Ware's Greatest Success
Specialties Galore in the Great San Francisco Barbary Coast Scene
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c
Monday, April 27th—WILLARD MACK and MARJORIE RAMBEAU in "THE WOMAN HE MARRIED"

AMUSEMENTS

MISCHA

ELMAN

The Russian Violinist

COLUMBIA THEATER
SUNDAY AFT., APRIL 26 at 2:30
SUNDAY AFT., MAY 3 at 2:30

Tickets, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's.

MAIL ORDERS TO WILL. L. GREENBAUM

Steinway Piano

Coming—THE FLONZALEY QUARTET

Orpheum

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL phone Douglas 70

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
LAST WEEK
The Noted Baritone

DAVID BISPHAM

Accompanied by WARD C. LEWIS
NEW SONGS
A SPLENDID NEW BILL

HARRY GILFOIL in his famous Character Creations of Baron Sands; ED BLONDELL & CO. presenting "The Lost Boy"; RUTH ROYE, "Princess of Ragtime"; KENO, WALSH & MELROSE, Comedy Gymnasts; JACK WARD & EDDIE WEBER, introducing "A Minstrel Boy's Conception of Art"; KARTELLI, supported by a Wire; BEN DEELY & CO., assisted by Marie Wayne; Last Week of ANNETTE WOODMAN & GUY LIVINGSTON, presenting Terpsichore's Latest Vogues.

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c

CORT

Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460

2nd and LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT
3 MATINEES—Wednesday, Friday and Saturday
The New York Winter Garden's Most Smashing Hit

THE HONEYMOON EXPRESS

With

AL. JOLSON

Original Co. of 100 and Famous Beauty Chorus
Nights, 50c to $2; All Mats., 50c to $1.50
Next—Sun. Night, April 26—"Peg o' My Heart"

GAIETY

O'FARRELL near POWELL — Phone Sutter 4141

SUCCESS ACHIEVED

"THE ECHO"

With
WM. ROCK and MAUDE FULTON
Heading a Great Cast including
Will Philbrick, Kitty Doner, Bessie Franklin, Mary Ambrose, Frances White, Oscar Ragland, Frederic Santley, Estelle Baldwin and the
FINEST DANCING ORGANIZATION ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00. Saturday and Sunday Matinees—25c, 50c and 75c. Thursday "Pop" Matinee—25c and 50c.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phone Franklin 150.

SECOND AND LAST WEEK BEGINS
SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 19th
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

In His New Play

"SHAMEEN DHU"

By Rida Johnson Young
Direction Henry Miller

Monday, April 27th—Robert Hilliard in "The Argyle Case."

The Pink Diamond

(Continued from Page 14.)

"Oh, you may trust me. I'll see nothing that I'm not supposed to see," rejoined Bobstock. "But I say! About this fair lady, who's to act as decoy—"

"Sh! my dear Mr. Bobstock," interposed Lord Ronald with a scandalized expression. "If you want to get on in Society you really must overcome this fatal habit of expressing yourself with such brutal and uncalled-for frankness."

"D—n it, she is a decoy, isn't she?" muttered the Liver-Jogger with an unpleasant leer.

"Where Royalty is concerned a spade is never a spade," answered Lord Ronald decisively.

"Well, I'll call the lady a Red-letter Saint with pleasure if only she'll come to Dillwater Hall for the Twelfth," laughed Bobstock in his coarse way. "But how am I to get at her? That's the next question. I don't know her, you see, and—"

"Oh, that's all right," answered Lord Ronald quickly. "I have seen the lady. She will come—"

"Good biz!" ejaculated the Liver-Jogger, rubbing his big hands together gleefully.

"On conditions of course," pursued Lord Ronald in a meaning tone.

"Ah, you mean she'll want paying," rejoined Bobstock. "I expected that. All you Society people do. Well, I'm quite prepared to spring what's requisite. What's her figure? Will a thousand see her?"

"My dear Mr. Bobstock," ejaculated Lord Ronald, holding up his hands in a deprecating gesture. "Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton is not a person to whom you could possibly offer money. She would regard it as a deadly insult."

"Oh, she's that sort, is she?" laughed Bobstock sneeringly. "All I can say is then she's very different from most of the nobs I've met. However, if she doesn't want money, what does she want?"

"The fact is, my dear Mr. Bobstock," explained Lord Ronald. "Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton has a perfect mania—I might also almost call it the hobby of her life to collect diamonds. And she has taken a tremendous fancy to that particularly fine specimen you wear on the little finger of your right hand."

"Eh? But when has she seen it?" demanded Bobstock. "For, to the best of my knowledge, I've never met the lady."

"She hasn't seen it; but she has often heard about it. Perhaps you are not aware that the stone has been much noticed, and that half the women in Society are envying you the possession of it," replied Lord Ronald.

The Liver-Jogger's face assumed a pleased, well satisfied smirk.

"Well, certainly the ring ain't so dusty; and oughtn't to be either, considering it stood me in three thou. at one of Debenham's sales," he observed.

"It's a beauty," observed Lord Ronald. "The delicate pink of the stone is quite unique. That is why Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton is so set upon it. She is a woman who always knows what she wants, and the moment I broached the subject of her coming to Dillwater, she said at once that she'd go anywhere for you, even to the infernal regions, if you'd make her a present of your pink diamond."

"Umph," muttered the Liver-Jogger, rubbing his quadruple chin thoughtfully. "I'm rather in love with the stone myself, and don't want to part with it. Besides, in any case, three thou. or its equivalent is a tallish order, Giblet."

"If you want Royalty, you must expect to pay a fancy price," answered Lord Ronald sententiously. "Whether the return you get is worth it is, of course, another matter. That is for you to decide, my dear Mr. Bobstock."

"I'll willingly buy her another ring of the same value—"

"I'm afraid that would be no good," interposed Lord Ronald. "She's dead set on this particular pink stone, and it must be either that or nothing. Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton is quite decided on the point. And when she once makes up her mind to a thing, you might as well try to move St. Paul's as to move her. I told her that she was opening her mouth rather wide. But she declined even to discuss the matter. And there, for the moment, the affair rests."

It ended in the Liver-Jogger agreeing to accede to Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton's terms—conditionally of course upon her inducing the Prince to come to Dillwater Hall for the Twelfth.

Everything was satisfactorily arranged with his Royal Highness through the medium of Lord Ronald, who took the entire management of the negotiations into his own hands, and it was fixed that the Prince should come down to Dillwater on the afternoon of August 11. Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton herself came the day before. A very beautiful and charming person she proved to be. Indeed any one who saw her must have admitted that, ethics apart, Prince Heinrich showed uncommonly good taste and that, given encouragement by so dazzling a creature, no man could be very severely blamed for succumbing to her charms—least of all a Prince married to a fat and uninteresting Princess, never any great beauty and now hopelessly run to seed.

But on the following day a great disappointment befell. There came a wire from the Prince's equerry saying that he was called back to his principality on urgent affairs of State, and must therefore with profound regret cancel his engagement. The Liver-Jogger was in a great stew. But Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton was even more upset.

"It is too bad—a great deal too bad," she exclaimed, shedding tears of anger and mortification. "Never before have I been placed in so false a position. However, in one respect I confess I am selfish enough to feel rather relieved. The old fool's ponderous attentions were certainly becoming very tiresome; besides, he was too absurdly jealous of every other man who came near me; so, in that way, his absence is distinctly a relief."

She looked at Bobstock. And Bobstock looked at her. In his own coarse way, the Liver-Jogger was an admirer of female beauty. But the admiration which his bloodshot eyes now expressed was not only for the beautiful woman, it was also for the seasoned graduate in Royal favors who could thus contemptuously speak of a Prince as "an old fool." And then a thought occurred to him. He had no idea of marrying. Never again, if he knew it, would he execute a mortgage on his freedom. But—well, Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton was a monstrously fine woman, and obviously not too straight-laced. Why shouldn't he succeed his Royal Highness as the lady's admirer-in-chief? Why not? And if at all, why not now? Indeed, the present time, when she was so incensed against the Prince, was just the psychological moment for catching her, as the phrase goes, on the rebound. He drew his chair close to hers—they were alone together in the library—and ventured to take her nearest hand (her left hand, as it chanced) in his. He now noticed, for the first time—though at the moment the peculiar significance of the fact did not come home to him—that she was wearing the pink diamond ring upon the third finger of that member.

Presently he bent forward and kissed the back of her hand with his thick lips. Just at that moment—as fate would have it—Lord Ronald Giblet, with two or three others of Bobstock's guests, came bustling into the room and, before he had recovered from his dismayed astonishment, the Liver-Jogger found himself having his hand shaken by all his guests in turn, and being subjected to a series of effusive congratulations, which he was too much taken aback to repudiate.

An arranged thing? Of course it was. So well arranged too that Bobstock was fairly caught. Lord Ronald, you see, had spoken of Mrs. Saunders-Hamilton quite correctly as a woman who always knew what she wanted; though in saying that she merely wanted Bobstock's favorite ring he had been guilty of a considerable suppressio veri. She did want it indeed, but only as a useful piece of confirmatory evidence. What she chiefly wanted was the Liver-Jogger himself And she got him.

A Heart-to-Heart Talk

A young thing had a heart that ached, her honey-boy having taken his affections elsewhere, and her father recently shut himself up with her to reason with her.

"That honey-boy averaged spending fifty cents a week on you," he said; "here's a dollar a week to take his place. Every time he called he cleaned out the refrigerator; your mother will see to it that your brothers do this in future. He kept you up late at nights; your baby sister is cross, and hereafter you will let the baby do this for you. He took possession of the most comfortable rocker on the porch; when you look at that rocker in future it will not be empty, bringing the pang to your heart that your silly novels tell about—it will be occupied by the man who paid for it, and that's me. Your mother and I stayed by you through colic and teething, and are going to get you through this if we have to take turns spanking you. Now take your eyes off the moon and look at the dust around you."

Friendship's Garland

When I was a boy there was a friend of mine,
We thought ourselves warriors and grown folk swine,
Stupid old animals who never understood
And never had an impulse and said "you must be good."

We slank like stoats and fled like foxes,
We put cigarettes in the pillar-boxes,
Lighted cigarettes and letters all aflame—
O the surprise when the postman came!

We stole eggs and apples and made fine hay
In people's houses when people were away,
We broke street lamps and away we ran,
Then I was a boy but now I am a man.

Now I am a man and don't have any fun,
I hardly ever shout and I never never run,
And I don't care if he's dead that friend of mine,
For then I was a boy and now I am a swine.

"And when he proposed did you tell him to see me?" asked her mother.

"Yes, Mama, and he said he'd seen you several times, but he wanted to marry me just the same."

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY

Attorneys at Law and Proctors in Admiralty

CROCKER BUILDING Rooms 807-810

Telephone Kearny 4145

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The first Government report of the condition of the crops was published last week and will serve to direct attention to what is always the most important development of the year. The addition of several billion dollars to our wealth yearly through the growth of agricultural products is the prime factor of business conditions. The first report of the year is the best ever issued at this date and indicates a crop of winter wheat larger than we have ever grown before. Reports generally tell of ample moisture in the ground for seeding the spring crops and that the season starts with the brightest possible prospects. The country may well be grateful, in view of the depression that exists. In the past crops and the condition of the money markets have been the controlling factors in business and speculation and it is fair to assume that they will be this year, although at the moment other things have the call, such as increase in freight rates and trust legislation. The Interstate Commerce Commission is apparently trying to hasten its decision as to whether or not the railroads are entitled to relief through higher freight rates and charges for service heretofore rendered free. A decision of this sort favorable to the companies would not bring them any additional revenue immediately but it would brace up the courage of investors; and probably also of the railroad directors, as it would prove that, after all, the railroads are to receive some consideration. Another factor that is adjusting itself is trust legislation. It is assuming a far less radical form than was originally expected. The policy of President Wilson is regarded by all as constructive, and it is reasonable to suppose that radical trust legislation will be dropped for the present. However, the market the past week was anything but encouraging to the bulls. The steel tonnage statement was a disappointment and this stock was sold rather freely. In the absence of any good support prices yielded below the 60 level which in turn led to selling in the balance of the list. With fundamental conditions such as good crops and cheap money on the side of the optimist, we believe prices will turn shortly to the better.

Wheat—None will dispute the generosity of the crop promise as expressed in the April report, and were the harvest approximately near, its bearishness would not be denied by any unbiased authority. There is at the moment an outlook which has not been exceeded or even equaled in many years, if ever before. If no misfortune overtakes, there will be gathered in the soft wheat territory a crop of nearly 700,000,000 bushels, an unprecedented yield from a record acreage, and an exceptional event in agricultural history. Were it not for a wise equalization of wheat production, this nation would have been insolvent long since instead of the most affluent and prosperous in the world through its cereal prosperity. Alternating crop results have given us a commanding position commercially, and our farmer a financial standing not to be obtained through successive seasons of abundant yields. It will be three full months to maturity, with danger in every hour threatening to modify or annihilate the present plausibility. Every variation will signify contraction, and without a climatic miracle there will be a greatly attenuated assemblage from that which is at the moment forecasted for 1914.

Corn—This market was held up most of the week by the strong cash situation in the Southwest where the crop was a failure last year. This demand held up well and prices at the Southwestern market were advanced from 3 cents to 5 cents a bushel which in turn was partially reflected in the Chicago market. The country at large has been very bullish on corn, and was a good buyer on the minor breaks early in the week, which gave the market a strong tone. The big cash houses in the trade were selling corn freely on the advance against purchases of Argentine, and it was reported by one of the largest that they had bought corn in Argentine not only to supply the Eastern trade but to come direct to Chicago. The quality of this corn is said to be much better than our own, and Argentine is offering it on any reasonable bid. The heavy selling of the futures finally filled up the trade and when later in the week Oklahoma reported Argentine corn being offered to them at 5 cents below the price they could buy it from Kansas City, the trade became alarmed and the market turned lower with prices at the lowest point of the week. The market looks lower and until prices get to a point where Argentine will not force sales, prices will work lower.

Cotton—Developments during the past week were such as to favor a higher level for values, which was realized, quotations being about $1 per bale above prices at the close of last week. The passing of the Senate bill to reform trading in cotton for future delivery on the New York Cotton Exchange, in order to conform with the system inaugurated in New Orleans some years ago, as was suggested by the Government, has made a deep impression on the trade, since such a law will remove all the features that were objectionable to the South. It is probable that if the Senate bill passes the House, the law will be made operative September 1 next, in order to make it applicable to the new crop. Realizing that when the new law becomes effective, all manipulative features will be removed from the market, European spinners have been constant buyers of new crop deliveries at the big discount prevailing in the Liverpool market, as last season's consumption of nearly 15,000,000 bales of American cotton will probably be repeated this season on the basis of about 13 cents for middling. There is too much uncertainty attending the making of a large crop (and a very large yield will be required next season), for spinners to depend upon climatic conditions to produce their large requirements for next season; consequently, they are eager buyers of new crop deliveries, especially on depressions, with which to protect their future engagements. Reliable advices from the interior are to the effect that while preparations for the new crop in South Atlantic States are well advanced, planting in that section is at least two weeks late. In Mississippi, where they have had floods the past week, planting is said to be from 2 to 4 weeks late, especially in some parts of Texas and Arkansas. The trade is much concerned over reports of poor seed in the Central and Western portions of the cotton region this year, particularly in Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas, and it is feared that poor or irregular stands will be the result of the defective seed, even though favorable weather should set in. In the Eastern half of the belt the seed is very good, and no apprehension is entertained on that score. Irregular stands usually result in a spotted crop, and an irregular crop is generally productive of a small yield.

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December 31, 1913

Assets	$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
Number of Depositors	64,639

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Woolworth Building

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM PETERS, sometimes known as W. Peters, Deceased—No. 12,280; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION OF MELVILLE ROSENBERG FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF A CONTRACT OF SAID DECEASED WITH HIM TO EXECUTE A LEASE TO HIM OF CERTAIN PROPERTY, SAID LEASE TO CONTAIN A PRIVILEGE TO PURCHASE CERTAIN LANDS HEREINAFTER DESCRIBED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Melville Rosenberg has filed herein his verified petition asking for the specific performance of a contract made by said decedent with him and that on the filing of said petition an order has been made by the said Superior Court appointing a time for the hearing of said petition, a copy of which order is in the words and figures following:

"On reading and filing the verified petition of Melville Rosenberg for the specific performance of a contract made with him by said decedent in his lifetime by which said decedent agreed to lease certain real property and to execute a lease containing an option in favor of said petitioner to purchase said real property, all as appears by said petition herein on file and to which reference is hereby made, and praying for an order and decree requiring the executrix of the will of said deceased to execute to said petitioner a lease of said real property on the terms set forth herein and in said agreement in writing;

IT IS ORDERED that Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court at the New City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of said application and petition be served on said executrix personally and be published four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

The real property described in said petition is all those certain pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Mendocino, State of California, and being portions of the Rancho Sanel and bounded and particularly described as follows:

First—BEGINNING at a stake on the Western boundary line of the "Rancho Sanel" marked F. F., running thence North 62¼ degrees East 16.50 chains to stake marked V and D from which a black oak tree 12 inches in diameter bears South 36¼ degrees East, distant 130 links and a white oak tree 8 inches in diameter bears North 9¾ degrees East, distant 83 links; thence South 35.75 chains, thence along the Western boundary line of "Rancho Sanel" North 27¾ degrees West to the point of beginning and containing Twenty-five and 92/100 acres. Being the same land conveyed by E. H. Duncan to H. Vander Stratten and recorded July 10, 1883, in Book 31 of Deeds on Page 88-89, Records of Mendocino County."

Second—COMMENCING at a point on or near the west side of the public road through the Town of Sanel in said County where said road is crossed by the boundary line of the lands formerly owned by William E. Connor, deceased, and the lands of Elijah H. Duncan, said point being the Southeast corner of the land hereby conveyed and being the exact spot from which a line running Northerly therefrom at right angles to the boundary line between the lands of said Connor and Duncan intersects the center of the junction of two trees that are the most westerly of a cluster of four oak trees that grow from one root situated on the South bank of Feliz Creek a few yards north of said starting point, thence northerly to the junction of the said two trees marked J. F., thence northwesterly in a straight line following the general course of said Feliz Creek passing between two oak trees blazed at a stake marked J. F. at the base of a large smooth rock also marked J. F. and having an oak tree marked with two notches about one chain to the west, thence westerly along the meanderings of the south channel of Feliz Creek to a point intersecting the Westerly boundary of the Rancho Sanel; thence south 27¾ degrees East along said boundary line of the Rancho Sanel to a point on said line forming the southwest corner of the tract hereby conveyed and which is the northwest corner of the lands of Elijah H. Duncan; thence Easterly along the northerly boundary line of the lands of said Duncan to the place of beginning and containing three hundred (300) acres of land a little more or less, and being the same tract of land described in a deed from S. B. Edsall and wife to H. Vander Stratten, recorded December 22, 1877, in Book 7 of Deeds, at Page 252, Mendocino County Records.

Third—Lot One (1) of Section Twenty-five (25) and Lots One (1) and Two (2) and West half of Northeast quarter of Section Twenty-six (26) in Township Thirteen (13) North, Range Twelve (12) West Mount Diablo Meridian and containing One hundred and fifty-five and ten hundredths (155 10/100) acres of land, and being the same tract of land upon which letters patent issued from the United States of America unto Nathan B. Hall on the first day of February, 1876.

Fourth—All that portion of the Sanel Rancho, being a portion of the same which was conveyed by A. M. Burke to T. A. Givens and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING in the center of the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, a distance of Thirty (30) feet South 73 degrees 30 minutes East from an iron stake at the intersection of the lands of W. W. Thatcher and Thomas A. Givens; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6 and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the Southwest corner of the lands of said Thatcher; thence South 1 degree 15 minutes West Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains, thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes East Six and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the center of the aforesaid County Road, thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East along the center of said County Road Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains to the place of commencement, and containing Two and one-half (2½) acres, more or less.

Fifth—COMMENCING at a point in the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, distant two hundred (200) feet N. 33 degree E. from the most Westerly of a cluster of four oak trees which grow from one root and standing about 30 feet North of the Northerly line of the land of E. H. Duncan, thence from said point of commencement North 38 degrees E. 7.12 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 7 chains to the Southeast corner of the land of Henry N. Peters and Wm. Peters; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6.65 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 3.79 chains; thence North 2 degrees 45 minutes West 7.88 chains; thence North 23 degrees East 5.70 chains; thence North 74 degrees West 9.50 chains; thence North 31 degrees 30 minutes West 3.20 chains to a stake; thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes West 10.60 to a white oak tree standing on the top of the second ridge; thence South 57 degrees 15 minutes West 13.60 chains to a corner in the picket fence North 60 degrees 45 minutes West 1.21 chains to a corner; thence South 48 degrees 45 minutes East 18.87 chains; thence South 24 degrees 30 minutes West 10.40 chains to the County Road leading from Yorkville to Hopland, thence along said road South 75 degrees 30 minutes East 12 chains; thence North 14 degrees W. 532 feet; thence South 52 degrees East 875 feet to the place of beginning and containing 97.80 acres more or less.

Sixth—COMMENCING at a stake in the center of the road leading from Ukiah to Cloverdale near Sanel on the South from which stake a white oak tree 48 inches in diameter bears North 71 degrees 15 minutes East 6.75 chains distant; thence South 89 degrees 30 minutes East 41.58 chains to the center of the channel of Russian River; thence down the center of the channel of Russian River to the lands of E. H. Duncan; thence Westerly along the line of the lands of E. H. Duncan to the center of the County Road; thence along the center of said road Northerly to the place of beginning and which last described tract contains One hundred and twenty (120) acres, a little more or less.

Done in open court this 1st day of April, 1914.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge."

Witness my hand this first day of April, 1914.
MELVILLE ROSENBERG.

E. H. RIXFORD and HALSEY L. RIXFORD,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 54,921.

TILLIE BYRNE, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
512 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 53,637; Dept. No. 4.

SUSAN CARTWRIGHT, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO,
Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

Kriss—The Browns are divorced.
Kross—Who has the custody of the car?

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased—No. 13,106, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned JANE ALICE WELCH, as Administratrix of the Estate of John W. Welch (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice (which said first publication occurs on the 28th day of March, 1914), to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney Garret W. McEnerney, Room number 1277 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

JANE ALICE WELCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 28, 1914.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,452.

In the Matter of the Application of EMMA WINIFRED HAVEN for Change of Name.

The petition of Emma Winifred Haven for judgment and decree of this Court changing her name to Emma Winifred Banks having been duly filed herein on the 19th day of March, 1914, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS ORDERED, that all persons interested in the matter be and appear before said Superior Court at the courtroom of Department No. 13 thereof, situate in the Temporary City Hall, Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said application should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, March 24, 1914.

FRANKLIN A. GRIFFIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed, Filed March 19, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk
By W. R. Castagnetto, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON, Attorney for Petitioner,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vourchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, deceased.

LOUIS MALIRAT,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 28, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN O'LEARY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of ELLEN O'LEARY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN O'LEARY, deceased.

WILLIAM F. O'LEARY,
ELLEN BLACKMER,
Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN O'LEARY, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 28th, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor and Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), deceased.

ELISE PAULINE FAURE,
Administratrix of the Estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 28, A. D. 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

Letters

'Yermah the Dorado"

"Yermah the Dorado" was published first in 1897. The limited edition passed mostly into the hands of personal friends of the author, Mrs. Frona Eunice Wait Colburn, and this new edition, slightly revised, is now offered to the general public. Mrs. Colburn wishes to direct attention to the date, so that her book may escape classification with that stack of hastily thrown together novels of the earthquake-and-fire period. "Yermah the Dorado" is a purely imaginary romance concerning a prehistoric people of highly advanced development, familiar with all the arts and sciences and apparently with most of the superstitions and religions which the world has known. Tlamco, their principal city in this colony, occupied the site of our Golden Gate Park, and the Twin Peaks, Lone Mountain, Olympus, Diablo, and our other familiar heights were all used as astronomical observatories or points of vantage for scientific or military purposes. They made religious pilgrimages to Yosemite and regarded Cholula as a sacred city, and had an ideal system of order, justice and social law. Yet, with all their enlightenment they were subject to ordinary human passions of love, jealousy, treachery and revenge. Yermah was the young chief of the Tlamcans, handsome, wise, accomplished and skilful in arts and science. Keroaecia, crown princess of the Atlanteans, kidnaped in her infancy, had learned to love her captors, the Mombas, better than her own people. She, too, was all-wise and wonderful and it was matter of course that the two should meet and love, and eventually be united though not in any conventual bond of happiness. The wonderful city of Tlamco is described at length, with its temples, halls of audience, armories, palaces, workshops, markets and gardens. There were experiment stations, laboratories, baths, schools, in fact, every possible institution or arrangement for study, observation or conservation that the twentieth-century mind can conceive, while the lavish display of silk and damask, gold, silver and gems, sculpture and statuary, and the gorgeous colorings, whether symbolic or merely ornamental, brings to mind a reply of Miss Braddon's, in her earlier years, when she was asked about the gorgeous furnishings of some of her scenes: "It costs nothing." But all this wonderful civilization was wiped out and every vestige of it destroyed by a volcanic eruption and earthquake, of which the experiences were much like those of our own memorable disaster of eight years ago. Any one who would develop the patience and perseverence necessary for looking up the meanings of doubtful words and verifying the mythological, scientific and other allusions and following the various references to their sources would emerge from a reading of "Yermah" with a liberal education. Published by Alice Harriman.

Swedenborg Manual

How much do you know about Swedenborg? The chances are that you only know that he was a great Swede who founded a new church, and that he claimed divine inspiration for a voluminous treatise on the heavenly mysteries. It is very easy to better that knowledge. Take down the Brittanica and read the article about Swedenborg; it will open your eyes to his many-sided greatness. A little morocco bound volume of two hundred pages has just been published which is calculated to excite your interest in this man. It is called "The Path of Life," and consists of a compilation from the writing of Emanuel Swedenborg which aims to set forth, in translated texts from the original, the main features of Swedenborg's religious teachings. It shows Swedenborg's teaching as to the relation of divine to human life, the aim of creation, the human soul, the nature of evil and of the divine providence, the life after death, the marriage relation that exists throughout the universe in all created things, and the spiritual sense of the Bible. The compilation is the work of John Curtis Ager and Julien Shoemaker, of the Lippincott publishing house, the house which for a generation has been identified with the publication in English of Swedenborg's theological writings. One who takes up this little book will be sure to become so interested that he will look a little into Swedenborg's career. He will want to read "The Path of Life" in connection with some account, however short, of Swedenborg's long and active life. Perhaps he will find in "The Path of Life" all that he will care to read of Swedenborg's writings. Perhaps he will want to read more. At any rate he will have enlarged his vision by some survey of a most remarkable personality. He will be surprised that he knew so little about this great man before. He will feel very grateful to the J. P. Lippincott Company for having called Swedenborg to his attention.

The teacher was describing the dolphin and its habits.

"And, children," she said impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand offspring."

"Goodness!" gasped a little girl in the back row. "And how about married ones?"

Manager—Sir, your performance of Hamlet is the very worst ever presented behind the footlights. If there had been any money in the house I should have been bound in honor to return it at the doors. As it is, several friends have sent in and ordered me to remove their names from the free list.

When a married man is henpecked it is generally because he is chicken-hearted.

Even when they go broke some fellows manage to save all the pieces.

A pedigree is all right in its way, but it's money that makes the mare go.

The average girl has a good many false alarms before she finally meets her fate.

An honest man never blows his own horn. An honest man is generally too poor to own one.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,641; Department No. 10.

DOROTHY ALDEN GERBER, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF and D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-18-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,543.

WASYLI IWANOW, Plaintiff, vs. CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRNE & LAMSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
533 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-4-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 1131 SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 25, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIII San Francisco, April 25, 1914 No. 1131

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From Opera Bouffe to Tragedy

As the proof of a policy is the consequence it is well for the man who adopts a policy to have some familiarity with the seeds of time. If President Wilson had foreseen the consequence of his watching-and-waiting policy he might have got busy sooner and avoided a situation that bore a strong resemblance to opera bouffe—the situation that arose when Huerta haggled over the style of salute while all the naval vessels of the United States were steaming or preparing to steam into Mexican waters. Whatever else may be said of General Huerta one must certainly attribute to him a sense of humor, which is a gift that has been denied our leading statesmen in Washington. Huerta, it is commonly reported, is a man with a thirst for liquor, which reminds us that when Lincoln heard a similar report of Grant, he wished, for the good of the country, to learn what brand of whisky inspired his greatest general that he might insure him a constant supply. Perhaps if one could substitute whisky for grape juice we might develop a sense of humor in Washington; and this is a matter of no trivial importance, for the gift of humor is the beginning of wisdom. Ponder the things that have been done at Washington—the attempt to differentiate Mexico from Huerta in order to be consistent, the resolution to blockade Mexican ports wholly on account of Huerta, and all because Huerta who has been officially designated a nobody wouldn't salute our flag except on his own terms. But to be sure it is now serious business, so serious that we must not laugh. Let us hope that out of it all will come another glowing and thrilling chapter of American history.

Our Devout Statesmen

In time maybe our "constitutional tariff" with the aid of prayers and divers supplications addressed to God by the most devout Administration this country ever had, will bring prosperity to men of all creeds. Thus far it has not proved a great help to American industry and business. The most signal consequence of tariff revision is a loss of $25,000,000 in customs receipts as compared with those of the same period of the preceding year when we were struggling along under the iniquitous Payne-Aldrich tariff. This loss, however, is of no consequence, our statesmen having substituted for revenue purposes the income tax measure which will supply them with sufficient money for the pork barrel. Meanwhile we have some reason to cultivate the mood optimistic, for this is a most prayerful Administration. It appears to be on the best of terms with the Almighty and absolutely free from all the vices. The President and his Secretaries are statesmen of the Cromwellian type, and they have endued Washington with the atmosphere of an astringent Calvinism. Nearly all the Secretaries are engaged in religious as well as in political activities. Men so devout, so holy, so deeply concerned for their spiritual welfare and so keen for the moral improvement of their neighbors ought to be close up to the throne of grace. Who knows but that they are obtaining for us many spiritual blessings!

The Nation's Source of Inspiration

A statesman from Oklahoma spouting perfervidly in Washington, D. C., proudly proclaims Oklahoma the most Progressive State in the Union. This a stranger from Mars might have guessed if he had dropped into the Oklahoma town of Wagoner about dawn of the thirty-first of March. There and then he would have seen exemplified one of the most benign of all the principles of Progressive government—the principle of the initiative and referendum. A masked mob surrounded the jail, escorted therefrom a negress who had killed a white man a day or two before, and hanged her by the neck till she was dead. The performance was conducted without protest from anybody but the negress, and she was given very little time. The despatches informed us the following day that no warrants had been issued; also that public sentiment was with the mob, the reason being that the Governor had commuted the sentences of certain negroes convicted of murder. In other words, the negress was killed by the people by way of rebuke to the Governor. But the killing though not in strict accordance with legal forms was not at all at variance with the principles of Progressive government. The only criticism to be made of the mob is that it dispensed with the costly machinery of the initiative and referendum. Perhaps in a leisurely way the mob will now proceed to recall the Governor, for Oklahoma is exceedingly Progressive, and devoutly believes in the old superstition to which California is committed, that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

That Kiss Hold-Up

A press despatch from Los Angeles tells us that one woman held up and robbed two men in the wee' sma' hours of a morning last week. Thus is the sex vindicating its claim to the franchise. It will be remembered that one of the objections to enfranchising the women of this State was that they were not able to bear arms. An absurd objection, to be sure. History tells us of many battles in which feminine fighters distinguished themselves, not only for their bravery but for their brutality, and we know that the slaughter of men by women is one of the burning problems of this State. If women are not soldiers it is not because of an inherent disability; it is because they might demoralize an army. If they have not taken up footpadding as a profession it is not because they lack the nerve, it is because they have no trouble in finding men to take the chances. But the robber in skirts is no new apparation, as those of us know who have read the "Book of Scoundrels" and enjoyed the romantic tales of the road taken from the Newgate Calendar. The Los Angeles footpad it appears is an amorous lady, but even in this respect she is not at all singular. Moll Cutpurse, to mention but one celebrity of the road, was of the same temperament as the footpad of the orange groves. The only thing singular about this lady's performance is that it took place in the circumspect city of Los Angeles where unlawful kissing is a much more serious offense than separating a man from his money. Here in San Francisco if a lady footpad extorted a kiss it would be urged in extenuation, but in the chemically pure city judge and jury would consider it as they consider a prior conviction. In all probability the kiss episode will suggest to Los Angeles reformers the advisability of framing a new statute and raising the age of consent for men.

The Voice of Chollop

Over his own signature Charles J. Bonaparte has supplied the Hearst papers with a birds-eye view of the canal tolls question. "It (the British government) presumes to say," says the former Attorney-General, "that because we have spent some five hundred millions of our own money on the canal and are its undisputed owners we have less right to deal as we please with American ships using the canal than foreign powers have to deal as they please with their ships." There you have in few words a miniature portrait of Charles J. Bonaparte, the man who contributed the lustre of a great name to the glory of a former Administration. What Charles J. Bonaparte says is of no importance to men of intelligence. Nobody knows better than Mr. Hearst that Mr. Bonaparte's public utterances are provocative of nothing but private grins. But Mr. Hearst also knows his public, and he is smashing Wilson, and to that end in seeking interviews he prefers names to wisdom. What does he care about the merits of the canal tolls question? For him and his readers the voice of the Fourth of July of long ago, the voice that shrieks our ability to lick the world. Hannibal Chollop is the man of the hour in the Hearst papers. The twentieth century Chollop will have you know not only that the country must be cracked up, but that if we feel like it we shall convert the Pacific Ocean into an American lake. Versed in the liturgy of flubdub, thrilled by every flap of the stars and stripes, ever mindful that Columbia is the gem of the ocean, the uproarious Chollop's heart always follows the flag, and while that flag floats mankind must concede

that the future of the race is in our hands. Hannibal Bonaparte is a harmless, hyperbolical person whom nevertheless it is instructive to resurrect, since he serves to point the way we are going. It was in his day that the Cabinet began to degenerate. There was but one other Bonaparte in the Cabinet, and his name was Jimmy Garfield. Today the whole Cabinet is chollopy. Now stop for a minute and consider this significant fact that Bonaparte, the Pickwickian rodomontadist of the Roosevelt administration, were he a member of the present Cabinet would loom up as an intellectual giant. And to take the measure of the man ponder his birds-eye view of the canal tolls question as given above. Mr. Bonaparte is a lawyer by profession, and he holds that the only question to be considered with reference to the canal is whether we have the right to do what we please with what we own.

A Simple Analogy

If a man buys a lot in what is known as a restricted residence district he buys it subject to certain conditions. He becomes the owner of the lot, but he may not do with it as he pleases. Let us suppose that he violated the conditions of the purchase. Would his neighbors have any difficulty in estimating his character? The analogy between the lot-purchaser and the American builders of the Panama canal is obvious. We never would have presumed to build the canal if England had not consented to the substitution of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty for the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It was at our request that the substitution was made. It is clear enough that we acknowledged that England had certain rights with respect to an interoceanic waterway which we were bound to respect. Nobody contends that England forfeited its rights by consenting to the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The only question is whether we are ignoring England's rights. The argument that we built the canal, and therefore may honestly do what we please with it is the argument of debaters who are either dishonest or stupid.

Woman the Inspirer

An anti-feminist philosopher of an Eastern university started a controversy the other day by asserting that man has for his portion physical strength and external activities, and that as all doing must be his, nothing but inspiration should be expected of women. This notion is by no means in disparagement of the sex, but women are stoutly denying that Nature has thus ordered matters. One way of looking at it is this,—that if women were not here to inspire there would be comparatively little doing. Most men get busy not till they get married. Nearly all the great deeds of the world from the days of Troy or of Lilith were inspired, not done, by women. Think of what Lady Hamilton inspired. "It is our sex," said Nelson in one of his letters to Emma, "that make us go forth, and seem to tell us 'None but the brave deserve the Fair.'" Nelson was a sensitive man in need of love and admiration. Lady Hamilton fired his enthusiasm. She was his joy, his pride and his reward. Nearly all the great heroines of history were women who were content to inspire. And singularly enough nearly all were women who had no time to be virtuous. Yet posterity has great respect for them. With all our respect and admiration for virtue the women in whose lives we are deeply interested, the women whom poets sing and historians glorify were the inspirers of men. It was not what they did, but what was done because of them that they are now regarded as the heroines of their day. Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Aspasia, the bonnie free lance Nell Gwynne, Lady Hamilton—these are the ladies of other days we love to read about, just as today we find it interesting to read of Lily Langtry. All were women who exercised an imperial sway over the male imagination. All of them came into the world to enjoy themselves in their own way and to be enjoyed after the fashion of men. They inspired not only the men of their own time but the men of all time. The press is still rolling off biographies of the woman who owes her immortality to the genius of Romney and the devotion of Nelson. And what a fascinating woman she was. Loving in turn with apparently equal devotion Gerville, Hamilton and Nelson, the last two she even contrived to accommodate in her affections at the same time. Biographers are still writing of Lady Barbara Grandison who married the Earl of Castlemaine and found favor in the eyes of Charles II, by whom she was made Duchess of Cleveland. Jane Elizabeth Digby, another of the women whose "smile was Inspiration's beam," continues to inspire biographers. She was the lady who caused a duel between her husband, the Earl of Ellenburg, and Prince Schwartzenburg. Later she married the Prime Minister of Bavaria. When she tired of him he committed suicide. She went to Syria, and married a sheik of Damascus, and though she died in his arms in the desert it was at a time when she was contemplating an elopement with her handsome dragoman. One cannot but wonder whether any of the ladies of the Feminist Movement who are crazy to do things will ever do anything to immortalize themselves.

A Blatherskite of the Senate

The Hon. Albert Cummins of Iowa is keeping himself in the spotlight these days, presumably in the hope that the lightning may strike him when next the Republicans in national convention assemble. He needs very little provocation to utter himself, and he is busy making opportunities for oratorical display, a sure sign that his vaulting ambition is once more astir. Senator Cummins being an experienced, practical politician knows that in order to ensure himself a hearing he must say sensational things, and he does not scruple at saying things of a mischievous nature. Thus we find him loudly affirming that the Eastern railroads that are asking for a five per cent raise in freight rates are trying to bamboozle the whole country. He accuses them of making an unreasonable request, of misrepresenting conditions and of employing newspaper and other agencies to hoodwink the public. Now this is a very serious matter. Many business interests are concerned about this question of freight rates. It is a very big question of vital interest to many industries. It is believed that if the rates are raised the effect will be most beneficial in sections where business is languishing. But what does Senator Cummins care? His political outlook is all that concerns him, and he conceives it to be to his interest to call public attention to his hostility to the big transportation companies. What the truth is about the Eastern railroads may be learned not from any of the sources of publicity mentioned by Senator Cummins but from the Interstate Commerce Commission which published some figures the other day that are not to be challenged by Cummins or any other political mountebank. From this indisputable authority we learn that for the month of February, 1914, the net revenue per mile on Eastern railroads was $188 as against $413 a year ago; also that in net operating revenue there was a remarkable decline, one that is unprecedented. In February, 1914, the net operating revenue amounted to only $8,631,463 as against $18,949,738 in February, 1913. From these figures it does not appear that the railroads are doing so well as Senator Cummins would have us believe.

The Day of the Highbrow

The New York Sun quotes a distinguished citizen thus: "The college man must forget—or never let it creep into his head—that he's a highbrow. If it does creep in he's out of politics." This, according to the Sun, is sound practical doctrine in this era of reform, it being advisable for a man when elected to office to drop all the ideas that he has nurtured and adapt his convictions to the sentiment of the moment. Rarely do we dissent from the luminous intellect that radiates from Nassau street in the Borough of Manhattan, but this is a time when concurrence is impossible. With all due deference to our brilliant contemporary we must presume to suggest that it has been nodding at the post of duty. How else are we to account for its failure to observe that the highbrow is the idol of the plain people? This is the day of the preeminence of the college professor in politics. It is the man with ideas who gets a hearing, and the more fantastic the ideas the more rapt his audience. This is the day of new ideas. Old ideas are puerilities and prejudices. An aged philosopher once remarked that ideas were like beards: men do not have them till they grow up. Nowadays ideas are like the down on the cheek of adolescence; they come before the budding statesman is dry behind the ears. As to the highbrow, he is running the country —running it to the devil, the cynics say, but undoubtedly speeding it on its way. The highbrow is the man of ideas. He gets them, God knows where, and the fructiferousness of them is appalling.

Varied Types

CLXXIV—GEORGE H. WILLSON

By Edward F. O'Day

Doesn't it occur to you that George H. Willson is encompassed by a concatenation of unfortunate circumstances? Or, to put it a bit more colloquially, doesn't it strike you that he's up against a mighty tough proposition?

Let me make myself clear.

George H. Willson is our weather man. He inherited the weather from McAdie. He's in possession of his inheritance all right, but he's having a heap of trouble.

What's the matter? A cloud on his title?

No, not a cloud but a sunspot!

You see, George H. Willson took charge of the eyrie on the Merchants Exchange Building just about the time when Father Ricard was concentrating all his mental and physical faculties on faculae. The result has been embarrassing, to say the least.

Was it quite right of Aleck McAdie, the Poet Laureate of the Weather Bureau, to desert us when he did? Should he not have stayed to do climatological battle with the Sun Searcher of Santa Clara? Was it just the proper thing for the Minstrel of the Mists to put the breadth of the continent between himself and the Padre of the Rains? At such a time of meteorological stress should he not have turned a deaf ear to the siren song of Harvard? Should he have handed the weather to Willson under such par lous conditions?

Consider the situation. For many years all had been serene in the Weather Bureau. When the Department of Agriculture was formed in '91 the Weather Bureau which had been administered previously by the War Department (for reasons nobody could satisfactorily formulate), was made a part of the new organization. A weather prophet named Jenkins was placed in charge of it. He wasn't much of a prophet, this Jenkins, and he quitted the service to engage in the more congenial insurance business in Los Angeles. Then a seer named Pague took the custody of our sunshine and rains, our winds and fogs. Pague was followed by Hammon who vaticinated for us till '99. Then came McAdie, the only weather man who couldn't keep a rhythmic beat out of his prose compositions. Gentle, genial, blue-eyed, soft-voiced Poet McAdie remained in charge of our climate till last year.

During most of this time the intellectual temperature was normal. There were no rude shocks to the routine. The prophets prophesied day after day, and once in a while they prophesied correctly. Weather forecasting approximated more and more an exact science. No matter what storms raged between terra firma and the interstellar spaces, there were no controversial tempests to jar tranquillity. Father Ricard was saying Mass, hearing confessions, making sick calls and giving college lectures down at Santa Clara. There was no indication, barometric or otherwise, of the thick weather into which our scientists were sailing.

And then it happened. Father Ricard became the Padre of the Rains. Having fashioned a little hypothesis about the connection between sun spots and weather, and having piled up a mountain of observations to substantiate his position, the Black Gown of the sultry college town began to enter into competition with the accredited pundits of the Weather Bureau. Jealous of their monopoly, some of them immediately entered the lists against him. We know what happened to those temerarious souls. They had it "put all over them."

The Padre of the Rains picked the weather in advance with such uncanny accuracy that he became the idol of the farmers, farmers being the gentry who take weather most seriously. Some weather men said he was a guesser, a faker and other unpleasant things. Aleck McAdie smiled and said little or nothing. Whether he would have continued to saying nothing I cannot state, but just when the controversy began to wax bitterest, McAdie was called to a chair in Harvard and answered the call.

That made George H. Willson the official forecaster of our weather. It "passed the buck" to him, so to speak. It was now up to Willson to engage in a weather-forecasting competition with Father Ricard. Wasn't that rather hard on Willson? Isn't it difficult enough to win one's weather spurs at ordinary times without making one's debut at a moment when all California is comparing your work with that of an unofficial observer of sun spots?

George H. Willson came to the task excellently equipped. He has been in the Weather Bureau for thirty-four years. He began in the Northwest, forecasting in the Dakotas, Montana and Oregon. Then he went to Louisiana. He came to San Francisco in '90 and stayed till '93. After organizing weather bureaus at Seattle and Olympia he returned to San Francisco in '94 and has been attached to our office ever since.

Naturally, he has a thorough knowledge of our climate. Up on the roof of the Merchants Exchange Building he is in touch with three hundred and fifty co-operative stations, and with the data these supply to bear out his own observations he doles out weather for California and Nevada.

Willson impresses you as a man who knows his business. Like McAdie he has blue eyes and rather a soft voice. Unlike McAdie who hasn't lost any of his dark hair yet, he's gray and bald in front. With his spectacles, his green eye shade and his pipe he has the appearance of a student. The deep bushy brows and the deep clefts on either side of his mouth make his clean-shaven face very interesting.

And he's very affable. He takes his work seriously, and is quite willing to talk about it. He told me all about the gradual improvement of the apparatus for fighting frost. He was eloquent on the subject of smudge pots. He expatiated on the glories of our climate, calling it, with an accent of authority, the best in the world. He directed my attention to the varieties of climate we enjoy in California. He pointed out that our rainfall ranges from ninety inches in the Sierra and Siskiyou to less than one inch on the desert. He showed me how our temperature goes below zero in the mountains and climbs to the amazing height of one hundred and thirty-four degrees at the Greenland Ranch on Furnace Creek in Death Valley, one hundred and seventy-eight feet below sea level.

But about Father Ricard and his work he wouldn't say a word. He begged to be excused. As a government official, he explained, it would be improper for him to express himself on such a subject. That other government officials had expressed themselves did not matter to him. His lips were sealed. And I fancy that when Willson closes his lips, it is no easy task to pry them open. After an attempt or two I gave up the task.

Disappointing, isn't it? One would like to know what Willson thinks of the sun spot theory. One would like to hear him explain why Father Ricard picks the weather so far in advance and so satisfactorily. People say that the Padre of the Rains gets it right four times out of five, and that Willson doesn't do quite so well as that.

I don't for a moment think that Willson bears any ill will toward Father Ricard. He told me that he had known Father Ricard for years, and nobody could know the Padre even for a short time without liking him. But it must be quite a strain on Willson to see his forecast published in the paper every morning alongside Father Ricard's, especially as the weather has an irritating way of corroborating Father Ricard much oftener than it corroborates Willson. Apparently the weather doesn't care a snap about officialdom; doesn't go out of it way to justify Uncle Sam's accredited representative.

My sympathy goes out to Willson. Circumstances over which he has no more control than he has over the weather have made his position an awkward one. Perhaps, after all, when a man has a sun spot on his title you cannot expect him to talk about the matter. Perhaps discretion resides in silence. Perhaps Willson's forecasts say for him all that can be said.

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Who's Who Hereabouts

VII—JAMES L. FLOOD

The European idea of American civilization is hat it centres about the conception of life as a matter of industrial energy. This idea approximates the truth. Business is the all-absorbing nterest, by the side of which nothing counts at ll. True there is an academic enthusiasm for noble ideals, but ours is not a civilization that ongs for the old and beautiful and quiet things, or that gives heed to the ardors and hungers of he soul. It is not a civilization that cultivates implicity, art, meditation or religion. It estimates its progress by the number of new statutes, or by its expenditures on sanitation, or by the ength of its bed sheets. Much is being done to uplift the people in an artificial way, but the plain people are ever sensible of "the set grey life and he apathetic end." As to the rich, theirs is a onstant struggle for more. They know nothing of leisure. Some of them affect a taste for the beautiful, and express it by buying works of art hat give their owners a kind of fictitious celebrity. The intrinsic merit of a work of art does not ppeal to them. It is very old, age has greatly nhanced its value, it is like any commodity he supply of which is less than the demand, and he American millionaire buys it knowing that he annot lose money on the goods. Besides he nds this an easy way of acquiring a reputation or love of art.

Now quite as rare as the rarest work of art s the millionaire who knows anything of the rt of living. Yet this is the most important of ll arts. How fine to be able to endure the ains of life with the same grace with which we njoy its pleasures! Whether James L. Flood s proficient in this art or not, at any rate he eems to be, and therefore he is an extremely ld multi-millionaire.

For the average man to become proficient in he art of living he must devote some time to the udies that give a certain elegance and delicacy f sentiment, drawing off the mind from the hurry f business and disposing it to tranquillity. But here are some men who achieve the perfect e of composure by a happy gift of nature, a constitutional quality, without any effort at all. There is in men of this sort a subtle blending and interpenetration of intellectual, moral and spiritual elements. This blending of qualities, whether a gift or an intellectual triumph, is what distinguishes James L. Flood from other millionaires hereabouts.

Have you ever met "Jim" Flood? Would you know him if you saw him? What do you know about him? Unless you are an old-timer hereabouts you will admit that you never saw him and that you know nothing about him except that he owns a very big building in Market street. You seldom see "Jim" Flood's name in the paper. But there is a season of the year when his name recurs in print as inevitably as the season comes round. For something like forty years at Christmas time, a tidy sum of money, about six thousand dollars, is distributed among the orphan asylums—all of them—of this city. They receive it from James L. Flood, and the papers so report. This annual donation was first made by James C. Flood, and the charity of the father survives in the son. So you see James L. Flood is a sentimental millionaire. In how many forms, through how many channels this trait expresses itself only two men in San Francisco know, and neither of them will tell. One is James L. Flood, the other is James Walsh, his secretary, formerly his schoolmate at St. Ignatius College and his lifelong friend and companion. Instances of his kindness are far from rare, but one is not permitted to tell about them. Almost everything that is told you about "Jim" Flood, however greatly to his credit is told you under pledge of secrecy. "Jim might find out I told you and Jim doesn't like that sort of thing"—is always the formula.

But this is not a panegyric. It is merely an attempt to fashion a portrait of an odd fellow—odd, because though a man of millions, his life, like the religious life, is a paradox in this country of roaring commerce, denying, apparently, the first conditions of existence, cutting obliquely the hard and fast order of things. It is not that Mr. Flood is of an ascetic nature. On the contrary he enjoys life to the full after his own fashion. As a young man he tasted its follies, and had not a few boon companions with whom he reveled, but he never had a catholic taste in friends. Like all sensible men who have a well-digested knowledge of character he has confined his choice of friends to few people. Now he has a wife and two children and to them he is devoted. Club life has no charms for him.

Doubtless it is well that we should have our money-mad captains of industry, and our plutocrat pursuers of sensual pleasures and popular applause, but it is interesting to meet occasionally a man of great wealth who is not possessed of the spirit which regards life as a game of skill and values things and persons as marks and counters of something to be gained or achieved beyond them.

The Flood fortune is the only one of the Bonanza fortunes that remained in San Francisco; and James L. Flood and his sister are the only scions of the old Bonanza firm that have not wandered away from the old town. Wall Street never had any attraction for James L. Flood. He is not the sort of millionaire that pines for new worlds to conquer. The millionaire who rises hastily from sleep, rushes to his office and consumes his meals with an ear to the telephone is the antithesis of James L. Flood. Here is a millionaire with something of the old-world instinct for leisure, a man of wealth who conserves his nervous energy while conserving his fortune.

If you don't know Mr. Flood and never saw him it is not because he leads the life of a recluse. He sees a good deal of San Francisco. He lives down the peninsula in the beautiful old home that belonged to his father and mother, and he comes to San Francisco quite often. Here he was born and educated; here he kept intact the fortune inherited by him and his sister, and here he is now building a home, one that will be unsurpassed in its stateliness anywhere on this continent.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

perlative Belfast

Belfast is a city of superlatives. It has the gest shipyard in the world, the biggest tobacco factory, the biggest rope works and the gest linen factory. Curiously enough it has smallest number of bookshops of any city ts size in the world.

men in Egypt

he spread of education among the male sec- of the population is slowly broadening the s of the Egyptians as to the social position heir womenfolk. Polygamy, except among lower classes, is as much an exception to- as it was the rule some score of years ago. increase in the cost of living may have had ething to do with this change, but it is not asonable to assume that the spread of edu- n has not been foreign to it. Furthermore novement in favor of the abolition of the which has sprung into prominence during ast two or three years affords interesting indication of the transformation in the general outlook which is slowly coming to pass. The raising of the standard of education among the men has had for natural consequence a demand for educated wives, and parents, realizing this fact, are seeking to obtain for their daughters the instruction that will render them intellectually attractive when the time comes for them to be married. The government has done its best to assist in the matter, and has established a great number of schools where girls can receive elementary and advanced tuition. But the demand for admission far exceeds accommodation.

Gallows Versus Block

Although there is no movement in Germany to do away with capital punishment, there is one in favor of substituting the gallows for the headsman's sword employed in Prussia and several other German States. The reformers contend that, while it is almost impossible for anything to go wrong with the gallows, guillotine or electric chair, it not infrequently happens that the headsman "loses his nerve and botches his job." It is also held that decapitation by the sword is far more gruesome than need be, and that the sight of the black-covered block and silent executioner leaning on his short broadsword is a far greater tax on a condemned man's nerves and courage than the scaffold or chair.

An Islam University

The most serious effort so far made to wed Islam and modern learning is the purpose of a new university to be founded in the holy city of Medina in Arabia. It will teach, among other things, agriculture and engineering. The instruction is to be in Arabic, and many Arabs think that this will tend to increase Arab aloofness from the rest of the Turkish empire. That the Sultan does not think so may be taken for granted, for he has approved the plan. All Christian influence is to be excluded. This is regarded as significant.

Perspective Impressions

Wonder if Hearst will enlist?

Perhaps Victoriano thinks that grape juice and "salud" do not go together.

Why doesn't Chautauqua Bill go and read his "Prince of Peace" lecture to the Mexicans?

Bill Kent might have told Ashurst what would happen.

Looks as though Huerta was hungering for a big naval display.

It is said that Robert W. Chambers works ten hours a day. For the sake of a long-suffering public he ought to be unionized.

Americans spend more for chewing gum than for foreign missions. Well, at least they know where the gum money goes.

So Teddy discovered a Brazilian river that had been discovered before! But what of it? All his life he's been making that sort of discoveries.

One of the innumerable things that are quite unimportant: Coxey's Army is marching on Washington.

The Governor of Oklahoma proclaimed martial law and called out the militia to stop a horse race. Was he satirizing President Wilson?

The triumph of anti-climax: President Hadley telling his college warriors to fight "for God, for country and for Yale."

How can we keep track of the romances of Secretary McAdoo and Vincent Astor if this war excitement continues?

The laboring men of Pasadena have bitterly denounced war with Mexico. Now let's hear from Hollywood, Sierra Madre and Redondo.

"A kiss," says a German pundit, "always requires permission." A man who talks like that would kiss and tell.

A favorite Prohibition argument is that some saloon keepers are bad citizens. On the same ground we might ask for the abolition of the churches.

The very latest thing in railway travel is the tango in the dining car. Awkward dancers who fall over the tables attach a new meaning to "too much mustard."

Quick! In what part of Mexico is Torreon?

Stuyvesant Fish complains that Americans are spendthrifts. Once upon a time, you may remember, there was a Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish who entertained her friends at a monkey dinner.

A bit of scandal: They gave Josephus Daniels a banquet in New York the other night and a college president named Dr. Drinker sat at the speakers' table.

Chicago's municipal store established to furnish food to the poor at cost is a failure, and will be closed at the end of this month. The poor didn't patronize it. Ungrateful poor!

Senator Asshearst of Arizona whom the Hearst papers were wont to quote and celebrate has been seduced by the President on the tolls question. Henceforth he will be anathema, nay, maranatha and perhaps a whited sepulchre.

When Eva Tanguay made a scene on the stage in a small Pennsylvania town, the local manager ordered her out of the theatre and refunded the money to the audience. As Eva ate humble pie the manager deserves credit for having discovered a way to take the temper out of temperament.

The Club

By Arnold Bennett

It was founded for an ideal. Its scope is national, and its objects to regenerate the race, to remedy injustice, and to proclaim the brotherhood of mankind. It is for the poor against the plutocrat, and for the slave against the tyrant, and for democracy against feudalism. It is, in a word, of the kingdom of heaven. It was born amid immense collisions, and in the holy war it is the official headquarters of those who are on the side of the angels. In its gigantic shadow the weak and the oppressed sell newspapers and touch their hats to the warriors as they pass in and out.

The place is as superb as its ideal. No half measures were taken when it was conceived and constructed. Its situation is among the most expensive and beautiful in the world of cities. Its architecture is grandiose, its square columned hall and its vast staircase (hewn from Carrara) are two of the sights of London. It is like a town, but a town of Paradise. When the warrior enters its portals he is confroned by instruments and documents which inform him with silent precision of the time, the temperature, the barometric pressure, the catalogue of nocturnal amusements, and the color of the Government that happens to be in power. The last word spoken in Parliament, the last quotation on the Stock Exchange, the last wager at Newmarket, the last run scored at cricket, the result of the last race, the last scandal, the last disaster—all these things are specially printed for him hour by hour, and pinned up unavoidably before his eyes. If he wants to bet, he has only to put his name on a card entitled "Derby Sweepstake." Valets take his hat and stick; others (working seventy hours a week) shave him; others polish his boots.

The staircase being not for use, but merely to immortalize the memory of the architect, he is wafted upwards in a lift into a titanic apartment studded with a thousand easy chairs, and furnished with newspapers, cigars, cigarettes, implements of play, and all the possibilities of light refection. He lapses into a chair, and lo! a bell is under his hand. Ting! And a uniformed and initialed being stands at attention in front of him, not speaking till he speaks, and receiving his command with the formalities of deference. He wishes to write a letter—a table is at his side, with all imaginable stationery; a machine offers him a stamp, another licks this stamp, and an Imperial letterbox is within reach of his arm—it is not considered sufficient that there should be a postoffice, with young girls who have passed examinations, in the building itself. He then chats, while sipping and smoking, or nibbling a cake, with other reclining warriors; and the hum of their chatter rises steadily from the groups of chairs, inspiring the uniformed and initialed beings who must not speak till spoken to, with hopes of triumphant democracy and the millenium. For when they are not discussing more pacific and less heavenly matters, the warriors really do discuss the war, and how they fought yesterday, and how they will fight tomorrow. If at one moment the warrior is talking about "a perfectly pure chianti that I brought from Italy in a cask," at the next he is planning to close public houses on election days.

When he has had enough of such amiable gossip he quits the easy chair, in order to occupy another one in another room where he is surrounded by all the periodical literature of the entire world, and by the hushed murmur of intellectual conversation and the discreet stirring of spoons in tea cups. Here he acquaints himself with the progress of the war and the fluctuations of his investments and the price of slaves. And when even the solemnity of this chamber begins to offend his earnestness, he glides into the speechless glamor of an enormous library, where the tidings of the day are repeated a third time and, amid the companionship of a hundred thou and volumes and all the complex apparatus of research, he slumbers, utterly alone.

Late at night, when he has eaten and drun and played cards and billiards and dominoes ar draughts and chess, he finds himself once mo in the smoking room—somehow more intima now—with a few cronies, including one or tw who out in the world are disguised as the enem The atmosphere of the place has put him a them into a sort of exquisite coma. The physical desires are assuaged, and they kn by proof that they are in control of the m perfectly organized mechanism of comfort th was ever devised. Naught is forgotten, from t famous wines cooling a long age in the su basement, to the inanimate chauffeur in the da windy street, waiting and waiting till a c whistle shall start him into assiduous life. Th know that never an Oriental despot was bet served than they. Here alone, and in the ma sions of the enemy, has the true tradition service been conserved. In comparison, the m select hotels and restaurants are a hurly-burly

(Continued on Page 23.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Poems About San Francisco

CXLII—THE LAST BUFFALO

By Daniel S. Richardson

(The subtitle of this poem is "A Captive in Golden Gate Park," so the poem fits nicely into this series. It is taken from the collected poems of Daniel S. Richardson called "Trail Dust" which were published by A. M. Robertson in 1908.)

Lone survivor of thy race,
Thou hast reached the stopping-place;
This is where the sun goes down.
Better so; for when a king
Passes to his final rest,
From the headlands he should sing,
Fronting bravely to the west.
Grim and silent, standing there
In the sunlight, one may see
Pathos in thy dignity:
In thy sullen eyes may read
Menace yet and dread to find
Vengeance for thy slaughtered kind.
Regal still, though all undone,
I salute thee, shaggy one.
Yet, grim warrior, e'er thy day
Fades away in endless night,
I would venture, if I may,
That the slaughter lust was right.
True, the prairies stretch away,
Cold and silent with thy dead;
True, alas! the verdant slopes
Feel no more their myriad tread;
All are gone; but have you thought,
Grave avenger, in your plight,
How much joy the slaughter brought—
What a paean of delight
Rose to heaven with every groan—
Kindled quick by stab and sting—
How the music of their moan
Made the wilderness to sing?

The Spectator

Brisbane on Aked

Arthur Brisbane does not approve of Dr. Aked. The highest priced man in the Hearst service disagrees utterly with the ten thousand dollar pastor who is a contributing editor of the Examiner. The inventor of the freak editorial which has made the William R. Hearst papers famous has administered a severe rebuke to the pulpiteer with the cacoethes scribendi who episcopates on the Gregory-Larkin-Wilcox page three times a week. What Aked is for, Brisbane is against. What Aked advises, Brisbane condemns. There is on the part of these two men a divergence of views which must surprise those old-fashioned people who look for consistency in the policy of a paper or chain of papers. Such people must be reminded that Hearst does not impose the virtue of consistency upon himself, and thinks it equally unnecessary in his employes. Hearst would have the papers he owns please all sorts and conditions of men except the judicious few; so he permits his editors to advocate the affirmative and negative of all propositions under heaven, except those which directly concern his political ambitions. Hence it is that he allows Arthur Brisbane to rebuke Dr. Aked for championing sex and white slave plays.

Contradicting the Doctor

We all know with what a warmth of verbiage Doctor Aked expressed approval of "The Lure," "The Traffic," "Peach Bloom" and "The Inside of the White Slave Traffic." In his recommendations of these nasty dramas the enthusiastic clergyman almost exhausted his supply of commentary adjectives. His contempt for those who disapproved of these plays was couched in blistering language. He went so far in his indorsement of "The Inside of the White Slave Traffic" after the moving picture censors had condemned it that the enterprising theatrical managers plastered the billboards with his words of unequivocal commendation. And now we have Arthur Brisbane swatting the pulpiteer-journalist. He does it in his full-page editorial "Humanity Like a Tree" published in Sunday's Examiner.

"The public is asked in the name of art," writes Brisbane, "to accept these horrible pictures of the vilest sore spots in our half-degraded humanity, and find in them useful lessons and foundation for better living. . . . . Pictures of vileness have had nothing to do with the human progress, nothing to do with the upward, long, slow climb that has brought humanity to its present condition. . . . . You cannot turn a boy away from vice by showing him in the hospital the horrible victims of vicious living. . . . . You cannot find any inspiration in the sewer. . . . . No good comes from wickedness. And that is the lesson that the public should teach—by its condemnation of vileness in literature, in plays, in public and private life."

How does Dr. Aked like that rebuke from his editorial superior? Will he take the hint? Let us adopt a policy of watchful waiting.

The Gun-for-Gun Salute

When President Huerta agreed to salute the American flag provided that the salute be acknowledged by a return salute, gun for gun, he was not so unreasonable as was supposed. Indeed the request was justified by precedent. There are many instances of that sort of saluting, but our State Department was probably ignorant of them when the demand for a salute was made on Huerta. One of the instances was in the case of M. Dillon, the Consul of the French Empire at San Francisco in 1854. The offense against the French Government came in this instance from the United States. A subpoena duces tecum had been served upon M. Dillon which, in his capacity as a diplomatic representative of France, he declined to obey. The French Minister at Washington took up the case and insisted that the service upon the French Consul involved a gross disrespect to France. The negotiations looking to reparation were conducted by Secretary of State Marshall and the affair was compromised by an agreement that France would accept as a sufficient satisfaction an expression of regret coupled with the following provision:

"When a French national ship or squadron shall appear in the harbor of San Francisco the United States authorities there, military or naval, will salute the national flag borne by such ship or squadron with a national salute at an hour to be specified and agreed upon with the French naval commanding officer present, and the French ships or squadrons whose flag is thus saluted will return the salute, gun for gun."

Another Instance

More serious than the mere technical affront to the French Consul at San Francisco was the invasion of the national rights of Brazil by the United States ship Wachusetts, which deliberately cut out the Confederate cruiser Florida in the harbor of Bahia, Brazil, October 7, 1864. The Florida, sixty-one days out from Teneriffe, had applied for permission to repair her boilers and to repair and coal in the harbor of Bahia. This permission was granted by the Brazilian authorities under a forty-eight hour limit of time for the boiler repairs. The captain of the Wachusetts attacked the Florida as she lay in the harbor, and then attaching a tow rope to his quarry took her out to sea. The Brazilian commander gave chase, but was unable to recapture or release the Florida. The Brazilian Government demanded as a result of this affront the following considerations:

"1. A solemn and public declaration by the Government of the Union that it was surprised by the unusual action of the commander of the

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Wachusetts, which it highly rebukes and condemns, regretting that it should have occurred.

"2. The immediate dismissal of said commander.

"3. A salute of twenty-one guns, to be given in the port of the capital of Bahia by some vessel of war of the United States, having hoisted at her masthead during such salute the Brazilian flag."

Secretary of State Seward on December 26, 1864, replied that President Lincoln disavowed and regretted the proceedings at Bahia, that the commander of the Wachusetts was suspended, that the Consul who had suggested and incited the capture of the Florida was dismissed and that the flag of Brazil would be saluted. One of the conditions sought by the Brazilians as a recompense for their injured feelings was that the rebel Florida should be returned with her crew and other members of her ship's company to Bahia. Mr. Seward explained that this portion of the requirement could not be carried out, as the Florida had accidentally sunk. There have been several other cases in which the United States has figured where a salute to the flag was involved as reparation by one or the other nations.

Off to the Front

San Francisco newspaperdom will be well represented on the firing line in Mexico. "Ned" Hamilton of the Examiner and C. H. Baily who writes "Little Sidelights on Soldier Life" for the Chronicle, have gone overland to El Paso. "Mike" Williams, the Examiner's art critic and a short story writer with the entree to the best magazines, left Monday on the South Dakota. So did Albert Porter, the very capable water front reporter of the Chronicle. These are all good writers, and we may rely upon them to miss nothing picturesque or interesting in that part of the disturbance which comes under their observation.

A Visit to San Quentin

It must be a callous visitor indeed whom a prison tour doesn't depress. The weight of an accumulation of tragedies bears upon you. You are surrounded by the wreckage of human lives. Broken men wander about the yard like ghosts aimlessly revisiting the glimpses of the sun. All the woe of living is concentrated within the strait penitentiary gates. Here crime is personified; here the curses of existence are exemplified; here the wages of sin are paid. One doesn't become weakly sentimental in prison; one learns, if the knowledge was absent before, that sentimentality is a poor buckler against the slings and arrows of temptation, and that only mental and moral discipline can curb the inclinations that lead unerringly to this awful punishment. How can anybody spend a day at San Quentin without learning to distrust himself? without realizing that something more than poor human strength must be interposed to save him from himself? All of us need sermons—there is a sermon in every stone of the San Quentin walls.

A Model Prison

If I had to serve a sentence in prison, I should like it to be in San Quentin. Marin's golden sunshine doesn't discriminate against San Quentin. The tent of blue that prisoners call the sky is very blue and very beautiful above San Quentin these lovely spring days. The new cell house designed by Maury Diggs when he was State Architect is admirable in every way. It is almost as bright and attractive as the City Prison has become under the direction of Lieutenant Tobin. It is indeed the last word to date in prison building. The cells have every convenience a prisoner can expect; more conveniences, doubtless, than some of these unfortunates have known outside. The jute mill, the furniture factory and the other working quarters are pleasanter places than many where free men earn their living. Surveillance is of course strict and omnipresent, but not sinister or forbidding. The man who is honestly bent on earning credits by observance of the rules cannot be much troubled by it. The note of cleanliness is sounded everywhere; in the cells, in the shower baths, in the marvelous kitchens and in the dining room. And all the prisoners look clean in their stripeless uniforms.

That "Prison Pallor"

Every man, ex-convict or otherwise, who writes an article or a book about prison feels compelled to put a "prison pallor" on the face of every prisoner. It is by the "prison pallor" that the convict is always to be recognized on the stage or in fiction. There is surprisingly little "prison pallor" in San Quentin. In place of it you find a healthy tan. I should say offhand that there is more pallor on the faces of a given number of clerks employed in California or Sansome street than on the faces of an equal number of prisoners at San Quentin. The "prison pallor" is, I suppose, traditional. It is a sort of stage property that has come down to us from a former generation, accepted because never questioned.

Healthy Prisoners

Take George D. Collins, for instance. I had a long chat with him, so I had an opportunity to observe him closely. He looks for all the world like a man rusticating at a health resort. In all the years I knew him in San Francisco he never looked as well as he looks today in San Quentin. His face is bronzed, his eyes are clear, a becoming stoutness has taken the place of the old nervous leanness. His voice is hearty and his laugh rings true. Indeed, it was difficult to think of him as a prisoner as he sat comfortably in the prison garden under the shade of a spreading tree. The same is true of former Police Captain Michael Joseph Conboy. He too is immensely improved in looks, and I should say, in health. There is the same appearance of a man living in the country and for the benefit of his health getting plenty of pure air. To a somewhat lesser extent this is also applicable to Henry Dalton of Oakland. As to Abe Ruef, he too looks well. Ruef is exceedingly high strung, and one imagines him chafing continuously under restraint. But he looks as though his health is quite sound, and certainly there is no "prison pallor" on his face. After all, there is a great deal to be said for a strict regimen with regular hours of sleep and exercise. One gets all that in San Quentin. It really seems to me that incarceration has added years to the lives of these men. Perhaps, though, they are not optimistic enough to take that view of the situation!

Hearing Paroles

It has become quite a popular diversion to criticize the administration of our prisons. Too bad that some of the critics don't attend a meeting of the State Board of Prison Directors, as I did. The responsibility resting on the shoulders of these men is enormous. And the amount of routine work they must do makes one wonder how they find time to attend to their private affairs. Their labors are continuous. One can see that readily. Throughout the month, it is apparent, they have been working on the various matters which must be settled at the monthly meeting. They have everything at their finger tips, and so has Warden James A. Johnston with whose efficiency one is instantly impressed. The greater part of their meeting time is given over to the consideration of parole applications. Here is where their responsibility must weigh most heavily. They must consider the rights of the individual convict, but they dare not for a minute forget the rights of society. They are very conservative, as they should be. I was present at the hearing of about a score of applications for parole, and saw only about three or four granted. The questions put to the applicants by the president of the Prison Board, Dennis M. Duffy, are searching but kindly. And when the appli-

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cant leaves the room the discussion of the merits of his application reveals a profound knowledge of human nature. Obviously these men are not easily fooled. They are sympathetic always, but not the dupe of their emotions. The recent decision of the Supreme Court which makes the application for parole automatic at the end of the first year of a convict's sentence will vastly increase their labors, but will not result in wholesale jail deliveries. They must hear all applications, but the decision rests with them. And they may be trusted.

A Progressive Editor

The town of Monrovia in the chemically pure belt possesses a Progressive paper in the Monrovia Messenger and a Progressive editor in C. N. Whitaker. Whitaker was one of the editors who boosted Hiram Johnson during his first fight for the governorship. He was a member of the Progressive publicity brigade, and like all the other members, was rewarded with a job. He was apointed a clerk of the Board of Control, and later on Steward of the Napa State Hospital. It was during his stewardship that we heard so many charges about the unfortunates being starved or provided with unwholesome food. Some time afterwards he retired to Monrovia to resume personal direction of his paper. Being a true Progressive, Whitaker undertook to direct the morals of everybody in Monrovia, paying particular attention, it is said, to the morals of those citizens who were personally unfriendly to him. His paper contained a number of savage attacks on prominent families. The sons of these families took their revenge last Saturday night. They waylaid Whitaker, gave him a severe beating, felled him with a beer bottle, kicked out his front teeth, drove him to the edge of the town, stripped him, fixed a noose about his neck and warned him that if he didn't quit Monrovia they'd hang him. When the "night riders" were arrested they claimed the moral support of the Woman's Club and the Methodist minister. It was a personally conducted Armageddon which showed that the assailants were as "progressive" as the editor. Those Monrovians undoubtedly preen themselves on the piety of their Christian soldiership. They believe in the recall of editorial decisions.

A Good Friday Difference

The Public Library participated in the movement for the reverential observance of Good Friday, but not without a protest from one of the trustees. Eustace Cullinan was the trustee who suggested that the Library be closed on Good Friday. Justice Max Sloss of the Supreme Court was the trustee who demurred. There was considerable discussion of the matter, but in the end Justice Sloss gave his assent to the action of the board. He remarked, however, that he hoped the action would not be construed as a precedent. Since that meeting some folks have wondered why the Public Library should be closed on Good Friday. Was it, they ask, that all the employees of the Library might go to church, or that the Administration might vindicate its reverence for things holy? Surely there is no reason why the public should be excluded from the Library on Good Friday. There are many books that make suitable reading at Passiontide, books that dispose the mind to reflection on the life of the Saviour, and these should be accessible to the dear public, especially on the day that the good Mr. Cullinan had them locked up.

Hayes and Bordwell

So the lawyers of Los Angeles are going to pay a tribute of respect and admiration to Chief Justice Beatty who is soon to quit the high office that he has long adorned! Let us hope the lawyers of San Francisco will do likewise. In the despatch that brought the news from Los Angeles it was observed that Justice Beatty is a jurist with a keen sense of the dignity of his office, and that he never actively engaged in a campaign for nomination or election. I wonder if this observation was by way of reproach; that is, whether the lawyers of Los Angeles are taking exception to the ways of other jurists? I wonder because one hears a lot of criticism these days of the judge that goes down on his marrow bones in the highway to solicit votes. Perhaps there was something of direct personal allusion in that observation made in Los Angeles. And perhaps the bar of Los Angeles intends getting behind Judge Bordwell for Chief Justice. Judge Bordwell is a learned jurist who enjoys the respect of the whole State. In all probability if Judge Bordwell becomes a candidate for the nomination for Chief Justice, J. O. Hayes of San Jose will run for Governor. There is a strong feeling for Mr. Hayes among Republicans not only in the Santa Clara valley but also in the southern section of the State. Indeed the Hayes boom has been growing steadily for some weeks.

Troubles of the Unterrified

"Isn't there something in history about a shot heard round the world?" asked the man who winds the ferry clock, as he sidestepped a racing commuter.

I admitted that there was, and inquired what was troubling his giant intellect.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the wiseacre of the wharves; "only I've been thinking that if a shot can be heard round the world, it's no wonder the sound of a punch can travel from Oakland to Washington."

I begged him to elucidate.

"Why," he said, "they know all about Harry Flannery landing on Louis Mooser. The President and Tumulty and all the Cabinet got the details of that harmony meeting the Democrats held to elect a new chairman of the State Central Committee. And I have Indian information, as poor Tom Lonergan used to put it, that they're mighty sore at the way things were handled. But you don't have to take it from me. Consider what happened in Los Angeles and Bakersfield, and judge for yourself."

I confessed a complete ignorance of what had happened in those two interesting centers of oranges and oil.

"The Democratic organization," explained my friend of the clock tower, "had two candidates for postmaster of Los Angeles. Some wanted Reinhart and others wanted Cotton. But Washington was so disgusted with what happened at that Oakland meeting that both were turned down and a rank outsider got the plum. It was the same in Bakersfield. Truxton Beale had a candidate named Douglas, and the push got behind him. But if you look in the papers you'll find that the new postmaster at Bakersfield is a man named Klepstein. Congressman Church put him over just as soon as the news from Oakland reached Washington. Poor Truxton is awfully peeved, but not as peeved as the boys of the push. What the boys say about ingratitude is not very grammatical, but it's forceful."

The Oakland Victory

"The bunch who made Archie Campbell chairman of the State Central Committee," continued the Embarcadero elucidator, "are beginning to realize that there's such a thing as being too smart in politics. They all turned out to beat Andrews of Tehama because he was Phelan's candidate. Phelan put Andrews in the fight and then abandoned him to his fate. And he was beaten. But what did the victors gain? They elected the man who has the best and most unpopular job in California. Archie, you know, is received of oil companies. He'll net anywhere from fifty to sixty thousand out of the job, but his work will make him the most cordially hated man in the State. The Government is tying up the oil business of California, and whether the Government is right or wrong, the big oil men and their friends are going to hold Archie responsible for their troubles. So how can he make friends for the party? And by the way, Phelan better look out. As soon as Campbell was elected, he was out with a statement that he and Campbell had always been friends. Jimmy didn't say anything about putting the Tehama man up against Archie, of course. I tell you, the Administration is mighty sick of all this trough politics in California. They're disgusted. If Phelan was wise he'd pretend to ignore the whole business. As it is, that Oakland meeting has raised cain all over the State, and it has put an awful crimp in Jimmy's candidacy. We Progressives are very much worried about it."

The clock winder executed a derisive wink and started for the nave.

The Bohemian Election

The Bohemian Club hasn't had so much excitement in years. The annual meeting is usually a humdrum affair, but this time it developed a sensation. The War of the Billys has brought about an alignment of forces that promises to infuse a good deal of "pep" into the polling, when the postponed election is finally held. Perhaps the fact that "Billy" Smith was to serve one term and

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hand the presidency back to Charlie Field for the Exposition period may have had something to do with the putting forward of "Billy" Metson as an opposition candidate. Such a program was talked of, and received the approval of many, for Field has made an excellent presiding officer. But the leaders of the opposition probably thought that any program for next year was premature. If they did not elect Metson, they at least carried their point; for all programs seem to be off. Meanwhile the new mummy supplied by Jere Lynch, the greatest Egyptologist in Bohemia, waits patiently for club recognition. However, as Jere might put it, knowing whereof he speaks, a mummy will always keep.

Bispham and Kipling

During a visit to England some years ago David Bispham, the well known baritone who has been at the Orpheum during the past two weeks, was invited to a party in Belgravia which Rudyard Kipling also attended. Kipling had never heard the music which Walter Damrosch wrote for his ballad of "Danny Deever," so the hostess asked Bispham to sing it. Bispham did so. At the conclusion of the song Kipling, much to the embarrassment of the hostess and to the surprise of the guests, took an abrupt departure. Naturally Bispham felt the incident keenly. But the next day Kipling called on Bispham at his hotel.

"Mr. Bispham," he said, "I owe you an explanation of my abrupt departure last night. When you finished singing I was so moved that I could not trust myself to speak. I never dreamed that my little ballad had such possibilities!"

Snubbing Poor Nat

"This," said Bill Pinkerton the day he left San Francisco, "this is a good story if you happen to remember that for years Denman Thompson played the rube in 'The Old Homestead.'"

"I remember it perfectly," said Roy Carruthers of the Cliff House, "so you may proceed with the yarn."

"A good many years ago," continued he whom all the crooks know as "The Eye," "Nat Goodwin and I happened to be stopping at the Cecil in dear old London. There was a very handsome young American woman of the—er, the adventuress type I suppose you might call her, who frequented one of the Cecil dining rooms. The incurable Nat was off with one wife at the time and not yet on with another, and he tried to flirt with this easy-going beauty. But apparently he didn't appeal to her. Anyway, she passed him up. One evening Nat, the superintendent of Scotland Yard and myself were dining together. We were sipping a liqueur when the American beauty appeared and sat down at a nearby table. Nat suggested that I invite her over, and as the dining room was almost empty I complied.

"'I have tried to attract your attention several times,' said Nat, 'but you don't seem to be interested in me.'

"'No, I'm not,' said the fair one quite coolly.

"'I guess you don't know who I am,' continued Nat, a bit nettled.

"'Oh, yes I do,' said the girl, hardly looking at him.

"'Who am I?' asked Nat, a glutton for punishment.

"'Denman Thompson,' said the girl."

Lindsey Comes High

The Progressives of Fresno have suffered a grievous disappointment. They were expecting a visit from Judge Lindsey, the rampageous uplifter of Denver, but he isn't coming. Lindsey like all our world-movementers talks for a price. The Chautauqua has filled them all with greed. The gospel of reform they spread for the gate receipts. Lindsey's price is two hundred dollars a talk, but the Progressives of Fresno couldn't raise so much money. They tried and failed, which is probably a sign of the times, and if so it must be a discouraging one to Mr. Chester Rowell of Fresno. Rowell, himself, by the way, is not talking for cash at present. He is touring the State talking for himself as a candidate for the Progressive nomination for the Senate, but he is having some difficulty in finding people to listen.

The Carpenter Play

Another California author has made a contribution to the drama of the Orpheum circuit. There are two excellent plays in vaudeville—one by Charles Kenyon, the author of "Kindling," and one by Herbert Bashford, literary reviewer of the Bulletin, and now comes a third, the author of which is Grant Carpenter, the Bret Harte of Chinatown. Mr. Carpenter's play is an emotional Chinese drama called "The Dragon's Claw," which had its premiere in Philadelphia two months ago where it was received with enthusiasm. It excited the interest of the critics and as a result it was published in the April Smart Set. The other day Mr. Carpenter sold the play to Robert Haynes, one of the most talented actors in vaudeville.

Norris' Posthumous Novel

It was announced the other day that a posthumous novel by Frank Norris had just been published. It is called "Vandover and the Brute," and I understand it was written about the same time as "McTeague." It is a first draft, but those who have seen it say that it has the Norris power in crude form. The manuscript has a strange history. At the time of the fire and earthquake it was in a storage warehouse that was burned to the ground. The contents of the warehouse were thrown out of the windows into a vacant lot. In the course of time the crate containing the manuscript found a resting place in another warehouse where it remained for years, unlabeled, unidentified, awaiting a claimant. When the manuscript was discovered the author's name was missing, probably cut off by an autograph hunter. I wonder if any of Norris' old friends here can verify this story?

A Poetess in Love

A certain well known San Franciscan, a happily married man who is at the top of his profession and belongs to the best clubs, has been the recipient lately of a number of anonymous letters couched in verse and breathing a very ardent passion. He imagines that they come from a woman, but professes to have no idea who the writer is. I give one of them so that my mas-

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culine readers may decide whether they envy or pity the man who is being bombarded with them:

She keeps the portal of her towers
Close barred to all intruders' guile;
And burns her incense to the stars
From her heart's altar. All the while,
Serenely critical of men,
She knows afar one promised tryst;
And as a maid will, now and then,
Her cheek untouched, her lips unkissed,
Keeps for the hero of her dreams
Her sacred self and all that means.

She cherishes her ideal hour
And loftily scorns, aloof and proud,
The proffers those about would shower,
Indifferent to their faith avowed—
Seeing above with youthful eyes
That gaze into the blue of space,
Ignoring hollowness of skies,
She recognizes but one face.

He stepped into her life one day
And stole the incense all away.
Stole? Nay, decry him not a knave!
Far more than what he took she gave.

And if her life were so controlled,
She durst not say, but needs must strive
In silence and with manner cold.
Her fight was with herself, alive
To what disloyalty might mean,
Although a controversy swift
Had followed, written plights to wean
And finally prove an endless rift—
She crept to cover with her hurt,
Knowing he deemed her just a flirt.

The temple bells have ceased to sound,
The altar cloths begin to fade,
But mysticism will still abound
Where votaries of the shrine have prayed.
Where haloes cast a magic spell
Through colored oriels of the fane,
The head on which their splendor fell
By chance, will evermore remain
An influence—whether or no
The kneeling pilgrim willed it so.

Anonyma Poetica, it will be noticed, is no Sappho. Her lines are at times obscure and there is an occasional halt in them. But she manages to convey her meaning pretty well.

Our German Paper

I hear that the California Demokrat, San Francisco's old and respected German newspaper, is about to pass out of the hands of Frederick Hess Jr. who has been for years its proprietor and manager. There is a deal on for the purchase of the paper by a newspaper syndicate of Vancouver which controls a number of papers published in foreign languages, the largest and most successful being the Vancouver German Press. Dr. Weiss, the editor-in-chief of the Vancouver German Press, was in San Francisco recently, looking over the Hess property, and I understand that he was so impressed that he advised his principals to consummate the deal. His principals are two well known German financiers of Vancouver, von Alvensleben and Gravenitz, men who have invested millions in various Vancouver enterprises. It is planned to enlarge the Demokrat, to improve its foreign news service and to publish a weekly edition in English.

Concert at Tavern

Under the auspices of the Aubrey Sisters a Thursday afternoon concert was given at Techau Tavern this week. Souvenirs which are usually reserved for Saturday attractions, were presented to all the ladies and were selected from the Aubrey Sisters' toilet preparations. These preparations have a world-wide vogue which is based on their exceptional merit.

BALLADE OF KISSED WOMEN
By Walter Hurt

Whatever the changes the years have grown,
Or goodly things has our race resigned,
(For the lips will reap what the heart hath sown),
To one sweet custom are all inclined:
Where the passiflora is intertwined
To fashion a covert for lovers' tryst
Did ever it shelter its leaves behind
A woman with lips that never were kissed?

If winsome creature or withered crone,
It matters not, they are all aligned—
Are all alike to the practice prone,
As a multitude with a single mind.
And each has a jeweled joy enshrined
In memory's fane none else may wist,
For you ne'er could meet, tho' the gods combined,
A woman with lips that never were kissed.

Within the kitchen or on the throne,
Be it sweetest core or the bitter rind
Of recollection she calls her own
Of vows swift broken or vows that bind,
And holding a voucher that's countersigned
For raptures tasted or raptures missed,
Is there, fair or homely—for love is blind!—
A woman with lips that never were kissed?

L'Envoi

Friend, an your favor should be so kind,
Wand'ring the world wherever you list,
Wire me "collect" if ever you find
A woman with lips that never were kissed.

Turned Out

By Stephen Reynolds

One evening in early autumn the sun was low down between Morgan's Mount and Cromwell's Camp—sinking, as it were, behind the edge of the Downs. All the west was overspread with flaming clouds, which changed their colors with the sun's decline and their floating faery-like forms with the light winds of the air. Tongues of heavy grey broke from the clouds that made a canopy above the sun; the west was gloomy in its fierce intensity. Underneath, the trees on the distant horizon burnt with a lurid red—it might have been the mouth of hell. Some of the splendid light overflowed into the east and tipped its feathery cirrus clouds with gold; whilst the hills shone with radiance, or seemed grey and grassless under deep shadow. There was no sound save the melancholy cry of the peewits, and the rush of wind through the grass like the sound of the sea on a far shore.

A woman and a dog were alone on the hills. Silhouetted against the sky, they looked black and meanly small. The woman evidently of the country. She was soon to become a mother. Sorrow, felt rather than thought of, looked from her tearful eyes, and her face suffused with a uniform flush of redness. She was wrought upon by her destitution and the fear of her coming pain, and she had no relief by thinking on the after-joy of mothers, for she knew that she could but add a living burden to her heavy life.

As they walked over the down the dog put up a hare, and was called in by the woman. Then, while he looked up at her with eyes seemingly full of sympathty which asks no questions, gives no advice, she vaguely felt that he would understand, and told him of her sorrow.

"Poor Bruno! your master's gone back to London and only left me and you—and this. What shall we do now his father's turned us out?

"He's gone back to London, where he was married before, and nobody but me—not even his father—has got to know. What shall we do? Oh, Bruno, no more than a week left!

"I was happy for a year, Bruno—so happy! And now we've nowhere at all to go. But I'm glad I was happy.

"Bruno, I loved your master! He doesn't love his church wife a bit—I'm sure he doesn't. He'll be unhappy now, like me. Oh, if he hadn't been and got married! We'd have gone to London with him.

"You might have got lost or poisoned there, Bruno.

"What can we do? In a week's time it will all be over. We may be in the workhouse. The old man said we could get off there, and if they find us they'll want to send us to it. I won't go—and they'd take you away.

"His father used to be kind to me—before he said he wouldn't have no brazen-faced hussies for servants. I wasn't a servant—not a real one. I was a help. He swore, by God, he wouldn't have me in his house again. If he's sold the pigs well and isn't drunk, perhaps he'll do something when he sees me out here.

"'Twas his son, anyhow.

"The later he is from market the more he's likely to be drunk.

"It's getting late now. It's cold up here. Poor Bruno!—lie down then."

She shivered and sat down on a heap of chalk; the dog lay on her skirt. All around the Downs looked grey; for the sun was now below the horizon, and the glory of the sunset was shrunk to a night-cap cloud.

The wind, unwarmed by the sun, still rushed through the grass. The peewits had gone, and only the hoarse corncrakes croaked loudly in the fields over the brow of the hill. The woman felt the cold air cut her like a knife as she waited by the side of the road.

Presently, in the dusk, a heavy dog-cart came along the white chalk road. Two men were in it. The elder, the old farmer, held the reins; but he was rather guided by the horse than guided it. His red face and bloodshot eyes contrasted, even in twilight, with his stubby white beard. He was market-day drunk.

When the cart approached the chalk-heap the dog barked and roused the old man, who, seeing the woman, gave his companion a heavy nudge. He drew himself up and pointed to her, and his laughter went round the hills in a hoarse loud cadence.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! 'Twas she as fooled my Joe!"

But he drove on, and then whistled for the dog. "Bruno, yer! Bruno!"

Bruno ran a short way after the cart, turned, looked back at the woman. Fearful lest he should return to the farm, afraid to face the night alone, she cried out shrilly, and he went to her.

"Damn you!" roared the farmer.

He whipped up his horse.

Then the woman lost all hope. She stumbled to the edge of a small pine wood. There she sank to the ground in a black heap, at which the dog sniffed and whined.

It grew still colder; and, as the moon rose in a clear sky, an autumn frost spread over the Downs. No one of the few passersby saw the stricken woman. In the cold deceitful moonlight the little group looked nowise different from a tuft of stunted furze-bush.

In time the wind bore with it a woman's groans—for a few minutes a human being's first cry on earth, and again it rushed alone through the grass, and made a deeper sound amongst the

pines. The woman lay unconscious on the ground, while the dog slept by her or prowled along the edge of the wood.

Next morning the sun rose with a clear and hopeful splendor, giving a fresh brilliance to every blade of frosted grass. But through his absence only the dog had lived. A shepherd found the woman and her child sodden with the white frost-fog, dead, and stiff; and they were taken to the workhouse mortuary.

Roses and Song and Laughter

By Lord Dunsany

Roses

I know a roadside where the wild rose blooms with a strange abundance. There is a beauty in the blossoms too of an almost exotic kind, a taint of deeper pink that shocks the puritan flowers. Two hundred generations ago (generations, I mean, of roses) this was a village street; there was a floral decadence when they left their simple life and the roses came from the wilderness to clamber round houses of men.

Of all the memories of that little village, of all the cottages that stood there, of all the men and women whose homes they were, nothing remains but a more beautiful blush on the faces of the roses.

I hope that when London is clean passed away and the defeated fields come back again, like an exiled people returning after a war, they may find some beautiful thing to remind them of it; because we have loved a little that swart old city.

The Return of Song

"The swans are singing again," said to one another the gods. And looking downwards, for my dreams had taken me to some fair and far Valhalla, I saw below me an iridescent bubble not greatly larger than a star shine beautifully but faintly; and up and up from it, looking larger and larger, came a flock of white, innumerable swans singing and singing and singing, till it seemed as though even the gods were wild ships swimming in music.

"What is it?" I said to one that was humble among the gods.

"Only a world has ended," he said to me, "and the swans are coming back to the gods bringing the gift of song."

"A whole world dead!" I said.

"Dead," said he that was humble among the gods. "The worlds are not forever; only song is immortal."

"Look, look," said he, "there will be a new one soon."

And I looked and saw the larks, going down from the gods.

How the Enemy Came to Thlunrana

It had been prophesied of old and foreseen from ancient days that its enemy would come upon Thlunrana. And the date of its doom was known and the gate by which it would enter, yet none had prophesied of the enemy who he was save that he was of the gods though he dwelt with men. Meanwhile Thlunrana, that chief cathedral of wizardry, was the terror of the valley in which it stood and of all lands round about it. So narrow and high were the windows and so strange when lighted at night that they seemed to regard men with a demoniac leer of something that had a secret in the dark. Who were the magicians and the deputy-magicians and the great arch-wizard of that furtive place nobody knew, for they went veiled and hooded and cloaked completely in black.

Though her doom was close upon her and the enemy of prophecy should come that very night through the open southward door that was named the Gate of the Doom, yet that rocky edifice Thlunrana remained myterious still, venerable, terrible, dark and dreadfully crowned with her doom. It was not often that anyone dared wander near to Thlunrana by night when the moan of the magicians invoking we know not Whom rose faintly from inner chambers, scaring the drifting bats: but on the last night of all the man from the black-thatched cottage by the five pine trees came, because he would see Thlunrana once again before the enemy that was divine, but that dwelt with man, should come against it and it should be no more. Up the dark valley he went like a bold man, but his fears were thick upon him; his bravery bore their weight but stooped a little beneath them. He went in at the southward gate that is named the Gate of the Doom. He came into a dark hall and up a marble stairway passed to see the last of Thlunrana. At the top a curtain of black velvet hung, and he passed into a chamber heavily hung with curtains, with a gloom in it that was blacker than anything they could account for. In a sombre chamber beyond seen through a vacant archway magicians with lighted tapers plied their wizardry and whispered incantations. All the rats in the place were passing away, going whimpering down the stairway. The man from the black-thatched cottage passed through that second chamber: the magicians did not look at him and did not cease to whisper. He passed from them through heavy curtains still of black velvet, and came into a chamber of black marble where nothing stirred. Only one taper burned in the third chamber; there were no windows. On the smooth floor and under the smooth wall a silk pavilion stood with its curtains drawn close together: this was the holy of holies of that ominous place, its inner mystery. One on each side of it dark figures crouched either of men or women or cloaked stone, or of beasts trained to be silent. When the awful stillness of the mystery was more than he could bear, the man from the black-thatched

(Continued on Page 20.)

"It Has Choke and Grip in the Bare Reading"—ASHTON STEVENS

A FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE

By THEODORE BONNET

A Play in Four Acts with a Prefatory Epistle to Ashton Stevens who has pronounced it a drama of "upbuilding conflict."

"Now it occurs to me that the noblest theme for the dramatist is to be found right here in the tragicomedy of a nation inflamed by politicians and smoldering with a manufactured discontent that here and there bursts forth into flame like beacons at night on dark hills."—PREFATORY EPISTLE.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Their Husbands Are Free

A goodly number of wives in Hillsborough, San Mateo and Burlingame, women whose names you see at the top of the list whenever there is an important charity ball, Mardi Gras or church benefit, women whose names are religiously noted by the bavardes every time they go to a theatre or tea dance or merely make a shopping trip to town—a goodly number of these aristocratic and wealthy wives have manumitted their husbands. They have signed an emancipation proclamation, and their husbands are free. The chains of the old slavery have been stricken off. The husbands of these wives may now comport themselves as they please. Their indiscretions, their weaknesses, their gallantries, their frivolities of whatever kind are to be countenanced. The inspiration of this curious idea, the genesis of the arrangement is something with which I am not familiar. I merely record the fact. And the fact is that a few days ago two of the most distinguished matrons of San Mateo sent printed forms to their friends containing the articles of marital manumission. "I hereby agree," the form read in effect, "that from now on I shall allow my husband to drink as much as he pleases, with whom he pleases and when and where he pleases; and that I shall allow him to associate with any woman or women he may fancy; and to be in all other respects independent of my control." Two hundred of these forms were ordered from the printer by the leaders of this strange emancipation procedure, but I do not think that number were sent out. The women who signed the agreement automatically became members of a club. Do their husbands regard the whole thing as a joke? Do the women themselves so regard it? That remains to be seen. Wouldn't a document of this sort play a queer part in a divorce action? But for the present, speculation is useless.

Montgelas' Wild Cousin

A dispatch from Paris informed us the other day that Count Maximilian Montgelas and his wife had been arrested by the police after a mad motor chase, and charged with stealing about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels from a Paris jeweler. Naturally everybody wondered what relationship this titled burglar bore to our Count Montgelas, the young chap from Bavaria who is the pal of Heinie von Schroeder and one of the best tango dancers in town. I looked the matter up in the Almanach de Gotha and also asked Count Montgelas about it. As a result of these investigations I find that the Paris burglar is a cousin of the Montgelas who lives here. Their fathers were brothers. I learn that Maximilian is the black sheep of the family. He disappeared from Bavaria twenty-two years ago, when he was only twenty-three years old, and is only heard of when he gets into some scrape or other. The Almanach says he married Bertha Meyer-Brueggemann about whom it supplies no information. Doubtless it was she who was with him when he was arrested. This black sheep Montgelas has a brother Count Hugo who is Master of the Horse to the King of Wurttemberg. There is another Count Maximilian, also a cousin of the Montgelas in San Francisco, who is Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Fourth Bavarian Army Division at Wurtzberg. The Count Montgelas who lives here is the son of Count Edward Montgelas, the Bavarian Minister at Dresden.

Willis Not Unloved

Willis Polk gave a dinner at the Pacific-Union Club to Childe Hassam, Edward Simmons, Jules Guerin, Robert Reid and the rest of the Panama-Pacific mural painters. It was a jolly dinner, even if it was held at the Pacific-Union Club, and when the Partagas stage was reached somebody proposed a ride to the beach. So all hands adjourned to the Cliff House. There they met a number of acquaintances and resigned themselves to the heady influence of the hesitation waltz. When Willis finally reached his home in San Mateo the hour was scandalously late. In the morning Mrs. Polk came to his bed chamber to awaken him. He didn't feel a bit like being awakened, but sleep vanished when he noticed Mrs. Polk curiously studying his dress shirt. Scrawled in pencil across the white bosom were the interesting words:

I love you, darling!

Willis explained to his spouse that this affirmation was not to be taken seriously as it had been written in the pause of the dance by a young lady of whom he knew nothing except that she had had a glass too much of wine. Mrs. Polk heard the explanation in silence. Her only comment was:

"I'm glad somebody loves you!"

THOMAS EGAN
The Irish tenor who will give a concert at the Cort on Sunday, May 3.

As to the Hobarts

Will Hannah Williams Hobart and Walter Scott Hobart take advantage of the final decree of divorce that the court has rendered by annexing other help-mates? When Mrs. Hobart began suit for divorce from her polo-playing husband, she told some of her friends that she would never marry again. But some of her friends think she has changed her mind, and that when she returns from Europe she will be married in New York to an admirer who has been the soul of devotion to her for some time. As for Walter, it is being said right along that he will wed the charming Mrs. Flora Dean Magee. They are very much interested in each other, sharing a love of out-of-doors, horses and so on. So it may be that we shall have two Hobart weddings.

Riley's Apology

Riley Hardin has long had the reputation of being the fattest man in the Bohemian Club. His fellow members and friends declare that his extraordinary bulk is hardly adequate to contain all the good nature that Riley has bottled up within him and that even with this enormous storage capacity it bubbles over and finds expression on his face which is constantly wreathed in smiles. The merry twinkle in his eye and the smile that never comes off were misunderstood by a grouchy stranger in a Sutter street car the other day. This precipitated a situation that forced the benign Riley into the front rank of diplomatic side-steppers. Riley and his smile boarded the car at an hour when traffic was sufficiently light to permit of his occupying a seat. This happens so rarely that the smile became a trifle more expansive. His pleasant train of thought was rudely interrupted by the raucous voice of a man who rose from an opposite seat and stood threateningly before him.

"How dare you, sir, attempt to flirt with my wife?"

The amazed Riley gasped and replied helplessly:

"I assure you, my dear man, that I had no idea in my mind of any flirtation with your wife."

"Nevertheless you owe me an apology," roared the irate husband.

Glancing across at a specimen of undeniable feminine loveliness occupying the seat next to that from which the man had hastily risen, Riley "came through" like a true knight.

"I most assuredly do owe you an apology," he said, "for your wife is extremely attractive."

Exclusive Piffle

Miss Tanga Van Bibber has refrained from attending church since the end of Lent. She also refrained during Lent.

"It stands to reason that the 'the dansant' is more popular than the 'apres le theatre,'" says Miss Empta Payte. "We all know how to brew tea, but there isn't a girl in my set who has the recipe for the other thing."

When asked what she thought of the Anti-Suffragists, Miss Vacua Slook replied: "They're perfect dears, but the grandmother suffragists know more about the question, don't they?"

Count Sees Title Market Slump

The disagreement between Anna Gould and the Count Boni de Castellane and the difficulties encountered by the Duke d'Abruzzi in his wooing

Miss Claribel Kirby & Theodore Parker Lawrence
have opened
The Kirlaw Studios
for the study and practice of modern dances
Instructions will be by appointment only, in classes or private lessons, as desired
435 POWELL STREET, THIRD FLOOR
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March Twenty-fifth, 1914

of the former Miss Katherine Elkins, now Mrs. Robert R. Hitt, was a severe blow to the European title market, according to letters from the Count Guillaume d'Arschot, the King of the Belgians' Chief of Cabinet, which were introduced in evidence in New York the other day in a suit of heirs of Countess Wilhelmina d'Arschot, born in America, to set aside her will, in which the Belgian Count, her nephew, is one of the two principal beneficiaries. The letters were written by the Count to his aunt several years before her death. One letter, mailed from San Stefano, Italy, on April 17, 1908, explained the Count's views as follows: "The newspapers say that Mrs. Gould-Castellane will marry Talleyrand. I am sorry for her and do not congratulate him! They also say that the marriage of the Count d'Abruzzi is settled. After this record American young ladies will be less accessible than ever."

Miss Kemble Entertains

One of the interesting affairs of the week was the reading given by Miss Margaret Kemble at Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's Pleasanton hacienda. Miss Kemble is favorably known for her dramatic interpretation of the poetical drama and the new operas, but on this occasion she read Rosetti's "Blessed Damozel" to the accompaniment of the Debussy music played by Miss Esther Deininger. The length of the Debussy composition made this almost a tour de force, but Miss Kemble acquitted herself splendidly. So did Miss Deininger who, despite her youth, is an honor graduate of the Munich Conservatoire. Miss Kemble also gave Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem "The Birth of the Opal" while Miss Deininger played the music to which it was set by Hawley. Miss Deininger played too the Mozart Concerto in A Major, the Chopin Prelude, Op. 28, No. 16, the seldom played and difficult Chopin Variations, Op. 12, and the brilliant Rubinstein Concerto in D Minor which Hoffmann played with the Symphony Orchestra. On Wednesday Miss Kemble gave a tea at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and her guests Mrs. Harrison F. Matthews and Miss Matthews of Seattle. Among those who attended were Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Hazel Francis, Mrs. Charles M. Dougherty, Mrs. C. M. Truitt, Mrs. John Ellicut, Mrs. J. B. Coryell, Mrs. Charles Butters and Miss Esther Deininger.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Class

Mrs. Selah Chamberlain has organized a dancing class, and all her friends have hastened to enroll themselves, so eager are they to perfect themselves in the new steps in a congenial atmosphere where instruction is combined with sociability. The first meeting was held on April 16 at the Fairmont and was voted a great success. The special attraction of this meeting was the exhibition of dancing by Thalia Newcomb Lawrence who is the instructor of Mrs. Chamberlain's class. Charles A. Son volunteered as dancing partner to Mrs. Lawrence, and the exhibition was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Son has just returned from New York where he took lessons from Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, Joan Sawyer and McCutcheon, admitted to be the very best exponents of the new dances in the metropolis. He brought back with him the very latest innovations and has taught them to Mrs. Lawrence. Needless to say her studio clientele and her private classes are delighted to have this opportunity to keep au courant with the dancing fashions of the moment.

At Del Monte

Early Tuesday morning Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Allen Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibble and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone started on their motor trip from Del Monte to Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane sojourned at Del Monte while playing at the Opera House in Monterey. Mrs. Folger and a party of friends had a very pleasant visit at Del Monte. Dr. H. M. Sherman spent a few days prior to his departure for Santa Barbara where he was elected president of the State Medical Board. Mrs. Sherman returned to San Francisco with her two young daughters. Mrs. James Murray entertained Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn for tea on Tuesday at Del Monte. Later they were her guests at the theatre in Monterey to see Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane. Homer S. King and Miss Genevieve King have joined Mrs. King and Miss Hazel King for an indefinite stay.

At Pacific Grove Hotel

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Morrow with their daughter have returned to Pacific Grove and are looking for a permanent home. Some of the Eastern tourists this week are: Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Gates of Port Ryan, the Misses Clara and Laura Karbach of Omaha, Mrs. J. Page with Garnier Page of Hamilton, Mrs. A. J. Smith of Knox, Penn., Miss A. J. Dunlap with Miss Q. Castle of Chicago, Mrs. A. L. Henry with Mrs. S. D. Turner of Indianapolis, the Misses McCall of Bath, N. Y., Mrs. L. C. Morton with Miss J. P. Morton of So. Paris, Maine, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Ware of Philadelphia and Henry W. Brown of Lancaster. A great deal of their time was spent in motoring, and they visited the principal points of interest on the peninsula. The Rev. Lester Bradner with M. C. Cowan and J. Sirber of New York are at the hotel and are preparing to receive a party of friends who will arrive in a few days.

At the Cecil

M. D. Howell of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mahon of Baltimore and Mrs. M. J. Coppuck of Philadelphia are a group of easterners who registered during the week for indefinite stays there. Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Basler of Salt Lake City are guests. Mrs. W. F. Morris who has been entertaining her daughter Mrs. W. H. Garlick left during the week for Los Angeles, accompanying Mrs. Garlick to the southern city where they spent several days. Mrs. Garlick will continue her travels eastward, and Mrs. Morris will remain another week in the south before returning to the Cecil. Leslie Symmes who with Mrs. Symmes and their small daughter has been domiciled at the Cecil left during the week for New Orleans on a business trip.

The Charm of Tait's

San Francisco is famous the world over for her cafes. Ever since the days of '49 she has held an unique position in this respect. Nowhere else in the country can one find such a charm and air of differentness as pervade the dining places of this city. And in the forefront of all is the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. You thoroughly enjoy eating in this place, so appetizing and tempting is the food served. And when it comes to pleasing and high-class entertainment, it certainly deserves more than passing mention. No matter when you dine there is always a varied and interesting entertainment bill.

Crawford—So your wife said she would tango whether you allowed her or not?

Crabshaw—Yes; she was hopping wild.

Daughter—This piano is really my very own, isn't it, pa?

Pa—Yes, my dear.

Daughter—And when I marry I can take it with me, can I?

Pa—Certainly, my child. But don't tell anyone; it might spoil your chances.

MISCHA ELMAN
"The Caruso of the Violin" who will give two superb recitals at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon and Sunday afternoon, May 3.

Gossip of the Theatre

Mack and Rambeau

Scorn not the melodrama. Granted, that it does not quicken the intellectuals, that it has more artifice than art and that it is a mechanical form of entertainment, but when all is said that can be said against melodrama there is still something to be said in its favor. Further, most of the things that are urged against melodrama may be urged with equal force against any kind of drama. A little of theatricality would redeem many an intellectual drama; and the whole objection to melodrama is that it is a compound of theatricalities. This objection, however, being merely academic, need not deter one from enjoying the thrills that go with the punch in such a play as "The Deserter" in which the Alcazar company is appearing this week. The authors of this play, it is clear, have the formula for writing melodrama, the same one that Sardou followed. "What will make a good harrowing climax?" they asked themselves. And presently they thought of that serviceable melodramatic horror, the arrest of the wrong man on a charge of murder. To sharpen the poignancy of it they brought about his arrest by means of the woman who has fallen in love with him, and they made him think that she had deliberately led him to his doom. All this is rattling good melodrama, crude in spots, but of interest nevertheless, and with the punch from the very going up of the barrier. One man is shot twice in the first act, and the first man to do the shooting, an army officer, thinks he is the murderer. It is a play with a touch of army life, and with a plunge into the underworld. It takes you to our old Barbary Coast, into one of the dives, the kind that used to abound in the very long ago, when Police Commissioner Max Kuhl was little more than an infant in arms and Dr. Aked was looking complacently on the familiar sins of Liverpool. In this play Marjorie Rambeau astonishes with her versatility. In the dive scene she plays the part of an entertainer, a tough girl on familiar terms with the riff-raff of the underworld, and as in "Kindling" her individuality is never in evidence. She is so true to type that she seems indigenous to her surroundings. Remarkably flexible is the talent of this young actress. Flexible also is the talent of her husband, Willard Mack, and from what one hears of their repertoire they have a range of intellectual sympathy that enables them to personate a variety of parts. "The Deserter" is elaborately staged at the Alcazar, and it is played in a realistic fashion especially in the dive scene where the color is splashed on with a free hand.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Good Nonsense and Other Things

The laughter that is like the crackling of thorns under a pot may not be the most desirable of recreations, but it is exhilarating. And one should never lose his youthful relish for the nonsense that provokes it. Nonsense is really a fine diversion. There is no better escape from dullness. It has a merit that it shares with good wine, to the joy of Bacchanalians—it never troubles the brain. At the Orpheum this week there is some fine nonsense. Some of it is supplied by Ed Blondell in white face, some of it by Ben Deely in black face, and you may take your choice, or like myself you may find both kinds of aimless absurdities equally enjoyable. The bill at the Orpheum this week is pretty close to the high-water mark. Not often are so many good things crowded into one bill. Seldom is there so much freedom from boredom. There is not a soporific drama in the whole show; think of that! Not a single specimen of incredible dramaturgy. Artistically the bill is well up to the level of David Bispham; that is, up to the level of his singing, not of his homiletics. Even Kartelli, the slack wire performer, is an artist—in the sense that he has a perfect technique, and certainly Harry Gilfoil is an artist in more than one sense. He is at once creative and imitative. His conception of Baron Sands is an excellent piece of portraiture, and when he converts himself into a cat duet articulating the emotions of Tom and Maria he appeals successfully to the imagination. It is like improvised opera, the kind that Strauss has condescended to compose.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Mischa Elman Concerts

Mischa Elman, unquestionably the greatest violin genius now before the public and a superb musician and interpretative artist, will give the first of two concerts at the Columbia this coming Sunday afternoon, April 26, at 2:30 p. m. assisted by the eminent English pianist Mr. Percy Kahn. On this occasion Mr. Elman and Mr. Kahn will play the exquisite Sonata for violin and piano in D major by Beethoven. Elman's solo numbers will include the Concerto, Op. 28, by Goldmark which has seldom been heard here, Sonata in E major by Handel and works by Wieniawski, Gretry-Franko, Schumann-Auer, etc. The second event will take place Sunday afternoon, May 3, when works by Mozart, Saint-Saens, Wieniawski, Kreisler, Tschaikowsky and other great composers will receive most artistic performance. In many respects Mischa Elman is today the foremost living violin virtuoso and his playing delights both musician and layman. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia. Elman will not play in Oakland this season.

The Flonzaley Quartet

The famous Flonzaley Quartet, founded some twelve years ago by the Swiss banker E. J. de Coppet, will visit this city for the third time under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum and give a series of three splendid programs at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoons, May 10 and 17, and Thursday night, May 14. The personnel of the organization remains unchanged and the four artists still devote their entire time to the art of ensemble playing, refusing all offers to teach, play solos or in orchestras. The result is chamber music such as has never before been heard and the Flonzaleys have simply swept the field in their line of work. Season tickets for these concerts may now be ordered at the usual Greenbaum offices. Next Saturday night, May 2, this organiza-

ALICE EIS

Who in conjunction with BERT FRENCH will present the European dancing sensation "Rouge et Noir" next week at the Orpheum.

tion will play for the Peninsula Musical Association at Stanford University.

Bashford's Play at Alcazar

Herbert Bashford of San Francisco is the author of "The Woman He Married" which will receive its first production here at the Alcázar next week with Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau in the leading roles. The story is replete with love interest, strong dramatic scenes and bright comedy. It is told with great effect, and Mack in the leading role and Miss Rambeau as his wife will have further opportunity for the display of their splendid talents. Of the Alcazar players they will have the support of Kernan Cripps, Howard Hickman, Burt Wesner and Louise Brownell. Miss Rambeau will undoubtedly make a particularly beautiful artist's model, especially in the second act where she poses.

Illustrated Lecture on Mexico

This Sunday night at the Columbia the noted artist, explorer and lecturer Frederick Monsen will for the first and only time offer his timely illustrated lecture entitled "Mexico and the Revolution." After months of careful compilation of data and pictures Mr. Monsen has arranged a lecture which is sure to prove most interesting. The complications now on between the United States and Mexico will heighten interest. The lecture will be given at 25 and 50 cents. Frederick Monsen has been uniformly successful in all parts of the country with his lectures. The talks possess the charm of novelty. They are delivered by a man who has secured his information and pictures at first hand. His pictures are marvelous, perfect in technic, and the composition and coloring are such as only an artist could produce.

The Next Gaiety Piece

"The Girl Behind the Counter" replaces "The Echo" at the Gaiety next Tuesday evening, April 28, and if assurances from Los Angeles are to be relied upon, the forthtcoming attraction will be the most popular of any yet presented at the merry playhouse in O'Farrel street. There will be no performance on Monday night. Sunday night will witness the final presentation of "The Echo." On Monday night the Gaiety company which arrives Monday morning from Los Angeles, will have a dress rehearsal of the merry new piece to insure a perfect presentation on the following night. The company which has been winning the highest praise in Los Angeles is an all-star cast, a perfect organization being desired rather than the exploitation of a single star. Dainty Daphne Pollard, pretty Ann Tasker with the beautiful voice and Myrtle Dingwall whose local popularity is firmly established, will be seen in the three principal feminine roles. Al Shean whose characterization of the role of the tailor in "The Candy Shop" was a splendid piece of comedy acting, will be seen in the leading role. Scarcely less in importance is the role played by Maude Beatty, another favorite of "Candy Shop" fame.

Aquatic Illusion at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week one of the best bills in its history. "Neptune's Garden of Living Statues," an aquatic illusion on a scale never before attempted on the vaudeville stage, will be one of the headline attractions. William S. Morrell, its producer, has carefully constructed through a number of stage illusions a scene which for rare magnificence and appeal is without a rival. Posing in Neptune's garden of silence a number of Nereids await the sound of the human voice which will break the enchantment which binds them as statues and restore them to their native element. The scene is of exquisite beauty and released from the spell by the voice of Don Martinez, an adventurer, the mermaids gracefully dive to the depths of the placid pool at their feet. Prominent in it will be Carlo Casetta and Lillian Lestora in their weird and startling La Danse Dementia. The spectacle will also include twenty dancers, models, water nymphs and pantomimists. The Monita Five, consisting of three women and two men, are vocalisets and instrumentalists of extraordinary ability. They play a dozen instruments and are fine singers. Van Hoven, the "Dippy Mad Magician," through his efforts as a comedian prevents his illusions from being completed. The Randalls, a man and woman dressed as cowboy and Indian squaw, are unsurpassed as sharpshooters. That lively pair Rosa Crouch and George Welch will introduce a novel and entertaining turn of singing, dancing, comedy and acrobatics. Another starline act will be Alice Eis and Bert French in the sensation which made them famous in Europe and the East, "Le Rouge et Noir" or "The Dance of Fortune." It was originally presented in Europe where it played for three consecutive years. The only holdovers will be Ruth Roye and Harry Gilfoil.

Hilliard in Detective Play

Robert Hilliard presents "The Argyle Case" for the first time in this city at the Columbia on Monday night, April 27. It is a Klaw and Erlanger production that proved one of New York's popular successes during seven months last season. Hilliard personates an up-to-the-minute private solver of unsolved mysteries—the red-blooded, well-poised, man-of-the-world type now depended upon in big corporation, political and secret service investigations. Emphasis is laid upon the fact that "The Argyle Case" is a wholesome and ingenious detective play, not a "crook" drama; that it is consistent and plausible rather than fantastic. Its moral is the absolute futility of wrongdoing. Harriet Ford, well known dramatic author, and Harvey J. O'Higgins, equally well known fiction writer, are the authors, with the co-operation of William J. Burns who treated the development of the story as he would a case brought to his own office. The play does not touch upon political or industrial themes or sex problems. Mr. Hilliard is assisted by his New York cast of thirty well known players, among them Gustav von Seyffertitz, Edwin Holland, W. T. Clark, John J. Pierson, Bert Walter, Harvey Clark, Edwin Redding, Ralph Theodore, Olive Oliver, Stella Archer, Agnes Everett, Elizabeth Eyre and Dorothy Tareak. The engagement is for two weeks with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"Peg o' My Heart" at Cort

In order to take care of that important and illimitable territory called "the road," Oliver Morosco, the producer of "Peg o' My Heart," found it necessary to organize five touring companies. The company that will appear at the Cort beginning Sunday night is the important

ROBERT HILLIARD

As Detective Asche Kayton who solves the mystery of "The Argyle Case" at the Columbia Theatre commencing Monday, April 27.

transcontinental one that covers the larger cities between New York and San Francisco, and is said to be a remarkably clever organization. The central figure in "Peg o' My Heart" is a wild mischievous girl who has been reared in poverty in New York, but nevertheless has preserved a flower-like fragrance of nature. There is something in its simple character which makes "Peg o' My Heart" a romantic comedy with a strong appeal. To follow her, now laughing joyously, now suddenly serious, as she tells of her home life across the seas, or her father in New York, is said to be a rare pleasure and a treat not often seen in a theatre in these days of sensationalism for the sake of commercial gain. Miss Peggy O'Neil impersonates the title role. She is a young woman of personality, pulchritude and

DAPHNE POLLARD
In "The Girl Behind the Counter" at the Gaiety.

harm, and her acting is said to be of more than sual intelligence. She makes Peg the lovable, oydenish character that J. Hartley Manners, the uthor, has so cleverly and lightly drawn.

homas Egan's Concert

Thomas Egan, the famous young Irish tenor, omes to San Francisco brilliantly heralded, to ve a concert at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, ay 3, at half after two. He has a fine concert nd grand opera record. He was the leading nor of the Royal Italian Opera Company of rury Lane one season, and the critics were a nit in acclaiming his voice. He is a pupil of Sarmiento who instructed Caruso, and is famous on the continent of Europe. His interpretation of Irish songs is said to show perfection of art. He will be assisted by Mme. Lillian Breton, a dramatic soprano.

The Canny Scot

A Scottish farmer one day called to a farm lad: "Her, Tam, gang roon and gie the coos a cabbage each, but min' ye gie the biggest to the coo that gies the maist milk."

The boy departed to do his bidding, and on his return the farmer asked him if he had done as he was told.

"Aye, maister," replied the lad, "I gied 'em a' a cabbage each, and hung the biggest on the pump-handle."

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By Fredrick Monsen

Two Weeks Beginning MONDAY, APRIL 27th
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Klaw and Erlanger Present

ROBERT HILLIARD
In the Wholesome, Fascinating Detective Play
"THE ARGYLE CASE"
By Harriet Ford, Harvey J. O'Higgins and the Famous Detective, William J. Burns
Acted by the Original and Only Company

AMUSEMENTS

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Commencing Monday Night, April 27th
Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
WILLARD MACK-MARJORIE RAMBEAU
Supported by the ALCAZAR PLAYERS in
"THE WOMAN HE MARRIED"
By Herbert Bashford

Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c

Monday Night, May 4th—Willard Mack-Marjorie Rambeau in a Great Double Bill—"Kick In" and "So Much for So Much."

MISCHA

ELMAN

"The Caruso of the Violin"
COLUMBIA THEATER
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 26th at 2:30
and
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 3rd at 2:30

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Last Time Saturday Night "The Honeymoon Express" with Al Jolson

BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 26th
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Oliver Morosco Presents the Irresistible Comedy of Youth
"PEG O' MY HEART"
By J. Hartley Manners
With PEGGY O'NEIL
And a Brilliant Cast and Production

Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to $2; Wednesday Matinee, $1.

GAIETY

O'FARRELL near POWELL — Phone Sutter 4141

Last Time Sunday Night—"THE ECHO."

BEGINNING TUESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 28th
The Great Fashion Pageant
A Musical Comedy That Is Different
"THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER"
With Al Shean, Daphne Pollard, Ann Tasker, Myrtle Dingwall, Maude Beatty, Arthur Clough, and a Company of Fifty. Watch the Chorus!

Nights, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00; Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c; THURSDAY "POP." Matinee, 25c and 50c ONLY!

Roses and Song and Laughter

(Continued from Page 14.)

cottage by the five pine trees went up to the silk pavilion and with a bold and nervous clutch of the hand drew one of the curtains aside and saw the inner mystery, and laughed. And the prophecy was fulfilled and Thlunrana was never more a terror to the valley, but the magicians passed away from their terrific halls and fled through the open fields wailing and beating their breasts, for laughter was the enemy that was doomed to come against Thlunrana through her southward gate (that was named the Gate of the Doom), and it is of the gods but dwells with man.

A. J. Rich Auction

The red room of the Palace Hotel has been engaged by A. J. Rich & Company for their two-day auction of real estate on May 21st and 22nd. So large a room in such a prominent location has been made necessary by the advance interest already manifested in the forthcoming sale. This firm is already assured that the red room will be crowded to its capacity during the entire period of the auction. The catalogue soon to be issued will contain a surprising list of downtown properties, nearly all of which are of the class now most in demand by investment buyers. Some of the holdings of the Adams Estate and the Selfridge Estate are to be offered and are a good sample of the quality of the whole list. During the last few days Rich and Company have been obliged to decline several parcels offered for auction, because they did not come up to the standard set for this sale. Not alone have sellers shown a lively interest in the sale, but numerous inquiries have already come in from prospective bidders. Particularly do high-class residences seem to be in demand, and the firm is ready to handle a few more such properties.

Baby's First Tooth

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Younghusband, with a radiant smile, "baby has a tooth!"

"Has he?" was the response in a tone which betrayed no emotion.

"You don't seem surprised."

"I'm not surprised. All babies have first teeth. If ours didn't have any I'd manage to work up some excitement—maybe."

"I thought you'd be ever so pleased and happy about it."

"No; I don't see that it's any occasion for especial congratulation. The baby has my deepest sympathy."

'What for?"

"For having his first tooth. He has just struck the opening chapter of a long story of trouble. Pretty soon he'll have other teeth."

"Of course he will."

"Every one he cuts will hurt him. Then his second teeth will come along and push out these. That will hurt him again. Some of the new ones will grow crooked, as likely as not, and he will have to go to the dentist and have a block and tackle adjusted to them to haul them into line. Then he'll cut his wisdom teeth. They will hurt a lot. After that he'll have to go to the dentist and let him drill holes and hammer until his face feels like a great palpitating stone quarry. I shouldn't like him to go through life without teeth. But I must say that I don't see any occasion for the customary hilarity over the event that means so much in the way of sorrow and humiliation."

The Best Evidence

Though men may knock and men may roast
  The narrow skirt that shows a stocking,
From coast to coast, they look the most
  And longest at the one most shocking.

Yea, many men who rail and blow
  About the skirt, in secret love it;
Most women know that this is so—
  They have the figures, too, to prove it.

Conductor—Did you get out and stretch your legs when you stopped at the junction?

Passenger—Well, not exactly; I went into the dining car and had them pulled.

Autres Temps, Autres Moeurs

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
  Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."
  But since she split it into halves,
We see two sportive little calves
  Come boldly into sight!

Mother—Ethel, are you saving anything for a rainy day?

Ethel—Yes, mother, I never wear my silk stockings around the house.

"Spare my blushes," she pleaded.

"Good gracious," he replied. "Can you still blush? Where have you been living these past few years?"

"Do you know that you talk in your sleep, John?" asked his wife.

"Well," was the meek response, "do you begrudge me even those few words?"

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The Mexican situation seemed to have he call in last week's market. Traders were kept usy watching the news from Washington. There eem to be a good many in the trade who re-ard a war with Mexico as a help to the market, nasmuch as the market has already discounted his news and any trouble between this country nd Mexico would not last long once it got tarted. However, the trade were inclined to ell the market and used Steel as the target, orcing it down to 57, which unsettled the en-ire list and at the close of the week prices were t their lowest. Union Pacific sold off again and oth traders and shareholders believe that the itigation will be protracted long enough to make he common shareholders forget what they have o gain if the Supreme Court upholds the distri-ution of the Baltimore and Ohio stock in the reasury. It was also reported that the Western ailroads will ask the Interstate Commerce Com-ission to sanction an increase of 10 per cent n freight rates if the railroads of the Eastern istrict win their case. Traders believe the West-rn railroads, in that event, would continue to ake a poor showing until their case was de-ided, and that dividends might suffer. A severe reak in Missouri, Kansas and Texas preferred nd Denver preferred together with declines of ess consequence in other railroad shares gave ome color to this theory. New York Central cted in a very disappointing way. The an-ouncement of a satisfactory arrangement of its nances was expected to help the stock, but it as had no such result. New Haven went up gain and held its gain very well. Lehigh Valley vas weak and active and the selling of it has reated the belief that the dividend will be cut. he margin of safety for it is not large and raders believe that large shareholders have been nloading it as fast as possible for two months r more. Wall Street was not able to digest the ew anti-trust bill, which is a substitute for the our bills recommended by President Wilson. It eems to modify the severity of the original pro-osals, though it will tend to encourage law uits against corporations if passed in its original orm. It does not forbid real investments by orporations in the securities of other companies, point about which some doubt has existed. Money was very easy and was offered freely. The ffect the sale of $65,000,000 of New York City onds will have on the money market will de-nd on who gets the bonds. If they go to a rong banking syndicate on "all or more" bid, e transaction will not create a ripple. The merican Telephone Company was able to sell 0,000,000 of two-year 5 per cent notes to New ork banks without difficulty and this was re-rded as a good test of the situation because e security was of the best class and the only question was the real state of the demand for such investments.

Wheat—Trade in wheat the past week was quiet and considering the weakness in the coarse grain market gave a good account of itself. The May option showed the most strength, selling one time at 6 cents over the July. This strength was brought about by the strong statistical situation not only in this country but in Europe as well where supplies of old wheat show a fair decrease compared with the same period last year. Shipments from exporting countries to the continent fell off nearly five million bushels as compared with the previous week last year. Cables were strong but we are still too far out of line for any export business in old crop futures. There was a little flurry in the July wheat owing to reports of too dry weather in the West and Southwest and some complaints of green bugs. The latter however were denied and when a general rain made its appearance towards the close of the week in the drouth-stricken territory buyers of that future early in the week turned sellers again and the price closed the week at the lowest point yet reached on the crop. Reports generally were of a most favorable character from all sections and it looks as if nothing can stop the largest production of winter wheat ever raised in this country. Seeding of spring wheat was general last week and most of the crop has already been seeded under favorable conditions. With a general rain over the spring wheat territory now, conditions could not be improved upon. There is nothing in the situation at the moment to buy wheat on and we believe May liquidation will carry the market lower before the next Government report which promises to be a very bearish one.

Corn—The long looked-for break in corn made its appearance early in the week and prices were forced down from 5 to 6 cents with the May option showing the biggest decline. There was really nothing new in the situation that we have not already pointed out and of course the principal factor was the attitude of the Argentine grower in offering his corn on any reasonable bid regardless of the amount. This corn is just beginning to arrive and judging from the samples received is of a better quality than ours and as it can be used for all purposes, there was no reason to expect the consumer to load up with American corn. Cash demand at all markets fell flat and what little corn arrived at primary markets was hard to sell, the consumer drawing out of the market entirely. We see nothing but lower prices for this cereal

Cotton—Many features of more than ordinary importance made their appearance last week and all were in favor of a continuance of the upward movement in prices. The International Federation of Spinners report mill stocks of American cotton throughout the world at 2,967,000 bales compared with 3,267,000 at this time last year, or 300,000 bales less than one year ago, and state that indications are for a consumption of American cotton by the world this season of 15,050,000 bales, compared with last season's record of 14,903,000 bales. Inasmuch as the Census Bureau reported this season's crop of American cotton to be only 14,594,000 bales including linters, the report of the International Federation of Spinners is considered very bullish, as it indicates that the world during the past two years will have used up about 1,000,000 bales more than was produced during the past two seasons. In other words, about 30,000,000 bales will have been consumed during the past two seasons, whereas the production was only about 29,000,000 bales, which was only made possible by spinners drawing upon their reserve to the extent of over 1,000,000 bales. The growing scarcity of cotton in the South is reflected in very firm Southern spot markets, as any demand of consequence results in an advance in quotations. Another cold wave has struck the cotton belt and may necessitate replanting of cotton where it is up to a stand in many places of the southern half of the cotton region.

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In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM PETERS, sometimes known as W. Peters, Deceased—No. 12,280; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION OF MELVILLE ROSENBERG FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF A CONTRACT OF SAID DECEASED WITH HIM TO EXECUTE A LEASE TO HIM OF CERTAIN PROPERTY, SAID LEASE TO CONTAIN A PRIVILEGE TO PURCHASE CERTAIN LANDS HEREINAFTER DESCRIBED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Melville Rosenberg has filed herein his verified petition asking for the specific performance of a contract made by said decedent with him and that on the filing of said petition an order has been made by the said Superior Court appointing a time for the hearing of said petition, a copy of which order is in the words and figures following:

"On reading and filing the verified petition of Melville Rosenberg for the specific performance of a contract made with him by said decedent in his lifetime by which said decedent agreed to lease certain real property and to execute a lease containing an option in favor of said petitioner to purchase said real property all as appears by said petition herein on file and to which reference is hereby made, and praying for an order and decree requiring the executrix of the will of said deceased to execute to said petitioner a lease of said real property on the terms set forth herein and in said agreement in writing;

IT IS ORDERED that Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court at the New City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of said application and petition be served on said executrix personally and be published four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

The real property described in said petition is all those certain pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Mendocino, State of California, and being portions of the Rancho Sanel and bounded and particularly described as follows:

First—BEGINNING at a stake on the Western boundary line of the "Rancho Sanel" marked F. F., running thence North 62¼ degrees East 16.50 chains to stake marked V and D from which a black oak tree 12 inches in diameter bears South 36¼ degrees East, distant 130 links and a white oak tree 8 inches in diameter bears North 9¾ degrees East, distant 83 links; thence South 35.75 chains, thence along the Western boundary line of "Rancho Sanel" North 27¾ degrees West to the point of beginning and containing Twenty-five and 92/100 acres. Being the same land conveyed by E. H. Duncan to H. Vander Stratten and recorded July 10, 1883, in Book 31 of Deeds on Page 88-89, Records of Mendocino County."

Second—COMMENCING at a point on or near the west side of the public road through the Town of Sanel in said County where said road is crossed by the boundary line of the lands formerly owned by William E. Connor, deceased, and the lands of Elijah H. Duncan, said point being the Southeast corner of the land hereby conveyed and being the exact spot from which a line running Northerly therefrom at right angles to the boundary line between the lands of said Connor and Duncan intersects the center of the junction of two trees that are the most westerly of a cluster of four oak trees that grow from one root situated on the South bank of Feliz Creek a few yards north of said starting point, thence northerly to the junction of the said two trees marked J. F., thence northwesterly in a straight line following the general course of said Feliz Creek passing between two oak trees blazed at a stake marked J. F. at the base of a large smooth rock also marked J. F. and having an oak tree marked with two notches about one chain to the west, thence westerly along the meanderings of the south channel of Feliz Creek to a point intersecting the Westerly boundary of the Rancho Sanel; thence south 27¾ degrees East along said boundary line of the Rancho Sanel to a point on said line forming the southwest corner of the tract hereby conveyed and which is the northwest corner of the lands of Elijah H. Duncan; thence Easterly along the northerly boundary line of the lands of said Duncan to the place of beginning and containing three hundred (300) acres of land a little more or less, and being the same tract of land described in a deed from S. B. Edsall and wife to H. Vander Stratten, recorded December 22, 1877, in Book 7 of Deeds, at Page 252, Mendocino County Records.

Third—Lot One (1) of Section Twenty-five (25) and Lots One (1) and Two (2) and West half of Northeast quarter of Section Twenty-six (26) in Township Thirteen (13) North, Range Twelve (12) West Mount Diablo Meridian and containing One hundred and fifty-five and ten hundredths (155 10/100) acres of land, and being the same tract of land upon which letters patent issued from the United States of America unto Nathan B. Hall on the first day of February, 1876.

Fourth—All that portion of the Sanel Rancho, being a portion of the same which was conveyed by A. M. Burke to T. A. Givens and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING in the center of the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, a distance of Thirty (30) feet South 73 degrees 30 minutes East from an iron stake at the intersection of the lands of W. W. Thatcher and Thomas A. Givens; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6 and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the Southwest corner of the lands of said Thatcher; thence South 1 degree 15 minutes West Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains, thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes East Six and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the center of the aforesaid County Road, thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East along the center of said County Road Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains to the place of commencement, and containing Two and one-half (2½) acres, more or less.

Fifth—COMMENCING at a point in the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, distant two hundred (200) feet N. 33 degree E. from the most Westerly of a cluster of four oak trees which grow from one root and standing about 30 feet North of the Northerly line of the land of E. H. Duncan, thence from said point of commencement North 38 degrees E. 7.12 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 7 chains to the Southeast corner of the land of Henry N. Peters and Wm. Peters; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6.65 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 3.79 chains; thence North 2 degrees 45 minutes West 7.88 chains; thence North 23 degrees East 5.70 chains; thence North 74 degrees West 9.50 chains; thence North 31 degrees 30 minutes West 3.20 chains to a stake; thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes West 10.60 to a white oak tree standing on the top of the second ridge; thence South 57 degrees 15 minutes West 13.60 chains to a corner in the picket fence North 60 degrees 45 minutes West 1.21 chains to a corner; thence South 48 degrees 45 minutes East 18.87 chains; thence South 24 degrees 30 minutes West 10.40 chains to the County Road leading from Yorkville to Hopland, thence along said road South 75 degrees 30 minutes East 12 chains; thence North 14 degrees W. 532 feet; thence South 52 degrees East 875 feet to the place of beginning and containing 97.80 acres more or less.

Sixth—COMMENCING at a stake in the center of the road leading from Ukiah to Cloverdale near Sanel on the South from which stake a white oak tree 48 inches in diameter bears North 71 degrees 15 minutes East 6.75 chains distant; thence South 89 degrees 30 minutes East 41.58 chains to the center of the channel of Russian River; thence down the center of the channel of Russian River to the lands of E. H. Duncan; thence Westerly along the line of the lands of E. H. Duncan to the center of the County Road; thence along the center of said road Northerly to the place of beginning and which last described tract contains One hundred and twenty (120) acres, a little more or less

Done in open court this 1st day of April, 1914.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge."

Witness my hand this first day of April, 1914.

MELVILLE ROSENBERG.

E. H. RIXFORD and HALSEY L. RIXFORD,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 54,921.

TILLIE BYRNE, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
512 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 53,637; Dept. No. 4.

SUSAN CARTWRIGHT, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

"Is she a well informed woman?"

"Very much so; her maid tells her everything."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased—No. 13,106, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned JANE ALICE WELCH, as Administratrix of the Estate of John W. Welch (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice (which said first publication occurs on the 28th day of March, 1914), to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney Garret W. McEnerney, Room number 1277 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

JANE ALICE WELCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 28, 1914.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,452.

In the Matter of the Application of EMMA WINIFRED HAVEN for Change of Name.

The petition of Emma Winifred Haven for judgment and decree of this Court changing her name to Emma Winifred Banks having been duly filed herein on the 19th day of March, 1914, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS ORDERED, that all persons interested in the matter be and appear before said Superior Court at the courtroom of Department No. 13 thereof, situate in the Temporary City Hall, Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said application should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, March 24, 1914.

FRANKLIN A. GRIFFIN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed, Filed March 19, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By W. R. Castagnetto, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON, Attorney for Petitioner,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vourchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, deceased.

LOUIS MALIRAT,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of CLEMENCE RAMBAUD, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 28, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN O'LEARY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of ELLEN O'LEARY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN O'LEARY, deceased.

WILLIAM F. O'LEARY,
ELLEN BLACKMER,
Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN O'LEARY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 28th, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor and Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), deceased.

ELISE PAULINE FAURE,
Administratrix of the Estate of MARIE PONTACQ, (also called Maria Pontacq, also called Charlotte Pontacq, also called Marie Bergeret, also called Marie Bizieres), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 28, A. D. 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

The Club

(Continued from Page 8.)

crude socialism. The bell is under the hand, and the labelled menial stands with everlasting patience near; and home and women are far away. And the world is not.

Forgetting the platitudes of war, they talk of things as they are. All the goodness of them comes to the surface, and the weakness. They state their ambitions and their real preferences. They narrate without reserve their secret grievances and disappointments. They are naked and unashamed. They demand sympathy, and they render it, in generous quantities. And while thus dissipating their energy, they honestly imagine that they are renewing it. The sense of reality gradually goes, and illusion reigns—the illusion that, after all, God is geometrically just, and that strength will be vouchsafed to them according to their need, and that they will receive the reward of perfect virtue.

And their illusive satisfaction is chastened and beautified by the consciousness that the sublime institution of the club is scarcely what it was, is, in fact, decadent; and that if it were not vitalized by a splendid ideal, even their club might wilt under the sirocco of modernity. And then the echoing voice of an attendant warns them, with deep respect, that the clock moves. But they will not listen, cannot listen. And the voice of the attendant echoes again, and half the lights shockingly expire. But still they do not listen; they cannot credit. And then, suddenly, they are in utter darkness, and by the glimmer of a match are stumbling against easy chairs and tables, real easy chairs and real tables. The spell of illusion is broken. And in a moment they are thrust out, by the wisdom of their own orders, into Pall Mall, into actuality, into the world of two sexes once more.

And yet the sublime institution of the club is not a bit anaemic. Within a stone's throw is the monumental proof that the institution has been rejuvenated and ensanguined and empowered. Colossal, victorious, expensive, counting its adherents in thousands upon thousands, this monument scorns even the pretense of any ancient ideal, and adopts no new one. The aim of the club used ostensibly to be peace, idealism, a retreat, a refuge. The new aim is pandemonium, and it is achieved. The new aim is to let in the world, and it is achieved. The new aim is muscular, and it is achieved. Arms, natation, racquets—anything to subdue the soul and stifle thought! And in the reading room, dummy books and dummy bookcases! And a dining room full of bright women; and such a mad competition for meals that glasses and carafes will scarce go round, and strangers must sit together at the same small table without protest! And, to crown the hullabaloo, an orchestra of red-coated Tziganes swaying and yearning and ogling in order to soothe your digestion and to prevent you from meditating.

This club marks the point to which the evolution of the sublime institution has attained. It has come from the shore of Lake Michigan; it is the club of the future, and the forerunner of its kind. Stand on its pavement, and watch its entering heterogeneous crowds, and then throw the glance no more than the length of a cricket-patch, and watch the brilliantly surviving representatives of feudalism itself ascending and descending the steps of the most exclusive club in England; and you will comprehend that even when the House of Lords goes, something will go—something unconsciously cocksure, and perfectly creased, and urbane, and dazzlingly stupid—that was valuable and beautiful. And you will comprehend politics better, and the profound truth that it takes all sorts to make a world.

Hewitt—Marriage is a union.

Jewett—Then me for the open shop.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,232; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of FLORENCIO ALVARADO, (also known as Florenico Gutierrez), Deceased.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of William F. Rhea, administrator of the estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the estate of said deceased,

IT IS ORDERED by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of said Florencio Alvarado, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room thereof, Department No. 10, in the said City and County and State, on the 18th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in the petition, should not be granted to the said administrator to sell the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, for the purposes mentioned in the petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated this 16th day of April, 1914.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed April 16, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BULL, Attorney for Petitioner, Suite 637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 14,936; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALEXANDER McVICKER, Deceased.

CHARLES S. PEERY, the Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Alexander McVicker, deceased, having filed his petition praying for an order of sale of the real estate of the said decedent, wherein it is alleged that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interest of estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate, and that it is also necessary to sell said real estate for the purposes set forth in said petition, and good cause appearing therefor;

It Is Ordered, that all persons interested in the said estate of said deceased appear before the said Court in Department Number Ten, Probate, thereof, at the Temporary City Hall, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 27th day of May, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the said real estate described in said petition, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, at private sale, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 15th day of April, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Superior Court.

(Endorsed): Filed April 15, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

R. H. McGOWAN, Attorney for Estate, 950 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-25-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,641; Department No. 10.

DOROTHY ALDEN GERBER, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF and D. K. SEIBERT, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-18-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,543.

WASYLI IWANOW, Plaintiff, vs. CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRNE & LAMSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 533 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-4-10

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THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915

TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Cult of the Mollycoddle

There are many people to whom President Wilson's attitude toward Mexico—his reluctance to push military operations—is utterly inexplicable. For their benefit there should be a few words of explanation. President Wilson is the representative of an element of recent birth in this country. This element is convinced that as time fades men's hearts will grow gentle and all lands will become holy. The spirit of this element is a spirit of protest against all the evil ways of man. This protest is expressed in many forms and embodied in many movements, all consecrated to the refinement and softening and sweetening of human nature. The protestants are extremely tender-hearted. The last vestige of the ancient Barbarism they have eradicated from their soul, the last grain of the old Adamic salt they have dissolved in a celestial sentimentality that has been running like a species of fluid madness through their veins. They have many reforms to accomplish, so many and so curious as to give the impression among the vulgar herd that they have divorced themselves from realities and entered the world of illusion. They would make prostitution a thing of the past, they would regenerate the criminal, they would banish the Demon Rum, and they would return to all the ancient pieties and timidities. So soft is their nature that vivisection fills them with horror. Not for them the noise and trappings and tumult of war or the boisterous emotions roused by a Sousa march, but rather the easy chair at the fireside and the heavenly inspiration of that soothing hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers." Theirs is the longing of a fatigued age for quiet, comfort and grape juice. Over-indulgence in mushmushgush sentimentality through a long period has brought us to a point where the assertion of a passionate patriotism shocks the sensitive nerves of all our superior people. It would seem that the old conception of our country as a mother worth living and living for; her children always ready to guard her honor, to shed their last drop of blood in safeguarding her against humiliation, is fast passing. One hears much these days that comes perilously near the abnegation of any special national affection. Now all things considered the attitude of President Wilson with his academic enthusiasm for peace at any price is not so fantastic or Gilbertian as some people suppose. President Wilson is a typical sentimentalist of his day and generation. He is running his country on high ethical principles. He cherishes the idea of a universal peace, out of which will burgeon a homogeneous civilization, and he would have our sweet reasonableness reflect its soft radiance through all the less enlightened nations of the world. No sympathy has he with the strenuousity of other days when the big stick was the symbol of a nation's genius. His is the policy of the moral mollycoddle, the policy of conciliation that turns the other cheek to be smitten by the smiter. The high sacrifice of war, the mysticism of patriotism, the pride of citizenship—these are things that have never been reckoned in the philosophy of our sincere and patient Chief Magistrate. The questions arise, "Has he been speaking the mind of the nation? Do the people rise to the new gospel?" Our modest guess is that we have not yet come to believe in our own Pharisaism.

The Columbian Claim

President Wilson's warmest admirers explain that he "applies sincere modern ethics to international relations." It is much to President Wilson's credit that he is, above all things, ethical, but a man may be a stickler for "sincere modern ethics" without wholly discarding business principles. Some time ago President Wilson decided that this country should pay Columbia something for the strip of land through which has been cut the Panama canal. There was some question as to the justice of the Columbian claim. The claim implied that this country was guilty of a monstrous outrage against Columbia, and by allowing the claim President Wilson confessed his country's shame, but doubtless he was guided by "sincere modern ethics," and anyway it is not to be gainsaid that if this country was guilty of a wrong it should make reparation. But at the same time in estimating the amount of damages it should be guided by business principles. President Wilson has decided that Colombia is entitled to $25,000,000, which is just ten millions more than we paid for Alaska and seventeen million five hundred thousand more than we paid for the territory comprised by the "Louisiana Purchase" extending from the Mississippi to the Rockies, from the Gulf to British Columbia. Apparently real estate in the Panama jungle is appraised on the basis of Market street frontage.

The Good and the Bad

The Progressive editor of Harper's Weekly has resurrected Sir Peter Teazle to make a straw man of him and dissent from his philosophy. Sir Peter observed that in this wicked world the fewer we praise the better. Not so, says the exquisite Mr. Hapgood; the world is to be improved "much faster by believing the good than by condemning the bad." This is a sweet and amiable sentiment, in keeping with the tone that should be characteristic of "a journal of civilization," as Harper's styles itself. But the difficulty about making practical application of the sentiment is that one cannot very well differentiate the good from the bad in this wicked old world, which is also a topsy-turvey old world abounding in paradoxes that perplex and confound. The good people of today are the bad people of tomorrow. We elect men to office because they are inhumanly good, and soon we find them spotted all over with iniquity. Our good people are always disappointing us. Perhaps it is because they are so preposterously good that it is beyond human nature for them to give verisimilitude to the halos that we fashion for them. On the other hand, our bad folk are constantly developing good qualities once denied them by all the aggressively rectitudinous. There is, for instance, Boss Flynn of Pittsburg, a monstrous rascal until he was absolved by Colonel Roosevelt; and there is Roger Sullivan of Illinois, who was known to be beyond redemption till he swung his delegation for Wilson at Baltimore. And as to believing the good, the question arises, At what stage of their goodness? Was Woodrow Wilson to be believed when he was railing against the initiative and referendum? or was it when later he changed his mind? According to one of the President's worshipers, Peter C. Macfarlane, a magazine writer, he has developed a faculty for self-contradiction. The tolls question is not the only one on which he has reversed himself. He told certain ladies he was against equal suffrage because the platform was silent on it, but he has since advocated several things about which the platform is silent; Presidential primaries, for instance; also, an Alaskan railroad, and a trade commission against which he inveighed when it was an article of the Progressive program. You see it is pretty hard to tell just when to believe in a good man. It is much easier to tell when to believe in a bad one. Was there ever a worse one than "Uncle Joe" Cannon? Not long ago "Uncle Joe" incarnated all the evils of a standpat government. His ways were the ways of Satan. Now they are the ways of the righteous, and we find that if more of us had believed in "Uncle Joe" at the zenith of his iniquity we should all be a little happier today.

A Bit of Inconsistency

If all newspapers and magazines were "journals of civilization" the probability is the world would improve so fast as to make us vertiginous. For the salient quality of a journal of civilization is the quality known as urbanity. Where there is urbanity there is likely to be sweetness and light. You will never find the urbane editor, in other words, the completely civilized editor, "poisoning the wells of controversy" after the manner, let us say, of Norman Hapgood, the gentleman who succeeded that urbane writer Mr. George Harvey as editor of the "journal of civilization." Mr. Hapgood's method of contraverting the New York Sun is the method of the police court shyster. His weapon is personal abuse. Recently he published a series of articles criticising the army, and they were resented by army officers. Last week in one paragraph he regretted that army officers showed nothing but anger, and in another paragraph he showed his own anger by describing the Army and Navy Club as a club whose members have for their principal occupation the drinking of cocktails. It would seem that while Norman Hapgood is editing Harper's that once respected weekly should cease to style itself "a journal of civilization."

Business Ability

The man who has made a fortune is accepted by the world as a shrewd man of great business ability. His fortune is accepted as prima facie evidence of his talent, and if you suggest that Providence made it easy for him or that he adopted methods that honest men would scorn you are scoffed at. Yet every little while we are furnished with conclusive proof of the crass stupidity of a captain of industry. There are nearly a dozen men hereabouts who were millionaires a few months ago and whose affairs trustees and creditors are now trying to disentangle with but faint prospect of saving them from bankruptcy. They were counted wise men through many a year, but now it appears that some of them had hardly sense enough to find shelter in a Ricard storm. Few men bore a better reputation for business ability than D. O. Mills whose estate was appraised the other day at $36,000,000, but the appraisers were obliged to list as absolutely worthless 456,504 shares in twenty-one different corporations now defunct or in a moribund condition. The par value of these worthless shares rose into the millions. Evidently it was lucky for the Mills heirs that the old man had acquired such a huge fortune that he couldn't go broke. Not a few of our rich men are merely gamblers who guessed right oftener than they guessed wrong. It is chiefly on account of the stupidity of the rich that our government is being transformed by asinine politicians.

Editors and Authors

The familiar controversy respecting the attitude of publishers and editors toward unknown writers of fiction is once more on; this time in a New York daily. And once more the editors are calling on high heaven to witness that the one hope and aim of their lives is to discover an unknown genius. They would have it believed that they patiently sift thousands of manuscripts in quest of the golden thread of narrative. Maybe they are telling the truth, but the unknown author whose stories have gone the rounds returning again and again will not believe them. In this controversy the public is not deeply interested. Readers of fiction are concerned only about stories that are published, on too many of which, to their great indignation, they have wasted their time. The indictment against editors and publishers is not that they are lazy but that they seem to lack the literary sense and the faculty of discrimination. It may be that they are faithful readers of all stories they receive from unknown authors and that they are really hoping and striving to find undiscovered genius, but what about the stories of known authors? Are they always read before they are bought? It is quite well known in so-called literary circles that they are not. If it is mighty hard for an unknown author to break into a magazine, after he gets in his troubles are over. Thereafter his stories are accepted by virtue of his reputation. He contracts for stories that he hasn't begun to write, and from his desk he pulls out dust-covered Mss. rejected by scores of editors and sells them like hot cakes. No small part of the dull, uninspired fiction that appears in our magazines is by authors "of reputation," and the reputation is sometimes due not so much to merit as to the clever advertising purchased by enthusiastic publishers.

The Impersonal View

What a great advantage over his fellows has the man of impersonal view! We mean the man who stands a little aloof, who knows the game with its varying imports, and who is never inclined to partisanship. He has no animosities, little revenges, few friendships, and his toleration is complete, though perhaps it is not the kind regarded as wholesome from the standpoint of civic patriotism. Generally it is supposed that a man who doesn't "take sides," who never espouses a cause with warmth of feeling is indifferent to public duty and private friendship. Even Plato was of that opinion, and spoke of the man of habitually impersonal view with an idealist's disdain but as a matter of fact the impersonal man is a profound philosopher. Graven on a table of stone in Westminster Abbey are words that appeal only to the impersonal man: "Life's a jest, and all things shew it." He has seen life, and has reached a point where he can find it amusing. He is observant of human beings, and he likes to detect the hidden causes and subtle effects. What good does it do a man to involve himself in partisan strife? His support is appreciated while the strife lasts, and if his side wins the leaders proceed to conciliate their enemies. The man who fares the best is he whose heart daws never have had an opportunity to peck at. But aside from the vulgar consideration of self-interest why not cultivate the impersonal view for the fun there is in it? To the impersonal man the weird capers which the world is cutting around him are as amusing as the antics of a poultry yard. Consider the pleasure that may be derived from watching our statesmen in Washington, if you are free from party bias. If you have been watching them closely you will not be disquieted by the row in Mexico. On the contrary you may conclude that there are worse things than war. A week before the navy was despatched to Vera Cruz the question was raised in the Senate whether it would not be advisable to convert our cruisers into merchant vessels and employ them in coastwise shipping. Secretary Daniels was officially consulted on the subject, and what do you suppose he reported? That it was an excellent idea, and that the scheme was practicable. Josephus has since been pointing with pride to the preparedness of the navy. About the time the flag was insulted Congress began agitating seriously the question of national prohibition, but now we see that the liquor interests are to be depended on to supply the sinews of war. Yes, indeed, there is no end of pleasure watching our statesmen if you are disinterested in the sense of being sincerely interested, but without party bias. Watching them is as sweet as observing the laboring mariner from the land when the storm is on the sea.

The Mystical Present

There is nothing so difficult to write with any degree of accuracy as the history of our own times. The past may be surveyed at a distance with nothing to obstruct the view. Light is thrown on it from what went before and what came after, and it may be scrutinized in all its aspects, studied disinterestedly from all angles. Not so the present from which we cannot disengage ourselves, in which we are so crowded that we can look but in one direction. The present is a kind of blurred tablet, confused and indecipherable. Our reading of it can never be anything but a grave distortion of the truth. We can go to the bottom of the past. We can but skim the surface of the present. An age is something besides its heroes, something more than its noisiest and most resounding occurrences; but living among its horoes, deafened by the detonations of its big events, we are incapacitated from sound judgment as to the mainsprings and tendencies of human conduct. These reflections are somewhat platitudinous. Our excuse for indulging in them is that otherwise we might have been tempted to take issue with a learned contemporary who has been enunciating the truth as to the spirit of the age. He is convinced that it is still Progressive in the sense that it is concerned chiefly about sound minds, sound morals and sound bodies as guaranteed by the Armageddon propaganda. We are moving so fast these days the most alert Progressives are in danger of becoming backnumbers. At any rate some of them appear to be unable to read things that bear a striking resemblance to signs of the times—the elections in New Jersey and the registration records in California. Some men make the mistake of assuming that public sentiment is stationary.

Varied Types

CLXXV—GEORGE H. PIPPY

By Edward F. O'Day

Of all our noble army of colonels in mufti only vo are barbigerous. I refer to Colonel Kirkatrick and Colonel Pippy. The barbal facade of olonel Kirkpatrick is calculated to excite the nvy of poor depilated mortals; but it lacks the elicate distinction which goes with rarity. The irtellous ornamentation of the Kirkpatrick front not unlike that of many less distinguished men. olonel Pippy, on the other hand, shares his arbate honors with just two men in the United tates, John D. Crimmins of New York and enator Ham Lewis of Illinois.

The hairy arabesques that scroll the lower porion of Colonel Pippy's countenance descend in raceful undulations from either cheek, eager to ingle their traceries on his chin. But they are ot allowed to intertwine in careless tanglement. dvancing in ordered array, it is their evident urpose to overrun the mentum and countermarch the other side of the facial territory. But only eir outposts find contact at the frontier. The ain forces are turned back upon themselves, aving a line of demarcation fringed with little rls. The secret of this method of disposing iskers is known only to Pippy, to Lewis and to immins. Therefore, hispidulously speaking, olonel Pippy is, in the life of San Francisco, a n apart.

olonel Pippy, however, has more than capillary raction. His renown is not solely hirsute. No re Don Whiskerandos is Colonel Pippy. The ry of him does not originate in a barber shop. y, his trellised convolvuli are physically symical of higher qualities. The Colonel is, in the t sense of the term, a two-fisted gentleman. He ounds the law with one hand and impounds cream with the other. He is equally at ease. the topic certiorari or certified milk. He has h a license from the Board of Health and a oma from the Supreme Court. Colonel Pippy lawyer and a milkman.

San Franciscan by birth, Colonel Pippy belife as a blacksmith's helper in a carriage ory earning three dollars a week. His first oyer is today his oldest friend. In due rse he married the boss' daughter and emed in business for himself. His equipment a horse, a wagon and divers milk cans procd on credit. That was thirty-three years Today he has a dairy in San Francisco and her in Oakland; he supplies three thousand l customers as well as most of the big ls, hospitals and restaurants. No other inual in the milk trade of the West has so a business as Colonel Pippy.

is more or less popular to "roast" or "kid" nilkman. In the comic papers the milkman ways on intimate terms with the village . But the cream has been skimmed from milky jest. So I am not going to milk-pan or milk-toast Colonel Pippy. He is no milksop, no milk-and-water dairyman. He is indeed a fine fellow, overflowing with the pasteurized milk of human kindness, and he goes smilingly his milky way ruminating good deeds and lactating happiness for all sorts of people. There are no curds in Colonel Pippy's disposition. Speaking in dairy terms, the casein of him has never coagulated. He has not soured on the world. In the turmoil of business he has never forfeited the right to fly the milk-white flag of honorable dealing. In the ups and downs of life he has never lost his lactose smile, never abated the butter-fat unction of his geniality. The lactometer test has no terrors for him.

GEORGE H. PIPPY

Neither has Nathan Strauss. Strauss is the sworn foe of diseased cows and dirty dairies. This ardent milk crusader brought the gospel of pasteurization to San Francisco the other day. Strauss expected to find blameworthy conditions here. He found nothing of the sort. But after the fashion of ardent reformers he condemned our cows and our dairies first, and investigated them afterwards.

"Strauss was genuinely surprised," says Colonel Pippy, "to find how downtodate our big dairies were. He came to talk pasteurization, prepared to acquaint us with it as a novelty. He found pasteurization of milk carried on in all the big San Francisco dairies. He found dairy conditions in San Francisco better than in New York or Chicago. We owe that to the splendid work done by the last few Boards of Health and by the excellent Milk Commission headed by Dr. Adelaide Brown."

Going into the matter a bit with Colonel Pippy, I found that the San Francisco dairies are really in advance of San Francisco milk consumers. The ordinary consumer of milk thinks that certified milk is the last word in pure milk. Certified milk is an excellent thing, there is no gainsaying that. But pasteurized milk is better. The cows that give the milk which is certified by the Milk Commission are examined twice a year. The milk is handled by machinery which eliminates every possibility of contamination. The dairies from which the certified milk comes are models of sanitation; the workingmen must be spotlessly clean. Still, there is the chance that a cow may develop disease in the interval between the two semi-annual examinations. There is no danger of this sort with pasteurized milk, for the pasteurization destroys all germs; and so far from hurting, really improves the flavor of the milk. Pasteurization is the more scientific method of insuring the consumer that he is buying pure milk. Yet pasteurized milk is cheaper than certified milk. Nathan Strauss rashly took it for granted that pasteurization had not reached this extremity of the world. As a matter of fact, it has been practiced here by all the big dairies for several years. So Strauss preached his gospel superfluously and denounced unjustly.

Colonel Pippy is very proud of his milk business. When he comes up from San Mateo in the morning he motors out to his dairy in Franklin street before going to his law office downtown. But he exercises only a general supervision. The dairy is run by a scientific milkman graduated from the College of Agriculture of the University.

"I thought I knew a lot about milk," remarked Colonel Pippy, "but I changed my mind when Armstrong (the college man) took hold. He's a wonder."

Colonel Pippy wasn't afraid to let Armstrong hear this encomium. He seems to be on excellent terms with his men. For the matter of that he's on excellent terms with the whole world.

"One great thing in life," he says, "is to be able to look the other fellow in the eye. But there's a greater thing than that—to be able to go to the mirror and look yourself straight in the eye."

When the Colonel does this latter thing (and I'm quite sure he's not afraid to), he inspects a pair of clear blue eyes full of kindliness and good humor. There can't be anything very wrong with the man who regards the world through those eyes. They are in fact the windows of a charitable soul. What Colonel Pippy does from day to day to relieve distress, to help the weak who cannot help themselves, to bring a little cheer to the cheerless is none of your business or mine. I happen to know that he does a good deal in this way, having stumbled on the information by accident some time ago.

Like all happy men Colonel Pippy is on the go all the time. When he's not in his law office or his dairy or performing a deed of kindness or attending a banquet (the Colonel is one of our most assiduous prandialists), he is thinking up some new scheme to advance the cause for which the Home Industry League stands. Colonel Pippy organized the Home Industry

(Continued on Page 13.)

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Perspective Impressions

Just like Maury Diggs to get appendicitis; he never misses anything.

The hesitation waltz in Mexico was danced to the music of the snipers on the house-tops.

"War," said a great man who wasn't a molly-coddle, "is the business of barbarians." His name was Napoleon.

Some of the things that have been done in Washington may be accounted for on the hypothesis of a grape juice debauch.

The kind of ammunition that has been sold to Villa justifies the suspicion that Yankees are still manufacturing wooden nutmegs.

It remains to be seen whether there can be a sophomoric solution of the Mexican question on an academic basis.

Some people are learning with mild surprise that Carranza and Zapata are not the names of cities.

It would be so much simpler if people would only agree on the pronunciation of "Huerta" and "Villa."

Do the college dons who painstakingly exhume the records of ancient races ever think of using their discoveries to point a moral for the men of today?

Chautauqua Bill Bryan shows amazing r straint; hasn't left Washington for ten days!

Do you realize the high cost of fiction? Tl best seller at a dollar-five is no better and r worse than the dime novel of yesteryear, thou its binding is a bit more durable.

Literary note of next year: Colonel Rooseve the well known author of "Alone in Cuba," preparing his history of the Mexican disturban entitled "Dealing Single-handed with Huerta."

"There are as many quacks in religion as medicine," says a local Lutheran pastor. One the truest sayings that has come from the pul in some time.

Who's Who Hereabouts

VIII—MRS. ELEANOR MARTIN

It was Coleridge—was it not?—who divided all women over seventy into three classes: that dear old soul; that old woman; that old witch. Had Coleridge lived to this day and met the lady who is whoest of her sex in San Francisco he would have added a fourth class to which he would have assigned that perennial young soul of whom something is to be said herein. Mrs. Eleanor Martin enjoys the distinction of being the most remarkable woman in San Francisco. She is especially remarkable at this time because women of her type are become exceedingly rare. This is the age of the woman with ideas, the woman who does things, the woman of the artistic temper, the woman who came into the world to make plausible and understandable the symbolism of D'Annunzio and the problems of Ibsen. Mrs. Martin comes down to us from a former generation; from two or three former generations, indeed; for she has reached the scriptural period of three score years and ten and then some. But her exact age is of no importance. It should suffice that she has reached a ripe age, a circumstance essential to an adequate appreciation of the woman herself. Mrs. Martin is a survivor of the womanhood of other days, when women were not confronted by the problem of weathering an education without loss of good looks. The women of that period were not concerned about intellectual achievements. They were concerned about becoming successful mothers and efficient wives. At that time God placed the genius of women in their hearts, and the works of this genius were chiefly works of love. All of this it is well to remember when considering the most active, energetic and amiable woman in San Francisco society. Mrs. Martin has proved herself not only a successful mother and an efficient wife, but a woman also of much worth in other spheres of activity. She is today with all her years the busiest woman in San Francisco. She is indisputably the leader of San Francisco society. There are other women who are leaders in their respective sets, women who pride themselves on their exclusiveness, but their dominions are not so extensive as Mrs. Martin's and besides their social activities are only sporadic. Mrs. Martin is a woman of eclectic taste in social matters. She has the entree to all sets, but is partial to none. She is the only true Democrat in society, and with the tribute of her presence she is extremely generous. There are few invitations that she fails to accept. How she manages to attend so many affairs is the marvel of all her friends. And it is something to marvel at. She appears to be on the go all the time. She is never out of the social whirl. You may meet her at a luncheon, a dinner, a dansant and a concert, all within a period of twelve hours. Six days in the week Mrs. Martin is on the move. She never stops. It is said of her that she is able to run any athlete off his feet. If we judged the age of women by their physical resources and recuperative powers Mrs. Martin would be pronounced the youngest woman in all the world. Here certainly is a woman who resembles a Cremona fiddle, the worth of which is increased by age; also its sweetness and its tone. Of uniform sweetness is the temperament of Mrs. Martin. Her attitude toward everybody is amiable and kindly, and it is not assumed but is the result of a happy instinct. A citizen of the world, she cares naught for the trammels of timid convention, but breaks through the chills of ceremony and selfishness, thawing every heart into a glow. Nor is Mrs. Martin at all perfunctory in her social activities. Hers is not the cold, philosophic idea of life—that we never live but are always in the expectation of living. Some may go the winding lane of life and hardly pause to admire the beautiful flowers or to taste the tempting fruits; not so Mrs. Martin. She overlooks nothing worth while. The frivolities of life are for her the felicities, and Mrs. Martin is the true epicure who seizes with avidity the pleasures of the passing day. She is always in the midst of things, and if there happens to be a newspaper photographer on hand Mrs. Martin will be right in the centre of the picture. Now let it not be supposed that this dear young soul does nothing but accept invitations. She spends no little time in issuing them. For be it known she is the most active and generous hostess in San Francisco. Hardly a distinguished personality comes to San Francisco without being entertained at the Martin home. All the year round she is giving dinners to army officers, navy officers, visiting statesmen and foreign potentates. Naturally you will be anxious to know how so active a social leader finds time for her private affairs when it seems that all her time must be occupied with the wild dissipations of life. This is one of the mysteries of San Francisco social life, and it will mystify you all the more if you inquire as to what el Mrs. Martin does; for she does a great deal els She is the head and front of the Martin Esta Company, and from all accounts she gives ve close attention to business, and the business h prospered under her direction. Of course s has agents, but she is in constant touch wi them. She also has a private secretary, a la who is kept very busy attending to Mrs. Ma tin's correspondence which is voluminous. Mi Martin is an omnivorous reader of the press, a whenever she finds a piece of news which s conceives to be of special interest to a friend, a she fears the friend might not see it, she clips out and sends it through the mails. By th system she keeps friends in foreign parts i formed of the progress of affairs in San Fra cisco. Truly a wonderful woman is the "Que Dowager," as she has been playfully called by h friends. When does she sleep? A quite natu question, as of course the nervous energy in h storage batteries must be renewed. Well, M Martin is a woman of the Napoleonic make-t She takes snatches of sleep here and there alo the route—between the acts at the theatre, b tween courses at dinner, or when momentari uninterested at a reception. But when there anything doing she is wide awake, and when s has anything to say it is always pertinent a sometimes epigrammatic.

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The People's Forum

Librettist Smith, Take Notice!

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I thought Dr. Aked was an alumnus of one of the great English universities. But I looked him up in the English Who's Who, edition of 1914, and found that he got his three R's at a commercial school; then he attended the Midland Baptist College in Nottingham. I suppose that's a sort of "freshwater college." He doesn't seem to have been graduated from any college, as his degrees are honorary ones. In looking Dr. Aked up in Who's Who I discovered something more interesting. I always thought it was a joke, that story about his having been an auctioneer. But Who's Who vouches for it. It seems that he was articled to a firm of auctioneers in Nottingham, and afterwards became auctioneer to the Sheriff of Derbyshire. That being so, I offer a suggestion. Why doesn't Harry B. Smith write the book of "Robin Hood" so as to include another character, the Sheriff's Auctioneer? With proper inducements Dr. Aked might be induced to play the part the next time "Robin Hood" is given here. He'd be a scream.

Sincerely,

—J. Chauncey Rose.

He Wants Light

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Have you settled the problem yet as to why Judge Sturtevant dissmissed the grand jury in a hurry? I've been expecting you to throw more light on the subject. Why don't you interview Mr. John F. Williams? He's close up to the judge, managing his campaign I believe, and he was attorney for Finn when Tom was Sheriff. He is in a position to familiarize himself with all the facts. I think that in justice to Judge Sturtevant you ought to go more deeply into this matter, and satisfy your readers that in dismissing the jury he had good and sufficient reason motived entirely in the publis good.

Yours truly,

—Lester A. Anderson.

Shakespeare on Dr. Aked

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: So Dr. Aked confesses that he has no more feeling for music than a cow! Truly an interesting statement for the members of his choir to ponder. Every minister is expected to compliment his choir; how empty Dr. Aked's words of praise must seem in the light of his confession! I do not wish to comment on the Doctor's avowal, for Shakespeare has already attended to him:

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.

By the way, have you noticed how the Bulletin has stolen Dr. Aked from the Examiner? It was shrewdly done. Fremont Older wrote the Doctor an open letter. In due course the Doctor replied. But instead of publishing the letter immediately the Bulletin advertises that it will appear on a certain day, thereby making Dr. Aked a Bulletin feature. I wonder how the Examiner likes that?

Respectfully,

—T. Jefferson Hope.

Movies in Addison's Time

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Did you know they had moving pictures in the time of Addison, Pope, Swift, Defoe, Marlborough and Queen Anne? Let me submit the following advertisement from the Spectator of September 27, 1711, to show that there is nothing new under the sun:

"At the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet street, is now to be seen a new Invented Machine, composed of five curious Pictures, with moving Figures, representing the History of the Heathen Gods, which move as Artificially as if Living: the like not seen before in Europe. The whole contains near an hundred Figures, besides Ships, Beasts, Fish, Fowl and other Embellishments, some near a Foot in height; all which have their respective and peculiar Motions, their very Heads, Legs and Arms, Hands and Fingers, Artificially moving to what they perform, and setting one Foot before another like Living Creatures, in such a manner that nothing but Nature itself can excel it. It will continue to be seen every Day from 10 in the Morning 'till 10 at Night. The Prices 1s. 6d. and the lowest 6d."

—The Book Worm.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Russian Cotton Scheme

Only second to the Czar's scheme to reduce the manufacture of vodka and replace the revenue derived therefrom by a tariff on export grain is a measure now being considered by the Council of the Empire that the country itself shall grow the $50,000,000 worth of cotton it now imports from Egypt and America. Today Russia raises but half the amount of cotton it consumes, and the scheme is to irrigate and colonize in Turkestan so as to produce the half now imported. The bill provides for the association of the State and private enterprise in carrying out large irrigation works at a capital expenditure of $350,000,000, which is expected in due course to render the cotton market independent of the foreign.

Harem Inmates at Luncheon

Aided considerably by young Turks, Turkish women are breaking down old customs and traditions which bar the way to emancipation. The latest step has been the attendance of thirty women of harems at a hotel luncheon in Constantinople. The luncheon was arranged by the Society for the Emancipation of Women. Entrance to the hotel, however, was not gained by the main entrance, but somewhat surreptitiously through an adjacent candy store. There were many amusing incidents during this luncheon of emancipation. At the outset some of the women took the waiters for guests, shook hands with them and invited them to sit beside them. Other women, although they had cast aside the yashmak (veil), became embarrassed in the presence of strange men and hid their faces in their handkerchiefs whenever a waiter came near them.

Alcohol in Switzerland

The Swiss Government obtained from the alcohol monopoly in 1913 the sum of $1,400,000, showing that in spite of the prohibition of absinthe the consumption of alcohol is steadily increasing in Switzerland apart from wine and beer drinking. The sum has been divided among the various cantons according to the population, and curiously enough is used principally to combat the spread of alcoholism. Since the prohibition of absinthe in French Switzerland four years ago the German Swiss head the list of drinkers of alcohol, which consists in their case largely of schnapps, which is sold as low as two cents a small glass in some places.

Soap and the Nations

Great Britain and Ireland head the nations as users of soap. They consume twenty-one pounds per individual a year. The United States comes next. Germany is well up in the list. So is Spain. Holland is high. Italy and France are low, and Sweden quite low. Russia is at the foot of the list. A Russian uses two pounds a year. Whether or not the soap bill is a true test of a nation's cleanliness is another question. Perhaps a large consumption of soap argues a wasteful use of it.

Church Attendance in Berlin

The Kaiser's capital is the most godless city in the Christian world, if godliness is to be based solely upon church attendance, according to a census taken in Berlin's churches on a recent Sunday. This census, taken primarily to see how far the "church leaving" crusade had actually affected church attendance, showed that less than three per cent of Berlin's Protestant population goes to church. Berlin has but seventy-two Protestant churches for a population of over 2,000,000. Approximately 35,000 people attended Berlin's seventy-two churches on the Sunday that the census was taken. That means that less than three out of every hundred persons went to church that Sunday. But even to get that figure it was necessary to add the attendance at the morning service to the number who attended church in the evening. Only two churches were filled.

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A Friend Of The People

(From the Argonaut)

There is no reason why Mr. Theodore Bonnet, the editor of the San Francisco Town Talk, should apologize for writing a political play. On the contrary he should apologize for not having done so earlier, and he should condone his offense by doing so again. A failure to turn to dramatic account the present political situation would be to neglect a volume of material peculiarly rich in comedy and in tragedy and in that mingling of the two of which the competent playwright is ever in search. The stage has a certain penetrative power upon public opinion that seems now to be lost alike by oratory and literature, and there is no reason why so potent a weapon should be allowed to rust. If the theatre may be used to exploit a whole host of social evils that have no real existence there is surely no reason why its batteries should not be turned upon political evils that do exist.

There is no ambiguity about the motives of "A Friend of the People." The scene is laid in the capital of the State, and there are quite a number of States where all the persons of the play may be found. There is the Governor who has been carried into office by a wave of political "uplift" and by the votes of masses of stupidly sincere people. Governor Hopkins knows all the formulas of Progressivism, its slogans, and its watchwords, and he uses them to hide his emptiness of principle, and intelligence, and conscience. There is the Governor's secretary and his publicity promoter, and there is Fred Dunstan, the newspaper correspondent, who has his doubts about the whole program of pretense and dishonesty, as newspaper correspondents usually have, although they may not always say so. The feminine element is supplied mainly by Rosalie Colton, who belongs to the League of Justice and who is resolved to help the good Governor to "redeem the great and beautiful State I was born in." We all know Rosalie Colton and her emotions, and we all wish that she might be otherwise employed.

Mr. Bonnet explains why he has found it necessary to give his play an "unhappy ending." But we are not sure that it is an unhappy ending. Real tragedy is to be found in undetected villainy and successful hypocrisy, and this is the sort of tragedy to which we are accustomed in real life. Governors such as Hopkins usually succeed in "getting away with the goods," but in this case we have the exposure and the ruin of a hypocrite, and a political Nemesis that we may hope will not always be confined to the stage. And it may be said in conclusion that Mr. Bonnet has not forgotten the dramatic proprieties in his pursuit of an ethical ideal. His situations are admirably contrived and his dialogue is terse and vigorous. His play ought to be as good to witness as it is to read.

"A Friend of the People." A Play in Four Acts. By Theodore Bonnet. San Francisco: Pacific Publication Company.

A Visit Of Courtesy

By A. Romilly White

It was a morning of sunshine and light breezes in the middle of the hay harvest. An uninitiated Saxon or an ignorant friend from "up the country" might have turned astonished eyes on the half-mown fields which were curiously bereft of man and maid. An almost universal stillness had settled down on the countryside since the long double line of men had marched away to the roll of drum and the flutter of banner, attended by the usual galaxy of beauty and fashion. It was the Twelfth of July, the one great high holiday of Ulster, when all the world and his wife go forth in brave attire to celebrate the victory of the Boyne.

After some hours of anxious devotion to her toilet, our maid had followed in the wake of the music, arrayed in a gown of fervent pink, and a large hat covered with archways of vivid roses. We were alone; we had the house to ourselves, and an Englishman's-home-is-his-castle kind of feeling took possession of us. We planned a long quiet day in which we would lead the simple life, and eat and drink under the shadow of a haystack on the lawn.

About eleven o'clock I was in the kitchen deep in a cookery book when I heard a light, quick footfall in the passage, a flutter of skirts, a giggle, a familiar voice—

"God save ye all!"

"Kate!"

She ran across the floor with outstretched hands. "Didn't I get the day off like the rest of thim?" she cried incoherently, "and it is follyin' thim and their ould dhrums I'd be when I knew that she would be off pleasurin' herself, lavin' you with the work to do, and the chickens on your hands, and the young turkeys reconnoitrin' God knows where? What would I be doin', I said to meself, but comin' back to me ould masther and me misthress, and takin' care of the house till that young woman returns?"

"Oh, Kate, I am so glad to see you—"

"And you'll be givin' me your best blouses and things," she went on breathlessly, "that you wouldn't be afther trustin' to the other wan, and I'll chase them through a dhrop of water for you, and be doin' thim up in the latest manner of fashion. And it's in your armchairs you'll be sittin' this day, and not movin' hand or foot, a me here to attind to you!"

By this time the echoes of her shrill stacca had brought other members of the househo hurrying kitchenwards. She turned to each o with the same abandon and heartiness of gre ing, and literally laughed and cried by turns.

"The misthress stands it lovely!" she exclaim drying her eyes, "the masther stands it lovely may he live to be two hundred! Ye all stand lovely! I'm in me own home again, so I am and to celebrate the event she caught the cat in her arms, and danced a Longford extra ganza round the kitchen.

"And there's me ould scullery!" Her voice w laden with reminiscences. She darted throu the door for a moment, presumably for the sake other days, but in reality to run her finger rou the nearest saucepan—an action which express grave distrust of her successor in office.

Before long we were given to understand t our absence was greatly desired, for Kate (w had taken matters into her own hands, and spe

(Continued on Page 13.)

Poems About San Francisco

CXLIII—THE STRICKEN CITY

By Herbert Bashford

(The following by one of our well known poets and dramatists, Herbert Bashford, is concerned with the catastrophe of 1906. It is taken from Bashford's volume "At the Shrine of Song" published by the Whitaker and Ray Company in 1909.)

'Twas the feet of Fate at the city's gate
We heard as the morn grew gray,
'Twas a fierce, mad strife for a draught of Life
We waged at the dawn of day!

'Twas Terror's tread and men lay dead
In the tossed and tumbled town;
Oh, the towers of trade how they waltzed and swayed
When the world was shaken down!

'Twas blood in the mart and woe in the heart,
Aye horror and blood and tears,
'Twas ruin and rout as we staggered out
With our sudden weight of years!

'Twas palsied Fear that faced us here,
And Pain with her haunting moans;
'Twas black Despair in the baleful air
And Death down under the stones!

'Twas the toppled spire and a sea of fire
As red as the robe of Doom;
From the far-off height in that awful night
'Twas a rose of Hell in bloom!

The Spectator

Lost to San Francisco

For some time the Griffin Wheel Company has contemplated establishing another factory on the Pacific Coast. This company has big factories employing thousands of men all over the United States. It is engaged in the manufacture of car wheels, and sells its product not only in America but in every part of the world. The Griffin Wheel Company has a big factory in Tacoma, but its business on the Coast has so increased in volume that it needs another plant here, and a bigger one than that at Tacoma. The new factory will give work to some two or three thousand men. The question of locating the plant was left to C. K. Knickerbocker, a member of the company who spends a great deal of his time on the Pacific Coast and has the perfect confidence of his superiors. Knickerbocker sells car wheels to the Southern Pacific, the United Railroads and other big concerns, so he is well known in San Francisco and is accurately versed in our affairs. He was decided to locate the new factory of the Griffin Wheel Company in Los Angeles. Asked the reason, Knickerbocker replied that conditions were so bad in San Francisco owing to the abundancy of union labor that it would be madness to start a factory here.

The Pacific-Union and the Mummy

"Did you hear about the trouble at the Pacific-Union Club?" asked Gavin McNab, when I met him the other day.

"You don't mean the Bohemian Club, do you?" I replied.

"No," said Gavin, "this is a different trouble, but it was caused by the same mummy. It appears that after the postponement of the mummy ceremonies at the Bohemian Club, Jere Lynch offered his mummy to the Pacific-Union. There was as much excitement over the offer as the rules of the Pacific-Union allow. The afternoon bridge contingent proposed that the mummy be admitted to full membership; they recognized a kindred and congenial spirit. But the Burlingame contingent opposed this; they said that the mummy didn't belong to an old enough family!"

A Split in the Club

There's no doubt about it, the election trouble in Bohemia has caused a serious split in the club. It has come nearer to disrupting the club than anything that has happened in years. The Smith faction and the Metson faction refuse to come together, and the bitterness is increasing instead of diminishing. Members are dividing along the lines that separated them during the Graft Prosecution, and that issue has actually been raised by some of them. President Charley Field is said to be on the verge of nervous prostration as a result of the misunderstanding. Field is the best president the club has ever had. The club made brilliant additions to its traditions and enjoyed financial success during his incumbency. It was expected that he would go out of office in a blaze of glory. Instead, this unfortunate trouble occurred and he quits in a storm of epithets. It will take a long time to heal the breach.

Metson and Levison

Jake Levison is a partisan of the Smith forces in the Bohemian Club, and when the mix-up occurred at the annual election he exulted over the elimination of Metson in terms which proved offensive to the fiery Park Commissioner. Metson didn't mince words with Levison about the matter. He excoriated Levison till the latter must have felt like a cinder.

"I cannot resent your language in the Club," said Levison.

"Come outside, and I'll give you a chance to resent it anywhere you wish," replied Metson.

Levison did not accept the invitation. But Metson refused to let the matter drop. He went to the writing room and penned a letter to Levison which began: "This is intended as an insult." His friends urged him not to send it, however, and reluctantly he took their advice.

Frank's Opinion and Another

If you want to get a good-natured "rise" out of Frank Moroney, just say to him:

"By the way, Frank, I understand there are two opinions in the Bohemian Club!"

That seemingly innocent remark will not fall too pleasantly on the ears of genial Frank. The man who is famous for the way he recites "Shanahan's Ould Shebeen" took a great interest in the candidacy of Billy Metson for president of the Bohemian Club. He might almost be called Metson's campaign manager. He sent a personal letter to all the voting members of the club, pointing out Metson's qualifications and asking that he be supported. One paragraph of the letter began, "In my opinion;" and Frank's "opinion" was made the subject of a good deal of joshing. Then came the misfire election, and the postponement. The letter sent out by the board of directors explaining what had happened began, "There are two opinions in the club." Naturally the club wits have not overlooked the opportunity for quips and cranks which this accidental similarity of language presents. I assume that it was accidental. It must be remembered, however, that President Charley Field is something of a wag himself.

Such Language!

I happen to know of one occasion when Dr. Aked was shocked. This is not to say that the editorial parson is not eminently shockable. Perhaps he is, though I don't know any other exauctioneer whose feelings are easily ruffled. It happened a short time ago. Dr. Aked was looking for the District Attorney. He rang up the Hall of Justice, and was informed by an attache of the District Attorney's office that he might find Mr. Fickert at the office of Joe Loughrey, Joe Loughrey being the secretary of the lately dismissed Gormley Grand Jury. So Dr. Aked rang up Joe Loughrey at Joe's place of business, the same being a well known glove shop. Informed by a gentlemanly salesman that he was wanted at the 'phone, Joe hastened to the receiver.

"I should like to speak to Mr. Fickert," said a strange voice.

"But Mr. Fickert is not here," answered Joe.

"I was told that I would find Mr. Fickert there," came the voice, a trifle impatiently.

Joe thought somebody was "kidding" him.

"Who is this talking?" he demanded sharply.

"Dr. Aked," said the voice.

"Aw, go to Hell!" said Joe.

How do I know Dr. Aked was shocked? He

must have been; he hung up with such precipitation.

Rolph to Retire?

I am told that Mayor Rolph has expressed the intention of retiring from politics at the end of his present term. Word comes to me that he unbosomed himself to a friend quite recently, telling him that one term was enough and that he would be glad to go back to private life. Whether this announcement was born of temporary disgust or represented a settled determination I am, of course, unable to say, as I do not possess the confidence of the Mayor. But such statements are rather interesting than important. The bacillus of politics has never been isolated, so it is a hard bacillus to deal with. Some think that it can never be expelled once it gains lodgment in the human frame. The Mayor may be able to get rid of it. Time alone will tell whether Mayor Rolph will eliminate himself from politics, be eliminated by defeat or persist in a political career by means of new combinations. Certainly he cannot count, as he formerly could, on the support of his old friends. The rapid growth of "The Missionites," an organization frankly anti-Rolph, shows that he has lost heavily in popularity.

Jim the Piker

"So he's not going to run again!" The speaker was the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. Commissioner Dwyer was sitting in a corner reading over a speech that he had written for the Johnson campaign. The clerks were occupied with their work; that is, they were looking out the window studying the traffic problem. Nobody had spoken a word to the bilge water philosopher. His exclamation broke a long silence.

"Who is not going to run again?" Commissioner Dwyer demanded.

"Mission Jim. That's what one of his friends told me. Funny, isn't it?"

"Nothing funny about it," said Dwyer. "Perhaps he has had enough of public life."

"Well, there's nothing holding him. If he has had enough he ought to quit. The city wouldn't go into mourning if he did. I see that he is raising our taxes again only a few cents. Don't you think that's funny?"

"What's funny about that?" the solemn-visaged commissioner asked.

The clock-winder bestowed a look of profound pity on his questioner. "Say, Joe," he observed irreverently, "when a man becomes a Progressive it's because he can't see a joke. One reason why Mission Jim is raising taxes again, the newspapers say, is that he wants to raise Jack Dunnigan's salary. Can you beat it? And he wants to raise Jack's salary on account of what Jack did for Hetch-Hetchy in Washington. Can you beat that? I think it's funnier than Al Jolson. Jack never got as much money in his life as he is getting now, and when he was swelling around Washington having the time of his life his expenses were paid by the city, but because he staid away from home so long he is to be rewarded by a measly raise of salary at our expense."

"I don't see anything wrong about that," said Dwyer.

"Wrong? I didn't say it was wrong. It's fine. It shows that in this Progressive age the public servant receives just treatment. But what I'm surprised at is that Mission Jim doesn't come through with a lump sum—about ten thousand dollars. There's a lot of money in the treasury, and it's doing no good there. However, Jim is improving. After a while he will pay the men on the municipal railroads what they deserve—about eight dollars a day for four hours' work. The people voted to put private ownership on the bum, and it can't be done on small wages and long hours. My motto is give the dear people what they want. Mission Jim is hardly approximating the real thing, and that is why I don't care if he quits or not. As a taxeater I believe in fidelity to principle on a liberal scale."

Kuhl Is Sore

It is gossiped about that Max Kuhl of the Police Commission has considerably abated his ardor for reform; also that he nurses a soreness toward the Mayor. It is said that Max feel that the Mayor has made him the "goat" in th matter of lidding the Barbary Coast among othe things, and that he would not be unwilling to re sign if he could find a graceful way of doing so I shouldn't be surprised if Kuhl's attitude in mat ters of uplift has hurt his law practice a goo deal. He has been blamed for the extremes t which civic regeneration has been carried, an they say he doesn't think he deserves all thi blame, considering that he only carried out th orders handed him by the Mayor.

Very Hard Times

Photographer Coleman of the Examiner wa chatting with Kelleher, the Irish tailor.

"I find times very bad, very bad indeed," sai Kelleher; "how do you find them, Mr. Coleman?

"Well," said Coleman, "business is not much i my line, but the times are hard all right. Wh I hear they've let out two priests and an alta boy at St. Mary's Cathedral!"

The Lord's Musical Critic

I learn from the Oakland Tribune that th Pacific Coast branch of the Religious Associatio has been holding a convention of some sort i Berkeley. I learn also that one of the features o last Friday's session was an address delivered b Dr. Henry F. Cope of Chicago, the general secre tary of the Association. The following from D Cope's address was emphasized in "blackface type by the Tribune:

"If God can be pleased by the sort of hymn that are ordinarily sung in our Sunday schools I am sorry for His musical taste."

I assume that the reverend gentleman fro Chicago was quoted correctly. To the lay min it seems that attributing to the Deity a huma taste for music and a strictly human irritation a bad music constitutes a sin of blasphemy; but on must get used to the anomaly of the clerg blaspheming the Almighty. There is plenty o scriptural warranty for the old fashioned belie that the Lord considers only the intention of Hi creatures; that a hymn of praise is none the les acceptable because it is sung off the key. ". broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wil not despise," cried the Psalmist. Does the Lor despise a broken voice? Is there no hope for th devout choir singer who misses the pitch? I the singing of a Caruso or a Tetrazzini more e

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cacious than the singing of a humble worshiper ho never studied harmony? Let me suggest at Dr. Cope who sets himself up as the Lord's usical critic, read and digest Anatole France's tory of the Juggler of Notre Dame.

One on Rock

"Billy" Rock of the team of Rock and Fulton ad the principal part in "The Echo" which was layed recently at the Gaiety, but the honors of e performance, much to the surprise of everyody, went to Will Phillbrick. Phillbrick played e part of a fat, ridiculous bell boy, and played with so much unction that he kept the audiice in roars all the time he was on the stage. is not too much to say that "The Echo" was orth while because Phillbrick was playing in it. his fact caused "Billy" Rock no little chagrin. e regarded Phillbrick's success as a reflection his own powers of fun. "The Echo" closed in n Francisco two weeks ago Sunday night, og from here to Los Angeles. Much to his surise Phillbrick, on Sunday morning, received a te from Rock who is manager of the company well as star, informing him that his services re no longer required. The reason for this came apparent Sunday night when Rock played illbrick's part. The part Rock had been playg was entrusted to Alf Goulding, a young codian who had his first big part in "The Merry mbol." At the performance Sunday night Alf ulding, playing Rock's original part better than ck had played it, "took the show away" from star! I haven't heard what Rock did when show opened in Los Angeles.

e Missing Bierce

According to press reports Ambrose Bierce, Dean of American letters, has disappeared. went to Mexico some months ago, so the ry goes, to join Villa's army in the hope that might be killed on the field of battle, preing a tragic end to dissolution from old age. e story has something of the Bierce flavor, gestive as it is of grim irony, of the probaty that in Villa's army a man might die a ural death while waiting to be shot with a ll of the kind made in the United States for use of Mexican soldiers. Though Bierce is in the seventies, he was facing no prospect early dissolution when last heard from. Less n a year ago he was in San Francisco, and he then in fine fettle. Several months ago he te to Town Talk discontinuing his subscripand explaining that he did so because he was g where it would be impossible for the paper each him. A little later I learned that he had e to South America to wander across the es, and that before he went he told a friend he was disgusted with a country that had corrupted by Prohibitionists and other reers. My guess is that our greatest literary us is very much alive and in good health.

ffauer Writes of Bierce

ere is an interesting allusion to Bierce in P.'s London Weekly of April 3rd. Herman Scheffauer writing of his early literary efforts in San Francisco has this to say: "In those days Ambrose Bierce was the 'Literary Atlas' of the West, a fierce, brilliant spirit that coruscated in the Sunday Examiner. Pretentious poets and corrupt politicians were his favorite prey, his columns were a veritable gallows and pillory. I ventured to send this ogre a satire upon himself. In his 'Answers to Correspondents' the following Sunday I read: 'Though I cannot commend your choice of theme, your not altogether unclever verses show much promise. Send me your address.' From my first visit to the satirist, personally one of the most gracious of men, began my devotion to the pen—a devotion heavily handicapped by eight years of thraldom to the pencil of the architect. For when it came to choosing a profession, that of poet was singularly absent from the parental list. So I chose the sister art of architecture and transformed some of my dreams and energy into brick and stone."

Not long ago Scheffauer wrote a play called "The New Shylock." It has been translated into German and produced in Germany.

An Eccentric Millionaire

We were told the other day that Lyman Stewart of Los Angeles had sold the fifteen-million dollar Union Oil Company to Andrew Weir and his associates of a big Liverpool syndicate. This means that Lyman Stewart retires from the oil business with a couple of millions of ready cash at his disposal. Part of his gain consists of the $933,000 forfeited by the General Petroleum Company when it failed to make good the option on Union Oil. What will Lyman Stewart do with the money? Considering that he is as hardheaded a Scotchman as Andrew Weir himself, one might suppose that he would hold fast to his pile of gold. But those who know tell me he will do nothing of the sort. He's going to invest it in Bibles! Stewart, it seems, has a regular Gideon-Society passion for circulating the Bible. He is particularly eager to see the heathens of Africa supplied with copies of the Good Book. He maintains evangelizing headquarters in Los Angeles from which a steady stream of Bibles and gold flows in the direction of heathendom. I understand that he is putting up a skyscraper as big as the Chronicle Building to house his regenerating organization. It may seem strange that a canny business man should splurge on religion in this way, but it's a fact.

"The Youth's Companion"

So I heard Tom Bellew, the handsome city editor of the Call, characterize John M. Keith who died so suddenly on Monday. It is a pat title, for Keith loved the young with a wholehearted love that is not too common in octogenarians, querulous and exacting as they are apt to be. He showered affection on his young friends, and he permitted his affection to express itself in costly presents. He was so charitable that perhaps it will be found that he leaves a much smaller estate than might be expected. But he was not a careless giver, and he disliked beggars.

"I'd rather give a thousand dollars to a person who didn't ask for it than ten cents to a person who begged," he remarked one day.

That was shortly after he had contributed $150,000 for the erection of the $600,000 University of California Hospital on Parnassus Heights, Will and Templeton Crocker giving the balance. When the papers announced this munificent gift old John Keith was bothered a great deal with begging letters. All sorts of strangers who represented themselves as most deserving wanted to "borrow" anywhere from fifty to a thousand dollars. At that time he also received two proposals of marriage. They amused him greatly.

Enriched Late in Life

Fortune came to old John Keith and his wife late in life. He came to California from Georgia in the days of the gold rush, but failed to make a pile. He engaged in the lumber business in Calaveras after deserting the diggings, and then became a farmer, first at Gilroy and later in Kern county. He was agent of the Union Oil Company when the oil excitement struck Kern. He discovered that he was farming one of the best oil fields in the territory, and became rich over night. He associated with J. J. Mack who

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had made a good deal of money in the wholesale drug business and had dabbled a little in oil, and together they bought five and one-half sections of land for two dollars and a half per acre. That was the beginning of the famous "Thirty-Three" oil holdings which were afterwards sold to an English syndicate for two millions. Mack and he became millionaires together.

The Deal with Harriman

E. H. Harriman made a deal with them for the entire output of their wells, and they supplied him with oil so fast that he couldn't handle it. Harriman had no idea of the capacity of the wells when he made the contract, and he had visions of a railroad system bankrupted in a vain attempt to pay for oil which it didn't need. However, Harriman conveniently discovered that he had overstepped his authority in making the contract; that he had presumed to do something which he shouldn't have done without the authorization of the board of directors of the Union and Central Pacific. Whether Harriman would have discovered this if the contract had not proved embarrassing is a question. But the discovery gave him a plausible excuse for refusing to take any more of Keith's oil. One of the first things Keith did when he struck it rich was to hunt up all his poor relations in Georgia and provide them with comfortable residences on Easy Street.

The Commander in Mexico

Major-General Leonard Wood who has been designated commander of the troops in Mexico in the event of war is the man who made a soldier out of Theodore Roosevelt. He was an army doctor at the time of the call to arms for the Spanish war, and he was also Roosevelt's intimate friend. Roosevelt depended on him to organize and drill the Rough Riders. When Roosevelt became President he rewarded his friend by promoting him over the heads of a score of officers, and a result Wood became the best hated man in the army, but by intelligent devotion to duty he has lived down the envy and distrust which his rapid promotion excited. At the time he was selected to command in Mexico the only other major-generals in the country were Wotherspoon who had been appointed chief of staff and Arthur Murray, an artillery officer, in command of the Western Department with headquarters in this city. Some time ago Major-General Wood prepared plans for a campaign in Mexico, and as he was more familiar with present army organization than any other officer Mr. Wilson's choice logically fell upon him. All the division commanders who distinguished themselves in the Spanish war are dead or have retired from the service, and General Wood's war record compares favorably with that of other officers of his grade. General Barry has the Philippine and China campaigns to his credit, in both of which he served on the staff; General Bell was MacArthur's indefatigable chief of scouts in the Philippine campaign and won the medal of honor for personal gallantry; General Murray also served in the Philippine campaign; neither General Wotherspoon nor General Carter had an opportunity to distinguish himself in the field during the Spanish war period.

Wood's Record

Major-General Wood's record was made in Cuba and Mindanao: in Cuba he had the good fortune to command a brigade at San Juan, and in Mindanao he was in supreme command. His value in a Mexican campaign would be more than that of soldierly ability. Both in Cuba and the Philippines he proved himself a capable administrator and a vigorous sanitarian. Wood has no peer in the army in the triple capacity of tactician, medical man and administrator. In Mexico all his qualifications for high command would be needed.

High Cost of Grove Plays

Bohemia feels the high cost of living, or entertaining. It's the same thing. In Bohemia living is synonymous with entertaining. Life in Bohemia is just one jinks after another. Your true Bohemian cannot live without amusement; between entertainments he merely exists. And he draws the deepest breath of life, is conscious of the highest vitality, when the midsummer grove play is given. Then it is that he luxuriates in living. 'Luxuriates' is the word. The grove play is surrounded by a Persian apparatus of luxury. The cost has been mounting steadily year after year till it has reached dizzy heights of expenditure. So the club has decided to call a halt. Bohemia is going to tighten the purse strings, for of course there is a purse in Bohemia. Too long it has been regarded as the purse of Fortunatus. For instance, Rufus Steele's grove play, "The Fall of Ug," cost the club $11,040.65; Joe Redding's "The Atonement of Pan" cost $9,387.57. The figures are from the club's annual report. Here is President Field's comment:

"The club functions have cost money as is shown by the treasurer's report. The larger part of the increase shown is due to the cost of the midsummer jinks, which has constantly tended in recent years, with the exception of 1911, toward greater expense. Your board of directors has completed a careful analysis of the jinks situation, in the light of their experience, and they have decided that two steps are necessary to a correction of the tendency toward increased cost of entertainments, particularly as regards the grove play. Accordingly they have by resolution limited the amount of money available for the grove play to $5,000, an amount judged adequate through study of grove play expenditures over a period of five years, and, further, have established a system whereby the office of the club is made the purchasing agency through which all bills for the grove play must be incurred and where account may be kept of the amounts involved in the pre arations for the play."

A Democratic Carnival

We are to have something new in politics, carnival of Democracy. It will last from M 12 to 16, and will be given in Dreamland a Pavilion Rinks and the National Theatre co bined. Secretary of the Interior Lane will op it with an address, and on the first night the will be an old-fashioned torch-light processi something we haven't enjoyed for years. All t Bourbon candidates will have booths, and the will be other features such as a baby show, mu and so on. This novelty is sponsored by t San Francisco Democratic Club of which C. Henning is president and O. C. Wilson, vi president. It's to be a sort of political fair, a the program is so attractive that it's sure to a great success.

The Rich Auction Sale

A. J. Rich & Co. announce that they have co tracted for fifty properties in the city of S Francisco to be offered for sale at their two-d auction to be held in the red room of the P ace Hotel May 20 and 21. These properties w aggregate over $1,500,000 and will range all t way from three to one hundred thousand dolla and over. The properties are scattered throug out different localities, and include both dow town improved and unimproved property, re dences and residence lots of almost every ch acter. A sixteen-page catalogue is being print and will be distributed.

Supper Dance at Tavern

The management of Techau Tavern, in sponse to many requests from those who p ticipated in the dinner dances recently given this cafe, will introduce a novelty on the eveni of May 6, when a supper dance will be giv Dancing will commence at nine o'clock a supper will be served at eleven. There will be musical program, both vocal and instrument and attractive and appropriate souvenirs will presented. A recent Tavern success was t Thursday afternoon vocal concert of last we given under the auspices of the Aubrey Siste on which occasion the cafe was filled to its most capacity. The toilet preparations of t Aubrey Sisters were given as souvenirs.

"So you don't call on Miss Bute any mo Quarreled?"

"Well, I told her I preferred to have her ki me before and not after she kissed her pet do

"And what did she say?"

"She said I evidently forgot that the dog mig have his preferences too."

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Surplus and Undivided Profits .....$ 1,600,000
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Looking for a Tailor?

Are you looking for somebody who will build your new spring outfit and do it right?

Let us tempt you to take ten of your busy minutes today and come and look at our spring showing.

We are equipped to give good service, at reasonable prices.

Our garments are made to fit you—and guaranteed to give you satisfaction.

Will you come and look at the fabrics?

J. M. Jacobi & Co.

MEN'S CLOTHES SHOP
Montgomery, Cor. Sutter

A Visit Of Courtesy

(Continued from Page 8.)

and acted as if she had never left the house) was consumed with anxiety to show us how marvellously she had progressed in the art of cookery. Time and secrecy, she hinted, were necessary for her talents to display themselves fully, and the result would be such a compound of deliciousness and grandeur that she could only assure us we would "die with the atin'!"

I made many efforts to reach the door, having been requested more than once to "emigrate myself along that passage," but each time I was followed by an avalanche of questions as to the doings and sayings of the neighborhood, or regaled with dramatic items of news which she assured me were the very latest things spoken of along the boglands, and by the turf fires of a certain corner of Longford. I vacillated with lamentable weakness, while Kate ordered me to go, and in the same breath held me fascinated by her old light-hearted exuberance and careless ease of speech.

At last I reached the end of the long passage, and remembering sundry bygone lapses, called down to her:

"Kate, is the oven hot?"

"Bedad, it would roast a Protestant!" she called back cheerfully, "let alone a leg of lamb. Now, will you run away and contint yourself, dear," and for the next couple of hours the kitchen premises were wrapped in a mystery and a silence that was broken only by occasionaly snatches of "Granuaile."

At lunch she was in her most irrepressible mood. Her occasional lapses into a strange and painful decorum were too short-lived to be worthy of record, and she could not bring herself to go out of the room for a moment without the smiling and inevitable "God bless you!" over her shoulder. It was something to be handed a dish of glorified potatoes with an urgent "take a handful of chips, daughter!" breathed in one's ear, and it was more to be assured that nothing was to be feared from the vegetables, for there was "neither dead nor livin' in thim!" In spite of a weird-looking souffle, the lunch was excellently cooked and served, and if the first mouhtful of hastily improvised soup made one think maddeningly of clear springs and cool waters, what of that when Kate stood in the background with smiling lips, and eyes that shone and sparkled joyously under the straight brows?

After lunch, our visitor continued to treat us all as children, or at least, incapables. We wrangled amiably over the washing of dishes, and the feeding of chickens, and afterwards her suggestion that we should "hyst our sails" and take a turn round the garden met with a ready response.

"Is the other wan good to you, darlin'?" she began anxiously, when we were seated on a bench below the beech hedge. "Does she do ivirything you tell her on the minute, and can you get any peaceable pleasure out of her at all?" I reassured her.

"Of course," she said, and there was a shade

(Continued on Page 20.)

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

League and is proud of it. He doesn't agree with those who think that it will build a wall around California and isolate us from the rest of the world. But he sees no reason why money which can be spent to advantage in California should be sent out of the State. The Home Industry League, he tells me, has saved millions of dollars from going East. One instance is typical. He obtained from the United States Government an order for two hundred thousand pairs of shoes for soldiers at three dollars a pair. Considering that the leather is produced here, why shouldn't the shoes be made here? That was his argument, and he succeeded in convincing the War Department that it was a good argument..

I spent the better part of a morning with Colonel Pippy, studying his dairy, his whiskers and his personality at close range. For his dairy I have a great admiration; for his personality a great deal of esteem; and as for his whiskers, there is really nothing to be said against them. Having reached this conclusion as I was leaving Colonel Pippy, I absent-mindedly said out loud:

"They're all right, Colonel."

"What's that?" he said.

"You're all right, Colonel," I covered up.

"Thanks," he smiled, giving my hand a hearty milk-shake.

ROSHANARA
The only authentic exponent of dances of the Far East next week at the Orpheum.

At Paso Robles

Golf and picnicing in the vicinity of the hotel are the principal attractions at the present time for the guests of Paso Robles Hot Springs. Among the prominent society people who enjoyed the day out of doors on Sunday, taking a basket luncheon with them were Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. J. P. Crockett, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, E. W. Hopkins and M. S. Wilson of Burlingame. There are many guests at the resort from all parts of the State. Among those to arrive during last week were: Mr. and Mrs. Solon Spiro, Mrs. B. H. Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Briggs, Mrs. Edgar De Wolfe, all of San Francisco; Mrs. J. J. Kittle and Allen Kittle of Ross; Mrs. G. L. Rathbone of Burlingame; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McFarland and C. L. McFarland of Berkeley; C. S. Broadwell of Santa Rosa; L. V. Slavich of San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Lyon of Oakland.

At the Cecil

George D. Roberts, land agent for the Canadian Northern, is registered. He is accompanied by Mrs. Roberts. J. Marshall, Mrs. Marshall and Miss Marshall are down from Portland. Hugh McGuire, a capitalist and rancher from Healdsburg, is among the week's arrivals. Miss Maud O'Connor who returned during the week from several months' travel abroad, has taken apartments at the Cecil where her sisters Miss Cecelia and Miss Cornelia have been all spring. She greeted half a dozen friends at luncheon on Monday. Mrs. W. F. Morris returned during the week from a two weeks' trip to Southern California. Mrs. H. K. Defendorf entertained twelve friends at an informal sewing bee recently. The hour with thimbles and fancy work was followed by tea in the sun parlor. Mrs. E. V. Foote returned on Monday after a fortnight in the country.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

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*Kronprinz Wilhelm .....May 12

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THE MEDITERRANEAN

Berlin .....April 25
Prinzess Irene .....May 5

The North German Lloyd landed more passengers, First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage in the port of New York during 1913 than any other line, repeating its marvelous record of 1912.

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Perfect hearing for the deaf

We are pleased to announce that we have received another large shipment of

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Walter's Marriage

Walter Hobart lost no time in fulfilling my prediction of last week. I said that he was going to marry Mrs. Flora Dean Magee, and he immediately married her. The romantic couple have my best wishes. In the past Walter spent so much time sowing his wild oats that he gave himself little opportunity for the cultivation of matrimonial responsibilities. But he has settled down, comparatively speaking. He finds his principal relaxation in polo, which is a dangerous game to be sure, but not to be ranked as a dissipation. His conservatism is shown by his motor restraint, so to speak. When has Walter been arrested for speeding? It's so long ago that you can't remember. Boys will be boys, and Walter stayed juvenile longer than most of us. But now he has definitely grown up and may be expected to cultivate the solid virtues of humdrum domesticity. Perhaps he and his fascinating wife will be seen in society. Both have eschewed it for a long time. I wonder if Mrs. Hannah Williams Hobart cabled her good wishes to her successor? She is having a delightful time in Europe with Sara Coffin and Mauritia Mintzer, and may not have heard the news as soon as we did.

Miss Barron and a Bouquet

At last the question is answered. And answered satisfactorily too. The question was: Whom will Gayle Anderton marry? It is surprising how many people were asking this question. Among the number were not a few belles who, it may be guessed, asked the question with certain flutterings of the heart. For Gayle has always been very popular. His personality makes him interesting to romantic belles. Gayle flits from party to party for part of the season, and then hies to the mountains where he works like a beaver or a Trojan or something of the sort. Girls like that sort of thing. The drone doesn't please them, except for the few moments when he makes himself agreeable at a party. And now Gayle is going to marry one of the Barron girls. It is regarded as a fine match. People thought something was coming when Margaret Barron "caught" the bride's bouquet the day Merritt Reid married Chapin Tubbs. Not that people are superstitious. You see, the bride hardly ever throws the bouquet. She hands it to the girl she has settled on in advance. And when she knows a girl is about to announce her engagement, she hands it to that girl. It is "caught" in no haphazard way, but by prearrangement. Knowing this, people draw their own conclusions. They don't have to be superstitious to believe in this particular sign. So when Margaret "caught" Merritt's bouquet, people smiled, shook their heads wisely and said to themselves: "So! Margaret is engaged! I wonder if it's Gayle?" As it turns out, it is Gayle.

Queen Eleanor Overlooked

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is the most indefatigable matchmaker we have. She is never so happy as when engaged in promoting a suitable marriage between one of her many pets and some eligible young man. So she must have been a bit downcast when she heard the news from New York about Eleanor Walker. Eleanor is the sister of Genevieve Walker Burke and therefore a stepgranddaughter of Queen Eleanor. Eleanor has married without the assistance of Queen Eleanor. Last Saturday she became the wife of Alexis Loughran, a Brooklyn man of high eligibility. Queen Eleanor must have had a pang when she learned that. She so dearly loves to arrange these things herself. Everybody knows that she fostered the attachment between Genevieve Walker and "Billy" Burke, the son of Richard Burke of Tipperary and San Francisco, until it culminated in marriage. Genevieve was one of her great favorites, and the match was a brilliant one. She would have found a fine husband for Eleanor if Eleanor had not found a husband for herself. As I say, she probably had a pang when she got word. But the pang must have been momentary. Queen Eleanor has a big, warm heart, and she rejoices in the happiness of those who are dear to her. No doubt she was one of the first to send her felicitations.

No More Marrying for Her

The paragraph which appeared in these columns two weeks ago with reference to Anita Baldwin McClaughry was somewhat inaccurate. This I learn on excellent authority. According to the paragraph Mrs. McClaughry's friends were expecting her to take the matrimonial plunge once more. Now while this may be true, the implication that Mrs. McClaughry is expecting to marry again is without foundation. My authority for this bold assertion is none other than the lady herself. In a telegram from her are these words: "The man whom I would marry does not live." This is language definite, precise and unequivocal. It may chill a few hearts, but there's no appeal from the decision—except to the lady herself.

Annie Laurie, Pioneer

Annie Laurie is once more living in San Francisco. Meeting her at the reception that marked the opening of the Home for Befriending Girls in Franklin street the other day I was reminded that the distinguished journalist was something of a pioneer in the work that the ladies of the Home are doing. Years ago when she was a pioneer in yellow journalism she was so concerned about girls, especially about the treatment they received in public institutions that she resolved to have a little experience out of which she could make copy and by virtue of which she could stir things up a bit. So she turned actress and fainted in Kearny street necessitating a hurry call for the emergency hospital ambulance. The first man to rush to her assistance was Mose Gunst, who, by the way, while no longer so active as in those days, has lost none of his kindliness of heart. It was but the other day that he made a big donation to Mount Zion Hospital. Annie Laurie made a fine story out of that thrilling episode, and she did stir things up a bit. If she is no longer inclined to indulge in stunts of that sort it is not because she has lost any of the fire of her youth. At the reception the other day she told some of her friends that she had just received word from the East that her son had enlisted for the war. They began to sympathize with her, but like the Spartan mother of old she declared that she was glad he enlisted, and was proud of him.

She Made a Hit

Annie Laurie made a great hit at the reception with her sweet, womanly ways. Everybody was surprised to find that she was not at all like the literary lion that goes out to be stroked and petted. The least self-conscious of women, it was not in herself but in others that she was interested. She took a keen delight in the personalities that she met. Mrs. Garret McEnerney she pronounced a veritable Goddess of Liberty. She thought Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin a most beautiful woman, and when she saw Mrs. Frederick Kohl she exclaimed, "How lovely she must look in evening dress!" It is not often that you meet a woman so gracious as to exult frankly in the charms of others. Yes indeed, Annie Laurie made a hit at that reception.

The Cinderella Contest

Taking an inventory of feet has been the occupation of society this week. The prize to be given at the Ball of All Nations to the woman rejoicing in the smallest foot has given rise to speculation as to how many local society women could squeeze their pedal extremities into the number one shoe decided upon by the committee as the test for the Cinderella foot. Of course society doesn't intend to compete, and it is expected that Mrs. Walter Martin and the women acting with her as judges will give the prize to some maiden with no particular claim to social distinction. Mrs. Walter Martin has a tiny foot; so has Mrs. Malcolm Whitman. But neither of them could wear the coveted slippers. Mrs. Stuart Haldorn who is the personification of airy grace could never qualify, as she has a long slim aristocratic foot but not a number one. Harriet Alexander and Mrs. Alexander Wilson (Marianne Mathieu) both wear a number one shoe, and Mrs. Rees (Jennie Lee) has the proverbial dainty foot of the southern woman, but as they will not enter the contest society will have no chance whatever of procuring the prize for one of its own.

A Morning Greeting

He is an outrageously unfaithful husband, and for some time he has been paying not too clandestine visits to a pretty grass widow who lives in a smart apartment house on "Affinity Hill." Other dwellers in the apartment house know him well

It's an Educator in the value of purity —in the effect of best materials upon comfort and complexions—to use the inexpensive soap, the soap without a blemish

Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

Miss Claribel Kirby & Theodore Parker Lawrence
have opened
The Kirlaw Studios
for the study and practice of modern dances
Instructions will be by appointment only, in classes or private lessons, as desired
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March Twenty-fifth, 1914

and are not unacquainted with his indiscreet devotion to the fair grass widow. A few mornings ago, at a very early hour, one of the dwellers in the apartment house, a sophisticated belle who refuses to shut her eyes to her surroundings or her ears to gossip, looked out her front window and saw him standing at the curb beside a taxicab. She leaned out and hailed him cheerfully:

"Good morning! Are you coming or going?"

The Latest Distinction

A well known business man returned home last week looking blue and discouraged and to the solicitous inquiry of his wife as to what was the trouble answered:

FAST ELECTRIC TRAINS TO SACRAMENTO

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Leave	Daily except as noted
7:00A	Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point.
8:00A	Bay Point and Way Stations.
9:00A	Sacramento and Pittsburg only. Carries Parlor Observation Car.
9:20A	Concord and Way Stations. Sup. only.
11:00A	Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point.
11:20A	Bay Point and Way Stations.
1:00P	Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point.
1:40P	Concord and Way Stations.
3:00P	Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point.
4:00P	Bay Point and Way Stations.
4:40P	Sacramento, Marysville, Colusa, Oroville and Chico. Pittsburg only stop. Carries free observation car.
5:15P	Concord and Way (except Sundays).
6:00P	Pittsburg and Way Stations.
8:00P	Sacramento, Pittsburg and Way.

Oakland, Antioch & Eastern Railway

Key Route Ferry. Phone Sutter 2339
Red Line Transfer Co., S. F. People's Ex. Co., Oak.

"Stocks have gone wrong, my dear, and I'm down and out."

"What!"

"Yes, I'm broke."

"Oh, I'm so glad," was the unexpected rejoinder of the wife. "I've always wanted to be and we've never been before."

"What? Broke?" roared the husband.

"No—in the fashion."

The Ball of All Nations

Strike up the band, here come the queens! two of them—count 'em. Mrs. Frederick Kohl and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto will reign over something worth while on Saturday night. The Ball of All Nations is to be something of more than parochial interest. It will probably be the most remarkable affair of the kind ever held. Of one thing we may be certain,—it will be of colossal proportions. What a massive picture will be presented in that huge building! And what a colorful picture! For it will indeed be a ball of all nations, not in the matter of costuming, but as an actual fact. The cosmopolitanism of San Francisco will there be strikingly exemplified. Every foreign colony in the city will be represented in the vast throng. There will be Chinese, Japanese and Hindus—all in the dress peculiar to their respective countries; all the Latin races will be in evidence, and there will be folk dancing and all other kinds of dancing. Also there will be picturesque ceremonies—among them, the saluting of the flag,—for the ball has more than one motive and significance. It will signalize the opening of the Palace of Machinery and it will be by way of celebration of the rebuilding of San Francisco. The indications are that San Francisco is very much alive to the occasion. Two thousand box seats were sold before the boxes were constructed, and so great was the demand for more that the contractor was ordered to build more boxes with a seating capacity of another thousand. Of all the people asked to participate not one refused. Even society with a big S responded with enthusiasm. Every woman asked to be a patroness consented to serve, and I'm told that nobody cared to see the list. Thornwell Mullaly, the general director of the affair, says it's the biggest job he has tackled since the strike, but that he has not met with the slightest discouragement. He has found enthusiasm infectious. It appears to have spread all over the State. Excursions are coming from all sections, and there will be a special boat to land Oaklanders right at the Fair grounds. The Ball of All Nations is an affair that needs no boosting. It has caught like wildfire.

An Important Concert

The annual concert of the Neapolitan Mandoline and Guitar Club was given Thursday evening of this week in Native Sons Hall under the direction of the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood. Some of the best instrumentalists of the city belong to this club, and its vocalists are always the best to be had. These annual concerts are always attended by our music lovers, but they have a "society" aspect too, many people coming from down the peninsula and from the fashionable suburbs across the bay. The concert will be reviewed next week.

Palace Dansant

Members of the dansant club which meets every Saturday afternoon in the sun court of the Palace have been looking forward with keen anticipation to the end of this week, for Miss Marion White who directs the destinies of this fashionable gathering has promised some unusual attractions. This dansant, which has had by far the largest attendance of the many that have been held in the city during the past season, still continues with unabated popularity. Membership cards issued before Lent are still recognized and the fact that the affair is entirely informal makes a strong appeal to the business man who likes to dance but hates to dress for the occasion. If Miss White carries out the plan now contemplated this will be one of the most interesting of the many dancing affairs that have been given under her supervision. Reservations for tables indicate a record crowd.

Costume Dinners at Palace

Many dinner parties are being planned to precede the Ball of All Nations. Most of these will be costume affairs, the diners going direct from the dinner tables to the ball. In anticipation of this the Palace has announced the reservation of the concert room for the special convenience of those who wish to dine in costume and from the way the reservations are coming in the hotel will be a very gay place prior to the opening of the ball.

Befriending Girls

The local branch of the Society for Befriending Girls, recently organized by Bishop Hanna with the assistance of a number of prominent women, held a reception in its new home at Broadway and Franklin Monday afternoon. There was an address by Archbishop Riordan who outlined the work the society is doing for girls who come here to find work and have no relatives or friends to look out for them. Those who attended were shown through the home with its sunny rooms and dormitories where a girl can get board and lodgings for $14 a month.

At Coronado

Much regret is being expressed at Coronado over the departure of the very popular aviators who have been for almost a year at North Island. Lieuts. B. D. Foulois, Thomas DeWitt Milling, T. F. Dodd, Joseph Carberry, W. R. Taliaferro and Dr. Wilde left Sunday. Captain A. S. Cowan who has been in command at the camp goes first to Washington. Among the affairs given in honor of the aviators was the dinner at which J. J. Hernan, manager of the hotel, was host. The table was in the shape of a huge tennis racquet, representing the field at North Island, covered in green ferns through which sprung white daisies in profusion, while in the center of the round portion was an aeroplane in white Shasta daisies and green ferns.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every bemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the last harmful of all the skin preparations.

For Sale by all Druggists and Fancy Good Dealers

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE
Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1.00, by Mail

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37 Great Jones St., New York City

"The Woman He Married"

By Edward F. O'Day

The Woman He Married was an exceedingly human sort of pretty young woman, she had such contradictory qualities and made so many mistakes. From the slang she used and the way she swung her arm or pointed her finger when she was excited, it was evident that she hadn't had much bringing-up; yet she was not only of scrupulous virtue (which is not incompatible with slang and bad manners), but of a surprisingly delicate sensibility which no amount of posing in the altogether and as a living statue in the horrid Belvedere had had power to dull. Having received some hard knocks from the fist of a brutal world, she had learned to estimate men with considerable accuracy; and yet when it came time for her to act the heroine she used so little judgment that her self-sacrifice made all sorts of trouble for almost everybody. She was quite reasonable in all matters except those in which she was most vitally concerned. She deceived her husband for his own good with considerable cleverness, and the deception extended over quite a period only to be exposed in circumstances which, it might have been presumed, she would have handled much more skilfully. The fact is, The Woman He Married was the kind of woman to fit nicely into a play, for obviously one couldn't expect her to pursue a consistent line of conduct or to temper her vagaries with any sort of plausibility. That made the dramatist's task so much easier! Take the matter of her posing for Jules Marston. Jules was in love with her, a fact of which she was, amazing though it may seem, profoundly ignorant. Less hebetudinous women than she would have understood the condition of Jules' heart before Jules himself had made a correct diagnosis. But she had to be told. Jules told her after she had finished posing for his masterpiece. She posed in a drape of thin white cloth through which the rosy flesh of her l—gs was plainly visible, and she hadn't dressed when Jules made his avowal. She felt sorry for poor Jules, and let him down as easily as she could. She let him know that there was "someone else." But she didn't tell him that that "someone else" was a husband. Why she didn't tell him, why she hadn't told him in the first place, is more than I shall attempt to explain. Her explanation afterwards was that she was afraid Jules wouldn't have hired her as a model if he knew she was married. Perhaps so. But I never yet knew an artist who cared whether his model was married or single or, for the matter of that, whether she was monogamous or polyandrous. Such details might condition the hiring of a cook, but not of a model. Come to think of it though, if she had told him, there wouldn't have been much of a play. So I suppose it was just as well. At any rate, it would have been a very different play. We shouldn't have had that scene in the third act where one of the dullest husbands in the world charges The Woman He Married with infidelity. That would have been a pity, Marjorie Rambeau plays that scene so well. Miss Rambeau has the faculty for making you feel very sorry for her. She has a way of making her eyes swim and her chin falter which is an irresistible invitation to pity. "The poor thing," you say to yourself, "how could anybody be cruel to her? What brutes men are, to be sure!" And when she cuts loose from restraint and lets out her emotional forces, you forget everything except the business in hand. You feel grateful to Herbert Bashford for having provided Miss Rambeau with that opportunity to display her power. That scene alone would be enough to explain why Virginia Harned starred a whole year in Bashford's play, even if there were not other good scenes, and there are plenty. Willard Mack doesn't have to display much power in this play. Gentlemanly restraint is his cue. He is bursting with repressed feeling all the time, bue he's too polished to take the stopper out. Naturally a great deal is expected of a great painter. We are never disappointed. Willard Mack's grand manner, whether he be in carefully pressed studio clothes or in what Robert W. Chambers always calls immaculate evening dress, should be studied by some of our local artists so that they may know how to behave when they finally arrive. The body is held very stiff, the head only inclined for formal bows, the arms constricted at the sides most of the time; the voice is toned to unemotional utterance; feelings are displayed only by the convulsive kissing of a lady's knuckles or by elevating the arms and breathing loudly in the dark as the curtain goes down. It is exceedingly impressive. I should like to see it in real life.

Gossip of the Theatre

A Goddess and Some Nereids

Symbolism has come to vaudeville. The artist who expresses himself in symbols is sometimes vague and recondite, but this charge is not to be made against the author of the pantomime called "The Dance of Fortune" at the Orpheum. What he means is obvious. His symbolism is transparent. Its significance is heightened by music of a lyric passion that searches the emotions, but even without the music it would not leave an audience cold. The audience of which I formed a unit sat spellbound throughout the performance. Was it the tragic story of the symbolic piece that hushed the whole house? I doubt it. The pantomime itself; that is the eloquent activities of Alice Eis, in her semi-nude beauty are enough to hold the average audience thrall. Alice Eis is the Goddess of Fortune, and like a Circe plying a frail and feverish man with seductive wiles, she ravishes his senses with her paphian posturing and her intoxicating smiles; lures him on with promise of indescribable pleasures, now yielding, now resisting until the poor fellow is utterly used up. The thrilling scene, perhaps the most sensational ever seen at the Orpheum, ends with the frenetic pursuer's ruin and death, thus teaching a fine moral lesson. It is all very beautiful, and quite as potent in its sensual appeal as any soul-stirring or flesh-thrilling symphony. Whether the moral is the thing that gets under the skin of the audience is a question about which I am not concerned. If you have a prejudice against vaudeville as a preacher of morality, nevertheless you may enjoy "The Dance of Fortune," and you don't even have to read the symbolic scenario; for who cares what spirit Alice Eis incarnates, to what goddess those unstripped limbs that shine like polished ivory belong? She is the Goddess of Fortune, but she might as well be any of the fair demons who are said to make men enter hell through the doors of some paradise. It is enough that to the untutored audience she is a phantom of delight, a lovely apparition, an image gay enticing man to nameless

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET

Appearing at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, May 10 and 17 and Thursday evening, May 14.

perils, that she has a face full of the subtle meaning which is said to be peculiar to those beautiful but terrible beings who are not content with winning the bodies of men but must enslave their souls. Shortly after "The Dance of Fortune" comes "La Danse Dementia," performed by a troop of Nereids. This is called a mythological water pantomime, and it is even more elaborate than the symbolical one, but while the Nereids are chastely encased all over in skirtless bathing tights Alice Eis does not go to that expense, which makes some difference. We are no longer parochial. Like Paris we take our art in the severely classical manner.

—Theodore Bonnet.

The Manners Masterpiece

"A comedy of youth" is what Hartley Manners calls his successful play "Peg o' My Heart." This is hardly an accurate description, but perhaps if it were called a farcical comedy it would not draw so well, as some folk regard farce as below their intellectual level. "Peg o' My Heart" is one of the most signal discoveries ever made by a theatre manager. In one of the dullest seasons in the history of the American theatre this play has prospered beyond the dreams of author or manager. This is a season of short runs, of innumerable deaths on the stage from inanition, but "Peg o' My Heart" has been running all season, and is running yet in more than one city. In the circumstances why quibble about an author's description of his handiwork? Only for the reason that in this instance it causes you to approach the play in the wrong mood, and the mood is really a matter of some importance in the theatre. You go to the Cort to see a comic conflict between real persons and to have your mind kindled through laughter, but instead you find yourself watching a group of puppets manipulated in a way that strikes you as funny and your feelings are played upon and you laugh outright. The test of true comedy is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter and produce the genuine emotion that is remembered in tranquillity. The laughter of comedy is seldom more than a smile. Not so the laughter at the Cort this week. It is

so loud that you miss many lines. It has an irresistible appeal for folks who are so loosely put together that a grimace will shake them. The first big outburst of laughter is produced by an awkward hoyden shambling into a room with a dog in her arms. An impossible butler acts like an automaton and evokes gales of laughter. The artifices of all the puppets of the play are staringly naked, and the heroine though she is human is the kind of young person you meet often in musical comedy, seldom in real life. Let me not be misunderstood. "Peg o' My Heart" is not broad farce, and I am not finding fault with it. It is rattling good farce, with a not implausible plot; not the farce of incredible imbroglio, but the farce that essays characterization and depends rather on comical speech than on comical situations. It is farce in the sense that to make the one flesh-and-blood character plausible the author made all the other characters merely puppets. Further, while not disdaining stock farcical mechanics, the author does not give us veracious social portraiture. In other words, he has produced a genuine rib-tickler, a comedy that does not touch you as well as amuse. Judged as farcical comedy it is a masterpiece of the dramatic art, one that is most ingeniously contrived to gratify the American appetite for humor.

—Theodore Bonnet.

The Elman Concert

What an engaging figure Mischa Elman is. Only twenty-three, in some ways he looks older. The hair is retreating from his forehead, and constant study has marked his face with signs of gravity almost precocious. There is no juvenility in his playing, though he exhibits a youthful nervousness whenever he has to stand inactive before his audience while Percy Kahn is playing the preludial phrases of his accompaniment. There was a large audience at the Columbia on Sunday to hear the young Russian genius. They heard a splendid program, and were so generous with applause that they brought many a bright smile to Elman's serious face. Beethoven and Handel sonatas and a Goldmark concerto were received with due appreciation, but perhaps the fourth number of the program consisting of a Chopin-Auer Nocturne, the Schumann-Auer "Vogel als Prophet," a Gretry-Frank Gavotte and a Wieniawsky Polonaise excited the greatest enthusiasm. It was evident that the "Vogel als Prophet" gave the greatest enjoyment. It was heard in the midst of an intensified silence, and at the end there were audible sighs of ecstacy. Elman was liberal with encores, and sent his audience away from the theatre perfectly happy.

—The Music Lover.

Elman's Farewell

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Mischa Elman will give his farewell concert assisted by the eminent pianist Percy Kahn. This will be the last opportunity of hearing this genius for a number of years. He sails next week for Australia, the first lap of a journey around the world. The program will be a most attractive one. With Mr. Kahn the star will play the exquisite Sonata No. 10 by Mozart, and his solo numbers will include the Concerto in B minor by Saint-Saens, the "Fantasie on Airs from Gounod's Faust" by Wieniawski, "Serenade Melancolique," Tschaikowsky, Hungarian Dance No. 7, Brahms-Joachim, "Aubade Provencale," Couperin-Kreisler and "Etude Caprice," Paganini-Auer. Tickets are on sale at the usual music stores and the Columbia Theatre. Box office at theatre on Sunday after 10 o'clock.

Flonzaley Quartet Next Week

For his closing attraction of the season Manager Will L. Greenbaum will offer the world's greatest string quartet, the Flonzaley Quartet of Switzerland. This is the only organization in the world the members of which devote their entire time to ensemble playing, refusing all offers to play in orchestras, appear as soloists or even teach. The quartet was founded by E. J. de Coppet, the Swiss banker, and for seven years played only for this music lover and his friends. When the work of the organization reached a stage of perfection hitherto unknown in this difficult side of the musical art, Mr. de Coppet decided to let the whole world enjoy the superb playing of the four great players. This will be the third visit of the Flonzaleys to the coast, and Manager Greenbaum considers them about as fine an attraction of the highest class as money can possibly secure. The Flonzaleys will give a series of three concerts, the dates and programs being as follows: Sunday afternoon, May 10; Quartet in D minor (posthumous), Schubert; Suite for violoncello and violin by the Slavonian composer Emmanuel Moor played by Alfred Pochon and Iwan d'Archambeau; Quartet D major, Haydn. Thursday night, May 14, at 8:15: "Adagio and

MYRTLE DINGWELL

In "The Girl Behind the Counter" at the Gaiety.

PEGGY O'NEIL

Who has captivated local theatregoers by her work in "Peg o' My Heart" at the Cort.

Fugue," Mozart; the futuristic Quartet in D minor by Arnold Schoenberg and the Quartet in G major, Op. 18, No. 2, Beethoven. Sunday afternoon, May 17, at 2:30: Quartet in E minor, Op. 59, Beethoven (one of the famous Rasoumowsky series); Suite for violoncello solo, Bach, played by M d'Archambeau, and the exquisite Quartet in D major by Tschaikowsky. The concerts will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium and a special platform will be erected in front of the regular stage so that every nuance and shading will be thoroughly appreciated by the audience. The Pacific Musical Society will attend the first concert in a body. Season tickets will be sold at greatly reduced rates, and the box offices will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's.

Hilliard a Big Hit

Robert Hilliard in "The Argyle Case" will continue at the Columbia for a second and final week commencing Sunday night. The star is rousing capacity houses to enthusiasm while solving the ingenious complications of a thrilling mystery in which real up-to-the-minute detective methods are illustrated and the dictagraph, roneophone and finger-print process are graphically demonstrated. There are episodes of buoyant comedy adroitly blended with tense dramatic situations in this detective mystery worked out to a logical conclusion. Mr. Hilliard as Asche Kayton, the detective who looks and acts like a gentleman, plays with authority and distinction. He is a sincere and natural actor who is equally good in episodes of comedy and tensely dramatic suspense. The elements of graft, political intrigue and eugenic conditions do not enter into the story of this play that entertains everybody without offending anyone. Matinees are given Wednesday and Saturday.

Motion Pictures of the Philippines

The management of the Columbia has made arrangements to show the Hon. Dean C. Worcester's twelve thousand feet of film depicting "Native Life in the Philippines" before and after the occupation by this country. There are two programs of six reels each, and both contain many pictures that can never again be reproduced as the Government has done away with many of the ceremonies and habits of the natives. One of these incidents caught by the Government photographer was the last hunt of the ferocious Bontoc Igorot Headhunters and shows the wild, excited savages running their victims to earth; the feats, the wild wierd dances and strange, almost unbelievable scenes of the long past headhunt. The program for the first week, commencing Monday night, May 11, will be "The Headhunters" in six reels. Matinees will be given daily.

The Triumphs of Tina Lerner

Frank W. Healy, manager of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, is authority for the statement that Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist, now having a series of triumphs in Europe, will be with us in November. With the exception of two appearances with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Miss Lerner's first American appearances will be in San Francisco. But twenty-three years of age, Tina Lerner has an unusual accumulation of laurels. Her name is a household word from St. Petersburg to San Francisco, and the past season found her appearing with all the great symphony orchestras of Europe and giving extraordinary recitals in England, Scotland, Germany, Belgium, France, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Spain, Portugal and Italy. The beautiful Russian's forthcoming American tour will be the most important and extensive she has yet had, judging from the character and number of engagements already booked. It is not unlikely that Miss Lerner may visit Australia the coming season.

Roshanara at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a bill with six new acts including four of the most celebrated headliners in vaudeville. Roshanara who is generally conceded to be the only authentic exponent of the dances of the Far East, will introduce three distinct novelties. Her first number is the Incense Dance in which she portrays the action of a young widow dedicating herself to a temple by bathing in purifying incense. The second number is the Village Dance and is in a much lighter vein. The Snake Dance with which Roshanara concludes her performance is her masterpiece. That splendid and versatile American character actor Theodore Roberts who has been too long absent, will appear in "The Sheriff of Shasta," an idyl of California's early days. He will be supported by Florence Smythe and a specially selected company. McDevitt, Kelly and Lucey, capital entertainers, will bid for popular favor in the laughable skit "The Piano Movers and the Actress." Hilda Thomas and Lou Hall, comedians of versatility, ability and popularity, will appear in their new comedy sketch "The Substitute" which abounds in laughable complications. Charles D. Weber is an eccentric juggler. Johnnie Small and the Small Sisters offer songs and unusual dances. Next week will be the last of "Neptune's Garden of Living Statues" and Alice Eis and Bert French in "Le Rouge et Noir" or "The Dance of Fortune."

ROBERT HILLIARD
In "The Argyle Case" at the Columbia Theater.

Thomas Egan's Concert

Thomas Egan will give a concert at the Cort this Sunday afternoon at half past two. His advent has been awaited with curiosity, for advance notices have placed him in a most favorable light. At his recent concert in Portland the house was packed, and hundreds were turned away. The Journal said of him: "Egan's voice is a beautiful lyric, larger than that of McCormick, bordering on the dramatic." Also that he "understands to perfection the art of ballad singing and touched the emotions of his hearers at will." The Oregonian said his mezzo was a revelation, that he was easily one of the best Irish tenors who ever sang in Portland, and told how he moved many of his hearers to tears when he sang "Mother Machree" and "Molly Bawn." Our music lovers are eager to compare Egan's voice with McCormick's, so there will be a large audience at the Cort. Egan was trained by Caruso's teacher Sarmiento, and has a fine name among the opera lovers of France, Italy and England as well as Ireland.

The Latest Gaiety Hit

For its fifth production the Gaiety presented last Tuesday night at the O'Farrell street playhouse "The Girl Behind the Counter." It has been en tour and has just completed an engagement in Los Angeles where it was declared to be the finest, funniest and most fashionable of all the Gaiety offerings. San Francisco has enthusiastically endorsed the Los Angeles critics who styled the piece, "the fashion show of 1914 and a pageant of youth and beauty." It bubbles with the spirit of youth and is gorgeous with the latest examples of fashion's whims as interpreted, designed and made by Keeler of New York. It is screamingly funny, for its plot is a broad satire on the follies of the newly-rich, as expressed in the extraordinary adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Schniff who have just acquired a fortune so great that their limited skill at figures cannot compute it. Al Shean is Mr. Schniff. Maud Beatty is Mrs. Schniff. Between them they manage to extract more fun from the parts than their creators ever knew were there. Daphne Pollard has become the town's little goddess. She is a sprite that scatters laughter and mirth as a flower yields perfume. Ann Tasker continues the delightful impression she made when she was the star of "Madame Sherry," and Myrtle Dingwall

has retaken all of her former popularity with local audiences. Arthur Clough makes a great hit with his song "The Cherry in the Glass," and the dainty maids of the chorus, in their juvenile frocks and bare knees are a bunch of merry mirthmakers. Musically the piece is crammed with melody and is directed by J. A. Raynes.

Mack's Play at Alcazar

A big powerful play, dealing with a strong subject, from the pen of that brilliant author-actor Willard Mack, is on the cards for production at the Alcazar with Mack and Marjorie Rambeau in the two leading roles, supported by a picked cast of players from the Alcazar forces. Willard Mack knows the playwright's craft backwards—he ought to, with eleven one-act plays doing the vaudeville circuits and seven successful long plays to his credit. His new play, to be shown in this city for the first time on next Monday night, bears the unique and unusual title of "So Much for So Much." It contains a story of tremendous power and Mack has handled it in a truly dynamic way, leaving nothing whatever to the imagination and yet never once offering a line or a situation that might offend. The problem handled is the well known one of the struggling working girl and the rich and influential employer. Unlike most girls placed in a difficult posi ion, Mack's heroine is a very wise young miss, thoroughly capable of taking care of herself. She is sophisticated to a fine degree and there is no one, from her rich employer down, who can call a turn on her. She has a mother, an ailing sis er and a young brother to support, and besides that she is engaged to be married to a young reporter. When the big scene of the play arrives, that in which her rich employer demands that she give him "so much for so much," Mary Brennan is thoroughly prepared to meet it, and this makes a powerful scene.

Another Week of "Peg"

Beginning Sunday night Oliver Morosco's production of "Peg o' My Heart" will enter on its final week at the Cort. The cast supporting Peggy O'Neil includes Martin Sabine, Jane Meredith, Frazer Coulter, Maggie Hollaway Fisher, Roland Hogue and Olin Field.

Tait's for the Particular

Among those who are particular as to where they dine, the Tait-Zinkand Cafe always receives first choice. It is safe to say that this cafe is the most popular dining place in town. Nowhere else is there such a high standard of cuisine maintained, nowhere such faultless service, such pleasing decorations and novel and high-class entertainment. There's a peculiar charm about Tait's that is typical of the care-free life of San Francisco. At this cafe one always experiences the utmost in enjoyment. And no matter how often one dines within the confines of this Bohemian retreat there is always something new and novel to be seen. The special luncheon at 50 cents served there is well worth more than the price asked for it.

ELMAN

FAREWELL CONCERT
COLUMBIA THEATER
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 3rd at 2:30

The
FLONZALEY QUARTET
"The World's Very Greatest
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, MAY 10th AND 17th
THURSDAY NIGHT, MAY 14th
Season Tickets (3 concerts), $4.50, $3.50, $2.50.
Signle Concerts, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00.
Box Offices at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chases open WEDNESDAY.
Mason and Hamlin Piano

San Francisco's Greatest Amusement Fete
The Carnival of the Bourbons
DREAMLAND : PAVILION : NATIONAL THEATRE
May 12th to May 16th
Five Days and Nights of Continual Merriment
DANCING—(Saturday Night Maske) Other Days Continuous
MUSIC—Lofaso and His Band of 100
VAUDEVILLE—Watch for the Sensational Headliners
And 50 Carnival Concessions
The Tango as it Was Never Done Before
and The Maxixe, Too
Everything That's Joyful

THOMAS EGAN
GREAT IRISH TENOR
Leading Tenor Royal Italian Opera Co., Drury Lane
"Egan's voice is a beautiful lyric, larger than that of MacCormack, bordering on the dramatic."—Last Monday's Oregon Daily Journal," Portland.
Assisted by MME. LILIAN BRETON, Dramatic Soprano
CORT THEATRE
SUNDAY, MAY 3, 2:30 P. M.
Prices, $1.50, $1, 75c and 50c. Tickets on Sale at Cort.

COLUMBIA THEATRE
The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phone Franklin 150.
Nightly Including Sunday
SECOND WEEK BEGINS MONDAY, MAY 4th
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Klaw and Erlanger Present
ROBERT HILLIARD
In the Wholesome, Fascinating Detective Play
"THE ARGYLE CASE"
Monday, May 11th—Wonderful Motion Pictures of "NATIVE LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES"

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Week Commencing Monday Night, May 4th
Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
One Week Only!
WILLARD MACK-MARJORIE RAMBEAU
Supported by the ALCAZAR PLAYERS in
Willard Mack's Own New Play
"SO MUCH FOR SO MUCH"
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c

Orpheum
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
A RECORD BREAKING BILL
ROSHANARA, the Only Authentic Exponent of Dances of the Far East; THEODORE ROBERTS, supported by Florence Smyth and Co. in "The Sheriff of Shasta"; McDEVITT, KELLY & LUCEY, "The Piano Movers and the Actress"; HILDA THOMAS & LOU HALL in "The Substitute"; CHAS. A. WEBER, Eccentric Juggler; JOHNNIE SMALL & THE SMALL SISTERS, Different Songs and Dances; "FUN BENEATH THE OCEAN," Shown by Motion Pictures. Last Week—"NEPTUNE'S GARDEN OF LIVING STATUES & ALICE EIS & BERT FRENCH in "LE ROUGE ET NOIR."
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

CORT Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
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SECOND and LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT
OLIVER MOROSCO Presents
The Irresistible Comedy of Youth
"PEG O' MY HEART"
By J. Hartley Manners
With PEGGY O'NEIL
And a Brilliant Cast and Production
Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to $2; Wednesday Matinee, $1.
NEXT—Sunday, May 10th—"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1913."

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O'FARRELL near POWELL Phone Sutter 4141
Everybody Loves Her!
"THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER"
With
AL SHEAN
and DAPHNE POLLARD Heading
a great cast including Ann Tasker, Myrtle Dingwall, Maud Beatty, Arthur Clough, Clarence Lydston, Jack Pollard, Bobby Roberts, Marion Rochester, Blanche Savoy and an
ENSEMBLE OF 60
Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00
Saturday and Sunday Matinees—25c, 50c and 75c
Thursday "POP" Matinee—25c and 50c

A Visit Of Courtsey

(Continued from Page 13.)

of wistful inquiry in her voice, "of course, she couldn't be knowin' all the little odd quarnesses of you, and the notions of you the way I would be knowin' thim, but if she isn't attintive to you, it's black curses I'll be—"

"Please, don't, Kate, but tell me all about yourself instead." For in spite of a couple of letters by no means lacking in color and vivacity, I knew there was still a wealth of picturesque detail of which I was hopelessly ignorant. "You wrote to me about some place where there were a lot of children, didn't you?"

"The lady in the rigistry office sent me to a place where there was eight of a young family!" she exclaimed indignantly. "You moight say I put up a prayer for her! I thried from morning till night, but God knows I did not keep thim young children composed."

Knowing from experience the genius she possessed for driving composure out of any atmosphere, I was not surprised.

"And afther that I went to two ladies—singles—but I didn't intrude on thim long."

"Oh! How was that?"

"Well, the youngest wan, she was a great singer, and wan mornin' I was clanin' the dhrawing room window, and she was standin' at the piano singin,' and the ould wan, she was playin' for her. I was sittin' on the window sill lookin' in at them, and there was me brave Miss Minnie singin' away, and takin' great stretches out of her mouth the way she would be destroyin' herself with the laughin'. And didn't I think she was laughin' at me, and I laughed back at her, and they said I was impident. Then she would rise on her toes to let the screech out of her, and wan day I had the misfortune to ask her was she sound on her legs—"

"Oh, Kate was that kind?"

"Well, if ever you seen a rabbit chewin' a turnip you seen her singin'," said Kate with unrepentant laughter. "Her teeth—"

"Never mind her teeth. What happened next?"

"Oh, I went to a very grand place afther that," she said proudly. "There was quare cookin' there, I'm tellin' you. Many a time I would be heart-scalded with visitors comin' thick, and me havin' to keep two oven goin', and soup simperin' at the side, and makin' puddin's of all shapes and attitudes! When I be readin' in the papers about the quality that be running to the doctors to get themselves opened for some grand disorder, I be thinkin' mebbe it's the atin' they do, God help thim!"

I leaned back among the beech leaves and fell into silent and uncontrollable laughter, while my companion, lost in mournful reflections, stared straight across the valley.

"There's good thraffic in their insides intoirely," she remarked at length, "but as you're afther saying', it was good practice for me cookin', and so it was." I had not spoken, but Kate had a novel and engaging method of filling up the blanks in a conversation, and I hastened to corroborate the statement with what remnants of speech were left me.

"Och, yes, but I lost heart. If the masther or misthress had sometimes put their head round the kitchen door and said, 'that was a terrible fine dinner, Kate!' I'd have been as happy as the larks twirlin' over me head, but when they had finished atin', they jist legged it up the stairs, and sat on their two chairs till Mary Thompson brought thim up their coffee. And besides," she admitted, "there was an ould divil of a gardener, and you couldn't turn in your skin for him tellin' on you."

"I wish you would tell me about Terence," I said presently, as we strolled round the garden. "I have heard nothing of him for a long time."

"That puts it into me head," and Kate laid her hand suddenly on my arm, "when are you comin' down to spend a week with me and little Katty (that's me mother), in the County Longford? It's many a long day since you promised me that. Sure, I heard Paddy Murphy is gettin' wan of his daughters married at Hollandtide—(God knows it's toime! she was gettin' onaisy when I was a littel lump at the school!) and there'll be grand goin's on, and a welcome for you everywhere."

"How very kind of you, Kate—"

"And you'll be afther seein' what a weddin' is like up our soide," she continued eagerly. "There'll be thirty cars at it if there's wan, and plenty to ate and drink—a soide of bacon and a barrel of porther and plenty of speerits. You'll be comin' with me, dear?" According to the custom of polite society in difficult circumstances, I murmured something which might have been anything.

"Oh, it's not a could counthry like this at all!" she exclaimed with enthusiasm. "You'd meet with conversable people at ivery turn of the road, and I'll presint you to Terence."

"I should love that! Do tell me about him, Kate."

"Och, is it Terence? Many a time when I be talkin' to somebody else I be thinkin' of poor Terence that's far away!"

"But you don't really care for anyone else?"

"Is it me for a Belfast boy?" A pair of scornful grey-green eyes were turned on me, "and thim with the manners they have on thim! What would I be afther doin' but takin' a Sunday out of thim now and then when I have the heart for it? I be mindin' the time when I first came up to Belfast, and was livin' on the Newtonards Road, and I would be goin' into the shop and askin' the young boy behind the counter for a pound of tay, and he would be sayin', 'Excuse me, miss,' and 'Excuse me, miss,' and gettin' me to say it half a dozen times over, the way he would be makin' game of the sthrange tongue I had on me. At last wan day I went into the shop, and I said to him, 'Will-you-give-me-a-pound-of-TAY, if you plaze?' and he cocked his bit of an ear at me, and said he, 'Excuse me, miss.' 'Come on, me bould lad!' said I, and I started, and gave him a narration, and I'm tellin' you"—a pause—"I put the fear of God in that young boy, and him with little more nor wan eye!"

"But do tell me about Terence. Has he written to you lately?"

"Isn't he always writin' to me, and pestherin' me about comin' back, and gettin' married, and settlin' meself down," she replied in an aggrieved tone, "he wants a woman to look after the house—and he'll come to meet me half-way—and he has no rest by day or by night for the hunger that be's on him to see the beauty of me face (God forgive him!)—Your affectionate true love, Terence Macguire."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I sent him a postcard with the poorhouse on it."

"But didn't you write?"

"I wrote him at Christmas."

"And this is July! Do you mean to tell me you haven't written to him since Christmas?"

"Oh, divil a line!" and Kate shook her head sorrowfully.

"If Terence didn't write to you for six months, I wonder what you'd have to say of him! I'm ashamed of you—"

"Och, will ye whisht!" We had come around the corner of the house within sound of the drawing room windows. Someone was playing inside, and Kate, with her passion for music, had in an instant forgotten everything. She stood with uplifted face, listening, and there crept into her eyes that curious, detached look I had seen there at the most odd, incongruous moments.

"It makes me think of me soul," she said simply when the music ceased.

"You will be sure to write to him tomorrow?" I said as we turned indoors.

"This very night," she promised readily.

Late in the evening we parted sorrowfully.

Kate's leave-takings have the effect of making one dazed and breathless, but I am conscious that in the space of a few minutes we lived through tears, laughter, handshakings and wild protests of affection and farewell; and then we watched her as she went down the drive with light, springing step.

In the shadow of the laurels by the gate something moved. As she drew near, it seemed to take life and shape and animation, and finally to resolve itself into a being who, in the words of the immortal Buzfuz, "bore all the outward semblance of a man."

Kate had provided herself with an escort.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—While the break in the stock market last week was disheartening to the optimists, the outlook is not bad. The bond market was firm and money was easy, which is very different from the position a year ago when the bond market was demoralized and money was high and hard to get. At that time the leading bankers of New York were predicting serious stringency in the money market for the rest of the year and great difficulty in financing the crop movement. To-day money can be borrowed to carry through the crop moving season for less than 4 per cent. All farm produce, including cotton, corn and wheat, commands a good price and the crop prospects were never better at this date. It is too soon to "count the chickens," but the winter wheat crop will certainly be large if no damage out of the ordinary befalls it. Other matters of news having a bearing upon the market are favorable, while some are otherwise, and we hope our readers will balance them against each other and draw their own conclusions. The weather continued unusually cold, and the season is now two or three weeks late, but it is yet too early in the year to attach much importance to that factor, as it might be overcome by a comparatively short period of warm sunshine. The fact that the cotton market has declined is a good indication that the situation is not serious. However, the unseasonable weather has had some effect upon general business, which is practically at a standstill, a condition which accounts for the complete lack of public interest in the security markets. On account of the dullness in business, a large number of workers are unemployed; and there is much talk of reduction of wages, although it is probable that, so far, comparatively few cuts have been made. But while conditions at present are very dull, there is no over-extension; and although railroad revenues are falling behind those of last year, and the companies have not as large a surplus to draw upon as they had then, the results will be sufficient except in a very few cases to provide for the requirements of present dividends. Fundamentally the conditions are sound and we see no reason to apprehend that business will not improve this spring.

Wheat—The net result for the week has been some appreciation in values induced primarily by a short interest in the near future. The news has been of a mixed character. There were numerous reports of green bugs and Hessian fly in various States, followed immediately by assertions that their presence did not necessarily mean anything inimical to the plant. The export demand is of a very moderate character and appears to be held in check by the brilliant crop prospects, and it would probably require a most decided alteration in these prospects to enliven the European demand. It is noticeable that the July future reflects only moderately the strength in the May, this being the result of an overconfident position on the short side of the near month created on the last slump. However, the present upturn has been the means of eliminating this interest, and with its disappearance the market is, as a result, technically weak and not in a position to withstand any great amount of pressure. With the purchases by shorts concluded, there is little to induce additional buying power, and we believe prices will gradually settle to a lower level.

Corn—Has generally been weaker, although there was a considerable upturn, but this was of only momentary duration and was induced altogether by the covering of a large short interest. The receipts are of moderate proportions, but the demand is of a not very urgent character, particularly locally, and Argentine corn has been offered so freely that it has taken the snap out of the situation in localities where strengthening conditions might otherwise have been anticipated. The situation, especially as regards the May future, seems to have reached a point where liquidation is imminent, with each passing day a less substantial market to liquidate on, as there is little likelihood of anything developing that would create a further interest in the long side of the May. There is still an unwieldy long interest which, with the large local stocks, will undoubtedly find a merchandising position an undesirable one.

Cotton—With the close of the week the market developed unexpected weakness owing to the unsatisfactory general business conditions in this country, which are reflected in the depression in Wall Street, due to unfavorable railroad earnings and dividend reports and to the further falling off in the iron and steel trade. This unfavorable situation is due to fear of further anti-trust legislation, the delay in rendering a decision on the railroad freight rate question and the strained relations between America and Mexico. Such conditions have prevailed for a long time without restricting the consumption of cotton in the United States or Europe. Nevertheless, speculation is discouraged and the tendency of the commodity markets is downward. It is evident therefore that it will require unfavorable weather and crop reports to bring about any advance of importance in the cotton market. During the past week climatic conditions in the South were more favorable, and progress is reported in planting for the new crop. The season however is backward by 1 to 3 weeks west of the Mississippi river, but is said to be normal in the East Gulf and South Atlantic States. An average of about 5 per cent increase in the agreage for the whole belt is generally predicted, which would give a total acreage this year of about 37,800,000 acres, against 36,011,000 last year and 36,681,000 in 1911, when a crop of 16,128,000 bales was produced. An increase in the acreage, in the use of fertilizers, live stock and farm implements will not make a large crop if the weather during the planting and growing season is unfavorable as, in addition to the uncertainty of the weather, the destructive weevils will have to be reckoned with, and they are now said to be within ten miles of Southwest Georgia. As a means of fighting the weevil this year, Congress has increased the appropriation of $378,240 to $628,240, showing that the Government appreciates the damage that this pest inflicts on the cotton crop of the South.

Employer—All the hands out on strike! What's their grievance?

Clerk—They dunno yet, sir. The gentleman from the union hasn't arrived yet to tell 'em, sir.

The German Savings and Loan Society

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December 31, 1913

Assets	$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
Number of Depositors	64,639

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In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM PETERS, sometimes known as W. Peters, Deceased—No. 12,280; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION OF MELVILLE ROSENBERG FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF A CONTRACT OF SAID DECEASED WITH HIM TO EXECUTE A LEASE TO HIM OF CERTAIN PROPERTY, SAID LEASE TO CONTAIN A PRIVILEGE TO PURCHASE CERTAIN LANDS HEREINAFTER DESCRIBED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Melville Rosenberg has filed herein his verified petition asking for the specific performance of a contract made by said decedent with him and that on the filing of said petition an order has been made by the said Superior Court appointing a time for the hearing of said petition, a copy of which order is in the words and figures following:

"On reading and filing the verified petition of Melville Rosenberg for the specific performance of a contract made with him by said decedent in his lifetime by which said decedent agreed to lease certain real property and to execute a lease containing an option in favor of said petitioner to purchase said real property all as appears by said petition herein on file and to which reference is hereby made, and praying for an order and decree requiring the executrix of the will of said deceased to execute to said petitioner a lease of said real property on the terms set forth herein and in said agreement in writing;

IT IS ORDERED that Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court at the New City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of said application and petition be served on said executrix personally and be published four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

The real property described in said petition is all those certain pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Mendocino, State of California, and being portions of the Rancho Sanel and bounded and particularly described as follows:

First—BEGINNING at a stake on the Western boundary line of the "Rancho Sanel" marked F. F., running thence North 62¼ degrees East 16.50 chains to stake marked V and D from which a black oak tree 12 inches in diameter bears South 36¼ degrees East, distant 130 links and a white oak tree 8 inches in diameter bears North 9¾ degrees East, distant 83 links; thence South 35.75 chains, thence along the Western boundary line of "Rancho Sanel" North 27¾ degrees West to the point of beginning and containing Twenty-five and 92/100 acres. Being the same land conveyed by E. H. Duncan to H. Vander Stratten and recorded July 10, 1883, in Book 31 of Deeds on Page 88-89, Records of Mendocino County."

Second—COMMENCING at a point on or near the west side of the public road through the Town of Sanel in said County where said road is crossed by the boundary line of the lands formerly owned by William E. Connor, deceased, and the lands of Elijah H. Duncan, said point being the Southeast corner of the land hereby conveyed and being the exact spot from which a line running Northerly therefrom at right angles to the boundary line between the lands of said Connor and Duncan intersects the center of the junction of two trees that are the most westerly of a cluster of four oak trees that grow from one root situated on the South bank of Feliz Creek a few yards north of said starting point, thence northerly to the junction of the said two trees marked J. F., thence northwesterly in a straight line following the general course of said Feliz Creek passing between two oak trees blazed at a stake marked J. F. at the base of a large smooth rock also marked J. F. and having an oak tree marked with two notches about one chain to the west, thence westerly along the meanderings of the south channel of Feliz Creek to a point intersecting the Westerly boundary of the Rancho Sanel; thence south 27¾ degrees East along said boundary line of the Rancho Sanel to a point on said line forming the southwest corner of the tract hereby conveyed and which is the northwest corner of the lands of Elijah H. Duncan; thence Easterly along the northerly boundary line of the lands of said Duncan to the place of beginning and containing three hundred (300) acres of land a little more or less, and being the same tract of land described in a deed from S. B. Edsall and wife to H. Vander Stratten, recorded December 22, 1877, in Book 7 of Deeds, at Page 252, Mendocino County Records.

Third—Lot One (1) of Section Twenty-five (25) and Lots One (1) and Two (2) and West half of Northeast quarter of Section Twenty-six (26) in Township Thirteen (13) North, Range Twelve (12) West Mount Diablo Meridian and containing One hundred and fifty-five and ten hundredths (155 10/100) acres of land, and being the same tract of land upon which letters patent issued from the United States of America unto Nathan B. Hall on the first day of February, 1876.

Fourth—All that portion of the Sanel Rancho, being a portion of the same which was conveyed by A. M. Burke to T. A. Givens and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING in the center of the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, a distance of Thirty (30) feet South 73 degrees 30 minutes East from an iron stake at the intersection of the lands of W. W. Thatcher and Thomas A. Givens; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6 and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the Southwest corner of the lands of said Thatcher; thence South 1 degree 15 minutes West Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains, thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes East Six and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the center of the aforesaid County Road, thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East along the center of said County Road Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains to the place of commencement, and containing Two and one-half (2½) acres, more or less.

Fifth—COMMENCING at a point in the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, distant two hundred (200) feet N. 33 degree E. from the most Westerly of a cluster of four oak trees which grow from one root and standing about 30 feet North of the Northerly line of the land of E. H. Duncan, thence from said point of commencement North 38 degrees E. 7.12 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 7 chains to the Southeast corner of the land of Henry N. Peters and Wm. Peters; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6.65 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 3.79 chains; thence North 2 degrees 45 minutes West 7.88 chains; thence North 23 degrees East 5.70 chains; thence North 74 degrees West 9.50 chains; thence North 31 degrees 30 minutes West 3.20 chains to a stake; thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes West 10.60 to a white oak tree standing on the top of the second ridge; thence South 57 degrees 15 minutes West 13.60 chains to a corner in the picket fence North 60 degrees 45 minutes West 1.21 chains to a corner; thence South 48 degrees 45 minutes East 18.87 chains; thence South 24 degrees 30 minutes West 10.40 chains to the County Road leading from Yorkville to Hopland, thence along said road South 75 degrees 30 minutes East 12 chains; thence North 14 degrees W. 532 feet; thence South 52 degrees East 875 feet to the place of beginning and containing 97.80 acres more or less.

Sixth—COMMENCING at a stake in the center of the road leading from Ukiah to Cloverdale near Sanel on the South from which stake a white oak tree 48 inches in diameter bears North 71 degrees 15 minutes East 6.75 chains distant; thence South 89 degrees 30 minutes East 41.58 chains to the center of the channel of Russian River; thence down the center of the channel of Russian River to the lands of E. H. Duncan; thence Westerly along the line of the lands of E. H. Duncan to the center of the County Road; thence along the center of said road Northerly to the place of beginning and which last described tract contains One hundred and twenty (120) acres, a little more or less.

Done in open court this 1st day of April, 1914.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge."

Witness my hand this first day of April, 1914.

MELVILLE ROSENBERG.

E. H. RIXFORD and HALSEY L. RIXFORD,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased—No. 13,106, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned JANE ALICE WELCH, as Administratrix of the Estate of John W. Welch (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice (which said first publication occurs on the 28th day of March, 1914), to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney Garret W. McEnerney, Room number 1277 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said deceased.

JANE ALICE WELCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. WELCH (sometimes known as J. W. Welch), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 28, 1914.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-28-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,232; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of FLORENCIO ALVARADO, (also known as Florenico Gutierrez), Deceased.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of William F. Rhea, administrator of the estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the estate of said deceased,

IT IS ORDERED by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of said Florencio Alvarado, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room thereof, Department No. 10, in the said City and County and State, on the 18th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in the petition, should not be granted to the said administrator to sell the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, for the purposes mentioned in the petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated this 16th day of April, 1914.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed April 16, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BULL, Attorney for Petitioner,
Suite 637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 14,936; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALEXANDER McVICKER, Deceased.

CHARLES S. PEERY, the Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Alexander McVicker, deceased, having filed his petition praying for an order of sale of the real estate of the said decedent, wherein it is alleged that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interest of estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate, and that it is also necessary to sell said real estate for the purposes set forth in said petition, and good cause appearing therefor;

It Is Ordered, that all persons interested in the said estate of said deceased appear before the said Court in Department Number Ten, Probate, thereof, at the Temporary City Hall, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 27th day of May, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the said real estate described in said petition, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, at private sale, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 15th day of April, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Superior Court.

(Endorsed): Filed April 15, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

R. H. McGOWAN, Attorney for Estate,
950 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-25-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 54,921.

TILLIE BYRNE, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
512 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 53,637; Dept. No. 4.

SUSAN CARTWRIGHT, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,641; Department No. 10.

DOROTHY ALDEN GERBER, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF and D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-18-10

Gertie—There's on reason I should like to live in Philadelphia.

Maud—What on earth is that?

Gertie—The men's kisses are so slow.

Letters

"Oriental Verses"

Not every singer has a message. There are many who sing because they like to sing and find the vocal effort not too difficult. There is Bernard Westermann, for instance. The Whitaker & Ray-Wiggin Co. has just published his "Oriental Verses" in a little volume. Those serious readers of poetry who adventure in search of new gold every time they open a poet's book will perhaps be disappointed here. Westermann has chronicled his moods; preserved in metrical form scenes that moved him; inked on paper the thoughts that stirred him. But he doesn't speak in the magic tones of great poetry. Going through this volume, you find many graceful verses, but they are not of the haunting kind that rise again and again before the mind. Perhaps the best poem in the book is called "Mitsugahama," the name of the place where the Japanese confined their Russian war prisoners. It begins:

Noon wanes and shadows broaden on the wall;
The hum recedes, the turning of grim wheels
Grows less, and down the long and whispering hall
The wasted glory of the sunset steals.

Some Queer Verses

According to the press opinions reprinted in the volume, the London Times said of "Bonbons:" "The best short poems in many a decade;" Truth said; "Some of these short poems will rank with the best in the language;" and the Athenaeum and the Spectator were also enthusiastic. One would like to see the context from which these words of praise were extracted. It is hard to take these verses by Francis P. Savinien, published by George Routledge & Sons of London, seriously. It is often hard to understand just what Savinien is driving at. What does he mean when he writes:

When maidens, eager for his smiles,
Made erring moves with maidish guiles,
He still more guilelessly would act
And primed their errors full of tact.

And what does this signify:

The trembling basis of a throe,
Her breast, ecstatic, beats with woe,
Although her heart shall ever be
A pulseless priest of misery
Unless a change of sex supply
Her lust, as, when upon the sky
Her sleighbelled voice so gently glides,
The zephyr mounts the strains and rides.

The reviewers of the Times, Truth, the Athenaeum and the Spectator must have been joking when they complimented the author of a book which is nearly all as baffling as the stanzas quoted.

Lecture on Socialism

Mr. Edward F. Adams delivered a lecture on Friday evening, April 24, in the Paul Elder art gallery on "Socialism—The Futility of Human Effort and the Social Function of the Wicked Man." Mr. Adams analyzed briefly and discussed some of the limitations to which mankind is subject and within which human effort must be confined if useful, or perhaps any, results are expected. He considered what economic results if any, the moral character of an effective man has on the social value of his achievement. Mr. Adams made the connection of the foregoing with Socialism not only quite clear, but recognizable as among the controlling factors of American development and progress. Mr. Adams' recent book entitled "The Inhumanity of Socialism" is having a wide distribution.

Books for the Young

"John and Betty's Irish History Visit" is the third volume of a series intended to acquaint young folks with points of historical interest in the British Isles. Unlike the famous "Rollo Books" of another generation, the information gleaned is neither prosy nor statistical. The illustrations are numerous and unusually good in all three volumes, and the stories, legends and traditions included in the "Irish Visit" are most entertaining. The series is designed for boys and girls up to the age of about fifteen, but those of a few years older will find much to enjoy in them. These appear to be the only books yet published by the author, Margaret Williams.

"The Red House Children" were a little group of eight brothers and sisters of tender years, very poor but independent and merry-hearted. The third volume of the series is "The Red House Children's Vacation," in which they had all sorts of good times and made new friends, as well as keeping all the old ones. The stories can be classified as belonging on the same shelf with the "Little Peppers," familiar to the last generation, but the Firths are less afflicted with priggish sanctimony than their predecessors. Written by Amanda M. Douglas.

Another volume has been added to the series of Children of Other Lands. This time Mousa J. Kaleel, a youth now about twenty years of age and a resident of our country, tells of his childhood in Palestine and a very interesting narrative he makes of it. One of the most interesting chapters is the description of a school boy visit to Jerusalem. Though classed as juveniles, the five volumes which have appeared up to the present time can be read with interest and advantage by both old and young.

Here's another fine book by Edna A. Brown, "When Max Came." Miss Brown's stories are a healthtful antidote for the sporty and slangy creations which are the common type of books for the young. Her boys and girls have respect for their elders and regard for common rights as well as reverence for established institutions. The book will interest boys and girls of from twelve years upward if their taste has not been vitiated by cheap sentimentality and sloppy writing. All these books are from Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

As the watch went in the pawn shop,
I heard it softly groan,
"This will be a dismal place—
I'm going to be a loan."

Argus was boasting of his hundred eyes.
"What use without a hundred knotholes in the fence?" asked the fan.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,785.

WILLIAM G. HARRY, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and All Other Persons, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and all other persons, Defendants. This action is brought to quiet title in the plaintiff to Lots 33 and 34 of San Miguel Homestead Association as designated on the Map or Plat of said San Miguel Homestead Association filed and Recorded in Liber E and F of Maps at page 14, on November 16, 1896, in the County Recorder' office of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said lots being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and having a frontage of 88 feet on the west side of Tara Street, between Unadilla Avenue and Mount Vernon Avenue, by a depth of 103.6 feet.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. M. BRUNER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Building,
Oakland, Cal. 5-2-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,543.

WASYLI IWANOW, Plaintiff, vs. CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRNE & LAMSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
533 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-4-10

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DOUGLAS 2612

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII. No. 1133 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 9, 1914 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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MAE DEALY AND THE FLORODORA GLIDE GIRLS

Who will be seen in the Winter Garden revue, "The Passing Show of 1913," at the Cort Theatre

TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Bill Kent's Fine English

Norman Hapgood has been paying pretty compliments to his friend Congressman Kent. He likes Mr. Kent's English, and quotes some of it which, he says, is good English and easy to comprehend. This is a specimen: "The free tolls matter is to my mind nothing less than a subsidy, a subsidy masquerading under all sorts of nonsense, miscalled patriotism, nonsense wrapped in flags and punctuated by squeals of the lion in torture and squeals of the eagle in triumph." This is English with a tang to it, the tang of the Chicago stockyards near which Mr. Kent learned to lisp in quaint and picturesque metaphor long before he ate peanuts at his first circus, where he heard the lion croak, the eagle mew, the monkey roar, the bear guffaw and a Congressman bray. Those plaintive tintinnabulations Mr. Kent has never forgotten, and to them he would rather give ear than to the melodious whinnies of the exultant canary or the bleats of the sky-soaring lark.

The New Editor

Last week we suggested that while Norman Hapgood was editing Harper's Weekly that once respected weekly should cease to style itself "a journal of civilization." Now comes the news that Harper's has a new editor, but he, too, appears to be of the Progressive temperament with manners that savor of the police court. His leading editorial last week was amateurish abuse of William R. Hearst done in the style of the Tombstone Gazette. While reading it you can see the editor frothing at the mouth. This is the opening blast: "Hearst is a villain, suited to modern ideas of that role." Further: "Hearst betrayed his State to predatory interests with the assistance of Harrison Grey Otis, a man who morally is exactly the twin of Hearst." Again: "Hearst and Boss Murphy are 'both for spoils' and both against the public welfare; also, Hearst hates courage, disinterestedness and honesty.". The new editor of Harper's is probably a very young man who has not yet learned the rudiments of his profession. Manifestly he is not familiar with the difficult art of concealing the fact that the object of his execration whom he holds up as a public calamity is nothing more than a private aversion. And he has yet to learn that the only effective way of hurting a man is to tell the truth about him and embroider it with pertinent comment. Mr. Hearst is a legitimate object of criticism, and he has many weaknesses, but a passion for spoils is not one of them. Mr. Hearst has no more use for the predatory interests than Roosevelt has or Mr. Wilson has, and neither of those gentlemen is averse to the predatory interests when it appears that the predatory interests can be made to serve his purpose. Mr. Roosevelt has sanctified certain predatory interests by the simple process of identifying them with his interests; so has Mr. Wilson; why may not Mr. Hearst do the same thing? Mr. Hearst, says the new editor of Harper's, is always against the public welfare. To know what the public welfare is a man must have an ear glued to the keyhole of the pearly gates. Is it known in Harper's sanctum that Mr. Wilson has steadily advanced the public welfare, and that Colonel Roosevelt, whom some of us regard as a most efficient divine scourge, has advanced the interests of his country by the impetus which he gave to the general movement for the demolition of our national institutions?

Our Merry Taxeaters

Our wise business men at the City Hall have a municipal garbage reduction plant on their hands and a garbage problem on their minds, but they should worry! No taxeater ever loses any sleep trying to solve a problem of government. Nothing but a political contest from which he may emerge a loser ever disturbs the even tenor of a taxeater's way. According to the taxeater's philosophy you can solve any problem with money, and with an overflowing treasury at hand the taxeater is never perplexed. So we need not sympathize with Mayor Rolph and his associates on account of the garbage problem. But let us look into the matter, and see what has been done to us by this ineffable bunch of spendthrift incompetents. When, at the instigation of some of our lovely daily newspapers, we went to the polls and voted plasters on the municipality, our taxeaters were authorized to issue bonds for some hundreds of thousands of dollars with which to build incinerators. We were told that as a result of municipal ownership of garbage works householders would not have to pay for the removal of garbage. Out of the money thus obtained our taxeaters paid $400,000 for a plant, the value of which, it now appears, is not over $100,000. With the money voted for two incinerators we got but one, and now we learn that if the plant is ever made to work it will cost the city two dollars a ton for each ton of garbage handled. A private citizen offers to handle it all without cost to the city, but of course that would never do; it wouldn't be municipal ownership; and it would reduce the volume of political patronage and cause the loss of votes to the Rolph machine. Maybe it will be asked by some feeble-minded taxpayer, What is going to be done about it? It is astonishing the number of taxpayers who fancy that for every evil there is a remedy, and that whatever goes wrong in government may be made to go right. It is because of the prodigious number of them that the politicians have brought the government back to the people. The politician knows that the people are divided into two classes: those who love to be humbugged, and those who don't know when they are humbugged.

A Costly Calamity

Of course nothing will be done to the public officials who are looting the public treasury. They will solve all problems with money, and the money they will get by raising taxes and increasing the assessed value of property. This they have been doing, and this they will continue to do, and by the time they have all the municipal railroads in operation we shall begin to realize what has been done to us by "Mission Jim" and his gallant crew of business men. When the affable James started the cars on Geary street we were told the road would be so profitable that taxes would drop, but alas! taxes are still soaring. For this, to be sure, there are reasons. One of them is the Stockton street tunnel, the cost of which is in excess of the estimate—a very old story. From time immemorial all city work has been in excess of the estimate. It was supposed before Mayor Rolph's election that under his benign business administration the cost of municipal government would be miraculously low, but the Auditor's books show that it comes almost as high as the expectations respecting "Mission Jim" himself that were raised by pre-election panegyrics. As a matter of fact the Mission's favorite son is the costliest calamity that ever struck San Francisco barring, perhaps, the earthquake.

Our Blunders in Mexico

In the Commoner for April Dollar Bill is to be found exulting over the Administration's policy of building up the military strength of Carranza and Villa. After scoffing at the critics who censured Mr. Wilson for taking his advice and raising the embargo on arms, he pointed with pride to Villa's triumphant march southward. Dollar Bill's jubilation was somewhat premature. The Commoner was hardly off the press when he went scurrying to headquarters to urge the renewal of the embargo on arms intended for the Constitutionalist forces. Maybe with the help of South American republics and some of the Powers of Europe we shall be able to extricate ourselves from a manifestly ridiculous plight in Mexico, but assuredly when it is all over there will not be any reason either for self-felicitation on the part of Mr. Wilson or for gratitude to the hare-brained Nebraskan for his advice. Our relations with Mexico during the present Administration have been marked by one long series of blunders. Even our ethical principles have been somewhat disarranged in the course of application. We refused to recognize Huerta because he obtained the Presidency with unclean hands, as though it in anywise concerned us how he got the job. So far as Huerta was able he maintained orderly government, and certainly from the moral standpoint he was not so repellant as the flamboyant Carranza or the bandit Villa, whom indirectly we did

recognize, and worse than that, whom we supplied with arms to facilitate rapine and anarchy. What a nice position we might have found ourselves in had Carranza and Villa overwhelmed Huerta! Here are two ruffians who have been committing depredations against the citizens of foreign countries ever since the embargo on arms was raised. Suppose a few more Englishmen had been killed in Villa's camp; what would have happened? For months Spain clamored for redress of the outrages suffered by Spaniards at Villa's instigation, but without avail. This cold-blooded rascal was virtually under the protection of the American flag notwithstanding our devotion to high ethical principles. He was robbing Spaniards to raise money to buy arms, and the swag was accepted by American manufacturers with the consent of the President of the United States. The end of this tolerated state of affairs did not come until a petty officer of the Huerta government made the mistake of arresting a few unarmed American marines. Then came the demand for a salute to the flag. How much more decent it would have been had we intervened in behalf of Spain instead of picking a quarrel on our own account? If the state of anarchy had become intolerable we might easily have found a pretext for intervention which all the world would have approved. Indirectly we could have reached Huerta through Villa and Carranza, but Wilson and Bryan preferred to strike at the obstinate Huerta first, and as a result we have been put in the humiliating position of receiving a proposal to mediate with a question of national honor at issue. Is it possible for any sensible American to gladden his heart with a retrospective glance? There is no telling what may happen before Mexico is pacified and order is restored, but on one point we may safely venture to be dogmatic, and it is this,—that whatever the wind-up there is no possible way for President Wilson to regain the prestige he has lost. If foreign Powers avert war how is that consummation to vindicate Mr. Wilson? We could have had foreign assistance at any time within the last two or three years, but nothing could have been more repugnant than the thought of depending on foreign co-operation, the very thing that has been thrust upon us. War is hell, but better war a thousand times than the blow to American prestige which we have suffered. Now that it has been seen that American citizens may be treated with contumely, may be thrown into prison and subjected to all sorts of outrages without fear of retributive justice; nay, without provoking a perceptible ripple of indignation it will be inadvisable for American citizens to wander far from home on this continent in the near future. It is evident that high ethical principles, however strong their appeal to a morbid conscience, are not to be depended on as a stimulus to patriotism, a sentiment that is worth preserving at the cost of many lives.

Their Differences Reconciled

There are strong indications that the editor of the Bulletin and the Rev. Charles F. Aked will soon be in each other's arms exchanging tokens of love and esteem. This is as it should be. Long have we observed evidences of these two gentlemen being kindred spirits, and we have wondered why it was they did not gravitate into the congenial, ambient vapors of each other's company and form a partnership of the kind that might have been established by Amadis de Gaul and Don Quixote had those distinguished knights been coevals. Now, thanks to the volubility of Dr. Aked, our irritating conjectures are at an end. The birds of a feather are gossiping on the same dunghill, and we find that their differences have been chiefly imaginary. Their protracted estrangement has been mainly due to misunderstanding and narrow prejudices. Dr. Aked has written a letter of some thousands of words expounding his attitude toward the editor of the Bulletin. "Give me leave," says Dr. Aked, "to join you in the attempt to clear up misunderstanding," and then the inexhaustible fountain of words proceeds to spout like a geyser. First he explains that the Bulletin misunderstood the word "school" as used by him, and generously he acknowledges that he should have used the word "cult." That settles that. No more to be said on that prodigiously important point. The next point of difference touches the Bulletin's methods and the Bulletin's spirit; but when we examine this point under the microscope held by the clergyman himself we find it to be of the most trivial nature. Dr. Aked's objections to the Bulletin's methods and the Bulletin's spirit are not your objections; nor are they the objections of the ordinary lover of intellectual honesty and common decency. They are not the broad objections of the impartial observer. They are the objections of the little man so blinded by his own conceit that he cannot see the working of the narrow, cramping things called prejudices which can never be compatible with justice or charity. But let us follow the processes of Dr. Aked's mind. He gives his reasons for suspecting the Bulletin's methods. One reason is that he had a disagreeable experience with a woman reporter who first annoyed him, and whom he probably thinks ought to be discharged and "segregated." Another reason is that the Bulletin charged him with being an advocate of flogging. He was made terribly angry by this accusation. The Bulletin wronged him, he says, deliberately distorting his language, which he quotes to prove that he is not an advocate of flogging. And the editor of the Bulletin, realizing that he and Dr. Aked are kindred spirits, and that they should be crusading together, confessed that he did wrong in drawing the objectionable inference from Dr. Aked's language. As a matter of fact the inference was warranted, but the editor is eager to "make up." Dr. Aked may not be an advocate of flogging, but certainly his language justifies the conclusion that flogging is not repugnant to him, and if it is not repugnant it is disingenuous on his part to attempt to vindicate his humaneness by saying he is not an advocate, since, as it appears from his own language, advocacy of it would be premature at this time. This is what Dr. Aked said touching white slavery and the law of flogging in England: "Will the day come in America when we shall be willing to flog men for this hateful crime and even discuss as a possibility the wisdom of flogging women, too? . . . . If the laws that we have are enforced the need will never arise." Now what does this mean? Doesn't it mean that if the laws are not enforced the need will arise? The need of what? The need of flogging. Is it not clear that Dr. Aked represents himself as conceiving flogging as a potential social need? Now Dr. Aked being an advocate of what he conceives to be social needs we cannot agree with the editor of the Bulletin that Dr. Aked was misrepresented. Maybe Dr. Aked was misunderstood, but if so he has none but himself to blame. To be misunderstood is one of the penalties of volubility, which is an effervescence of the spirits, and does not at all imply an exercise of the functions of the brain. It is astonishing with what little effort of the brain a man may pour out a grand stream of words obedient to grammatical rules. But let us return to our mutton. Our purpose is to show that Dr. Aked's hostility to the Bulletin was due not to a rational objection but to a grievance, and that he makes a very poor showing for the faith that was in him. Speaking of the Bulletin's spirit he says: "It seems to me that all your sympathy goes to the criminal," and he adds that the editor never thinks of the victims of a murderer, never visualizes the sufferings of the widow and children of the murdered man. Thus, you see, Dr. Aked does himself the injustice of seeming to pose as an advocate of the law of vengeance. And once more he parades his grievances. This time while arguing for individual responsibility. "You do not apply your doctrine all round," he says. "You allow your contributors to lampoon, misrepresent and denounce me in the belief that I am responsible, as I am, for my actions. When it comes to the burglar, the ravisher and the assassin then your doctrine of irresponsibility is allowed to play. When I appeal to the young manhood and young womanhood of this city to throw scorn on this doctrine you allow your contributors to write that scorn is an unlovely thing." Naughty contributors! How wrong to let them throw scorn on Dr. Aked's doctrines! But never again! Dr. Aked and Mr. Editor have shaken hands. The repentant Bulletin is forgiven, all is lovely, and the goose (or is it some other kind of fowl?) hangs high.

Rockefeller, Strikers and Uplifters

Deplorable are the things that have resulted from the open insurrection of the striking miners in the State of Colorado, and deplorable too is the attitude of that shining young philanthropist Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr. For some folk expect much of Mr. Rockefeller. He is one of our most ostentatious Christians. He has taken much pains and spent much money to ensure the impression that he is filled with the

milk of human kindness. He is the most unctuous of reformers, he is the most ardent of all lovers of mankind, and he supports the largest army of busybody regenerators in all the world. Half the ministers of the country remember young Mr. Rockefeller in their prayers. If he were to divert his financial aid from the shouting captains of Prohibition to the miners of Colorado, the miners would be satisfied and go earnestly to work. With Mr. Rockefeller we have no sympathy. We believe that the activities of the Rockefellers are most pernicious, since it is they that make possible, by way of diverting criticism from themselves, the propagandas of men who are forever setting the country by the ears. The canting hypocrites who hire themselves out to animate mischievous schemes of reform are the very sort of men that would have young Rockefeller held responsible for the strike in Colorado. We mean, of course, those wild-eyed sociologists and flabby sentimentalists who have been exercising an enormous influence on public sentiment; men and women of extreme intuitions and bewildered intelligence who have marked out for humanity an illusive goal which none but the dupe of a crazy altruism hopes to attain. All that such persons care to know about the strike in Colorado is that there has been some killing, and that the enormously rich Rockefeller is one of the stockholders. It matters not to them whether any important principle is at stake or what our non-American labor unions have been doing. To be sure, Mr. Rockefeller's concern for principle is not a disinterested one, but the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company has been fighting for a principle of considerable importance to the country. The conflict was the result of the determination on the part of the labor unions to prevent men from working who wished to work. The company undertook to protect men in their right to earn a living without paying tribute to labor leaders. If it was self-interest that dictated that resolution of the company, nevertheless it was a performance deserving the approval of all men who love justice and freedom. As a result of the company's position the union men, at the behest of their leaders, turned to violence, destroying property and life, and in time they found themselves in open insurrection against the State. Thereupon the unions of other States began subscribing to funds for the purchase of arms. In other words organized labor supplied money to armed men for war against the Government of their State. Here was open rebellion countenanced and financed, and without any criticism from our sentimental uplifters. These uplifters are strong in all kinds of sentiment save the sentiment of patriotism. They have scorn and hatred for the detestable Rockefeller, but nothing but sympathy for the darling leaders of organized labor who were so foolish as to believe that arms would benefit the striking miners. The arms aided them in offering a little more opposition to the forces of law and order, but that only meant more suffering for the unfortunate strikers themselves—more misery, more bloodshed, more men to punish, more children to be rendered fatherless, more wives and mothers to be deprived of assistance in the struggle for existence.

A Newly Discovered Song

By John Keats

You say you love; but with a voice
  Chaster than a nun's, who singeth
The soft Vespers to herself
  While the chime-bell ringeth—
    O love me truly!

You say you love: but with a smile
  Cold as sunrise in September;
As you were Saint Cupid's nun,
  And kept his weeks of Ember.
    O love me truly!

You say you love,—but then your lips
  Coral tinted teach no blisses,
More than coral in the sea—
  They never pout for kisses—
    O love me truly!

You say you love: but then your hand
  No soft squeeze for squeeze returneth,
It is like a statue's dead—
  While mine to passion burneth—
    O love me truly!

O breathe a word or two of fire!
  Smile, as if those words should burn me,
Squeeze as lovers should—O kiss
  And in thy heart inurn me—
    O love me truly!

Perspective Impressions

Social note: The Ball of All Nations and Willis Polk made last week a sennight of gaiety.

Perhaps the woman who slashed Henry James' portrait became enraged when she tried to understand one of his novels.

A Free Silence League, eh? Well, silence may be free but it's rarer than a lot of the costliest luxuries.

Some of the would-be judges must look upon a campaign as a profitable form of advertising. At least, there is no other way to explain their candidacy.

One of our pulpiteers says the "go-to-church" movement is "in accord with the primal instincts of human nature." If that is so there are an awful lot of humans who overcome their primal instincts.

Another sex play in town. Consequently another critique by Dr. Aked.

So they need a lot more money for the Stockton street tunnel. Not very pleasant news for taxpayers in the Twin Peaks assessment district.

Wouldn't it be interesting to see a battle between the New York I. W. W.'s and the London suffragettes?

"The future of government by commission is on trial," says Harper's. The future, presumably, is tried in the tribunal of the past by a jury of the present.

The only point at issue between Rockefeller and the miners is the question of unionizing the miners. That question Rockefeller refuses to arbitrate, and therefore he ought to be taken out and shot at sunrise.

Times must be bad with Upton Sinclair when he has to go to jail to get his name on the first page of the papers.

Bryan's friends—Carranza and Villa—seem to be somewhat unworthy of the great Secretary's confidence.

You don't have to be baptized to be a Baptist, says a San Jose judge. That's nothing. A lot of people who call themselves Christians don't believe in Christ.

"It would be an unhappy day for us," says William Bayard Hale, "to put soldiers on Mexican soil." William said that in the World's Work, which is Ambassador Page's magazine. His article was printed before soldiers were landed at Vera Cruz to punish Mexico for what a man named Huerta refused to do for President Wilson.

Varied Types

CLXXVI—SAMUEL H. DANIELS

By Edward F. O'Day

Did you ever hear about the reunion of the City College boys? You never even heard of City College? Ah, then you are a newcomer in San Francisco. All people worthy to be called San Franciscans know about this famous school whose pupils are among the city's most prominent men. Unless you partake of that knowledge this page is not going to interest you very much. It is written especially for City College boys and the friends of City College boys. We'll begin with the reunion, because that's the way Sam Daniels began one lazy Sunday afternoon when we had the Family Club to ourselves and Sam happened to be in one of his delightful reminiscent moods.

And by the way, if you happen to be a friend of Sam Daniels, give him full swing whenever he shows the least inclination to reminisce. There isn't anybody of any importance in San Francisco that Sam Daniels doesn't know. He has a prodigious memory and a gift of talk, couldn't be uninteresting if he tried and specializes on the unwritten history of the town. When an old San Franciscan wants to verify a date or recall a name, make sure of the details of an incident or locate the scene of some half-forgotten affair, he just drops into the Bank of California and appeals to Sam Daniels. If Sam Daniels can't help him, the case is hopeless. So if you rejoice in Sam Daniels' friendship, and he begins to talk, forget everything else until he has finished. But what stupid advice this is! If you're a friend of Sam Daniels', you don't have to be told anything of the sort.

If you don't know Sam Daniels, you may be surprised to learn that the handsome young gentleman whose counterfeit presentment is given herewith should be so well posted on the happenings of the past. Well, in the matter of years (and of years only), Sam Daniels is not quite as young today as he was when Colonel Taber took this picture. There are later pictures of Sam Daniels, to be sure, but he wouldn't give me one. Perhaps he thinks he's not as handsome at sixty-two as he used to be. However that may be, he found this picture recently in an album belonging to Carrol Cook, and as this is a story of days gone by, a picture that belongs to the past fits into it very well. But let us get back to that City College reunion.

"One day," said Sam Daniels, "Billy Dutton met Charley Yale on the street.

"'I see in this morning's paper,' said Dutton to Yale, 'that Governor James H. Hawley of Idaho is in town and registered at the St. Francis. I wonder if that can be Big Jim Hawley who went to City College with us? I seem to remember that Big Jim went to Idaho to live.'

"'Maybe it is,' said Charley Yale.

"'Suppose you find out, Charley,' continued Dutton, 'and if it is, I'll give him a dinner tonight at the Pacific-Union Club. We'll get together a few of the boys and talk about old times.'

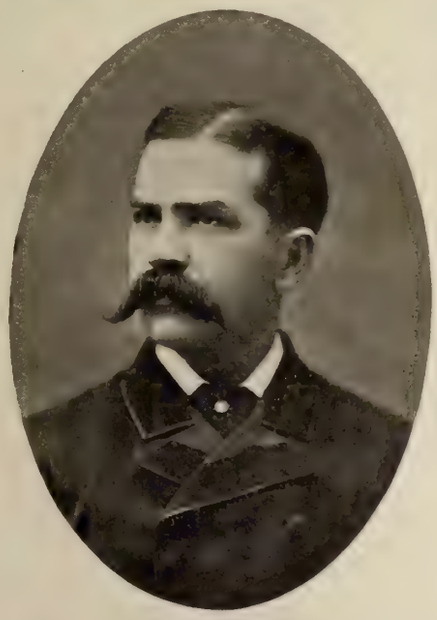
"So Charley Yale sent a note to Governor Hawley which read something like this:

"'Dear Jim: If you are the Big Jim who used to play first base on the City College nine, Billy Dutton wants to give you a dinner tonight at the Pacific-Union Club. Of course you understand that if you are not, the invitation doesn't go. Please telephone to me at my office.'

"At five o'clock Charley Yale's telephone rang. 'I'm Big Jim,' said a voice, 'and I'll be there.'

"So Dutton and Yale gathered as many City College boys as they could, and we dined Big Jim. Crit Thornton was there, and Vinton Bell, and Scott Wilson, and George Newhall and myself, to say nothing of Dutton, Yale, the guest of honor and one or two others I may have forgotten.

"It was a great night we spent talking about the good old days when we were all school boys together. Of course we fanned about the great game the City College nine played with the Oakland Live Oaks. Johnny Glasscock who was afterwards Mayor of Oakland and Congressman, caught for the Live Oaks, and Mark Wiggin, afterwards editorial writer of the Chronicle, pitched. Billy Dutton pitched for our nine, and Fred



SAMUEL H. DANIELS

Butler caught. Fred Butler went into the insurance business. He was not only a good catcher, but the best penman at City College. In fact, he was one of the best in California. Even Seregni couldn't touch him. I remember he was awarded a gold medal by the Mechanics Institute for writing the Declaration of Independence. Jim Hawley played first base, and Charley Yale, afterwards the close friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, played second. Elbridge Durbrow, afterwards of the Anglo-California Bank, was short stop. I was only a kid, so I wasn't on the nine.

"Speaking of Ellie Durbrow reminds me that one day he invited me home to lunch during the noon recess. He lived on Mason street at the corner of the alley between O'Farrell and Geary. It was the first time in my life I had been so far out!

"And that reminds me of something else. Some time ago Mrs. Haas, the mother of Louis Haas of the Crown Distilleries, built a new home at Washington and Walnut. Shortly after Mrs. Haas occupied this new home she met an old friend who asked her if she wasn't living pretty far out.

"'I only lived far out once in my life,' replied Mrs. Haas, 'and that was when my husband took me as a bride to a home on Geary street where the Hotel Stewart is now! Our house was on a hill, and you had to climb a hundred steps to the front door!'

"City College was on the corner of Geary and Stockton streets, afterwards the site of the Wigwam and now of the City of Paris. The old building was moved to Haight street above Octavia where it housed a medical college."

If you look for it now, reader, you will find that it is the Japanese Y. M. C. A.!

"Starr King's church was next door, where the Whitney Building stands," continued Sam Daniels, "and Starr King was buried there. His body was afterwards removed to the new church where it rests today. The City College boy who could throw a rock over the church was something of a hero, and many a skylight was broken in consequence.

"The City College was founded at a meeting in Dr. Scott's old Calvary Church on Bush street. The Mercantile Library afterwards occupied the site of that church. The telephone building was there at the time of the fire, and it is now the new wing of the Mills Building. When it started in '59 City College had four pupils; in '62 it had one hundred and twenty-seven students and six teachers. The Reverend George Burrows was the principal. He was in charge when I went there in '61 when I was nine years old. I stayed there about four years, and shortly after I left the Reverend Peter Veder became principal. The teachers in my time were Thomas Kirkland, A. de Leo de Laguna, W. E. V. Horner, H. Bergner and J. C. Bates. Kirkland was a very brilliant man, and so was Billy Horner. Dr. Burrows was the best Greek scholar in San Francisco.

"Among the students there in my time were Archie Gunther, the author of 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' Charles Warren Stoddard who wrote his first poem as a school exercise, Clay Greene, Russ and Scott Wilson, Henry, Mayo, Ed and George Newhall, Payne and Jim Shafter, Jim Keeney and Charley Keeney, known as 'Smike,' Johnny Brannan, the nephew of Sam Brannan, Sid Baldwin whose sister married John B. Felton, Fred and Noble Eaton, Allen Knight, Jimmy Hermann, F. S. Butler, George W. Edwards, Overton C. Pope, Charles J. Duval, Frank S. Washington, Charles Strobridge, Crittenden Thornton, Sands Forman, Eugene Deuprey always known as 'Ike' Deuprey, Charley Yale, Ellie Durbrow, Sherman P. Stow, Edgar J. Lion, Lucien Burling, John B. Farish, Herman Muller, Frank V. Bell, David McKay, George C. Pardee, James K. Wilson, Charley Belshaw, James L. and Harry Hawks, Albert and Emil Pissis, Albert J. Le Breton, Ed Kentfield, Billy Dutton, Clark Apperson, Big Jim Hawley, Frank Otis, A. J. Rich, Max Popper, George A. Murdock, J. Fessenden Clark, William Leviston, John Middleton Jr. and John Van Bergen.

"Sam and Dick Inge were two of our star fighters. There were lots of fights of course. What is now Union Square had been a sand

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An Impassioned Play

Is What the Reviewer of the Call-Post Calls "A Friend of the People," Which He Describes as "Crisp, Keen and Gripping"

Monopoly in the political drama has been held heretofore by the "progressives," that is, by the writers who have been using their talents to expose the corruption of old line politicians. The "tool of the interests" has been the implement on the stage, and the "machinery of reaction" has been the mechanism exploited. Now comes Theodore Bonnet, who, as editor of Town Talk, has been the avowed foe of the new movement in politics and the admitted champion of the old order, with a play which he frankly describes as a "stand pat drama."

A Mocking Title

It has been published in book form and now appears with the mocking title, "A Friend of the People" (Pacific Publishing Company). Whether it is soon to be produced on the stage, the natural form of its presentation to the public, has not yet been announced; but if it is produced, the theatregoer will find a drama which seems to have all the requirements—strong character delineation, an intense story, compactly told, with a culmination of suspense ending in inevitable tragedy; didactic, for its purpose, but not preachy; crisp, keen, gripping. It is always difficult to tell how a manuscript play will appear on the boards; even the shrewdest theatrical men find difficulty in that prediction. But this play of Bonnet's has the feeling of having been written for the theatre, and not for the library, however interesting it is to read.

Founded on Postulate

Mr. Bonnet's is a drama of progressive villainies. It is founded on the smug postulate of all "stand patters" that any man who believes in the initiative, referendum, recall, workingmen's compensation act, direct primaries, women's suffrage and similar legislation is a hypocrite. It is a rather curious fact that the question of hypocrisy is never raised in attacks on "stand patters" (which is the term Mr. Bonnet uses himself in classifying his literary viewpoint). There is no call for moral judgment, and therefore no invitation to hypocrisy in the position of the reactionary, but as the newer measures of politics are presumably predicated on the desire of the politician to return to the people more of their rights, responding to a moral obligation to do so, if it can be shown that any politician is espousing political reforms without believing in them he is forthright convicted of the meanest of all motives.

Character a Villain

Mr. Bonnet goes further in his portrayal of the leading character of his play, the progressive Governor of the unnamed State, Charles Wesley Hopkins. He makes this man a crooked lawyer, an immoral, characterless fellow, who seduces the wife of his millionaire supporter, and a man who enters into a corrupt bargain with the "interests" to have a judge recalled.

The fall of the Governor comes with the exposure of an illicit correspondence which he had with a big man of the interests, recalling rather pointedly the correspondence which Mr. Archbold of the Standard Oil Company had with a number of "stand pat" Congressmen and Senators.

The obvious conclusion to be drawn, therefore, is that "big business" is willing to use "progressive" politicians in the future, as they have used standpatters in the past.

Discussion Invited

Mr. Bonnet invites political discussion of his drama by a Shavian prefatory epistle addressed to Ashton Stevens, the dramatic critic.

But it is not necessary for him to make his drama didactic, for the play, when read appears to have such force, such movement of plot and of passion, of love and its travails, that it will go before any audience, and while it will be balm to the standpatters, it will be a semaphore warning to "progressives" to save them from collision with "the interests."—The Call and Post.

Who's Who Hereabouts

IX—BISHOP WILLIAM FORD NICHOLS

On this page a few weeks ago it was observed that it is one of the paradoxes of life that a man may be at once eminent and inconspicuous. For illustration the reader was taken to church and introduced to that gentle ecclesiastical dignitary Archbishop Riordan. There is another illustration in our midst, another eminent but inconspicuous personality, and to meet him we must again go to church—this time to the Episcopal Church.

With all the differences that exist between creeds there is really no great distance between the lives, influence and traits of the men who fill efficiently the office of religious teacher and administrator. In their relations to the world there is no great contrast. They represent to society in a general way the same principle—some with the pomp and magnificence of a Wolsey, others with the earnest simplicity and moral energy of a Herbert. Above the systems they represent we instinctively accept them as exemplars of a religious sentiment whose talents are consecrated to the highest interests of the world. So it is not odd that a similarity should be found to exist between Archbishop Riordan of the Catholic Church and Bishop Nichols of the Episcopal Church. Like Archbishop Riordan the Bishop of the Episcopal Church is at once an eminent and inconspicuous personality, the reason being that he is above all things a churchman whose manners and actions the temper of the disciple of Christianity so positively influences that the heart instinctively recognizes spiritual ascendancy. He is not of that type of clergyman that is staggered by the difficulty of reconciling the Christian ethics with the modern economic system. He is not one of those divines who think that they should concern themselves with the paramount political and sociological questions of the day, never suspecting that these were the burning questions of generations that are gone and will be the topics of controversy in generations to come. No; Bishop Nichols is merely a clergyman who ministers to spiritual wants and employs his powers to awaken devotion and faith. "How," asks Carlyle, "did Christianity arise and spread among men?" He answers that it arose in the mystic deep of man's soul, and spread abroad by the "preaching of the word," and flew like hallowed fire from heart to heart till all were purified and illuminated by it. This doubtless is Bishop Nichols' conception, since he wastes no time expounding the sex question or provoking hatreds as a partisan political and social reformer. To make life an harmonious whole, to teach men to sense the invisible and look forward to the transfiguring majesty of the divine presence —these appear to be what Bishop Nichols conceives to be the functions of the holy office. While the more conspicuous clergymen—the Akeds and other small-fry agitators are driving prostitutes from the segregated bagnio into the open thoroughfare to prey, Bishop Nichols is looking after orphans, supervising educational institutions and hospitals, and doing whatever can be of substantial benefit to men in this life and secure them happiness in the life to come. In other words, Bishop Nichols is not only a conservative but a constructive clergyman.

A scholarly man is this Episcopal bishop. His favorite intellectual pursuit is the study of history and of the Latin classics. He has found time to write, and is the author of several works. If you would know something of the spiritual nature of the man, of the sweetness of his temper and breadth of his views, nowhere is the knowledge more accurately to be acquired than between the covers of a book entitled "Some World-Circuit Saunterings" published by Paul Elder. In this book Bishop Nichols gives his impressions of many cities of Europe and the Far East. Of especial interest is what he says of his visit to Assisi. The register of the Hotel Subasio, he tells us, shows many names from California, "but the wonder is that many more from the State dotted with the names and prizing among its traditions and exhibits the Missions of the Order of St. Francis do not make it part of their itinerary abroad to go to Assisi. And surely no San Franciscan who feels the indefinable charm and spell of his city would willingly forego the opportunity to see the birthplace and home of the Saint after whom the city is called. For it need raise no clash of controversy to waive all questions about which men differ as to the cult or legends of the Saint, and to recognize his high and lofty character and the acknowledged sway of his power for good upon his generation and indeed, as some estimates of it by those not of his own communion do not hesitate to say, upon the modern world."

In this chapter Bishop Nichols suggests that the sense of a municipal ideal would be well embodied in a worthy memorial of our city's Patron Saint. "What better feature could there be for the Panama-Pacific Exposition," he asks "than the unveiling of a monument of that character?" Further: If our national metropolis has "Liberty Enlightening the World, why not at the new era of the great ocean of the world—why not have a new kind of flamen grasped by St. Francis' hand to signify 'Character Enlightening the World?'"

Bishop Nichols was born June 9, 1849. He was educated at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., graduating with the class of 1870; also at Berke-

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Elias

By Leo Tolstoi

There dwelt once upon a time in the Ufimsk government a Bashkir named Elias. The father of Elias had left him a poor man. His father had only gotten him a wife a year before, and then died. In those days Elias owned seven mares, two cows, and twice ten sheep. But Elias was now the master, and began to spread himself out; from morn to eve he labored with his wife, rose up earlier and lay down later than all other men, and grew richer every year. Five-and-thirty years did Elias continue to labor, and won for himself great possessions.

Elias now had two hundred of horses, a hundred and fifty head of horned cattle, and one thousand two hundred sheep. Many men-servants pastured the studs of horses and the herds of Elias, and many maid-servants milked the mares and the cows and made kumis, butter and cheese. Elias had much of everything, and everybody round about envied the life of Elias. People said: "Ah, what a lucky fellow that Elias is! He has everything in abundance, he has no need to die." And good people began to know Elias and make his acquaintance. And guests came from afar. And Elias welcomed them all, and gave them to eat and to drink. Whosoever came to him found abundance of kumis, and tea, and sherbet, and the flesh of rams. Whenever guests came a ram or two was immediately killed, and if there were many guests they killed a mare.

Elias had three children—two sons and a daughter. Elias had provided his sons with wives, and had given his daughter in marriage. While Elias was poor his sons had worked with him and guarded the herds and the studs of horses themselves, but when the sons became rich they began to amuse themselves, and one of them took to drink. One of them—the eldest—was presently killed in a brawl, and the younger son fell into the power of a stuck-up wife, and this son no longer listened to his father, and Elias had to give him his portion and get rid of him.

So Elias paid him out and gave him a house and cattle, and the riches of Elias were diminished. And shortly after this a disease fell upon the sheep of Elias, and many of them perished. And then came a year of scarceness—no hay would grow—and many cattle starved in the winter. Then the Kirghiz came and stole the best part of the horses, and the estate of Elias diminished still further. Elias began to fall lower and lower, and his natural forces were less. And when he had reached his seventieth year things came to such a pass that he began to sell his furs, his carpets, his covered wagon, and then he began to sell his cattle, down to the very last one; and so Elias came to nought. And he himself perceived that he had nothing left, and he was obliged in his old age to go with his wife to live among the common people. And the only things which Elias could now call his own were the clothes he had on his body, his fur cloak, his hat, and his shoes; and his wife, Shem Shemagi, was also an old woman. The son whom he had bought off departed into a distant land, and his daughter died. And there was none to help the old folks.

Their neighbor, Muhamedshah, pitied the old folks. He himself was neither rich nor poor, but lived at his ease, and he was a good man. He remembered that he had eaten bread and salt with Elias, and he was filled with compassion and said to Elias:

"Come to me, Elias, and live with me along with thine old woman. In the summer thou shalt work for me according to thy strength in the melon fields, and in the winter thou shalt feed my cattle and let Shem Shemagi milk the cows and make kumis. I will feed and clothe you both, and whatever you may want tell it me and I will give it you."

Elias thanked his neighbor and dwelt with his wife in the house of Muhamedshah as one of his servants. At first it seemed grievous to them, but soon they grew accustomed to it, and the old people continued to live there and work according to their strength.

It was profitable to the master to have such people, for the old folks had themselves been masters and knew how things should be rightly ordered, and were not idle but worked according to their ability; the only thing which grieved Muhamedshah was to see people who had been so high fall to such a low estate.

And it chanced one day that distant relations came as guests to Muhamedshah, and a Mullah came also. And Muhamedshah bade Elias take a ram and slay it. Elias skinned the ram and cooked it, and set it before the guests. The guests ate the ram's flesh, drank as much tea as they wanted, and then fell a-drinking kumis. The guests sat with their host on down cushions on the floor and drank their kumis out of little cups, and conversed together, and Elias went about his work and passed by the door where they were sitting.

Muhamedshah saw him and said to one of his guests: "Didst thou see that old man who passed by my door?"

"I saw him," said the guest; "is there anything extraordinary about him?"

"There is this much extraordinary about him—that he was once upon a time our richest man—Elias they called him; perchance thou hast heard concerning him?"

"How could I help hearing of him?" replied the guest; "seen it all I have not, but the fame of him was spread far and wide."

"Well, now he hath nought, and he lives with me as a servant, and his old woman lives with him and milks my cows."

The guest was astonished. He clicked with his tongue, and shook his head, and said: "Ah! 'tis plain how fortune goes flying round like a wheel. One she raises on high, another she thrusts down below. Tell me," said the guest, "is the heart of the old man sore within him, perchance?"

"Who can tell? He lives peaceably and quietly, and looks well."

"May one converse with him?" said the guest; "I should like to question him concerning his life."

"Certainly, it is possible," replied the host, and he shouted from behind the kibitka, "Babad," which signifies grandfather in the Bashkir language, "go and drink kumis and call hither the old man!"

And Elias came to them with his wife. Elias greeted the guests and the host, recited a prayer, and squatted down on his knees at the door, and his wife went behind the curtain and sat down with her mistress.

They gave Elias a cup full of kumis. Elias drank the healths of the guests and the host, did obeisance, drank a little more, and then placed the cup aside.

"Now, tell me, grandfather," said one of the guests, "I suppose it grieves thee looking at us, to call to mind thy former life, and to recollect how fortunate thou wert, and how now thou dwellest in misery?"

And Elias smiled and said: "If I were to speak to thee of good fortune and ill fortune thou wouldst not believe me—far better it would be if thou didst ask my old wife concerning this thing. She is a woman, and therefore what her heart feeleth that her tongue speaketh; she will tell thee the whole truth about this matter."

And the guest spake, turning towards the curtain: "Speak now, old woman! tell me, how judgest thou concerning thy former good fortune and thy present ill fortune?"

And Shem Shemagi answered from behind the curtain: "This is how I judge: I and my old man lived together for fifty years; we sought after happiness and we could not find it, and only now this is the second year in which we have wanted for nothing, and we live as working folks and have found real happiness, and we want nothing else."

The guests were astonished and the host was astonished; he even rose up and threw aside the curtain to behold the old woman. And there the old woman stood with folded arms, and she was smiling, and she looked at her old man, and he smiled also.

And the old woman also said: "I speak the truth, I jest not: we sought happiness for half a hundred years, and while we were rich we did not find it at all; now that we have nothing left and live among working people we have found such happiness that we need nothing better."

"And in what, then, does your present happiness consist?"

"It consists in this: while we were rich I and my old man had not a single quiet hour together, we had no time to talk, no time to think of our souls, no time to pray to God. So many cares were we saddled with. At one time guests came to see us, and it was a worry what to set before each and with what presents to gratify them lest they should speak scornfully concerning us. Then there was the trouble of seeing to it that the wolves did not rend the lambs or kids or that thieves did not chase away the horses. Even when we lay down it was not to sleep, for we feared that the sheep might overlay the lambs in the night. You might get up and go about at night, and no sooner would your mind be at ease than a fresh worry would arise: how to find

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Poems About San Francisco

CXLIV—TWO PICTURES

By Ina Coolbrith

(Ina Coolbrith is numbered among those few poets of California whose fame is worldwide because their inspiration is authentic. This anthology has been enriched by a number of her poems. The following is taken from her volume "A Perfect Day, and Other Poems" published in this city in 1881.)

Morning

As in a quiet dream,
The mighty waters seem;
Scarcely a ripple shows
Upon their blue repose.

The sea-gulls smoothly ride
Upon the drowsy tide,
And a white sail doth sleep
Far out upon the deep.

A dreamy purple fills
The hollows of the hills;
A single cloud floats through
The sky's serenest blue;

And far beyond the gate,
The massed vapors wait—
White as the walls that ring
The City of the King.

There is no sound, no word:
Only a happy bird
Trills to her nestling young,
A little, sleepy song.

This is the holy calm;
The heavens dropping balm;
The Love made manifest,
And near: the perfect rest.

Evening

The day grows wan and cold:
In through the Gate of Gold
The restless vapors glide,
Like ghosts upon the tide.

The brown bird folds her wing,
Sad, with no song to sing.
Along the streets the dust
Blows sharp, with sudden gust.

The night comes, chill and gray;
Over the sullen bay,
What mournful echoes pass
From lonely Alcatraz!

A bell, with solemn toll,
As for a passing soul!
As for a soul that waits,
In vain, at heaven's gates!

This is the utter blight;
The sorrow infinite
Of earth; the closing wave;
The parting, and the grave.

The Spectator

Truth and Fiction About "Mission Jim"

Mayor Rolph is organizing a company to smash the so-called coal trust. So the Chronicle says; and presumably on the authority of Mayor Rolph. But Mayor Rolph, singularly enough, doesn't pretend that it is love of the dear people that has prompted him to become a trust-buster. For the first time in his political career Mayor Rolph has neglected an opportunity to pose. He says he is going to enter into competition with the Western Fuel Company because that corporation has refused to purchase ten thousand tons of coal which he brought here from Australia. The Chronicle has been told that the corporation has severed relations with Rolph on account of the testimony given by one of his employes against the Western Fuel officials when they were on trial before Judge Dooling. It appears from the Chronicle story that the Western Fuel men are trying to revenge themselves on Rolph, and that he is organizing a coal company both for self-protection and retaliation. There is some truth in this story, and some inaccuracies. It is true, for instance, that at the time of James B. Smith's conviction, the defense suspected that one of the jurors was under the influence of the prosecution and that this juror "battled long and valiantly in the jury room for a verdict of guilty;" also, it is true that a few days afterward a relative of this juror was appointed to "a lucrative position under the Rolph city administration." But these are meagre facts that convey only a vague idea of all the interesting and human interest circumstances antecedent to the appearance of James Rolph Jr. in the role of trust-buster. Since the conviction of "Jim" Smith the water front has been sizzling with gossip relating to the Western Fuel case and the part played by Mayor Rolph in the drama of unscrupulous intrigue. Let us get behind the scenes where we may observe the drama from all angles.

Two Friends

The prologue of this drama deals wholly with the relations between the two Jims—Rolph and Smith. In order to appreciate the subtleties of conduct and the delicacy of its mainsprings one must go back to the time when "Jim" Rolph was one of the most ardent of "Jim" Smith's fair-weather friends. In San Francisco there was no man who rendered Rolph greater service than "Jim" Smith. Rolph had a number of lumber vessels running to Australia. Not to bring them back empty or in ballast he imported coal which the Western Fuel Company bought from him at $7 and sometimes at $7.50 a ton and sold at $8. Obviously there was not much profit in this business. On the contrary it was a losing business, as the books of the Western Fuel Company showed during the trial in the Federal court. The explanation is not that the Western Fuel Company loved to do a losing business, but that "Jim" Smith is a man of sentiment who takes pleasure in helping a friend, especially if he thinks the friend is in a hole. The books of his company showed that he did $2,000,000 worth of business with his chum "Jim" Rolph on the friendly basis of a half-dollar margin in a period of four years.

The First Hint

On such friendly terms were Smith and Rolph that when the latter was running for Mayor his most generous and enthusiastic backer was the Western Fuel magnate. That he might give all his spare time to the campaign Smith quit his home down the peninsula and established a residence in San Francisco. Not a day passed without a conference between Smith and Rolph. All the employes of the Western Fuel Company were canvasing the water front daily in the interest of Rolph. After the election the friendship continued, but meanwhile politics having absorbed much of the Mayor's time and new social connections having been made Smith saw less of him than formerly. Their business relations were uninterrupted but politics and Matt Sullivan had become more to the Rolph taste than commerce and Smith. Presently along came Smith's trial before Judge Dooling with Matt

Sullivan as prosecutor. Smith had received assurance of Rolph's sympathy, and Smith intended to call certain employes of Rolph to testify to certain facts about the handling of coal. One day one of the men who was to be called as a witness begged off saying that it would embarrass him to testify. On this hint it was deemed advisable to call none of Rolph's employes as witnesses. It had begun to dawn on Smith that Rolph's sympathy was somewhat less than skin deep. Rolph's impresario, Mr. Matt Sullivan, was prosecuting the case not at all like a disinterested prosecutor. He was prosecuting like a man who felt that all his interests, private and professional, were staked on the result.

Why Wemple Lost His Job

Now as to the juror whose relative got a job from the Rolph administration. This juror was Mr. Maher. Maybe it was merely a coincidence that Maher's son was appointed to a job in the Health Department about a week after Smith's conviction, but it will do no harm to give the whole story touched upon in the Chronicle. First let us see what kind of juror Maher was. One of the jurors, Joseph Stackler, tells about him in an affidavit that was filed in support of the motion for a new trial. Maher, he says, told the jurors that the Sugar Company and the Western Fuel Company were big corporations, "and that all these big corporations did business along the same lines, and that all of them gave commissions and contributions, and that the sugar case was a similar case, only one company was handling sugar and the other was handling coal." There had been convictions in the sugar case, it will be remembered, and the sugar case was made a topic of discussion by the jurors. The verdict in the fuel case was rendered February 18. About two weeks before that it was moved at a meeting of the Board of Health that the position of chief medical inspector of schools held by Dr. Emmet Wemple be declared vacant. Action on the motion was postponed. Dr. Wemple got busy, and, so the story goes, he was told by the Mayor's secretary that the Mayor wanted the job. He was also told that the board had to give Maher a job; that it was the Mayor's orders. Dr. Wemple tried to get a "pull" on the Mayor, and was advised to see Matt Sullivan. On March 3rd Wemple's position was declared vacant, and on March 16th Dr. T. D. Maher was appointed to succeed him. There you have the whole story that has been going the rounds since the close of the fuel case, a story that folks who sympathize with the fuel company officials regard as though it were of sinister significance. Of course the circumstances may have been wholly fortuitous.

The Trust Buster

Fortuitous or not it certainly seems incredible that there was a conspiracy to railroad "Jim" Smith to jail. It is the incredible, however, that often happens. Before the Smith trial it was incredible that he would be prosecuted with the ferocity that characterized the conduct of the prosecutors. What may be incredible to you and me is not incredible to that credulous person, the man in the street. Now there are men in the street who will tell you that Jim Rolph has been intending to go into the coal business for some time. They will tell you that gossip along the water front ascribed the intention to him long before the Western Fuel Company refused to buy his coal. And by the way, the fact is the company didn't refuse to buy his coal. It refused only to buy it at the price Rolph got when the company was losing money on a friendship basis. On March 9th, less than a month after the verdict in the fuel case, Rolph bought two coal barges, a circumstance that strengthened the suspicion that he intended to embark in the coal business. That was nearly two months before the arrival of his Australian coal. As to Rolph becoming a trust-buster that report merely put a broad grin on the water front.

Tully Outrages Armes

Richard Walton Tully, the playwright, was among the first-nighters that greeted Robert Hilliard at the Columbia Theatre. Professor William Dallam Armes, connoisseur of the stage and the drama, the man who helped to make the Greek Theatre famous, was also among the first-nighters. After the first act they met and naturally they discussed the drama—the one on the stage and the drama in general, from "Omar the Tentmaker" to "The Persians" of the Athenian Theatre. It was a pleasant discussion until Professor Armes gave rein to his curiosity. "By the way, Tully," said the Professor, "is your play like the book?" Wow! there were rumblings of a thunderstorm.

"What do you mean?" demanded the playwright. His tone gave the professor a slight shock.

"I mean the book 'Omar the Tentmaker or a Romance of Old Persia.' That's where you got your title, isn't it?"

Gr-r-r-r! The explosion was terrible. Mr. Tully was up in the air. When he came down his fist hit the counter (they were in the bar) with a shattering thud. "There isn't any such book," he exclaimed. Professor Armes, one of the mildest mannered of men, looked at the cloud-gatherer in amazement.

"You are in error. There is such a book," said the college don.

"Do you mean to say that I'm a plagarist?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Tully, I don't mean anything of the kind. There is a book of exactly the same title as your play, and it occurred to me that perhaps you had dramatized it. Why should I accuse you of plagarism? I never read the book and I never saw the play."

But Tully was not to be placated. His feelings had been wounded by what he regarded as a sinister implication, and to put an end to the argument with the sportsman's irrefutable logic he offered to bet Professor Armes two thousand dollars that the book he mentioned did not exist. Fancy a college professor having two thousand dollars on his person with which to defend himself in controversy. Of course the professor was overwhelmed. There was nothing more to be said. Now it was lucky for Tully that Professor Armes was not well supplied with loose change; for as a matter of fact there is a book entitled "Omar the Tentmaker, or a Romance of Old Persia." It was written, so the catalogue says, by Nathan Haskell Dole and was published in 1902. It does not so appear in current catalogues because it is out of print, but it wouldn't be safe to wager two thousand dollars that there isn't a copy in existence.

The Professor and the Pugilist

Professor Armes figured in still another experience that same night. In the lobby between the acts he noticed a good-looking young man in evening clothes whom, for some reason, he mistook for the manager of the Hilliard company. Being the soul of geniality, Professor Armes approached this young man with outstretched hand.

"I wish to congratulate you on the excellence of this production," he said. "It does you and all others connected with it a great deal of credit, a great deal of credit indeed."

The young man was a bit confused by this un-

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expected compliment, and started to reply. He was interrupted by Barnet Franklin, the press agent of the Cort, who happened to be standing by.

"Meet Professor Armes, Mr. Ritchie," said Franklin, and as the two shook hands, he added, turning to Armes:

"Mr. Ritchie is not connected with this production. He is interested in the outdoor amusement game."

"Indeed," exclaimed Professor Armes. "That is interesting. I am interested in that myself, Mr. Ritchie. I have charge of the Greek Theatre at the University of California where a great many outdoor entertainments have been given."

"Mr. Ritchie," continued Franklin suavely, "has had considerable success in a somewhat similar line himself. His last outdoor entertainment was given in this city last month and netted him in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand dollars."

The professor was mystified.

"Is that so?" he cried. "Why, it must have been a most successful affair. Strange I haven't heard of it before! What was the nature of the entertainment?"

"Mr. Ritchie was one of the principal performers," explained Franklin, "and the other was a well known gentleman by the name of Harlem Tommy Murphy. It went twenty rounds to a decision."

Willie Ritchie blushed, and a great light dawned on Professor Armes.

Miss Jacobsen on Dr. Aked

It is unnecessary to point out that the newspaperwoman to whom Dr. Aked devoted so much space in his open letter to Fremont Older was Miss Pauline Jacobsen of the Bulletin. It is unnecessary because everybody knows that the most brilliant member of the Bulletin staff had paid her respects to Dr. Aked in terms calculated to rile that sensitive clergyman. Writing to the editor of the Bulletin under conditions which made the publication of his letter absolutely necessary, Dr. Aked took advantage of his opportunity to launch a ferocious attack upon Miss Jacobsen. It is the first incident of the sort I know of, and enables us to estimate the amount of chivalry possessed by this twentieth-century Bayard. I met Miss Jacobsen shortly after the letter appeared.

"Dr. Aked," she said, "wrote that he had given me enough information to sink a battleship. His information is not quite as weighty as that. It wouldn't sink a battleship, but it might float a balloon. Dr. Aked is nothing but puffed rice."

The Los Angeles Drama League

John Blackwood, the Los Angeles theatrical manager, was in town the other day, voicing his disgust with the Angeleno culturines who pretend to be interested in the highbrow drama. John was sore, and made no attempt to hide his feelings. Out of the fullness of his heart he told a sad, sad story. Blackwood is the head and front of a Little Theatre movement in Los Angeles. He has a nice miniature playhouse which accommodates in the neighborhood of five hundred people, and he started a few days ago to get his movement for the uplift of the drama under way by announcing the production of John Galsworthy's most successful play "The Pigeon." It happens that Los Angeles has a branch of the Drama League of America, just as San Francisco has. That was inevitable. The Drama League is a very high-toned organization which patronizes the plays which measure up to its very severe specifications. When a member of the Drama League goes to the theatre, he goes not so much to enjoy himself as to set a good example to others and to announce to all the world that the particular play to which he lends his endorsement is worthy of support. That sort of league was sure to appeal to Los Angeles where nearly everybody is a leaguer of some sort. Having announced "The Pigeon" John Blackwood sat him down and prepared a circular letter to the members of the Drama League. He commended it to their attention, and made a special inducement to insure their presence. He explained that owing to the smallness of the theatre, it would be necessary to charge two dollars a seat, but that a special price of one dollar had been made for the patrons of the drama banded together in the Drama League. And he asked them to subscribe. This letter was sent to the five hundred members of the Los Angeles branch of the Drama League. Just one member subscribed!

The Native Sons Ball

The Grand Parlor of the Native Sons always ends with a ball. This ball is regarded as a very swagger function among the Natives, but it has never been considered necessary to attend it in evening clothes. The obvious reason is that many Natives who go to the Grand Parlor have no evening clothes. Natives from the high Sierra or from the small towns of the valleys get through life quite happily without dress clothes, and don't see the necessity of investing in a special wardrobe for the annual event. But this year the Natives who planned attending the Grand Parlor at Los Angeles were instructed to bring their evening clothes with them, and when the invitations were issued they bore the disquieting word "formal" in one corner. On the afternoon before the ball a delegate arose at the meeting of the Natives and flatly asked Herman Lichtenberger who was presiding whether members would be allowed to attend the ball if they were not in evening clothes. Lichtenberger gave no satisfactory reply. As a matter of fact, those who did not go in correct black and white were not allowed to participate. They were halted at the entrance to the ball room of the Hotel Alexandria and directed to the gallery. They were not allowed to dance, but there was no objection to their enjoying the spectacle. About four hundred and twenty delegates attended the Grand Parlor, and the number of visitors brought to Los Angeles by the event must have been about two thousand. The ball of the Grand Parlor is usually a crush, but there were only three or four hundred at the Los Angeles ball. The exclusion of those who had no evening clothes has caused a great deal of bad feeling in the order, and the Los Angeles men who made the discriminatory rule have been severely criticized.

Spending a Million

Charley Dickman, Rollo Peters, Will Sparks and Frank Unger were dining at the Bohemian Club. The conversation dealt with fantastic possibilities.

"What would you do with a million dollars?" Will Sparks asked, turning to Charley Dickman.

Dickman was startled by the bare idea of such a thing, but recovered his poise and pondered.

"I'd set aside fifty thousand for the purpose of taking my family to Europe," he said finally.

"But what would you do with the remaining

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nine hundred and fifty thousand?" asked Frank Unger.

"I'd give it to Rollo Peters," answered Dickman, "and sit down to watch the fun."

Amid a roar of laughter Sparks turned to Peters and asked him how he'd spend Dickman's princely gift. It was Peters' turn to ponder.

"I'd invest it in a yacht," said Peters, "the most wonderful yacht that ever was built, and I'd so arrange matters that the yacht would consume the whole sum by the end of the year, leaving me broke again!"

Shaw Uses "Bloody"

George Bernard Shaw's latest play "Pygmalion and Galatea" with Mrs. Pat Campbell Cornwallis West and Beerbohm Tree in the principal roles, has not amused London theatregoers as much as some of his previous efforts. But it has one exciting moment. That is when the metamorphosed flower girl from Covent Garden is asked in a fashionable gathering at Chelsea whether she is going to leave the house on foot and replies: "Me walk? Not bloody likely!" This use of the word "bloody" by Mrs. Campbell caused an immense sensation. The fastidious gasped, and some of the critics admitted that they were shocked. Thus, A. B. Walkley writes in the Times: "O, greatly daring Mr. Shaw! You will be able to boast you are the first modern dramatist to use this word on the stage! But, really, was it worth while?" And the Sporting Times, better known as the "Pink 'Un," satirizes the incident thus: "As it seems there is a fortune to be made by anyone who is sufficiently clever to write a play that contains a gutter curse-word, I think of having a shot at it myself. I have secured, at enormous expense of beer, the acting rights of the blistering phrase invented by Badger Nobbs at the moment at which he was being enthusiastically put 'down and out' by the Bermondsey Binder. I can promise even the most hardened reader a mild sensation of astonishment, for my leading actress, when told what she would have to say during the last act, immediately left for the North—at least, I heard that she passed through Peterborough last night, and is still running strongly." And here is another press comment: "The use of a particularly strong and unwomanly expression on the stage by Mrs. Pat Campbell will not find favor with the habitual playgoer. Seeing that, with few exceptions every journalist in the land when compelled on occasion to make use of the offensive word in his paper invariably represents it with a dash, it is a wonder that in the press notices of the play the actress who made use of it was not called over the coals for doing so. Had it not been Mrs. Pat Campbell she would have been. Such a remark wouldn't sound well even if emanating from the silly mouth of a 'nut' of the period, endowed by birth with chronic softening of the brain and bent on making an ass of himself. But when it comes to our girls introducing Billingsgate into the drawing room, it is about time—" etc., etc.

The Shavian Defense

Of course Shaw is delighted with the row he has kicked up. He lost no time in defending himself, for he has never yet missed an opportunity for self-advertisement, and if he ever does, it will be a sign that his powers are in decay. He points out that "bloody" is used by four-fifths of the English people, and is detestable only when used by a woman of smart society or of would-be smart society. This is the sort of defense which suits Shaw's purpose, for it encourages discussion by taking for granted the very point at issue. No Englishman of conventional manners will admit that "bloody' is anything but detestable, no matter who uses it. He regards it as a bad word which nobody should use in any circumstances. He does not frown upon it in polite society alone; he is shocked when a cadger utters it no less than when a duchess does (though of course it is inconceivable to an Englishman that a duchess could be so naughty as to let it soil her lips).

"The Universal Adjective"

Sir Walter Besant is given credit for having nicknamed "bloody" "the universal adjective." It has been taboo in polite conversation and polite literature for a long time. Kipling shocked Englishmen by printing it without disguise, shocked them more perhaps than when he used certain other words which are banned with more reason. Olive Schreiner also used it. And now comes Shaw. Just why "bloody" should be of ill-fame in England it is rather hard to say. It is not inherently indecent or profane. It is supposed to have been derived from the "bloods" or men about town in the seventeenth century. Dryden uses "bloody drunk" which may mean "drunk as a blood." But some time later we find Swift using it in its present disreputable way when he writes in a letter to Stella: "It was bloody hot walking today."

Ups and Downs of Words

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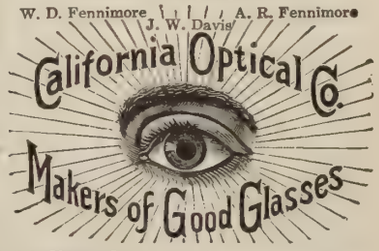

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is this of the ups and downs of words. "Bloody" is considered inelegant in America, but its use would most certainly cause no sort of sensation on our stage. Just how it has grown into disrepute in England it would be very difficult even for an expert on language to explain. The fact is there, however, and there's an end on't! One phase of this subject is curiously illustrated by old editions of Fielding, Smollet and other recorders of the coarse language of their time. These writers did not hesitate to write words which couldn't be used today in any society with the slightest pretense of refinement, but when it came to using such an oath as "Zounds!" they invariably disguised it thus: "Z—ds!" The reason is that this word is a corruption of "God's wounds" and is therefore blasphemous. But in the passage of time it has lost its offensive meaning. It wouldn't pain the ears of the most devout churchman now. Other words have had their ups and downs. In Shakespeare's time the word "accommodate" was very fashionable; it was "one of the perfumed terms of the times." Both Shakespeare and Ben Jonson poked fun at it, and with such effect that it grew to be considered indelicate. It is so with many other words. Readers may call to mind a certain word whose original meaning is of the most odious kind, which is nevertheless used humorously today, by youngsters especially, without giving undue offense. There are of course certain words which never appear in print anywhere except in unabridged dictionaries of slang, words which have been outlaws since they were coined. But there are words which have outlived their original shame; words which are proper or improper according to their context; and words like "bloody" which have lost caste among some speakers of English while others find them unobjectionable.

How He Became a Colonel

Colonel Al Martin is employed in the business offices of the Call and Post. He is not a Southerner, has never been in the army and never served on any gubernatorial staff. So it has puzzled his friends to account for the title. As Martin is tall, dignified and of more or less military bearing, his friends concluded that the title was "wished on him" by somebody impressed with a sense of what ought to be. Colonel Martin ended speculation the other day by revealing a bit of his past. Twenty years ago Al Martin was playing billiards in Slosson's New York billiard parlor. He was a good player, and his cue work attracted considerable attention. It impressed, among others, a very soldierly-looking Kentucky colonel who considered himself a very good three-cushion player and challenged Martin to a game. They played thirteen games for a dollar a game, and Martin won them all.

"Young man," said the Kentucky colonel, stroking his goatee, "Ah have no more money, but if you all wish, Ah shall be delighted to wager mah colonelcy against your money."

Martin was willing, and won again. He has been a colonel ever since.

The Mountain Play

"Shakuntala," masterpiece of India's most famous dramatic poet, comes nearer to being literally "as old as the hills" than is the case with a vast majority of the things to which the phrase has been applied. Yet "Shakuntala" is as fresh and effective today in its appeal to the human mind and human feeling as ever it has been. Although written for presentation in the open air, and given many thousands of such productions in the centuries which since have passed, "Shakuntala," in America, so far has been given only within doors. The first open air production in this country is to be given in the great natural amphitheatre on Mount Tamalpais, May 17. Old trails to the theatre are being widened and improved, and new ones opened, while elaborate arrangements are being made for the transfer and care of hundreds of automobiles, in preparation for the event. Officials of the Mountain Play predict that where 2200 persons gathered last year, in California's largest open-air theatre, more than 5000 will attend the performance of "Shakuntala." The amphitheatre, wonderfully formed by the ancient seismic disturbances which reared Mount Tamalpais, will seat from 20,000 to 25,000 persons comfortably. Although the first Mountain Play, establishing an institution promising great credit to California, was given only last year, the fame of the great natural amphitheatre has spread. In many dailies and weeklies, East and West, as well as in at least one monthly magazine, the Mountain Theatre on Tamalpais has been grouped with the Grove Theatre, the Greek Theatre and the theatre at Carmel in articles on the famous outdoor theatres of California.

From the Sanscrit

"Shakuntala" was written by Kalidasa in the year 400 A. D., and is based upon semi-historical events in the foothills and on the towering plateaus of the Himalaya Mountains nearly fifteen centuries before. It deals, however, with those elemental human emotions and desires which seem as changeless in human nature as the eternal hills themselves. Otherwise, or lacking the dramatic force which is essential to the winning of a permanent place in the literature of all time, it could not have survived the ages as it has and found its way into the dramatic literature of many languages. The translation from the original Sanscrit which will be used in the Mountain Theatre production, was made by Dr. Arthur W. Ryder, professor of Oriental languages at the University of California. Its presentation will be given under the management and direction of The Mountain Play organization of which John C. Catlin is president and Cleveland Dam secretary. Mrs. D. E. F. Easton will act as manager. Garnet Holme again will be the producer. Many more than the thousands that will gather in the amphitheatre will be given opportunity to form some visual impression of the Mountain Play, for a moving picture company is making arrangements to film the entire performance.

Dewar Outdoes Teddy

Sir Thomas Dewar's is a familiar name to all of us who drink his golden elixir, but we know little of the man's personality. It is extremely interesting to learn that he is one of the most intrepid and successful of big game hunters, especially when we are told on excellent authority that he has outdone our own Bwana Tumbo in this respect. Teddy's hunt in the Sudan was widely advertised, and he was hailed as almost a superman among hunters. But here comes the word that Sir Thomas Dewar in a hunt of two months killed eleven lions, to say nothing of other beasts. Eleven superb lion skins and a ton of other trophies were shipped to London following the Dewar hunt in British East Africa and Uganda. That is a record of accomplishment which Roosevelt will envy when he hears of it. Sir Thomas Dewar is an indefatigable hunter, and although just back from the jungle, he is planning already for another big hunt on the White Nile.

The Techau Dances

The dances at Techau Tavern have become an institution which it would be hard to match in popular favor. Last Thursday evening it was a Supper Dance which drew the crowds and offered an evening's entertainment of even greater attractiveness than the preceding dances. Prizes were awarded for the best dancers of the various modern steps and in each case the winning couple received two prizes, a magnificent silver cup going to the gentlement and an exquisite favor to the lady. The presentation of the awards was in charge of Judge Griffin of the Superior Court who was most happy in his remarks. A souvenir bottle of La Lilas perfume was presented to each lady.

The Hastings is showing the very newest models in the new Balmacaan overcoats that are all the craze in New York. For comfort and style they are the nicest garments shown this season. The fabrics are particularly bright and attractive.

Nuggets

Lots of people will take everything for granted except a hint.

Fortune never smiles on a man who stares her out of countenance.

Many a girl thinks a fellow is a man after her own heart when he is really after her money.

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The Lord will provide, but not necessarily in the style to which you have been accustomed.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Ball of All Nations

"Imagine a building," wrote the Examiner reporter, "extending from the Ferry to the City Hall." Well, of course, that's drawing a pretty long bow. The dimensions of Machinery Hall are 360x970 and it's 125 feet high, in other words, twice as wide as the Ferry Building, longer than the same building by one-half and as high as the Palace Hotel. It is so beautifully proportioned that you really lose sight of its immensity, a remark which, I believe, has been made more than once about St. Peter's in Rome. On Saturday night, however, one might excusably indulge in exaggeration like that of the Examiner reporter. Everything was on such a tremendous scale that we lost the sense of proportion. Such a mighty throng dancing in such a mighty building by the light of myriad electrics was calculated to throw you off your balance. The figures are hard to digest. I have seen it stated that the turnstiles recorded eighteen thousand admissions. I know that the revelers thronged in so numerously at one time that it became impracticable to use the turnstiles. Then there were fifteen hundred who came from Oakland and were landed at the Exposition wharf. We must also count in four hundred and fifty soldiers, four hundred waiters and one hundred and fifty ushers. No wonder the committee members say that there will be a net profit of twenty thousand dollars!

The True Carnival Spirit

San Francisco demonstrated anew that it possessed the true spirit of revelry. Men and women from all walks of life mingled in good humor, and I didn't note a single jarring incident. There was no rowdyism, no bad language, and no tough dancing. The wine and the beer flowed like talk at a political meeting, and plenty of men became pleasantly exhilarated, as was quite proper in the circumstances, but there wasn't one sign of intoxication. There was nothing to call for the condemnation of the most finicky. The town was out for a good time, and got it on the usual San Francisco terms of true carnival abandon without impropriety. No city ever had anything like it before; no city from sedate Boston to chemically pure Los Angeles could better its orderliness, its precision of arrangements and its careful working out of details. It will probably stand as our high-water mark, a mark which I'd like to see some other city try to touch!

Everybody Was There

I never saw such a gathering of all sorts and conditions. It seemed that everybody in town had suddenly made up their minds to take a hand in the fun. What we are pleased to call "Society" doffed the greater part of its haughtiness and donned the fancy dress of democratic merrymaking. Climbers almost forgot their heartburnings and their fatiguing aspirations. Millionaires rubbed the financial worry out of their eyes and smiled. The learned professions, the arts, politics, big business and small trade were abundantly represented in the boxes, in the galleries, on the floor and at the refreshment tables. Of course you couldn't see everybody. Some of my dearest friends say they were there, and I must take their word for it, because I didn't run across them. I left a chap at ten o'clock and didn't meet him again for seven hours! I doubt if anybody except some conscientious reporter made a complete tour of the building. There were three big bands playing all the time; yet you could dance beyond the hearing of one and still not pick up the strains of another!

Our Cosmopolitanism

There were many people at the ball who rarely speak English, and yet are good citizens of San Francisco. Our cosmopolitanism was never more strikingly illustrated. Our leading Chinese paid for three boxes and spent a great deal of money in decorations. The Japanese were well represented too. The Polish dancing girls were from the factories south of Market, and they performed admirably, though their hard work allowed them no time for rehearsal. The Greek dancers were from the restaurants of Third and Fourth street, and they were amateurs too. Every foreign colony was splendidly represented. Indeed, the foreign colonies were more excited about the ball before it took place than any other sections of the city. I doubt whether so many languages were ever before spoken at the same time in one building in San Francisco.

Society's Response

Never before did our society women so clearly show that they were capable of great public spirit. It was not merely the love of a frolic but also the desire to help San Francisco which brought them out so enthusiastically. Every woman Thornwell Mullally asked to act as a patroness responded eagerly without asking to see the other names on the list, surely a remarkable circumstance. When Mullally conceived the idea of having the three Mardi Gras queens appear in state, the other committeemen were inclined to regard the thing as impossible. Yet Mrs. Kohl and Mrs. Peixotto entered into the scheme with alacrity, and went to a great deal of trouble in selecting their courts and attending to costumes. Mrs. Clem Tobin would have done the same had she been in good health. For the two Shrove Tuesday balls the queenly preparations were so elaborate that they were just completed at the end of two months. But the two queens of the Ball of All Nations got their courts ready in five days! It shows what can be done by well-directed enthusiasm. And what splendid queens they made! They reigned in perfect harmony, with sweet graciousness and mutual good will, the blonde beauty of Mrs. Kohl and the brunette beauty of Mrs. Peixotto making a striking picture of artistic contrast.

The Arbiter of Elegancies

"If Thornwell wants to pick up Greenway's discarded sceptre," one reveler said to me, "he's entitled to do so on the showing he has made tonight." Righto! Mullally has proved that he possesses a genius for amusement supervision. I'm not slighting the good men and true who worked on the various committees. They deserve unstinted praise. But Mullally was the magister ceremoniarum, the arbiter elegantiarum, as we used to say at school. He was the director-general of the forces of merriment, the admiral of the good ship Joy. No wonder there were cheers for him as he passed down the hall in the biggest grand march San Francisco has ever seen. Supposing that there were twenty thousand people there, he has twenty thousand votes to start with if he's a candidate for election to Ned's vacated office. Thornwell, speak up! You can be Czar if you want to!

Mullally's Work

The ball had its inspiration in the necessity of paying a Portola deficit of $7,000. As the city had already contributed so willingly and in nearly all instances so generously (there were some exceptions), the Portola committee thought it would be an imposition to ask for more money. So they thought of a ball at Dreamland Rink. Thornwell Mullally had been in charge of the department of concessions during the Portola celebration and had cleared some $10,000 for the fund. As one of the few committee chiefs who showed a balance on the right side of the ledger he was asked to take charge of the ball at Dreamland. In his hands the project grew into a Ball of All Nations, as part of a May festival of reconstruction. Incidentally it was made a means of advertising the Fair. He arranged for the moving pictures which will be shown all over the world. He induced the railroads to make special rates from all parts of California, and to display attractive posters. He saw to it that the value of the wonderful Palace of Machinery as an appeal to the imagination of California was not lost. He had the big hotels make preparations for all diners who wished to hold dinner parties in costume before going to the Fair grounds. He engaged two great bands, and had a third ready downtown for transportation to the Fair grounds in case its services should be needed, as they were. He supervised the lights, devised the ingenious system of announcements by spotlight, prepared the flag-raising ceremony and had a telephone system installed so

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that he could communicate with the conductors and others without scurrying to and fro or enlisting a corps of unsatisfactory megaphone men. And so everything moved like clockwork. When it is remembered that the thousands of grand marchers were thrown into line in five minutes, it will be understood what wonders he accomplished. It was all done economically too. Is it necessary to add that Mullally was the last man to leave the scene of festivities? Or can we doubt that Dr. Skiff was right when he said out of an experience of such affairs extending over twenty-five years: "It broke the records of the world for size and the way it was managed?"

The Modest Architect

As I left at five in the morning I saw by the first light of dawn a familiar figure standing on the sward and gazing back at the Palace of Machinery. He was garbed in a pierrot costume, and no hat covered his hyacinthine locks. I approached, and noted the look of satisfaction on his face. And indeed, the Palace of Machinery looked very beautiful, a golden glow illuminating its great southern windows. No wonder Pierrot stood there, solitary and entranced. For Pierrot was Clarence Ward who built the Palace of Machinery. That architectural tour de force sprang from his brain. I told him in a layman's futile fashion how much the great building impressed me, and he nodded, saying simply that he was glad I liked it. I wonder how many of the merrymakers knew Clarence Ward as he tangoed or maxixed past them on the floor? The committeemen were marked by their broad red sashes, and very impressive they looked, like ambassadors indeed. But the man who saw the Palace of Machinery in his mind's eye before its first rough sketch was put on paper, was indistinguishable in the throng. Is not such modesty refreshing? I could name some other architects who, if they had Clarence Ward's opportunity to shine—but no matter.

The Services Represented

The presence of so many soldiers unquestionably heightened popular interest. Colonel Davis' Thirteenth Infantry, under orders for the front, was there en masse. Generals Murray and Wisser attended, and General Pershing's box was decorated, showing that his friends did not forget him, far away though he might be. Captain Bennett, the commandant at Mare Island, sent word that he could not leave his post, but his wife actually left a sickbed to attend! The only pang the naval officers felt in leaving for Mexican waters was caused by the fact that they had to miss the ball.

Peter's Costume

It seems to me that every time I've seen Peter Martin at a masquerade party he has been in the costume of an Albanian chief. In my mind's eye I can picture him at the old Art Institute balls in that picturesque garb. He wore it the other night, and danced his head off, as the saying is. Brother Walter had a good time too, but was not in costume. It's safe to say that Ernest Wiltsee had the time of his life. Ernest always does have the time of his life when there's ragging afoot. He was the tallest man there and danced as indefatigably as he used to at Caesar's when that interesting place below stairs was in its heyday and we all had the Caesar habit.

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A "Race Suicide" Club

I am told that Berkeley has a "race suicide" club. It is not a club to make war on the evil of race suicide, as its name might be taken to indicate. Its object is quite the opposite. The club is composed of a number of newly married couples who have fashionable homes in one of Berkeley's restricted residence districts. These newlyweds have banded together under most extraordinary conditions. They have pledged themselves not to have any children till after the World's Fair. In other words, they have espoused the cause of race suicide for the next two years. The reason for this amazing action is simple enough. They do not want to be hampered in their enjoyment of the Fair by the care of babies. This sounds like a story out of Suetonius, but I am assured that it is true.

The Bruguieres at Saratoga

Dr. and Mrs. Pedar S. Bruguiere and family have taken a house at Saratoga for six months. Mrs. Bruguiere is daily gaining strength, and her friends are looking forward to her being able to join in the gaieties of the winter season. During her illness her only diversion has been reading, and her friends tell her that if she continues for six months she will be so "high-brow" that they will be afraid of her as already she has distanced nearly all of our fashionable intellectuals. Her case refutes the theory that brains and beauty do not go together.

The High Cost of Flappers

He had been watching a bevy of gaily dressed maidens file by on their way to the tea room at the St. Francis. Taking a handful of small change from his pocket he remarked:

"Whoever called that chicken feed had never been in San Francisco. Why, that wouldn't satisfy one of their little bills!"

"I notice, however," sarcastically remarked his middle-aged wife, "that most men prefer chicken's bills to crows' feet."

A Brilliant Summer at Santa Cruz

Santa Cruz is looking forward to another brilliant summer season. There are to be many notable events in the beautiful seaside city this year, the first of which will be the Jewel Golf Tournament on May 28. Several conventions will be held in Santa Cruz, and the city will hold a big pageant in mid-summer, the motif of which will be a drama played in the open air. Two days before the opening of the big golf tournament that sumptuous hotel, the Casa del Rey, will begin entertaining summer guests. There will be no end of gaiety at the Casa del Rey, for there will be a succession of brilliant events during the summer months, and the indications are that the Casino will be thronged as never before in its history.

The Roads to Paso Robles

The automobile roads from San Francisco to Paso Robles Hot Springs and south therefrom to Los Angeles, are in excellent condition and it is such a pleasure to traverse them that a great many motorists are visiting this favorite resort. Among recent visitors were: Mrs. M. E. Green, A. P. Rogers, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Desine, Cuneo, Italy; H. I. Egerer, F. J. Donovan, Aberdeen, Wash.; E. D. Curl, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shaw, Mrs. L. E. Wood, W. R. Werner and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Luchanger, Mrs. H. Livingstone, Mrs. O. Moller, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. H. B. Varney, Miss Maud E. Varney, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Varney, Mr. and Mrs. Avonarrisos, Mrs. A. W. Coxhead, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. John Bakewell, Mrs. A. K. Bradley, Florence Everett, Oakland; Mrs. Clarence L. Peak, Brookline, Mass.; Miss Emily C. Smith, Binghampton, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phipps Ross, Boston, Mass; Mr. and Mrs. Gilmer, Lucille Gilmer, Jayne Gilmer, M. S. Gilmer, J. T. Gilmer, Salt Lake City; Joshua S. Reynolds, Graham McNary, Mrs. J. S. Reynolds, El Paso, Texas; C. M. McDonald, A. C. Sinclair and wife, Victoria, B. C.; Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Bouffleux, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. John F. Stark, Mrs. H. C. Parker, Nashua, N. H.; Mrs. E. G. Towne, Palo Alto; Dr. and Mrs. S. E. Simmons, Sacramento.

He jests at scars who has never been at war with himself.

The people who are content are merely those who don't know any better.

The man who is on the winning side is most apt to preach the triumph of right

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"So Much For So Much"

By Edward F. O'Day

As long as Willard Mack stays in the Brennan home, we are content to stay with him. But when he moves to the fashionable apartments of William Steadman, we can't follow him. He is at home in one place, and not at home in the other, speaking dramaturgically of course. The first two acts of "So Much for So Much," both in the Brennan living room, are delightful. The Brennans are real people: the mother a whole-souled, good-natured, hard-working Irish woman; the sister Bessie a real girl; the brother Charlie very much of a boy. Here also we meet Steve, a fireman; Tom Hughes, a reporter; and finally, Mary Brennan, the principal support of the household, a good stenographer working for a rich broker. Mary is "wise" with the wisdom of six years' experience downtown. That experience has been unusually unfortunate for a stenographer. It seems that all her employers have had designs on her. She has had to resign several positions when her employers became nasty. There is nothing you can tell Mary. She thinks she knows it all. You can't even tell her that the wealthy broker Steadman may have designs on her. She knows Steadman is different from the rest. True, he takes her out to lunch; he has her to the theatre constantly; he calls for her in his motor without meeting the family. But all this is friendship of an honorable kind, Mary knows. And even if he had designs, Mary is sure she could thwart him. It will be seen that six years of experience in offices, mostly unpleasant, have left Mary surprisingly unsophisticated. She hasn't even learned the importance of Rule One of the stenographer's code of behavior: Never accept personal attentions from your employer. For a "wise" girl Mary is a good deal of a ninny. However, during the first two acts of "So Much for So Much," Mary's foolishness is thrust into the background. Our attention is attracted to the homely realism of the action; we are delighted with the dialogue which is humorous, shrewd, keen and always natural. Tom Hughes argues with Mary a good deal, trying to show her how very wrong her ideas are, doing his best to put her on her guard. It is good argument on both sides. Mary who thinks she's right, is no unworthy opponent in argument for Tom who knows he's right. The fact that Tom is in love with Mary and wants to marry her, while Mary is in love with Tom and thinks she can't afford to marry him, lends piquancy to all this. The most dramatic moment comes when Mary returns very late from theatre and supper with Steadman, a little the worse for wine. To repeat, the first two acts are very good. Willard Mack was at his best when he wrote them. But in the other two, it is different. The scene in which the polished ruffian lays amorous hands on the virtuous maiden is one of the standbys of the drama. There is a formula for writing it. It is to the credit of Willard Mack that he tried his best to disregard the formula. He set out to write this scene in a new way, without claptrap and heroics. But he avoided highfalutin' only to fall into banality. What Mary says to Steadman in the fury of outraged virtue and disillusionment, doesn't ring true, hasn't the authentic accent. And what Steadman says is quite out of character. This should be a big scene, but it isn't. You watch it with the consciousness that such an incident in real life wouldn't happen that way at all. If you have any instinct at all for veracious drama you are disappointed. The dialogue improves with the entrance of Tom Hughes whose talk is always natural, but the action halts. The melodramatic touch of the scoundrelly valet crouched at the table with a revolver leveled at Tom is unnecessary and far from impressive. And the play ends so suddenly that you are taken by surprise. Half of the audience Monday night thought there was another act when the last curtain fell, and remained seated. If Willard Mack can rewrite his last two acts and bring them up to the level of his first two, "So Much for So Much" will be a play worth while.

Gossip of the Theatre

An Irish Vocalist

Thomas Egan, "great Irish tenor, leading tenor of Drury Lane Opera Company, London, Genoa, Naples, Dublin." It sounded good—an Irish tenor and one who had sung in Italy at that. Italy and Ireland, two of the countries whence singers come. So I went to hear Mr. Egan. He was fortunate in having an audience made for him—an audience receptive and of understanding. Part of the joy of a concert or recital is in the attitude of the audience. There was no denying that Mr. Egan's audience was instinctively prepared for what he had come to offer them. His stage setting was very happy, being a scene from "Peg o' My Heart," and he stepped forth clad as a hero in something very romantic and suggestive of Irish heroes. When he was consistent and sang Irish songs he was pleasing. My choice for his particular style was the rollicking "Billy O'Rourke." Four old gentlemen near me joined sotto voce in "Wearing of the Green," and I saw the faces of some fair colleens beam with joy after "Kitty of Coleraine." His excursions into the operatic field were less happy. Miss Breton, a wholesome-looking, pretty lady, who, I believe, is Mrs. Egan in private life, sang several groups of songs. Vocally as God made 'em He matched 'em. The audience liked Miss Breton very much in a darling old Irish air, "I Know Where I'm Going."

—H. M. B.

Roshinara at the Orpheum

There is something new in the art of dancing at the Orpheum this week, and it is very, very old. It is the kind of dancing that was done ages ago to the music of the timbrel and the lute. As long ago, perhaps, as when Semiramis was young, when men prayed to scorpions, sang hymns to scarabs, and with dances placated the ibis, there were girls doing these dances in Tyrian purple and fine linen with Arabian perfumes in their hair. Maybe they were done by those patient maidens who had to stay for a time in the grove that fronted the temple in Babylon. Maybe they were danced for the pleasure of rajahs in their palaces seated on thrones of ivory and gold. I don't pretend to know the full significance of these dances, but I am sure they are Oriental, and that with Roshinara the dancer has come a breath of the Orient and some of the atmosphere east of Suez. Roshinara is young, pretty and exceedingly graceful. She has strangeness, the charm and spell of something to us unintelligible, exotic. But there is joy in her dancing, in her deft attitudinizing. It is all done with a sense of the poetry and a sense of the primitiveness, the mystery and witchery of the Orient. A girl with a feeling for the mysticism of the East, her movements seem to be instinctive rather than deliberate, and her dancing is that of a sincere artist who would appeal only to your sense of beauty. . . . . The veteran actor Theodore Roberts is at the Orpheum this week, in a one-act farcical melodrama of the kind that Archie Gunther used to write a quarter of a century ago. It must remind Mr. Roberts of that brief season at the old Standard Theatre when he played the part of a nihilist in a farce called "Strictly Business" that had been written for C. B. Bishop, who appeared in the role of an American drummer trying to introduce American pork at the Court of the Czar.

—Theodore Bonnet.

VIRGINIA DARE

Who will appear with Sidney Jarvis in a novel singing and dancing at next week at the Orpheum.

A Splendid Concert

That fine aggregation, the Neapolitan Mandoline and Guitar Club, never gave a better concert than that at Native Sons' Hall last Thursday. There were rival attractions for music lovers that night, but the hall was filled nevertheless, the audience being a very smart one that included many people from the peninsular country places and from the suburbs across the bay. Perhaps

the most favored number was the mandoline and guitar duet by the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood. It consisted of two numbers from Meyerbeer and Verdi, and was played splendidly. The audience showed its appreciation by much applause and many flowers; the encore was "Kathleen Mavourneen," beautifully rendered. The Finale of Haydn's "Farewell Symphony" rendered by the club was another number that pleased greatly. The candles going out one by one, finally leaving the stage dark, produced an impressive effect. Charles E. Lloyd Jr. and Miss Virginia H. Fischer, the soloists, were in the best of voices. Their "Swing Song" duet was finely rendered and gave great pleasure.

—The Music Lover.

The Flonzaley Quartet

This Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the Flonzaley Quartet of Switzerland, the world's very greatest organization of this character, will give the first of a series of three exceptionally important, interesting and beautiful programs. The work of the Flonzaleys is simply indescribable; one has not heard the most beautiful in music until one has heard at least one Flonzaley concert. The program will consist of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet, Haydn's most exquisite ensemble work, the Quartet in D major, and a most interesting novelty in Emmanuel Moor's Suite for violin and violoncello which will be played by Messrs. Pochon and d'Archambeau. The second concert will be given Thursday night, May 14, when works by Mozart and Beethoven will be given in addition to the futuristic work of Arnold Schoenberg, the Viennese composer who is recognized as the greatest musical revolutionist the ultra-modern school has yet developed. The farewell Flonzaley concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 17, when Beethoven's Quartet in E major, Op. 59, of which the master himself wrote, "I have at last learned how to write a quartet" and which is one of the greatest musical works the world has ever known, will attract many music lovers as will also the Quartet in D major by Tschaikowsky. The special feature at this concert will be the Suite in C major for violoncello unaccompanied by J. S. Bach, a work that few of the violoncellists dare attempt in public. Season tickets and single tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's, and single seats may also be obtained at Kohler and Chase's. With this magnificent attraction Manager Greenbaum will close his musical season.

Screaming Farce at Alcazar

A departure will be made at the Alcazar next week. To date Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau have been seen in the more serious drama only. On Monday night they will offer, for the first time in San Francisco, Edgar Selwyn's screaming farce comedy success "I'll Be Hanged if I Do," which is the greatest laughing success William Collier has ever had. Written by one of the foremost constructors of farce in this country for America's leading comedian, this ripping, sparkling three-act concoction has all the elements that go to make up a triumph constructed for laughing purposes only. "A pyramid of funny situations and lines built on a laughing platform" exactly describes it. It comes to us, through the medium of the Alcazar and its famous stars, with the stamp of a "hit" placed upon it by New York audiences that packed the Comedy Theatre where it played for one solid year. In the Collier part Willard Mack will prove that he is just as much at home in this lighter form of entertainment as he is in plays of a more serious nature. Marjorie Rambeau will display unsuspected talents as a comedienne and the Alcazar players, to whom farce is an old story, will do justice to their parts.

"The Passing Show of 1913"

"The Passing Show of 1913," the latest and most stupendous of all the entertainments sent on tour from the New York Winter Garden, opens a limited engagement at the Cort Sunday night with popular priced matinees on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Everywhere it has been acclaimed as bigger and better than all that have gone before. For the road tour the same company of comedians, singers and dancers that pleased Brodwayites for over twenty weeks has been retained. It includes Conroy and Le Maire, the inimitable black-face comedians; Charles and Mollie King, travesty favorites who appear to advantage as Broadway Jones and Peg o' My Heart; Elizabeth Goodall, one of New York's favorite comediennes; Whiting and Burt, singers and popularizers of songs who are returning to the scenes of their first triumphs; Mazie King, the international toe dancing favorite; Artie Mehlinger, another San Francisco favorite; Teddy Wing and George Ford, dancing experts; Henry Norman, last seen locally in the David Henderson extravaganza productions; Louise Bates, Laura Hamilton, Ernest Hare, Charles Van, Leslie Powers and others. There are introduced every known variety of the present terpsichorean mania and a revival of the old-fashioned cake walk which has proved to be one of the most popular numbers in the revue.

Odive at the Orpheum

The Orpheum program for next week leaves nothing to be desired in the way of novelty, excellence or variety. There will be six new acts with Odive, "The Water Queen," as the headliner. This graceful and daring girl who received her swimming education from Samoan pearl divers, will present a beautiful and original act in which she will have the assistance of a school of Pacific Ocean sea lions who will perform a number of astounding and amusing stunts. Master Gabriel, the diminutive comedian supported by Al Lamar and Vida Perrin, will appear in a new one-act comedy entitled "Little Kick."

AMUSEMENTS

THE
FLONZALEY QUARTET
"The World's Greatest"
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 10 at 2:30
NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT, MAY 14 at 8:15
and
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 17 at 2:30
Season Tickets, $4.50, $3.50 and $2.25
Single Tickets, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00
Box Offices at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's.
Mason and Hamlin Piano

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Commencing Monday Night, May 11th
Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
One Week Only!
WILLARD MACK-MARJORIE RAMBEAU
Supported by the ALCAZAR PLAYERS in
"I'LL BE HANGED IF I DO"
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c

Orpheum
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
GLORIOUS VAUDEVILLE
ODIVA, "The Water Queen" assisted by a School of Pacific Ocean Sea Lions; MASTER GABRIEL & CO. in a one act comedy "Little Kick"; SIDNEY JARVIS, assisted by VIRGINIA DARE; MABELLE ADAMS & CO. in "Wanda"; LEON KIMBERLY & HALSEY MOHR in their own Singing Novelty "Clubland"; NICK VERGER, The Newsboy Caruso; McDEVITT, KELLY & LUCEY; WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS. Last Week—Great Artistic Triumph ROSHANARA, the Only Authentic Exponent of Dances of The Far East.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

CORT Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460
Last Time Saturday Night "Peg o' My Heart"
STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, MAY 10th
3 "Pop" Matinees, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday
The Colossus of Winter Garden Revues
THE PASSING SHOW OF 1913
Original Broadway Cast of 125
8 Big Scenes. 30 Musical Hits
See the Dazzling Capitol Steps
75 Regal Chorus Beauties
Night Prices, 50c to $2; Matinees, $1.50 Best Seats.

GAIETY
O'FARRELL near POWELL Phone Sutter 4141
A Continued Hit
"THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER"
With
AL SHEAN
and DAPHNE POLLARD Heading
a superb production of the Gayest Broadway Success.
See the Pony Ballet and Hear the Haunting Melodies.
THURSDAY "POP" MATINEE, 25c and 50c. No Higher.
Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00
Saturday and Sunday Matinees—25c, 50c and 75c
Thursday "POP" Matinee—25c and 50c

LISTEN, YOU!
The Biggest Carnival of Gaiety San Francisco Has Ever Witnessed—FIVE FAST DAYS
The Carnival of the Bourbons
DREAMLAND :: PAVILION
NATIONAL THEATRE
MAY 12th to MAY 16th
Continual Dancing Continual Cabaret Continual Vaudeville
Every Kind of Fun Device Known
LOFASO AND HIS ROYAL BAND OF 100 SOLOISTS :: The First Indoor Portola

Sidney Jarvis who popularized 'Oh, You Wonderful Girl" in Cohan's "The Little Millionaire," will make his first appearance here and with the assistance of Virginia Dare, a handsome and dashing comedienne, will provide a delightful singing and dancing entertainment. Mabelle Adams, a violinist and actress of considerable attainments, will offer as her contribution a playlet by Edgar Allan Woolf entitled "Wanda" which is proving an excellent vehicle for her versatility. Leon Kimberly and Halsey Mohr will introduce their novelty, "Clubland," a story in rhyme and song. Nick Verger, the newsboy Caruso, originally sold papers in the streets of this city. Instead of shouting his wares he sang the names of his papers and their sensational headlines. His magnificent tenor voice attracted the attention of a theatrical man who saw that he had proper tuition. He was then taken East where he scored a big hit. He will be heard in popular numbers. Next week will conclude the engagements of McDevitt, Kelly and Lucey and also of Roshanara who has created an immense sensation in her dances of the Far East.

"The Girl Behind the Counter"

At the beginning of the third week of its engagement at the Gaiety, "The Girl Behind the Counter" maintains its popularity with local theatregoers and bids fair to remain the town's big entertaining feature for some time to come. Al Shean as Mr. Schniff is a comedy delight. He has unction, art and ease. His fun-making is clean, clever and he is a legitimate member of "a rapidly vanishing race of real comedians." Daphne Pollard has become a great local favorite for her pretty manner, her excellent voice and her dainty comedy. Her "Dixie" number with the little ladies of the ballet is encored again and again at every performance. Arthur Clough's solo offering "The Cherry in the Glass" is the big vocal hit of the show while "The Isle of Cuddle and Squeeze" sung by Myrtle Dingwall and supported by the full chorus is a close second in popularity. Ann Tasker's appearance would lend distinction to any cast, and in "The Girl Behind the Counter" she is given ample opportunity to display those qualities which have made her a musical comedy star. Maude Beatty as Mrs. Schniff is an admirable foil to Al Shean's comedy, and the entire company is adequate in the merry piece.

A Good Story

Nervous is the bachelor of thirty when a small boy establishes himself on his knee and demands a story. No situation so ruthlessly exposes his incompetence. He feels inclined to cry with Canning: "Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir." He looks appealingly round the room, but he can see no prospect of relief, and he knows that several people with whom he has passed as something of a wit are waiting eagerly for a reply. Desperately he tries to remember what interested him when he was a boy. He can remember nothing that could be put in any entertaining form. He tries to gain time by saying "Certainly; what kind of story do you want?" but the boy says at once "Like Uncle Harry's." Now, everyone has listened to Uncle Harry telling a story, and everyone knows it is impossible to compete with him. Who could hope to equal that steady flow of exciting narrative? Who could dare to imagine such beautiful princesses such ingenious boys, and such astonishing pirates? The mention of Uncle Harry is fatal to the unaccomplished bachelor. He knows at once that the game is up, and he is only saved from utter humiliation by the intervention of his hostess, who mercifully tells her son "not to bother Mr. Soandso."

But the truth seems to be that this little boy of four is in no isolated or presumptious position. The need for a story is ingrained in human nature. In our earliest days, when, say, we fall and do some insignificant damage to our chin, someone at once tell us a story. No attempt is made to give us the elaborate sympathy we expect. But we are satisfied, and as our interest grows in the career of some Red Indian we forget the cause of our original tears.

So it is in later days. There is always this urgent demand for a story. Everyone is glad to hear a tale told, and there is a general feeling that such a thing is public property. No one listens to an ordinary conversation, but if two men get into a railway carriage, and tell stories, or remind each other of adventures they have been through, all the other passengers will instinctively listen, and if there be a joke it is certain they will smile behind their newspapers. No one, in fact, can resist listening to a story, and there is no more painful experience than to see one being told, and not be able to share in it. Who has not watched a group of people in the corner of some room eagerly listening to a yarn? You have seen the interest gradually growing on their faces; you have felt the nearness of the point; and at the climax you have heard the unanimous laugh. Instinctively you are drawn towards the group. You are anxious to see so good a joke, and you feel you are missing something to which as a human being you are entitled. You are, in fact, in the same position as the little boy of four, who, when he hears you laugh, looks anxiously at you, and is not satisfied until he finds out what has amused you.

No one, therefore, is more popular than the man who can say "That reminds me. . . . . ." He must, of course, be careful not to degenerate into a bore. He must be reminded only of apt things, and he must deal sensitively with his points. But on, the whole, he is welcome in any place, as "the man who can tell a good story." People wonder sometimes that he is so successful, and ask why his income is so large. They do not realize that the man who can tell a good story never fails. No one has so nice a command of humanity. Tell a man three good stories and he is your friend for life. The wit, and the satirist, and the epigrammatist run risks. They may provoke attack. They are not playing for the side so much as for themselves. They have an "average" to keep up. But the teller of apt stories is anxious only to advertise in a kindly way the whims and the foibles of humanity. His charm comes from his self-effacement and his large appreciation of the possibilities of life. When he hears of something full of fun, or pathos, or grandeur, he can always be relied upon to say "That reminds me. . . . . ."

Everyone is grateful to him for this generous knack of his. There is always a crowd round him. He is never, like the satirist, alone. We all go to him when we have forgotten, for the moment, that the world is a good place, where men make jokes, and laugh, and give away money as well as make it. And he never fails to remind us of these things. He has always a convincing story to tell; and when we get up, quite satisfied, to go, he shakes hands as no other man can.

Modest to a Fault

A well known actor-manager observed recently that an actor should be modest, and that most actors were. He went on to say that he once knew a young player who, at the beginning of his career carried modesty almost too far. This young aspirant inserted in all the dramatic papers a want advertisement that read:

"Engagement wanted: Small parts, such as dead body or shouts outside, preferred."

Death in Life

Here, by the lifeless wall,
  Two souls immortal met;
The sun marched over all,
  We cared not when he set;
Love in two souls aflame
  Joined flame and flame as one;
  —The wall is much the same,
And there's the marching sun.

Quick movements of her dress,
  With breathings out and in;
Eyes closed for lovingness,
  The touch of skin on skin—
Oh, the first touch, the first
  Touch of dear passion's will!
—And of all griefs the worst
  Is that we're living still.

Long before living ends,
  Alone or on the street
We are like meeting friends,
  And happy not to meet;
But that so dear a thing
  Should rot before we die
—O Death, here is thy sting!
  Here, Grave, thy victory!

Tell a woman she has a beautiful nose, and she will get cross-eyed from constantly looking at it.

THE FAMOUS FLONZALEY QUARTET

Who appear in concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoons, May 10 and 17, and Thursday night, May 14.

Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 8.)

ley Divinity School, Middleton, Conn., graduating with the class of 1873. He was ordained a priest of the Episcopal Church June 4, 1874. For a time he was private secretary to Bishop Williams of Connecticut. He was rector of several churches in the East before coming to California where he succeeded Bishop Kip. During the twenty-four years of his episcopate the diocese has been twice divided; first when the diocese of Los Angeles was created in 1895, and again when the district of San Joaquin was set apart in 1910. During his episcopate, notwithstanding the creation of new districts the history of this diocese has been one of steady growth, for Bishop Nichols has devoted his energies to constructive work. He was the founder of the Divinity School for the whole coast, and it was he that conceived the idea of building a cathedral on California street hill. William H. Crocker was the first member of the Crocker family to deed his property to the church. A little later Bishop Nichols went East and saw George Crocker and presently all the Crockers made deeds of their property and now the church owns the whole block bounded by California, Sacramento, Taylor and Jones streets. While in the East Bishop Nichols received a promise from J. Pierpont Morgan to contribute $100,000 to the building fund, and this promise will be fulfilled by the great financier's heirs.

One of the first notable events in the career of Bishop Nichols occurred when he was assigned by the church at large to the task of receiving the Church of Hawaii into the American Church. He adjusted all matters in connection with the transfer. It was through his influence that what is known as the provincial system was established. The plans were completed in New York last October, and there is no doubt that Bishop Nichols will be appointed head of the system, an office to which all the leading clergymen of the church hope to see him elevated; for there is not a more beloved bishop of the Episcopal Church in America.

A clergyman of the church who was asked how he would describe Bishop Nichols and sum up his characteristics said: "He is a man of radiant personality, of deep spiritual insight and rich sympathies; in short, a lovable character. He is a constructive clergyman who has set a new standard in the possibilities of the church. He is an enemy of emotion in public affairs. Concerned about humanity in its larger aspects, his is a life of single-hearted devotion to one high cause."

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

lot one hundred feet high, and when they began to grade it from the Post street side the excavation made a natural amphitheatre. This was a favorite place for after-school fights. Another place was the sand lot at O'Farrell and Stockton where the Lace House stands. The war feeling was strong, and there were two factions in the school, the Northerners and the Southerners; so there were plenty of battles.

"People who were not in San Francisco at the time cannot realize the bitterness that existed between Northern and Southern sympathizers at that time. The pulse of the town was at fever heat.

"I'll never forget the day of the riot in front of Dr. Scott's church on Bush street, the day Dr. Scott was threatened with lynching and hanged in effigy. We were living temporarily at the old Metropolitan Hotel at the corner of Bush and Sansome, where Sachs Brothers were afterwards. My father went out with Captain Drum, afterwards Adjutant General of the Army, to see the row at close range, and I looked down on it all from the hotel balcony.

"Dr. Scott who was a Southerner, was in the habit of praying for 'the Presidents of the United States and all others in authority,' and that was construed as including Jeff Davis as well as President Lincoln. The trouble occurred one Sunday morning in the fall of '61. Only a week before $10,000 worth of tobacco consigned to Greene, Heath and Allen had been seized in San Francisco by the United States Government because the consignees were Secessionists. That shows the condition of feeling at the time.

"On the Sunday in question some drunken soldiers had draped an American flag over the entrance to Calvary Church. Mrs. Deuprey, Eugene's mother, who was a Southerner, tore it down as she was entering the church for services. She made the very reasonable defense afterwards that a church was no place for any flag. The soldiers choked her, and the trouble started. By ten o'clock, the hour for services, Bush street between Montgomery and Sansome streets, was filled with a howling mob. Dr. Scott preached a forceful and eloquent sermon, and when the services were over, undismayed by the mob that threatened his life, escorted Mrs. Selby whose husband was Mayor afterwards, to her carriage. The mob surrounded Dr. Scott and it looked black for him. His son Billy, only sixteen years old, drew a pistol to defend his father, but it was wrenched from his hand. Mrs. Selby insisted that Dr. Scott get into the carriage with her, and although he preferred to stay and face the mob, she refused to let go of his arm and practically dragged him in. Detective Lees jumped on the box beside the driver, seized the whip, lashed into the fighting crowd on both sides, and the carriage was driven up Bush to Montgomery and then to the Selby home on Rincon Hill. Dr. Scott resigned his pastorate and went to New Orleans."

This was getting away from City College, so I steered the conversation back.

"How did the boys amuse themselves on Saturday?"I asked.

"Most of us didn't amuse ourselves," said Daniels, making a wry face. "We had to go to dancing school. The fashionable school was Galavotti's in Odd Fellow's Hall at the corner of Montgomery and Summer streets, where Caley's is now. But of course we all went in for baseball—"

And then Sam Daniels launched into that large subject. It was so interesting that I shall not attempt to summarize. After all, I can't expect to crowd all of Sam Daniels' reminiscences into a single article.

Elias

(Continued from Page 9.)

hay or pasturage in the winter time—and so on it would go. And all this was nothing to the disagreements between my old man and me. He would say: 'We ought to do this,' and then I would say: 'No! we ought to do that!' and so we began to curse each other, and that was sinful. Thus we lived, and went on from care to care, from sin to sin, and we found no happiness in life."

"Well, but now?"

"Now I and my old man rise up together, we converse lovingly and agree in all things, we have nought to quarrel about and nought to trouble us—our sole care is to serve our master. We labor according as we are able, we labor gladly, so that our master may have no loss and may prosper. We come to the house—there is dinner, there is supper, there is kumis. If it be cold there is the fuel wherewith to warm ourselves, and there are furs. And there is time, when we wish it, to talk together, to think of our souls, and to pray to God. For fifty years we sought happiness, and only now have we found it."

The guests began to laugh.

But Elias said: "Laugh not, brethren! this is no jest, but human life. And at first my old woman and I were fools and wept because we had lost our wealth, but now God hath revealed the truth to us, and now we also reveal it to you, not for our amusement but for your good."

And the Mullah said: "These be wise sayings, and Elias hath spoken the real truth, and all this is written down in the Scriptures."

And the guests ceased to laugh, and they pondered these things in their hearts.

She—I am going to give you back our engagement ring—I love another.

He—Give me his name and address.

She—Do you want to kill him?

He—No, I want to sell him the ring.

"Netherlands Route"

Sacramento River Steamers

From San Francisco, Pacific Street Wharf, 8:30 A. M.
Daily Except Sunday
Arrive Sacramento 7:00 P. M.

A delightful bay and river trip of 125 miles to Sacramento, through the wonderful Delta lands of the Sacramento River, amid orchards, gardens and meadows.

Fare, $1.50 Each Way

Staterooms, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00—Berths 50c. Breakfast and Dinner a la carte, Lunch 50c

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The trade reviews for the week indicate that conditions have changed very little except for some improvement due to the more seasonable weather. The Mexican affair has not been a factor either way so far and whatever it may do in the way of stimulating business would hardly get us out of the rut. The process of adjusting affairs to the lower tariff duties takes time and cannot be concluded hurriedly. The fact that the reduction in duties came at a time when business was suffering a setback from other causes has complicated matters so that it is still impossible to estimate just what effect the new tariff policy is to have. The discussion of further trust legislation has also had an influence in restraining activity, as capital is naturally waiting to find out under just what conditions it is to operate. The attention of the country has been diverted from the railway cases by the difficulties with Mexico, but it remains a fact that the volume of railway buying of materials remains small and is expected to be based very largely on the outcome of the rate cases. The expectation now is that the Interstate Commerce Commission will hand down its decision on the question of whether or not the companies need relief, early in May, after which the commission will proceed to designate the method by which the companies can increase their revenues if a need for it is found. The time has passed when a favorable decision would restore activity immediately, but anything that would assure investors of just treatment by the Government could not help but have a great sentimental effect and be productive of good.

Wheat—While the market during the early part of the week displayed some weakness, the tone generally has been a firm one and during the last few days has exhibited considerable strength. The situation in Mexico has contributed slightly to the strength, as the trade is reluctant to maintain a position on the short side during unsettled conditions, but perhaps the most compelling cause was the apprehension over dry weather in Kansas and Nebraska. These latter fears have been somewhat relieved by scattered rains during the latter part of the week and as the market has at no time displayed any market weakness, some slight set-back has resulted. The lighter world's shipments and the absence of pressure in the shape of offerings from the Argentine, coupled with the fact that there is no particular long interest, creates a situation where congestion easily develops and the market gives ready response to current news.

Corn—The heavy liquidation of last week forced prices down to a point where it was possible to revive the long dormant cash demand, and considerable business developed, with the result that terminal stocks everywhere, particularly those in Chicago, are moving out at a rapid rate, and the situation has gained considerable strength. It is quite likely that receipts will continue light for some time, and less is heard of Argentine importations since the demand developed for domestic corn. The situation at this time appears decidedly healthy to us, and some improvement in prices seems likely.

Cotton—The cotton market was irregular the past week. The May option, after showing a little strength early in the week, was under pressure most of the time. Notices of about 70,000 bales were distributed around the ring and a good many May contracts were sold against them which caused a narrowing of the difference between May and the July option, the latter being bought against bales of the May. The new crop months were strong at all times and while they did not show much of an advance the undertone at all times was strong. The strength in the distant futures was due to the numerous complaints of the new crop getting a late start, especially in Texas where the weather has been very wet and cold. Reports from Texas and Oklahoma said there would be a lot of replanting this season and that water was standing in the fields. In the eastern part of the belt the weather has been more favorable, especially in the Mississippi Valley, but in the Carolinas it is also too wet and cold for rapid progress. The weekly forecast was for unsettled weather the coming week over most of the belt and a good many traders are becoming alarmed at the unfavorable outlook. Trade however is as yet very light, which accounts for the small fluctuations in the market, but with a continuation of the present weather reports we look for an awakening which will give us a pronounced advance in the market. Spinners' takings for the week, while not quite as large as last year, are nevertheless larger than the trade had expected and receipts for the week were slightly below last year. The Liverpool market keeps surprisingly strong and even shows a slight advance in face of our indifference here. On the whole the market looks healthy and we believe higher prices will soon be witnessed.

The German Savings and Loan Society

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December 31, 1913

Assets	$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
Number of Depositors	64,639

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending December 31, 1913, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 2.

In the Matter of the Dissolution of the STAR BAKERY & PASTE COMPANY, a Corporation—No. 56,423, **Notice.**

Notice is hereby given that the Star Bakery & Paste Company, a corporation, made to and filed in the aforesaid Superior Court, on the 1st day of May, 1914, its verified voluntary application for dissolution, in writing; that on the 1st day of May, 1914, the said Court made an order directing the Clerk of said Court to give thirty-five (35) days' notice of said application by publication in the "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco; that this notice is now given as required by said order and shall be published in said newspaper, as often as it shall be issued, during the period of thirty-five (35) days from and after the 8th day of May, 1914, the first publication thereof being made on the 9th day of May, 1914, and that at any time before the expiration of said thirty-five (35) days' notice any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on this 1st day of May, 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Petitioner,
604 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-9-6

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 14,936; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALEXANDER McVICKER, Deceased.

CHARLES S. PEERY, the Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Alexander McVicker, deceased, having filed his petition praying for an order of sale of the real estate of the said decedent, wherein it is alleged that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interest of estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate, and that it is also necessary to sell said real estate for the purposes set forth in said petition, and good cause appearing therefor;

It Is Ordered, that all persons interested in the said estate of said deceased appear before the said Court in Department Number Ten, Probate, thereof, at the Temporary City Hall, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 27th day of May, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the said real estate described in said petition, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, at private sale, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 15th day of April, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Superior Court.

(Endorsed): Filed April 15, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

R. H. McGOWAN, Attorney for Estate,
950 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-25-5

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET.

Pursuant to a resolution duly offered and adopted by the Board of Directors of Shreve, Treat & Eacret, at a special meeting of said Board called for that purpose, held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1914, and entered in the minute book of said corporation as a part of the proceedings at said meeting, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called, and will be held at the office of said corporation at No. 136 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of July, 1914, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation to the sum of one million (1,000,000) dollars.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., May 6, 1914.

SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET, a Corporation,
By WALTER P. TREAT, President.
and GODFREY EACRET, Secretary.

HOUGHTON & HOUGHTON,
1305 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
Attorneys for said Corporation. 5-9-10

EDWARD F. HUTTON
GEORGE A. ELLIS, Jr.
FRANKLYN L. HUTTON
EDWARD E. B. ADAMS
HOSMER J. BARRETT
RICHARD E. MULCAHY
GEORGE B. WAGSTAFF

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

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Los Angeles, 118 W. 4th Street
New York, 61 Broadway
Investment Department
Woolworth Building

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM PETERS, sometimes known as W. Peters, Deceased—No. 12,280; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION OF MELVILLE ROSENBERG FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF A CONTRACT OF SAID DECEASED WITH HIM TO EXECUTE A LEASE TO HIM OF CERTAIN PROPERTY, SAID LEASE TO CONTAIN A PRIVILEGE TO PURCHASE CERTAIN LANDS HEREINAFTER DESCRIBED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Melville Rosenberg has filed herein his verified petition asking for the specific performance of a contract made by said decedent with him and that on the filing of said petition an order has been made by the said Superior Court appointing a time for the hearing of said petition, a copy of which order is in the words and figures following:

"On reading and filing the verified petition of Melville Rosenberg for the specific performance of a contract made with him by said decedent in his lifetime by which said decedent agreed to lease certain real property and to execute a lease containing an option in favor of said petitioner to purchase said real property all as appears by said petition herein on file and to which reference is hereby made, and praying for an order and decree requiring the executrix of the will of said deceased to execute to said petitioner a lease of said real property on the terms set forth herein and in said agreement in writing;

IT IS ORDERED that Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court at the New City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of said application and petition be served on said executrix personally and be published four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

The real property described in said petition is all those certain pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Mendocino, State of California, and being portions of the Rancho Sanel and bounded and particularly described as follows:

First—BEGINNING at a stake on the Western boundary line of the "Rancho Sanel" marked F. F., running thence North 62¼ degrees East 16.50 chains to stake marked V and D from which a black oak tree 12 inches in diameter bears South 36¼ degrees East, distant 130 links and a white oak tree 8 inches in diameter bears North 9¾ degrees East, distant 83 links; thence South 35.75 chains, thence along the Western boundary line of "Rancho Sanel" North 27¾ degrees West to the point of beginning and containing Twenty-five and 92/100 acres. Being the same land conveyed by E. H. Duncan to H. Vander Stratten and recorded July 10, 1883, in Book 31 of Deeds on Page 88-89, Records of Mendocino County."

Second—COMMENCING at a point on or near the west side of the public road through the Town of Sanel in said County where said road is crossed by the boundary line of the lands formerly owned by William E. Connor, deceased, and the lands of Elijah H. Duncan, said point being the Southeast corner of the land hereby conveyed and being the exact spot from which a line running Northerly therefrom at right angles to the boundary line between the lands of said Connor and Duncan intersects the center of the junction of two trees that are the most westerly of a cluster of four oak trees that grow from one root situated on the South bank of Feliz Creek a few yards north of said starting point, thence northerly to the junction of the said two trees marked J. F., thence northwesterly in a straight line following the general course of said Feliz Creek passing between two oak trees blazed at a stake marked J. F. at the base of a large smooth rock also marked J. F. and having an oak tree marked with two notches about one chain to the west, thence westerly along the meanderings of the south channel of Feliz Creek to a point intersecting the Westerly boundary of the Rancho Sanel; thence south 27¾ degrees East along said boundary line of the Rancho Sanel to a point on said line forming the southwest corner of the tract hereby conveyed and which is the northwest corner of the lands of Elijah H. Duncan; thence Easterly along the northerly boundary line of the lands of said Duncan to the place of beginning and containing three hundred (300) acres of land a little more or less, and being the same tract of land described in a deed from S. B. Edsall and wife to H. Vander Stratten, recorded December 22, 1877, in Book 7 of Deeds, at Page 252, Mendocino County Records.

Third—Lot One (1) of Section Twenty-five (25) and Lots One (1) and Two (2) and West half of Northeast quarter of Section Twenty-six (26) in Township Thirteen (13) North, Range Twelve (12) West Mount Diablo Meridian and containing One hundred and fifty-five and ten hundredths (155 10/100) acres of land, and being the same tract of land upon which letters patent issued from the United States of America unto Nathan B. Hall on the first day of February, 1876.

Fourth—All that portion of the Sanel Rancho, being a portion of the same which was conveyed by A. M. Burke to T. A. Givens and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING in the center of the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, a distance of Thirty (30) feet South 73 degrees 30 minutes East from an iron stake at the intersection of the lands of W. W. Thatcher and Thomas A. Givens; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6 and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the Southwest corner of the lands of said Thatcher; thence South 1 degree 15 minutes West Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains, thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes East Six and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the center of the aforesaid County Road, thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East along the center of said County Road Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains to the place of commencement, and containing Two and one-half (2½) acres, more or less.

Fifth—COMMENCING at a point in the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, distant two hundred (200) feet N. 33 degree E. from the most Westerly of a cluster of four oak trees which grow from one root and standing about 30 feet North of the Northerly line of the land of E. H. Duncan, thence from said point of commencement North 38 degrees E. 7.12 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 7 chains to the Southeast corner of the land of Henry N. Peters and Wm. Peters; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6.65 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 3.79 chains; thence North 2 degrees 45 minutes West 7.88 chains; thence North 23 degrees East 5.70 chains; thence North 74 degrees West 9.50 chains; thence North 31 degrees 30 minutes West 3.20 chains to a stake; thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes West 10.60 to a white oak tree standing on the top of the second ridge; thence South 57 degrees 15 minutes West 13.60 chains to a corner in the picket fence North 60 degrees 45 minutes West 1.21 chains to a corner; thence South 48 degrees 45 minutes East 18.87 chains; thence South 24 degrees 30 minutes West 10.40 chains to the County Road leading from Yorkville to Hopland, thence along said road South 75 degrees 30 minutes East 12 chains; thence North 14 degrees W. 532 feet; thence South 52 degrees East 875 feet to the place of beginning and containing 97.80 acres more or less.

Sixth—COMMENCING at a stake in the center of the road leading from Ukiah to Cloverdale near Sanel on the South from which stake a white oak tree 48 inches in diameter bears North 71 degrees 15 minutes East 6.75 chains distant; thence South 89 degrees 30 minutes East 41.58 chains to the center of the channel of Russian River; thence down the center of the channel of Russian River to the lands of E. H. Duncan; thence Westerly along the line of the lands of E. H. Duncan to the center of the County Road; thence along the center of said road Northerly to the place of beginning and which last described tract contains One hundred and twenty (120) acres, a little more or less.

Done in open court this 1st day of April, 1914.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge."

Witness my hand this first day of April, 1914.

MELVILLE ROSENBERG.

E. H. RIXFORD and HALSEY L. RIXFORD,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-11-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1095; Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of FLORENCE LEMON LANDON, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the verified Petition of FRANCIS P. LANDON, Administrator of the estate of Florence Lemon Landon, deceased, and good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby

ORDERED that all persons interested in the above entitled estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 8th day of June, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Courtroom of Department 9 of the above entitled Court, in the City Hall, South side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, why the following described real property, viz.:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon seventy-eight (78) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Hill Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Noe Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and five (105) feet; thence at right angles Southerly fourteen (14) feet; thence at right angles Easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty-six (36) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly fifty-five (55) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block Number one hundred and ten (110).

or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Twelve hundred and fifty ($1250.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or the Judge thereof shall seem meet, reference being hereby had to the said petition of the said Francis P. Landon on file, for further particulars.

It is further ORDERED that this Order be published for four successive weeks prior to the said 8th day of June, 1914, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 30, 1914.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed April 30, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney at Law,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-9-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,785.

WILLIAM G. HARRY, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and All Other Persons, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and all other persons. Defendants. This action is brought to quiet title in the plaintiff to Lots 33 and 34 of San Miguel Homestead Association as designated on the Map or Plat of said San Miguel Homestead Association filed and Recorded in Liber E and F of Maps at page 14, on November 16, 1896, in the County Recorder' office of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said lots being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and having a frontage of 88 feet on the west side of Tara Street, between Unadilla Avenue and Mount Vernon Avenue, by a depth of 103.6 feet.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. M. BRUNER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Building,
Oakland, Cal. 5-2-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 54,921.

TILLIE BYRNE, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
512 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 53,637; Dept. No. 4.

SUSAN CARTWRIGHT, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO,
Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,641; Department No. 10.

DOROTHY ALDEN GERBER, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF and D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-18-10

Gertie—There's on reason I should like to live in Philadelphia.

Maud—What on earth is that?

Gertie—The men's kisses are so slow.

Letters

"A Tramp Through the Bret Harte Country"

Although over sixty years of age, Thomas Dykes Beasley of Alameda is a confirmed walker, and after a tramp that took him into seven counties and covered two hundred and fifty miles of the mining country from Milton to Marysville made famous by Bret Harte, Mark Twain and other writers, he returned home feeling better and stronger than when he started. At Milton in Calaveras county he entered the land of romance. He put up at a hotel whose proprietor had once entertained "Black Bart" for over a week without discovering his identity. Thence he walked to Copperopolis, and on through the pine woods to Angel's Camp. Here, as elsewhere, he was surprised to find Mark Twain, Prentice Mulford, Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, even "Dan de Quille" better known than Bret Harte. Crossing the Stanislaus into Tuolumne county he reached Tuttletown, a centre of Bret Harte memories, where he visited Jim Gillis' brother Steve at Jackass Hill, and heard Steve deny, as he has denied so many times, that Jim was the original of "Truthful James." Next Mr. Beasley visited the fascinating town of Sonora where John Neal told him of meeting Bret Harte in the flesh. Mr. Neal, however, remembered Mulford, Twain and "Dan de Quille" more favorably. The next town visited by the tramper was Tuolumne, called Summerville in Bret Harte's time. It disappointed him, as he had expected to find it another Angel's, owing to its prominence in the Bret Harte stories. Retracing his steps through Angel's and Tuttletown, he crossed the ridge to Carson Flat, and so on to San Andreas, the county seat of Calaveras. He spent the night in the Metropolitan Hotel, in the bar of which the "Jumping Frog" incident is said to have occurred. Mr. Beasley had this from Judge Ira H. Reed of San Andreas who had it from the late Judge Gottschalk. He next climbed Chili Gulch, a famous bonanza for the placer miners, to Mokelumne Hill which he fell in love with at first sight. On this trip he crossed the Stanislaus, Mokelumne, American and Cosumnes rivers, but he liked the Mokelumne best. He went through Jackson, Sutter Creek and Amador to Drytown; then into El Dorado county, through Plymouth and Nashville, and so to Placerville, the Hangtown of early days, putting up at the Cary House where Horace Greeley reposed at the conclusion of his famous ride with Hank Monk. At Placerville he met Mr. J. H. Bradley who first knew Mark Twain in Hannibal, Missouri, and helped to get him a position in the composing room of the Sacramento Union. On his way to Auburn he stopped at Coloma where Marshall discovered the first gold, and took a picture of its ruins. The house in Mr. Beasley's picture is the birthplace of Mr. Phil Bekeart of this city, though perhaps Mr. Beasley does not know this. From Auburn he walked through Applegate to Colfox, formerly Illinois Town, which he was glad to leave on account of its railroad atmosphere, descending through the lovely country to Grass Valley. This old town and its neighbor and rival, Nevada City, delighted him, as they delight everybody. In the former town he met Ben Taylor who remembers seeing Lola Montez horsewhip Henry Sibley, the editor of the Grass Valley National, for something he published about her. Heading due west for Smartsville in Yuba county, the walker passed through Rough and Ready and Penn Valley, and saw the place at Sucker Flat where his father taught school in the sixties. From Smartsville to Marysville was the last leg of the long hike. He passed the Marysville Buttes on the way, and their appearance gave him a distinct thrill. A love of Bret Harte's immortal stories was the impelling cause of the trip, but during its progress interest in Harte became secondary, the pioneers about whom Harte romanced coming to be first in interest. Mr. Beasley's account of this tramp is a very interesting narrative, simply told in a handsome volume just published by Paul Elder. It is illustrated with twenty-three fine plates made from photographs taken by the author during the walk. It is a contribution to Californiana, and it is not to be thought that any Californian can read it without conceiving the desire to see these historic places for himself. Mr. Beasley says the trip was the most delightful experience of his life. Others are bound to follow his example after reading his book; and they will bless him for arousing their interest.

MOKELUMNE RIVER

"Whatever the meaning of the Indian name, one may rest assured it stands for some form of beauty."—From "A Tramp Through the Bret Harte Country."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,232; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of FLORENCIO ALVARADO, (also known as Florenico Gutierrez), Deceased.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of William F. Rhea, administrator of the estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the estate of said deceased,

IT IS ORDERED by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of said Florencio Alvarado, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room thereof, Department No. 10, in the said City and County and State, on the 18th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in the petition, should not be granted to the said administrator to sell the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, for the purposes mentioned in the petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated this 16th day of April, 1914.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed April 16, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BULL, Attorney for Petitioner, Suite 637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-25-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,543.

WASYLI IWANOW, Plaintiff, vs. CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRNE & LAMSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 533 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-4-10

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TOWN TALK

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The Madness of a Nation

Chauncey Depew says we are becoming a nation of bores on account of the decline of humor. Is it no worse than that? Some folks think we are becoming a nation of lunatics on account of the decline of intelligence. It was but the other day that Gilbert Chesterton, one of the sanest of men, was expressing his profound amazement at the influence that was being brought to bear on the American Government to induce it to break a bottle of water instead of a bottle of champagne at the christening of a battleship. "This suggestion," said Chesterton, "is about five follies thick, stupidity obscuring stupidity, until a reader can hardly see more than one of the jokes at a time." What Chesterton marveled at especially was the "extraordinary confusion by which it becomes not only wicked to possess wine (though you never drink it) but becomes wicked even to destroy it." He characterized this stupidity as a queer sort of madness. "If," said he, "a champagne bottle is smashed over the prow of a ship, I should have thought the most logical teetotaler would merely have been glad that there was one champagne bottle less in the world." We wonder what Chesterton would think if he were to see at a glance all the evidences of madness that are accumulating in this country and rapidly becoming a mountain of lunacies. Consider the things that are done in Washington from day to day. Was there ever a queerer piece of madness than the proposal to convert our cruisers into merchant vessels and put them in the coastwise trade? Just before the cruisers were needed at Vera Cruz this preposterous proposal was receiving the serious consideration of Josephus Daniels, the latant bard of Blowing Rock, appointed by President Wilson to demoralize the navy. The other day a lunatic in Congress proposed that the charter of the Rockefeller Foundation be rescinded on account of the strike in Colorado. Ordinarily such a man would be rushed to a padded cell, but among the lunatics in Washington he is tolerated because, relatively speaking, he is normal. Assuredly he is no worse off than Senator Poindexter, the great Progressive statesman, who proposed the other day that Congress give Dr. Cook a vote of thanks for his services as an explorer at the North Pole. When people are deficient in a sense of humor they are incapable of detecting incongruities, and consequently their judgment is defective, but the seriousness with which the people are large take a Poindexter or a Bryan is significant of something more than mental obtuseness. When this country recovers its intellectual balance it will at once be perceived that this was a moonstruck generation dominated by paretics in power and tormented by violent maniacs laboring under the delusion that they were divinely commissioned to arbitrate the eternal quarrel between the forces of good and evil.

The Missing Sense

There is a glimmer of truth in what Chauncey Depew says about the consequence of our not having a sense of humor. Persons devoid of that sense are bores, but that is not the only unhappy result; when insensibility to humor becomes a national trait, the people become a prey to certain detestable affectations that have an unhealthy influence on thought and action. Cant, hypocrisy and Pharisaism are always rampant among people devoid of a sense of humor. There is nothing better to inform people as to what ails them than comedy, and as without a sense of humor people are too dull to enjoy comedy the Comic Spirit slumbers. If we had a sense of humor we should have a comedy of manners such as came rollicking on the stage in the days of Charles the Second with license to deride the insufferable Puritan, and as was welcomed by the quick-witted Parisians when Moliere wrote Le Tartuffe and Les Femmes Savantes. Having no sense of humor we find ourselves drenched in cant—the cant of politics, the cant of humanitarianism, and the cant of morality. We neither see facts as they actually are nor desire to see them. We are under the blight of organized hypocrisy, the art of making things seem what they are not, practiced by men who have passed from conscious falsehood to sincere insincerity. And so we are complaisant when we see our public officials bullied into closing the municipal clinic by a half-educated Puritan of the pulpit whose mind is preoccupied with the nastiness of the demiverge. We are tolerant of the nauseous pretense of a superior morality that is shocked by the struggle for existence on the Barbary Coast, but that has no criticism to make of gilded licentiousness elsewhere. We sit idly by while prostitutes of the brothel are converted into street-walkers, to propitiate moral crusaders who are shocked at the thought of regulated vice, but who have no objection to being leered at by purple-lipped harlots along the highway. We do not even smile (so atrophied is the remnant of our sense of humor), when one of our daily journals presumes to refine our manners by demanding the extinction of pugilism on one page and devoting another to arguments for immediate bloodshed in Mexico.

The Immoral Prohibitionist

Nearly all drastic and dogmatic schemes for the artificial elevation of the moral condition of the masses are in their tendencies immoral and mischievous. Consider, for example, the Prohibition scheme, which produces general demoralization wherever it is tried. Being an abridgement of natural rights it provokes hatreds and resentment, and being contrary to the sentiment of the masses it is never strictly enforced. Prohibition deprives the Demon of his license and transforms him into an outlaw; and to protect his traffic he seduces the police, who regard it as no very serious offense to wink at lawlessness that is objectionable only to the few. But worse than these things are the emotions generated by the fiery fanatics and hired agitators who keep society struggling and writhing internally like a thing in pain. The propagandists of prohibition are themselves immoral. Drunk on self-generated emotions, regarding themselves as the salt of the earth that seasons humankind, they never dream of mistrusting their own arguments or of preferring facts to downright falsehood. Here is the Rev. A. C. Bane, a typical propagandist, summoning organized labor to his side by an argument motived in race hatred. Thus: "What have the laboring men to say to the vineyardists who have been hiring Jap, Hindus and Chinese, and are hoping that the Panama Canal will admit hosts of pauper laborers from Europe?" A nice Christian clergyman, this Rev. Bane, and though intolerant of liquor he does not scruple at affecting not to know that pauper labor is not admitted to this country. Further, like most of the consciously moral clergymen of the Puritan sects, who would render life more illiberal and dismal for us, he is very free with his statistics excerpted from nowhere, statistics of crime traced to booze along a straight line that pierces the moon; also, he is free with his gratuitous assertions all of the same general character as these: "The question arises in the mind of many why should the product of the grape be made to curse humanity when God meant the grape to be a blessing;" "The history of the world proves that alcohol is degenerating and destroying the race." As the race has been drinking alcohol at least seven thousand years, and as it is generally supposed that the race is improving, it would

be interesting to know what history of the world Dr. Bane has been reading. It is probably the same esoteric work from which this pious clergyman derived information as to precisely the kind of blessing God had in mind when He made the vine to grow and bear the juice that St. Paul recommended to Timothy. Now Dr. Bane, we submit, is an immoral propagandist. He is immoral if for no other reason than that he provokes honest men to intemperate language and increases the disrespect that cynics have for the pulpit.

Our Devitalized Fiction

Owen Johnson has raised the question whether the sentimentalization of women novelists has devitalized American fiction. Our novelists are discussing the question in the New York Sun, and though they have conflicting views on the subject they appear to be agreed as to one thing—that American fiction is awash with sentimentality. Mrs. Atherton, while not denying the fatal characteristic of American fiction, defends her sex against the charge of excessive indulgence, and says that the male person is the creator of most of the pinchbeck emotionalism in fiction . James Oppenheim blames it on "our readers," and we fancy that he is pretty near the truth. Most of the fiction of the day is read by the suburban female who relishes the conventional love story, and it is for her that the novelist writes. He must give her what she wants, and therefore he creates lovable puppets and caters to a taste for froth and flubdub. It is seldom we get a presentment and criticism, either on the stage or between book-covers, of the kind of life we live or that is lived around us.

Burns in Atlanta

Our daily papers have been denying their readers news of great local interest that comes from Atlanta, Ga., by way of the great dailies of New York and other large cities. It is news that throws a white light on Detective William J. Burns, a celebrity who was once a notable figure in the life of this community. There are men and women in San Francisco who used to adore Detective Burns. They received him in their homes, dined him in their clubs, were proud to be seen with him in public, and frothed at the mouth whenever Town Talk told the truth about him. So profound was their confidence in him, so bitter and barbaric their hatred of men whom he was hired to pursue, that they thought it but right he should have control of the machinery of justice; and because the Chief of Police would not turn the police department over to him they hounded that official to his death, the mystery of which has never been cleared up. There was never a more transparent rogue in the world than William J. Burns, but if his adorers in San Francisco —rattle-brained women and hare-brained men—had been given their way there was no crime that he might not have been equipped with facilities to commit. As these folk are still presuming to direct public affairs hereabouts it is of some importance that we should keep track of the press-made detective that everybody might come to realize the value of their guidance. Burns went to Atlanta with a great flourish of trumpets after taking the newspapers into his confidence and telling them he was prepared to prove the innocence of Leo Frank, the wealthy manufacturer convicted of the murder of Mary Phagan, and establish the guilt of Jim Conley, a poor negro. It soon turned out that the only evidence he had was an affidavit made by the Rev C. C. Ragsdale, a Baptist minister, to the effect that he heard Conley confess that he murdered Mary Phagan. Ragsdale has since confessed that he perjured himself for $200, and his son explains that the affidavit was obtained by threats to expose a fraudulent land deal put through by the minister. If it was Burns that made the threats it would not be the first time that he employed this method of obtaining evidence. Whatever the truth, he has been directly implicated in the crime, and the people of Atlanta were so strongly convinced of his guilt that they organized a mob to hang him, thus giving him a little of the kind of experience that he was quite willing others should have when he was inventing frame-ups in this city. Burns has denounced Ragsdale as an "unmitigated liar," which is doubtless an accurate description. A man who says he perjured himself for money to send a poor negro to the gallows is indubitably some kind of liar. The only question is whether he lied in the affidavit or in the confession. But whatever kind of liar he is, the detective will have to produce something more substantial than fire-tipped rhetoric to convince us that he is too scrupulous to employ perjury for the purpose of obtaining a conviction. Detective Burns, the erstwhile adored of the Ladies' League of Justice, has so tough a record that off-hand we cannot conceive of any accomplishment that we should regard as beyond his power of reconciling with the ends of justice. After a long and conscientious study of Burns we have come to the conclusion that his judgments of others are in no small measure based on his knowledge of himself.

Bryan's Great Peace Treaty

That Secretary Bryan finds time occasionally for his official duties we learned the other day when the Senate held up his model arbitration treaty with Denmark. To the making of this treaty Mr. Bryan gave his personal attention. It stands as a specimen of his handiwork in the fine art of diplomacy. It is his first complete essay in statemanship. Mr. Bryan intended by this convention to make every possible question of international disagreement, even including those of national honor and "vital interest," subject to arbitration. He spoke of it as his ideal peace treaty, and when it was signed by the Danish Minister our Secretary bubbled over with gratification. But alas! the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley. Mr. Bryan it appears neglected to consider the highly important question of Denmark's insular possessions in the West Indies. Here is a question which might cause a whole lot of trouble. If at any time Denmark should decide to dispose of the Danish West Indies to some great European Power, and the United States should raise an objection arbitration would be invoked to decide the question of whether or not the Monroe Doctrine should stand as a principle of international law. Thus, you see, while Mr. Bryan was preoccupied with the grand scheme of precluding war with the little State of Denmark he was totally oblivious of the danger of involving his country in grave complications with some great Power. Naturally the Senate put the extinguisher on the luminous product of the Bryaniac genius. It would seem that instead of complaining of Mr. Bryan's devotion to his private interests we should urge him to stay away from Washington as long as the gate receipts justify his presence elsewhere. Mr. Bryan's fitness for the circuit is not to be challenged. He sounds well and is good to look at, but nobody would ever think of consulting him on international law. In the State Department he can never be anything but ornamental. Traditions, sentiments, party principles, platforms, the obvious moralities and policies borrowed from the Populists—these are Mr. Bryan's stock in trade. He has had no executive experience, and has never given the slightest proof that he is a man of affairs. He has no philosophic knowledge of the structure and functions of the American system of government. Whoever heard him argue to the heart of a Constitutional, financial or economic question, or use anything but trite phrases and familiar maxims in dealing with government policy? A talkative man is Mr. Bryan. He has talked more than any other man of his time, and like all men luxuriant of speech he has nothing of value to communicate. As a member of Congress he made orations on the tariff, and though melodious and resonant he made it obvious that he was not on speaking terms with schedules. Mr. Bryan has never been anything but an inexhaustible magazine of sound, a phonograph full of the records of other men's half-baked thoughts, and naturally as Secretary of State he is disappointing friends who once thought that as he was oracular he was also intellectual. The farther he keeps away from international problems the better it will be for the country.

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CLXXVII—HENRY NORMAN

By Edward F. O'Day

"Hush! Hush! Hush! Here comes the Bogey Man!"

You cannot have forgotten that song. Other popularities of the fin de siecle may have escaped your memory. The novels that were being read, the clothes that women wore, the burning questions of the early nineties are difficult to recall. But the vogue of the "Bogey Man" is as memorable as the vogue of the bicycle. If you were an ultra in those days you belonged to a Browning society, you heard Wagner explained, you read Oscar Wilde and knew in a vague way who Ibsen was. If you were not an ultra you condemned bloomers as unwomanly and laughed at Susan B. Anthony, you agreed with Max Nordau that the world was drifting into degeneration, you read Captain Charles King and Mary Holmes. But whether you were an ultra or not, you knew the "Bogey Man" by heart, and you knew the name of the man who made it popular.

Do you still remember his name? As a San Franciscan you should, even if others have forgotten it. For the man who made the "Bogey Man" popular belonged to the life of this city long enough to become one of us. Henry Norman of the old Tivoli, Henry Norman of the Henderson extravaganzas at the Baldwin and the Grand Opera House, Henry Norman of the "Bogey Man" is back in San Francisco with the "Passing Show." He knows the old town like a book, does Henry Norman, but the new city is so bewildering to him that I had to give him directions how to go from the St. Francis to the Hotel King George two blocks away in Mason street!

Henry Norman was born in Liverpool fifty-two years ago, and went on the stage in Pietermaritzburg, Natal, when he was beginning his twenties. He started out with Mr. and Mrs. Washington Norton and Hennessy Leroyle, giving what was called a drawing room entertainment consisting of a farce and an olio. They toured South Africa, India, Australia and New Zealand, the South Seas and the Hawaiian Islands. In Samoa Norman met Robert Louis Stevenson whom he describes as a lovable man, but reticent and always preoccupied with his work. In 1886 the little company sailed from Honolulu in the Pope and Talbot brigantine Klikitat, their destination being Port Townsend. They played the lumber camps and what were then the small towns of Seattle and Portland, and finally took boat for this city.

"When I arrived in San Francisco in June, 1886," says Norman, "I had just five dollars coming to me as a result of my theatrical labors of a year and a half. The first thing I did was to find the California Athletic Club on Dupont street. I wanted to present a letter of introduction. It was from Dick Matthews, a pugilist I had met in Auckland, and it was addressed to his brother Sam Matthews who ran the California Athletic Club with a man named Gilmore. I tried for five days to spend that five dollars in the California Athletic Club, but I didn't succeed. The first men I met were 'Billy' Foote and Judge Murphy, 'Billy' Barton and Joe Redding. After that I seemed to meet everybody worth while, and I was treated like a prince from the start.

"My first engagement was with Haverley's Minstrels which were playing at the Standard Theatre on Bush street. I played one night, and then the show closed. I hope you will believe me when I say that that was not my fault. Then I went to see Bill Kreling at the old Tivoli. He asked me to sing for him, and I did so. 'Billy' Furst, the Tivoli conductor, was there to play for me, but I insisted on playing my own accompaniment. In spite of that Furst and I became good friends. I was engaged by Bill Kreling in June, 1886, and stayed at the Tivoli till November, 1890. During all that time I laid off for only three weeks.

"The first piece I sang in was 'The Princess of Trebizond.' Let me see! Who was in the cast at that time? There were Arthur Mesmer, Helen Dingeon, Edwin Stevens, Makin Cornell, Thomas W. Eckert and his wife Louise Leighton. I suppose I sang in more than three hundred comic operas at the Tivoli. We produced pieces that have never been seen elsewhere in America. We imported the scores from France and Germany and a chorus man named Hoffman translated them.

"Did you ever hear of the Stockmeyer family? It consisted of Adolf Stockmeyer and his five daughters who were fine singers and dancers. They were all at the Tivoli. There were Mollie and Freddie who are dead now. There was Jennie who lives in San Diego and is the mother of five or six beautiful children. There was Christie who lives in Reno, but not for the fashionable purpose, because her husband is dead. And last but not least there was Lottie whose stage name was Lottie Walton. Lottie had started in at the Tivoli when she was thirteen years old. I married her in 1889, and she retired from the stage in '93. Mrs. Norman is with me on this trip, and I think I may say truthfully that we are still very happy.

"I counted up the other day, and found that I had sung in twenty-three grand operas at the old Tivoli. I'll never forget the first time I sang Italian on the stage. I was cast for the part of Gubetta the poisoner in 'Lucrezia Borgia,' and without telling anybody I had Ida Vallerga coach me in the Italian words for my first recitative. When I spoke those words in Italian it was so unexpected that Campobello, a Scotchman whose real name was Campbell, nearly fell over. 'Billy' Furst dropped his baton and laughed out loud. Aleck Kidd, the drummer, gave me a special roll of honor that was not in the score. Stantini, the Irish tenor, walked upstage with me and said: 'You've knocked all the d—n lines out of my head!'

"I remember another time when we were singing 'Carmen.' I was cast for one of the smugglers and dressed with Stanley Felch, the other smuggler. 'How do you make up for these parts?' I asked Stanley. 'Leave it to me,' he said, and then he brought out a sponge and a bottle containing a dark liquid. I smeared it all over my face and arms, and when it dried I felt as if I had been starched. I perspire freely on the stage. When I made my appearance the audience took one look at me and then went off in roars of laughter that stopped the show. I rushed back to my dressing room and looked in the mirror. The perspiration had washed off the liquid in streaks and I looked like a zebra. I found out afterwards that my makeup consisted of stick licorice melted in hot water.

"We played a number of operas by local people. There was one called 'The First Lieutenant' by Clark and Wise. There was another called 'Yetiva.' And 'Billy' Furst wrote one on the lines of 'Aida' called 'Theodora.' Furst wrote it because Humphrey Stewart had roasted him, and 'Billy' wanted to show Stewart that he could really do an opera. I can't say that he proved his point to the general satisfaction.

"In 1890 David Henderson made me an offer that was so tempting that I left the Tivoli and joined the 'Sinbad' company in Chicago on a three-year contract. That was the time I first sang the 'Bogey Man.' It was founded on an old Irish song with the words and melody changed. I sang it for two years, and got awfully tired of it, but it made my reputation. I sing it privately even now. 'Sinbad' came here in '91 to play first at the Baldwin and then at the Grand Opera. We had a great cast, including Eddie Foy, Arthur Dunn, Ida Muelle, Louise Eissing (now the wife of Cyril Scott), Fannie Daboll, Topsy Venn and Herbert Gresham who is now stage manager for Klaw and Erlanger. The following year we came here in 'Ali Baba.' After the Chicago Fair Henderson weakened his casts and lost a lot of money.

"Another memory: During that first season at the Baldwin in 'Sinbad' I sang into the first phonograph seen in San Francisco. It was a song from 'Maritana,' and it sounded all right when it was going in, but when it came out again it was something awful.

"I can't tell you how I enjoyed those old days in San Francisco. And I enjoy them still in retrospect. It was the happiest time of my life. I really feel like a San Franciscan. In a more serious way San Francisco played an important part in my life, because my mother and father who lived here for years died as a result of exposure during those terrible days of 1906."

Note Extraordinary: There is no picture with this Varied Type because Henry Norman has no photograph. I might have asked him to have one taken, but I refrained. I want to be able to say that, once in my life, I met an actor who had no photograph. It will be an unique boast. Of course nobody will believe that it is true.

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Who's Who Hereabouts

X—GARRET W. McENERNEY

All of us after a certain age find pleasure in looking backward with an admiring regret. Years make retrospective pessimists out of the most cheerful of men. Even a short distance lends enchantment to the view, and inspires eulogies of the blameless, golden past and of its great men. Thus it was the Commonwealth Club listened the other day to an entertaining talk on the San Francisco bar of the years agone when it abounded in intellectual giants. Of those great men keen memories survive, especially among their lesser contemporaries, for all are not yet dead. It is possible to make pretty accurate comparison of the bar of the immediate past and the bar of the present since some of us have looked up to the eminences of both. There are judges in harness who once were thrilled with the cadences of Hall McAllister, who smiled at the biting sarcasms of General Barnes. Joe Hogue, Samuel M. Wilson, George Washington Tyler, George R. B. Hayes are well remembered. There are lawyers still engaged in active practice who tried more than one case against David Terry, of Broderick duel celebrity, a shining light of that pioneer bar that knew General Halleck, Judge Field and Colonel E. D. Baker. San Francisco has had more than one generation of brilliant lawyers, and the intellectual giant of the bar is not an extinct species.

According to the Commonwealth Club eulogist Samuel M. Wilson was without a peer in his day. This was the judgment of many of his contemporaries, but in the public mind of the time the notion was intrenched that Hall McAllister was without a peer. This was due perhaps to the spectacular cases in which McAllister figured. McAllister was a jury lawyer and he appeared in many sensational murder trials. A man of the airiest wit, the keenest satire, the most felicitous turns of expression, he could always set the jury in a roar and convulse the spectators. He was a successful lawyer. He had what is called "the dazzling fence of argument," he could dissect a doubt or halve a scruple and confound the perceptions of a jury. He was skilled in cross-examination, a science to which is attributed the talismanic power of extracting truth from falsehood; but best of all he was an orator with a great store of knowledge and a rich, impetuous, high-wrought imagination, and with ease and brilliancy he could animate abstractions, personify the dryest of them, and thrill his hearers with his imagery and his vehemence. Yet as a lawyer Hall McAllister was undoubtedly excelled by Samuel M. Wilson. The bar of McAllister's day looked up to Wilson, and lawyers it is but reasonable to suppose are good judges of lawyers.

In the eighties when Samuel M. Wilson was at the zenith of his career judges stood in awe of him. When he rose in a court room and with that spasmodic lift of his right shoulder (the same that Demosthenes cured himself of by hanging a sword where it would puncture the flesh), began hammering home a legal proposition in his peculiar, forceful manner which seemed conclusive of the deepest conviction, the man on the bench susceptible to the influence of prestige, perceived instinctively (or thought he did) the irresistible cogency of the argument.

Something like that occurred one day when the writer, who was then a daily newspaper reporter, was present. The case was one involving the tenure of a Board of Health appointed by Governor Bartlett. After appointing the board Governor Bartlett resigned his office for the grave, and his successor proceeded to grab the patronage. A young attorney argued the case for the Bartlett board, and judgment was rendered in favor of his distinguished opponent right off the bench. Meeting the vanquished attorney in the corridor when he emerged from the court room the reporter observed that he supposed the Bartlett board would have to quit. "No," said the young attorney, "it will not have to quit unless Mr. Wilson is able to deliver in the Supreme Court a better argument than he made today." And this was the truth. Mr. Wilson repeated his argument in the Supreme Court, and he lost.

The young attorney was Garret W. McEnerney, who had shortly before arrived from Napa. He was in the early twenties when he bowled over the leader of the bar, the intellectual Goliath of the eighties; but he was not wholly unknown in San Francisco. Stories had come down from Sacramento about a young lawyer whom Dennis Spencer of Napa had sponsored when the Fire Department of San Francisco wanted an important bill drawn that could be guaranteed to hold water. Some noted lawyer had drawn a bill for the Fire Department at the preceding session, and the Supreme Court had found it full of flaws. Spencer said he guessed his protege could draw one that would stick. The young man he referred to was Garret W. McEnerney. The bill was drawn, and it did stick.

Now while it is easy to see the men who towered above their fellows of the past to some eyes greatness is not discernible when it is rubbing shoulders with the passing throng. There are great lawyers at the bar today, men as learned in their profession as those whose merits were extolled at the Commonwealth Club, and there is one about whose supremacy there is less question than there was about the supremacy of Samuel M. Wilson at the zenith of that brilliant pleader's career. That lawyer is the man who, long before he was thirty, proved himself more than a match for the intellectual giant of other days.

Garret McEnerney's career is a romance of the mind. Born in Napa, he came to San Francisco to begin the practice of law shortly after he was old enough to vote. He won recognition at once; also a few cases. Jurists were soon talking about him. They said he always seemed to have his case at his fingers' ends. Presently in his commanding presence judges were in a very receptive mood. The faculty of leadership is inherent and asserts itself even in boyhood, and this faculty united with an intellectual charm and a spell of mind and spirit that have but deepened their outward traces through the years, asserted itself from the beginning of McEnerney's career. So it was probably with confidence in his genius and his star that he pressed onward attaining the most dazzling successes.

It is said of McEnerney that he won his way from the beginning not by reason of the superior discernment of litigants, but owing to the recognition of his talents in his profession. George R. B. Hayes, himself among the leaders of the bar, was one of the first to avail himself of McEnerney's ability, and the early prominence he attained was due to his victories over the seasoned veterans of the day. After Hayes came other shining lights of that old bar to show their appreciation of the youngster. When W. S. Goodfellow of the old firm of Jarboe, Harrison & Goodfellow had the Fair estate fight on his hands he went to McEnerney and engaged him for the contest. When T. I. Bergin, the man of whom it used to be said that he furnished the law for his partner, the brilliant Hall McAllister, and who is now retired from practice, needs a lawyer it is McEnerney that attends to his business. There was probably never a more learned lawyer in California than the late John Garber, who came down to us from the bar of the eighties in which he was of the foremost rank, and to McEnerney he always gave precedence in any case in which they were associated.

It may be said of McEnerney, though he is still in the forties, that he has held the leadership of the bar for two generations. If the second is not far advanced, there are yet no signs of his leadership being disputed. In any case in which there is any great principle at stake his apparently are the services most urgently demanded. Within a year he has won three or four decisions in the Supreme Court of the United States, and it was but the other day that the newspapers reported that he had been employed as counsel in the big railroad merger case.

Garret McEnerney is something more than a great lawyer; he is the man rare as a black swan who is adequate to all occasions; he has the habits of greatness found in those men who after a great performance pass on and think no more of it. Perhaps this is the reason why, notwithstanding his worldly activities, he is almost as inconspicuous as the two church dignitaries whose pen portraits have appeared on this page. He is one of the few prominent men you never see interviewed in the press. Yet the reporters all know him, all like him, and never have any trouble getting his opinion when they wish to be set right on any important subject. In the great emergency following the earthquake when the qualities of leadership were needed, McEnerney was called to the front, or, rather, to the background, for there he preferred to stand, letting others take the limelight, while directing the work of organization that was carried out by Mayor Schmitz in a manner that excited universal admiration. It was McEnerney that set the machinery in motion, and none but those called in at his suggestion to form the several committees, saw his hand.

Several years ago a distinguished lawyer from the East was introduced to Mr. McEnerney, and afterward he was told that the gentleman was the leader of the California bar. "I assumed that he was," said the stranger; "whatever bar in the country he might join he'd be the leader of it."

It is easy to describe talents of a secondary rank because they fall into a class, but it is different with respect to first-rate powers. They must be defined by themselves, and though a conception of them may be given by means of

(Continued on Page 20.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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"A Friend Of The People"

By Gordon Ray Young

(In the Los Angeles Daily Times)

It is a relief to discover that not all of those who believe themselves competent to indulge in literature are dwelling in the tents of the reformers and burning the midnight oil as incense to successful hypocrisy. Theodore Bonnet, the editor of Town Talk, San Francisco, has thrown the gauntlet squarely into the face of the "Progressives" with a play ironically named "A Friend of the People." It is a strong play; a play which so exacting a critic as Ashton Stevens has pronounced a drama of "upbuilding conflict," with "choke and grip in the bare reading."

Mr. Bonnet says in his prefatory epistle: "Now it occurs to me that the noblest theme for the dramatist is to be found right here in the tragicomedy of a nation inflamed by politicians and smoldering with manufactured discontent that here and there bursts forth into flame like beacons at night on dark hills."

Again he says: "It occurs to me that all of our playwrights—the playwrights of the underworld as well as of politics—are Progressives. They have been writing the uplift drama. . . . . The explanation is simple. The drama more than any other art is sensitive to environment. It feels what is in the air, reflects the cant of social reform, the cant of altruism, the cant of chivalry."

And so this is a drama of protest, smashing through the cant phrases that hedge the respectability of the professional politicians and laying bare the mechanism that creates these "popular demands" for Progressive Governors and their satellites.

The cutting irony is woven about a plot which makes Governor Hopkins a hypocrite in love as well as in politics, the love elements being necessary, it seems, to the success of a drama. Mrs. Foster, the young wife of an elderly capitalist, induced her husband to finance Hopkins' campaign. His illicit affection for the woman to whom he owes everything is soon transferred to Rosalie Colton, a niece of Foster's. Mrs. Foster discovers that the Governor has secretly allied himself with the men representing "big interests," whom, so he boasts, he has driven out of politics; and she, to save Rosalie from the effects of an infatuation, bares the hypocrisy of the Governor. And he, as most cowards do when cornered, kills himself.

The drama opens with Pendleton, secretary of the Board of Control, and Dolan, the Governor's secretary, discussing the latest attack in the "reactionary" Post.

Dolan: It certainly abuses you.

Pendleton: I must read it.

Dolan: Says you are drawing a salary from the State as secretary of the Board of Control while running a press bureau to boom the Governor for United States Senator when you are not using the women of the League of Justice to do crooked politics.

Pendleton: Infamous! Mr. Dolan, I'll sue them for libel.

Dolan (his eyes twinkling): For telling the truth?

An analogy may be drawn between conditions in California and "A Friend of the People," especially relative to the press bureau services of men on the State's pay roll.

A recall movement against Judge Lawrence has been ended by his death. The Governor's office was back of the recall and public sentiment is inclined to be indignant in the belief that the judge was hounded to his death. So to offset that feeling Dolan arranges a "spontaneous" celebration at the Governor's hotel where the "Good Government Boys" will cheer and the Governor reaffirm all the platitudes of which he is the master. The Governor is consulted on the time when he will be ready.

Touching the matter of the Lawrence death, Dunstan, the representative of the Post, drops in on the Governor to ask a few questions, whereupon Hopkins arises in vast indignation and says, in something of the same manner that Progressive Governors seem to have a way of saying in similar situations: "I have nothing to say on the subject except that the administration is proud of the enemies it has made. I have dedicated my services to the people of this State for the purification of politics and the uplift of my fellowman, and I am not to be intimidated by intriguing politicians."

When Dolan sees that the Governor is worried about the state of affairs he advises: "Governor, if I were you, hm? I'd write a sizzling message to the Legislature on the importance of retrenchment and economy. That's what the people are ripe for. It will take their minds off of political frame-ups."

Hopkins (laughing): Where did you get that idea?

Dolan: Learned that years ago when I was Mayor Patton's secretary. Remember Boss Flannigan, hm?

Hopkins: Old Pat Flannigan?

Dolan: Yes, the Lord have mercy on him. Heard him say to Patton one day: "Thomas, no matter what false gods the people are running after, you can always get them back to the true religion by appealing to their pocket nerve. Be strong for retrenchment and low taxes."

Hopkins: Sounds good. But the trouble is the cost of government has been going up. (Smiles.) Reform comes high.

The climax comes when Sawyer, an attorney who has been sent to prison for juggling with an estate, is released from prison and demands of Hopkins that he be appointed to the vacancy made by the death of Judge Lawrence.

Hopkins: Suppose I make you attorney for the industrial Commission? (Sawyer shakes his head.) Be reasonable, Ned. . . . . What do you think the newspapers would say if I appointed you to the bench? . . . . . I'd be attacked by every reactionary paper in the State.

The upshot of the interview is that Hopkins agrees to make the appointment if Sawyer will turn over the evidence in his possession which would cast certain reflections on the "reform" Governor.

Sawyer says he will give them up after the appointment is made. The Governor lies to Mrs. Foster as to the nature of the letters and persuades her to get them from Sawyer. When she learns what they really are, when at the same time she learns that the Governor is making love to Rosalie, and when, on top of all that, she learns that the Governor does not intend to keep his promise to Sawyer, Mrs. Foster turns the letters over to Dunstan, the Post correspondent, and they are published.

The Governor goes into a room, and a shot is heard.

* * *

"A FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE"

Under the above title there has just appeared from the press of the Pacific Publication Company a four-act play in book form, by Theodore Bonnet, one of the ablest and best informed journalists in the West, and editor of "Town Talk."

Mr. Bonnet has been a close student of the political history of the United States and in his play he has succeeded admirably in exposing the selfish motives of the average demagogue, who, under the guise of patriotism and a desire to help the people, seeks in reality to advance his own interests.

Mr. Bonnet shows that without the good-natured credulity of the people the latter day demagogue would stand little chance in hoodwinking them or in being accepted at his own valuation. "A Friend of the People" will shortly be staged in the East. In the meantime it should find a ready sale, for it is a play with a purpose, and a genuine purpose is rendered the public through its publication.—Emanu-El.

ESTABLISHED 1860

DRINK

"GIBB'S SPECIAL"

WHISKEY

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The People's Forum

Our Debt to Willis

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: You observed last week that Willis Polk, by his controversy with the Board of Public Works and the Mayor, had contributed to the gaiety of San Francisco life. For that we should indeed be grateful. Polk, however, did more. He gave the Board of Works a shaking-up which it needed very badly. I am informed that the substitution of metal lath and plaster for concrete as a soffit cover on the Hobart Building would never have been discovered had not a certain firm which is jealous of Mr. Polk given the inspector a tip to look into the matter when the inspector was objecting to certain features of this firm's work on another building. That is not the way inspection should be carried on. If the story is true, it implies that the inspection of buildings in course of construction is haphazard and far from thorough. Another thing: It appears that the Board of Works did not know that metal lath and plaster was authorized by law as a soffit covering until Polk pointed out the section in the ordinance which expressly says so. They hadn't looked up the law, and seemed to take it for granted that concrete was the only legal material for this particular kind of fireproofing. I wonder if they know that the soffits of the new Auditorium are not being fireproofed with concrete? Some experts claim that metal lath and plaster makes a better fireproofing than concrete. They assert that concrete directly transmits heat waves to steel while metal lath and plaster with an air space interrupts the transmission of heat waves. I believe this was proved by the manner in which the steel frame of the Merchants Exchange Building came through the fire of 1906. It looks to me as if this whole row kicked up by the Board of Works and Mayor Rolph was a lot of sound and fury signifying nothing. But if it induces the Board of Works to familiarize themselves with down-to-date building methods, I fancy Polk's purpose will have been achieved.

Sincerely yours,
—A Class-A Builder.

About Going to Church

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Has it ever struck you that the newspapers keep a great many people from church? The newspapers make a practice of publishing extracts from the Sunday sermons in their Monday morning issues. These extracts are rarely gathered by reporters, but are generally sent to the newspaper offices by the preachers. Now the preacher who sends his Sunday sermon to the newspapers is a preacher who craves publicity. He likes the spotlight; he'd rather see his name in the paper than save a soul. In his anxiety to break into the papers he chooses subjects which have little or nothing to do with the gospel; he preaches on politics, eugenics, sex hygiene, the drama, women's dress, moving pictures—anything that will arrest the attention of the vulgar. The consequence is that the extracts from sermons published in Monday morning papers are a hodge-podge of freakishness and sensationalism. The unthinking reader concludes that if he goes to church he will hear that sort of sermon and no other. Why should he take the trouble to go to church for that stuff when he can read it comfortably at the breakfast table Monday morning? So he stays away from church. It is clear therefore that the papers are helping the sensational preachers to drive people away from church. Let them stop publishing these freak sermons and people will have more respect for the church. As things are now, no wonder a "Go to Church Sunday" is deemed necessary. But in the churches where the gospel is still preached with reverence, sincerity and piety there are fifty-two "Go to Church Sundays" in the year.

Respectfully,
—A Pew Holder.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Indians and Priests

The London Times calls attention to the beneficent work of the Catholic clergy among the Indians of the Amazon region of South America. The revelation of the Putumayo atrocities caused Pope Pius to issue an encyclical commending the oppressed Indians of the rubber country to the particular care of the clergy. The British Minister to Brazil informs the Time that "the most earnest, the most genuine and the most effectual agents both for civilizing the Indians and for protecting them from atrocities are the Roman Catholic clergy." An Ecuador Bishop sees the ultimate salvation of the Indians in the intermixture of the indigenous tribes with the civilized immigrant peoples. He insists that they must be taught Spanish before they are given any religious instruction.

Desert Surgery

A British scientist has returned from an expedition in the Algerian Hinterland with the news that the tribal doctors are wonderfully skilled in surgery. He made a collection of native surgical instruments consisting of saws, lancets and probes, all of the crudest description but highly effective. The only training these tribal doctors obtain is that handed on from father to son. Very few are able to read or write. Trepanning is very common and is most successfully performed. The use of an anesthetic is unknown; in fact, is regarded with contempt. The people seem impervious to pain.

Japanese in Canada

There is under consideration a proposal to segregate Asiatic children in the schools of Vancouver. Japan has made a protest. A bill has been passed by the Ontario Legislature prohibiting the employment of white females by Orientals in a factory, restaurant or laundry. It will not be put into force until the validity of a similar measure passed in Saskatchewan has been tested. Our northern neighbors have the same Oriental problem that has caused so much trouble in California, and it looks as though they are trying to solve it in the way our legislators have adopted. It would be interesting to know whether they are following our lead, or have arrived at the same pass by independent experience.

Italian Immigration

A rush of Italian emigrants to the United States is being predicted. Italy is in a bad way owing to threatened strikes and the widespread agitation for higher wages. There is a great industrial depression and many workingmen are out of employment. Many regard emigration as the only remedy for unfavorable economic conditions, so the Italian laborer is turning toward America, taking it for granted that he will find work and prosperity here. In anticipation of increased emigration the Italian authorities are taking special steps to call to the attention of the people the American immigration restrictions. It is hoped in this way to minimize the number of those who will be refused admission to this country and whose condition will then be worse than ever.

Advice for German Investors

Herr Ballin, the director-general of the Hamburg-American Line and a great friend of American industry, declares that it is impossible for Germany to have an effective foreign policy until her capitalists invest their surplus abroad. He points out that Germans seldom appear as independent money-lenders to European countries and those overseas. The English and French take their surplus wealth abroad, thus widening their political spheres of influence and obtaining new trade regions, while Germans keep their wealth at home. He advises them to alter this course, as German industry is constantly increasing and needs a constantly extending market.

Austrian Emigration

Austria is worrying a great deal about emigration. Not knowing when she may need her army for an international struggle, she wants to keep her levies up to maximum force and doesn't like to see men of soldiering age desert her soil. So Austria has made an arrangement with the Austro-American and German lines whereby the steamship companies will refuse to sell tickets to male emigrants between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five years. Austria wanted to fix the age of excluded males at from seventeen to thirty-six, but the German shipping companies resisted that. Those between twenty-five and thirty-six may safely embark at Hamburg or Bremen if they succeed in evading the vigilance of the Austrian frontier police.

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Perspective Impressions

The feminine holdup and the feminine uplift are both exemplified in the Gober case.

Colonel Roosevelt says he will not run as a Republican. That's only the first cup of coffee.

Watch the superserviceable pulpit-pounders enlist in the Examiner's war against boxing.

Let us hope that American operations in Mexico will be conducted in accord with the views of Richard Harding Davis.

The New York I. W. W.'s seem to be the most faithful followers of the "Go to Church" movement.

When Bill Bryan thinks of the fee we're paying Colombia he probably sings: "Hail, Colombia, happy land!"

Doubtless crazy mathematicians have been figuring out how old McAdoo will be when the thirteenth White House bride reaches forty.

Upton Sinclair finds that a hunger strike is too high a price to pay for notoriety. It is easier to write a nauseating book about obstetrics with his own wife as the central figure.

So Secretary Tumulty wouldn't let the President see the Shriners? It must now be plain to the Methodists that this Jesuitical Catholic is the President's keeper, and is taking orders from the Scarlet Woman. Let's cut his ears.

Says Mrs. J. T. Gober, the footpad: "The world owes everyone a living, and if you don't get it why it's up to you to take it." Here is evidently a Bulletin reader. Mr. Crothers ought to hire counsel.

Postmaster-General Burleson praises the parcel-post system, but doesn't dare let the public know what it is costing.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, wants all religious creeds reinterpreted. Isn't it easier to make new ones?

Frank Short of Fresno sums up the Administration's Mexican policy very well: "In the processes of peace it uses the agencies of war, and in the processes of war it uses the agencies of peace."

Short has no animosity toward the Progressive party. "It would be an unforgiving spirit," he says, "who would hold spite in the presence of the mourners and at the very entrance to the cemetery."

The Sword And The Idol

By Lord Dunsany

It was a cold winter's evening late in the Stone Age; the sun had gone down blazing over the plains of Thold; there were no clouds, only the chill blue sky and the imminence of stars; and the surface of the sleeping Earth began to harden against the cold of the night. Presently from their lairs arose, and shook themselves and went stealthily forth those of Earth's children to whom it is the law to prowl abroad as soon as the dusk has fallen. And they went pattering softly over the plain, and their eyes shone in the dark and crossed and recrossed one another in their courses. Suddenly there became manifest in the midst of the plain that fearful portent of the presence of Man, a little flickering fire. And the children of Earth who prowl abroad by night looked sideways at it and snarled and edged away; all but the wolves, who came a little nearer, for it was winter and the wolves were hungry and they had come in thousands from the mountains, and they said in their hearts, "We are strong." Around the fire a little tribe was encamped. They too had come from the mountains, and from lands beyond them, but it was in the mountains that the wolves first winded them; they picked up bones at first that the tribe had dropped, but they were closer now and on all sides. It was Loz who had lit the fire. He had killed a small furry beast, hurling his stone ax at it, and had gathered a quantity of reddish-brown stones and had laid them in a long row, and placed bits of the small beast all along it; then he lit a fire on each side, and the stones heated and the bits began to cook. It was at this time that the tribe noticed that the wolves who had followed them so far were no longer content with the scraps of deserted encampments. A line of yellow eyes surrounded them, and when it moved it was to come nearer. So the men of the tribe hastily tore up the brushwood and felled a small tree with their flint axes and heaped it all over the fire that Loz had made, and for a while the great heap hid the flame, and the wolves came trotting in and sat down again on their haunches much closer than before; and the fierce and valiant dogs that belonged to the tribe believed that their end was about to come while fighting, as they had long since prophesied it would. Then the flame caught the lofty stack of brushwood and rushed out of it and ran up the side of it and stood up haughtily far over the top, and the wolves, seeing this terrible ally of Man revelling there in his strength, and knowing nothing of his frequent treachery to his masters, went slowly away as though they had other purposes. And for the rest of that night the dogs of the encampment cried out to them and besought them to come back. But the tribe lay down all round the fire under thick furs and slept. And a great wind arose and blew into the roaring heart of the fire till it was red no longer but all pallid with heat.

With the dawn the tribe awoke.

Loz might have known that after such a mighty conflagration nothing could remain of his small furry beast, but there was hunger in him and little reason as he searched among the ashes. What he found there amazed him beyond measure; there was no meat, there was not even his row of reddish-brown stones, but something, longer than a man's leg and narrower than his hand, was lying there like a great flattened snake. When Loz looked at its thin edges and saw that it ran to a point he picked up stones to chip it and make it sharp. It was the instinct of Loz to sharpen things. When he found that it could not be chipped, his wonderment increased. It was many hours before he discovered that he could sharpen the edges by rubbing them with a stone, but at last the point was sharp and all one side of it, except near the end where Loz held it in his hand. And Loz lifted it and brandished it, and the Stone Age was over. That afternoon in the little encampment, just as the tribe moved on, the Stone Age passed away, which for perhaps thirty or forty thousand years had slowly lifted Man from among the beasts and left him with his supremacy beyond all hope of reconquest.

It was not for many days that any other man tried to make for himself an iron sword by cooking the same kind of small furry beast that Loz had tried to cook. It was not for many years that any thought to lay the meat along stones as Loz had done, and when they did, being no longer on the plains of Thold, they used flints or chalk. It was not for many generations that another piece of iron ore was melted and the secret slowly guessed. Nevertheless one of Earth's many veils was torn aside by Loz to give us ultimately the steel sword and the plough, machinery and factories; let us not blame Loz if we think that he did wrong, for he did all in ignorance.

The tribe moved on until it came to water, and there it settled down under a hill, and they built their huts there. Very soon they had to fight another tribe, a tribe that was stronger than them, but the sword of Loz was terribe, and his tribe slew their foes. You might make one blow at Loz, but then would come one thrust from that iron sword and there was no way of surviving it. No one could fight with Loz. And he became the ruler of the tribe in place of Iz, who hitherto had ruled it with his sharp ax, as his father had before him.

Now Loz begat Lo, and in his old age gave his sword to him, and Lo ruled the tribe with it. And Lo called the name of the sword Death, because it was so swift and terrible.

And Iz begat Ird, who was of no account by reason of the iron sword of Lo.

One night Ird stole down to the hut of Lo, carrying his sharp ax, and he went very softly, but Lo's dog Warner heard him coming and he growled softly by his master's door. When Ird came to the hut he heard Lo talking gently to his sword. And Lo was saying, "Lie still, Death. Rest, rest, old sword;" and then, "What, again, Death? Be still. Be still."

And then again: "What, art thou hungry, Death? Or thirsty, poor old sword? Soon, Death, soon. Be still only a little."

But Ird fled, for he did not like the gentle tone of Lo as he spoke to his sword.

And Lo begat Lod. And when Lo died Lod

(Continued on Page 20.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CXLV--I STAND BESIDE THE MOBILE SEA

By Joaquin Miller

(The works of Joaquin Miller are a mine for the anthologist of San Francisco. The following lines, in part descriptive and in part prophetic, are taken from his poem "The Californian," called in the collected edition of his poems published by the Whitaker and Ray Co. "Joaquin Murietta.")

I stand beside the mobile sea,
And sails are spread, and sails are furl'd;
From farthest corners of the world,
And fold like white wings wearily.
Some ships go up, and some go down
In haste, like traders in a town.

Afar at sea some white ships flee,
With arms stretch'd like a ghost's to me,
And cloud-like sails are blown and curl'd,
Then glide down to the under world.
As if blown bare in winter blasts
Of leaf and limb, tall naked masts
Are rising from the restless sea.
I seem to see them gleam and shine
With clinging drops of dripping brine.
Broad still brown wings flit here and there,
Thin sea-blue wings wheel everywhere,
And white wings whistle through the air;
I hear a thousand sea gulls call.
And San Francisco Bay is white
And blue with sail and sea and light.

* * * * * *

Behold the ocean on the beach
Kneel lowly down as if in prayer,
I hear a moan as of despair,
While far at sea do toss and reach
Some things so like white pleading hands
The ocean's thin and hoary hair
Is trail'd along the silver'd sands,
At every sigh and sounding moan.
The very birds shriek in distress
And sound the ocean's monotone.
'Tis not a place for mirthfulness,
But meditation deep, and prayer,
And kneeling on the salted sod,
Where man must own his littleness,
And know the mightiness of God.

Dared I but say a prophecy,
As sang the holy men of old,
Of rock-built cities yet to be
Along these shining shores of gold,
Crowding athirst into the sea,
What wondrous marvels might be told!
Enough, to know that empire here
Shall burn her loftiest, brightest star;
Here art and eloquence shall reign,
As o'er the wolf-rear'd realm of old;
Here learn'd and famous from afar,
To pay their noble court, shall come,
And shall not seek or see in vain,
But look and look with wonder dumb.

The Spectator

The Maher Pull

Last week I told how a vacancy was created in the Health Department to make room for Dr. Maher, son of the zealous foreman of the jury that found the Western Fuel officials guilty at the very earnest solicitation of Matt I. Sullivan, prosecuting attorney. Now comes this interesting piece of news from the Chronicle: "A great deal of political gossip has arisen in San Francisco over the appointment of former State Senator Maher as lieutenant of the yard at San Quentin prison." According to the Chronicle, Senator Maher "has always been known as an old-line Republican." True enough, but Senator Maher has been latterly known as the father of Dr. Maher and as the foreman of the Western Fuel jury. And it is probably because he has been so known that his appointment to the job at San Quentin caused "a great deal of political gossip." It is clear that the Maher family has potent political pull, and though it took a long time to be exerted successfully and contemporaneously with both the State and municipal Administrations it is but prudent to surmise that it is nothing more than a coincidence that it was manifested just before and a little after Senator Maher argued the guilt of certain men on trial for their liberty and prosecuted by Matt I. Sullivan.

A Question of Time

As a phenomenon the Maher pull was something of a bolt from the blue, but it can be leisurely studied and pondered. Here is an old-line Republican, one of the "push" of former days, who has "come back" like a rejuvenated White Hope in the midst of purity and light. What services have the Maher family rendered to the cause of Progressive government and at the same time to the Rolph machine? In what manner has the felicitous division of their affections been evidenced? In what manner soever they earned the gratitude at once of the two machines, the services of Senator Maher presumably were of recent date for the vacancy to which he has been appointed existed for several months. Of course it may be that the sympathy of the Mahers has been with the good and true from the very beginning of the work of redemption, and that it was but the other day, as if by apocalypse, their righteousness and the moral obligations of both Rolph and Johnson were flashed on the mind of the right intermediary.

The Gossip of Friends

Nevertheless there has been gossip, as the Chronicle says, and it has been due wholly to an arresting coincidence which may not have the slightest significance. However, I shouldn't wonder that the attorneys for the Fuel case defendants feel that perhaps it might have been to their advantage had they spent more time interrogating Senator Maher before accepting him as a juror. You hear a lot of complaint about the time wasted in the impanelment of juries, but there are cases in which it is important that all the political and social relations of talesmen should be the subject of the most thorough inquiry.

Interviewing Earl Grey

From the first day of Earl Grey's arrival in San Francisco, the newspapers were intent on obtaining from him a definite statement about the purchase of the Union Oil and General Petroleum companies by a syndicate of British capitalists. For a long time dribs and drabs of news concerning this great deal which will mean so much to California, had trickled into the newspaper offices. But the information was sketchy and unsatisfactory. With the arrival of the Governor-General of Canada who, it was known, would be the permanent chairman of the syndicate, the editors resolved to get the full details of the business if it was humanly possible to do so. So the reporters met Earl Grey when he arrived and interviewed him on the subject. He received them courteously, for he is an affable man of the sort a reporter is always delighted to meet; but he stated that the time had not yet come to make a statement. Nothing daunted, the reporters waited on him time and time again at the Fairmont, pressing him good-naturedly for the facts. Earl Grey left for Los Angeles last Thursday evening. So Thursday was the last day on which the local papers might hope to "land" the story.

An Examiner Scoop

On Thursday afternoon Watt Brown and Fred Faulkner, the hotel reporters of the Examiner and Chronicle respectively and two of our livest journalistic wires, called at the Fairmont and sent their cards to Earl Grey's apartments. They were received by Lawrence Jones, the Earl's son-in-law, who told them that the Earl was very busy and had requested him to talk to the newspapermen. Jones explained that the Earl had been exceedingly anxious to make the desired statement in San Francisco, feeling that the metropolis was the proper place for announcing such important news, but that he had been asked by the men on the other side of the deal to withhold his statement until he reached Los Angeles. Jones said that the Earl was sorry; that he did not know why the request was made; but that he felt

bound against his will to comply with it. Brown and Faulkner asked Jones if they were to consider this message as final, and Jones replied in the affirmative. So the two newspapermen went away, very discouraged. Next day the Examiner had Earl Grey's statement on the first page, with the names of the big Britishers who are associated with him in the deal. There was nothing of the sort in the Chronicle. So the Examiner had a scoop. How did this happen?

The Earl Likes Reporters

When Watt Brown left the Fairmont after hearing Lawrence Jones say on behalf of the Earl that there would be no statement made public in San Francisco, he bethought him of a previous conversation he had had with Earl Grey. In the course of this conversation Earl Grey said a number of complimentary things about American reporters. The Earl told Brown that he admired American newspapermen more than he admired their British brethren, because the Americans are so much more industrious and energetic. He said that the American reporter knew how to be persistent without being impolite and that he could press hard for information that was being withheld without becoming offensive. The Earl added that he never liked to keep anything from an American newspaperman. Watt Brown turned all this over in his mind, and came to the conclusion that there was a chance to obtain the coveted information from the Earl before he left for Los Angeles.

The Earl Talks

Brown hurried back to the Examiner office and there was a conference of editors. Brown repeated the substance of his conversation with the Earl on the subject of American reporters, and declared that if pressed once more, and at the last minute, the Earl would probably "come through." He won the others to his viewpoint, and it was resolved that another attempt should be made. Sidney Robertson, one of the Examiner's best reporters, was picked out to turn the trick. Robertson met the Earl at the depot, told him how eager San Francisco was for news of the oil deal and in a good-natured way begged him to break his silence. He played so skillfully on the admiration the Earl feels for American newspapermen that the Earl finally laughed and told him the whole story.

He'll Never Come Back

Robert Hilliard was not satisfied with the business "The Argyle Case" did at the Columbia. Many other stars have been similarly dissatisfied this season which has been one of the worst in theatrical history, but Hilliard has an exceedingly good opinion of himself and considers that he has been personally aggrieved. As he shook the dust of San Francisco from his feet he registered a solemn vow that he would never, no, never return. This does not mean, however, that the local stage is to do without Hilliard for all the time to come. At actors' oaths, they say, Jove laughs. Hilliard was last here in a ridiculous effort founded on Kipling's "Vampire" called "A Fool There Was." It was toasted unmercifully by the critics, and Hilliard at that time swore fervently that he would never come to San Francisco again. But he returned at the first opportunity. Others who made the same vow only to break it were W. H. Crane and Frank Daniels. Sam Bernard swore to the same effect, and is still unperjured only because the booking powers haven't had time so far to route him this way again.

Hilliard's Revenge

No doubt you read in the morning paper last week about the tragi-comedy of the mislaid diamond ring Actor Hilliard presented to his daughter-in-law, the wife of Assistant Naval Constructor Robert B. Hilliard. When the time for the presentation came the ring was not to be found, and Hilliard's suspicion fell upon a bellboy. There followed great commotion at the St. Francis. It turned out that Hilliard's valet had removed the ring from the box to a heap of damp sawdust, acting on instructions from the actor which the actor had forgotten as soon as he issued them. Of course, after all the pother he had caused, Hilliard felt very humiliated, but he soothed the accused bellboy with a ten dollar

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bill. There ended the story as the newspapers told it. But there was another incident. Hilliard gave vent to his seething spleen by flooring his valet with a punch on the jaw. The valet is still trying to figure out how he deserved that blow, but he has refrained from questioning the actor on the subject.

State Politics

The State political campaign has been languishing of late, and the Progressive captains have been working themselves into a lather trying to rouse a little interest in their candidates. The reason of the general apathy is obvious; there has been no contest. Everybody has been waiting for the several Republican groups to agree upon a gubernatorial candidate. Meanwhile the Progressive captains have been shouting that the Republicans were unable to find a man to run against Governor Johnson. The truth is, to be sure, that the Republicans have been embarrassed by a multiplicity of hats in the ring. The trouble is not that nobody wants to run but that everybody wants to run, while at the same time it is clear to all that it is advisable to obtain the endorsement of a central body; for under our new and beautiful system under which the government was "brought back to the people" none but a rich man can afford to run independently even for a nomination. So while we have a primary by way of assuring the dear people that they are running things pre-primary conventions are held by the politicians to select candidates for the dear people. This, by the way, is the method of the Progressives themselves. Vociferously and vehemently they are for preserving the spirit of the primary, but consider their ticket. By what Indian-information process did they strangle opposition to their candidates in their own party? Who compose the Sanhedrim that decided that Railroad Commissioner Eshleman should resign one job and run for another? Was it not agreed by somebody that Rowell should run for the Senate without opposition and didn't the wild ass break out of the corral and kick the program to pieces? But these are impertinent questions. The Progressives can do no wrong. The laws they make are for the other fellows.

Republicans at the Barrier

The indications are that the Republicans will have a genuine primary election. It is certain that former Senator William C. Ralston will stick to his determination, expressed months ago, of appealing to the people for the gubernatorial nomination. In all probability Frank Keesling will throw his hat into the ring. Anyway Governor Johnson has no terrors for Keesling. All he is concerned about is the sentiment of Republican leaders, and he doesn't need many assurances to make the start. The same is true of J. O. Hayes of San Jose. A month ago the Republican leaders of this section were in favor of getting behind a candidate from Los Angeles. This was because it was generally conceded that it was about time for San Francisco to have a Senator. The Republicans of Los Angeles were advised to get together and agree on a candidate for Governor, and at one time it seemed likely that Colonel Fredericks would be the man. Fredericks is just as eager to run as Ralston or Keesling or Hayes, but for some reason he has not been able to receive the right kind of assurances.

The Shortridge Campaign

The only person who has been infusing any life into the campaign is Samuel M. Shortridge, who in all probability will be nominated for the Senate. He is the only candidate whom one reads about in the interior press. Jimmy Phelan's pactolian stream is flowing through the interior, but the results are of a perfunctory character. The Shortridge candidacy has awakened genuine enthusiasm. Everywhere there is demand for the silver-tongued orator. Chester Rowell has been circulating, but under the most discouraging conditions. Even the taxeaters of the State machine stay at home when the Fresno editor comes to town. As to Francis J. Heney, he has dropped out of sight, and nobody takes the trouble to inquire about him.

The Printers' Strike

The stubborn strike of the pressmen and feeders employed in certain local printing offices, a strike which has been on for many months, is practically over. The men have as good as acknowledged defeat, and the employers are congratulating themselves on a victory. The allied printing organizations which had been contributing funds to support the strikers, recently gave up the strike as hopeless and decided not to lend any more help. Two interesting incidents marked what was practically the end of the strike. At the last moment Mayor Rolph, eager to save his union friends from humiliation, sent a letter to the employers offering his services as an arbitrator. The offer was turned down. The other incident was more significant. The heads of the two biggest job printing establishments in town announced that with the end of the strike they would proceed to unionize their shops. Just what inducements from union labor or the friends of union labor in official places led them to this announcement, is the subject of speculation among the employers who went through the strike with the heads of these big concerns. That these concerns did not give in long since may cause surprise, but surprise ceases when it is known that all the employers, at the beginning of the strike, put up substantial cash guarantees that they would stick together till the trouble was over. Without such guarantees it would be impossible to hold employers together during a long strike. Treason to their own has marked the conduct of some employers in nearly every strike in this city. And such treason accounts for many of the woes of this city. The unions are true to themselves; the employers are not.

They're for Prohibition

Ten Fresno churches adopted resolutions last week calling upon Congressman Church of Fresno to support the Hobson constitutional amendment providing for national prohibition. I learn from the Fresno Republican that "probably the largest gathering to unanimously adopt the resolution" (Editor Rowell was out of town when that infinitive was split) was that of the Seventh Day Adventists. It is interesting to know what sort of people these Seventh Day Adventists who advocate national prohibition are. In another issue of the Republican I read the report of a religious service held by them. One elder declared that "no Christian, much less minister of the gospel, should visit the nickelodeon, the theatre, the circus or the dance," because "a visit to these questionable places of amusement may be a stepping stone to eternal ruin." Another elder declared that "apostate Protestantism, Catholicism and Spiritualism will eventually unite" and that "under the influence of this three-

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fold union the United States government will repudiate the principles of liberty now guaranteed by the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence." Are these the sort of men who are waging the fight for Prohibition in California? What do advocates of Prohibition think of their leaders?

James D. Campaigning

There was quite a sensation in Herbert's during the noon hour the other day. Herbert's, as I suppose you know, is the most popular lunch place for men in San Francisco. No women go to Herbert's because it is an adjunct of the Bachelors' Hotel and the entrance to the restaurant is through the bar. But men who cannot afford the more luxurious places like the Palace, the St. Francis, Tait's, Techau's and so on, are regular patrons of Herbert's. The sensation was caused by the appearance of James D. Phelan. He entered quite nonchalantly and took his seat at a table with some politicians.

"It's easy to see that James D. is campaigning or he wouldn't think of lunching with us common people," said a well known patron of Herbert's. "I suppose he feels as if he were slumming!"

A Local Playwright

Grant Carpenter, the local writer whose one-act drama "The Dragon's Claw" achieved success at the Little Theatre of Philadelphia not long since, is a very busy playwright these days. He has written a one-act comedy drama for Kathryn Osterman, a vaudeville headliner who will be remembered by Orpheum patrons as the star of "A Persian Garden." Carpenter has also written a negro sketch for Clara Alexander who is favorably known here for her negro dialect recitations, and who was a billtopper at the Empire Music Hall of London for a whole year. Miss Alexander will have her tryout at the Orpheum this month. "The Dragon's Claw" is to be presented in vaudeville by Robert T. Haines, and may be seen at the Orpheum soon.

An Unconscious Tribute

"Larry" Harris, one of the great wits of clubdom, was a member of the floor committee at the Ball of All Nations in the Palace of Machinery. In the midst of the revelry, he says he noticed a man of middle age wandering about the ball room, dodging the dancers as best he could. This man attracted Harris' attention because he wore his hat and overcoat. Harris approached him for the purpose of explaining that all who desired to remain among the dancers must leave their hats and overcoats at the cloak room. But the intruder was so evidently interested in everything he saw that Harris followed him in silence for a few minutes. The man finally approached one of the great columns that support the building. He looked up at it, throwing his head back further and further until he found it necessary to remove his hat to save it from falling off. By a final contortion he managed to bring his eyes to the summit of the column. And then he spoke:

"Why, if the darned thing hasn't got a ceiling!"

An Apology to Lawrence

On the first page of the Chicago Record-Herald the other day appeared an abject apology to Andrew M. Lawrence of the Chicago Examiner and formerly of the San Francisco Examiner. Lawrence has been having a very lively time in Chicago ever since he started a campaign to oust the graft combine from control of the government. In this he was successful, and then, as in this city years ago when Boss Rainey was driven into obscurity he became the object of newspaper attack. Some months ago the Record-Herald published an interview with an official who accused Lawrence of certain political activities, and Lawrence brought suit for libel against the paper. Hence the apology. The Record-Herald confesses that there is no evidence in any way even remotely tending to substantiate the charge, and adds: "The Record-Herald does not believe the charge was made in good faith by Mr. McCormick, and it regrets exceedingly that by inadvertence the charge was published."

Chapin in Chicago

You can't keep a good man down. The adage is hoary, but still serves. A great many thought "Handsome Bill" Chapin was down and out when he lost control of the Call through not taking John D. Spreckels seriously when Spreckels told him that he had received an offer for the property. Chapin should have known Spreckels well enough to realize that bluffing was not his style, but he didn't and F. W. Kellogg got possession of the Call, adding the Post to it just about the time the rumor got about that Chapin was negotiating for the evening paper. Surely there was reason for the statement, made by many, that Chapin was down and out. Behold him now, bobbing up serenely from below! There has been a big newspaper deal in Chicago, and "Handsome Bill" Chapin is in the midst of it. James Keeley, heretofore vice-president and general manager of the Tribune, has bought and consolidated the Record-Herald and the Inter-Ocean. Chapin is the publisher of the new paper. Without violating verity, without exaggerating fact it may be set down here and now that W. W. Chapin is a wonder.

An Important Mission

Dr. Dexter Richards is the house physician of the Hotel Lankershim, a Fifth-street hostelry which caters especially to actors. A friend met Doctor Richards at Fifth and Market the other day. The doctor carried his black satchel and was in a great hurry.

"Whither so fast, doctor?" asked the friend.

"I'm going to cure a ham," said Doctor Richards.

Guess Who Shaved Him

The Family Club celebrated the formal opening for the summer season of its Farm in the Portola valley last Saturday night. It was a merry celebration, about one hundred members being present. Among others were Bob McCracken, the handsome young wine agent, and Frank Moroney without whom no party at the Family or Bohemian Club is considered a success. Late Saturday afternoon McCracken was in the barber's tent getting shaved. Frank Moroney happened along, intent on being shaved also. While he waited for the barber to finish with McCracken there was a good deal of banter passing back and forth. Finally McCracken sugested that he and the barber match to see which of them should shave Moroney. Moroney was willing to risk his face on the turn of a coin, so Bob and the barber matched. Frank Moroney lost.

A Judicial Dictum

Ray Benjamin of the Attorney General's office is not famous merely as a lawyer and as an enemy of the taxicab pirates; he has a cocktail to his credit, a cocktail the renown of which is great among all his friends. The other day Ray Benjamin, Justice Melvin of the Supreme Court and John Mitchell of the Board of Equalization met in the Hotel Sacramento and went downstairs to the bar for a drink.

"Ray," said Mitchell, as the bartender stood at attention, "what are those silly little things you make?"

"Briefs," answered Justice Melvin.

Distinction for Golden State

Golden State, the delicious champagne produced by the Italian-Swiss Colony, was the first wine opened at the Ball of All Nations in Machinery Hall. Al Coney, the Golden State impresario, presided at the function of uncorking. Needless to say, that first bottle was not the last.

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At all the great expositions of the world, champagne men have endeavored to win for their wines the distinction of being the first drunk on the grounds. The Italian-Swiss Colony is equal to all occasions, especially with Al on the job. More Golden State was sold at the Ball of All Nations than any other brand.

A Better Dante's

Dante's restaurant has been reconstructed, and its hospitable doors have been thrown open once more, giving admission to a bigger, better, more luxuriously appointed, more comfortable, more artistically refined Dante's than ever before. There is in the new and finer Dante's that impalpable atmosphere, that indescribable something one associates with the most appealing restaurants of Europe, that quality which one calls Bohemian. Now that it has reopened the epicures are once more finding their way in gladness of heart to its inviting tables, and all the wonders of the culinary art of Signor Borserini are being worked for the benefit of those who have exacting palates. Dante's reopens, of course, at 536 Broadway, where the Kearny and Union street cars pass the door.

Supper Dance at Tavern

A function which will be long remembered was the Supper Dance given at Techau Tavern on the evening of May 6. The cafe was thronged with a brilliant crowd of merry dancers who enjoyed, besides the pleasure of the dance, the added interest of competing for prizes. These were awarded to the couples who were adjudged the best dancers, the best rag dancers and the best dancers of the hesitation waltz. Each winning couple received two prizes, a massive silver cup for the gentleman and an exquisite favor for the lady. A souvenir bottle of La Lilas perfume was presented to each lady.

The Two Brothers And The Gold

By Leo Tolstoi

Once upon a time, in the days long since gone by, there dwelt at Jerusalem two brothers; the name of the elder was Athanasius, the name of the younger John. They dwelt on a hill not far from the town, and lived upon what people gave to them. Every day the brothers went out to work. They worked not for themselves, but for the poor. Wherever the overworked, the sick were to be found—wherever there were widows and orphans, thither went the brothers, and there they worked and spent their time, taking no payment. Thus the brothers went about separately the whole week, and only met together in the evening of the Sabbath at their own dwelling. Only on Sunday did they remain at home, praying and conversing together. And the Angel of the Lord came down to them and blessed them. On the Monday they separated again, each going his own way. Thus did the brothers live for many years, and every week the Angel of the Lord came down to them and blessed them.

One Monday, when the brothers had gone forth to work, and had parted their several ways, the elder brother, Athanasius, felt sorry at having had to part from his beloved brother, and he stood still and glanced after him. John was walking with bent head, and he did not look back. But suddenly John also stopped as if he perceived something and continued to gaze fixedly at it. Preesntly he drew near to that which he had been looking upon, and then suddenly leaped aside, and, not stopping for another instant, ran towards the mountain and up the mountain, right away from the place, just as if some savage beast were pursuing him. Athanasius was astonished, and turned back to the place to find out what his brother had been so afraid of. At last he approached the spot, and then he saw something glistening in the sun. He drew nearer—on the grass, as if poured from a measure, lay a heap of gold. And Athanasius was still more astonished, both at the sight of the gold and at the leaping aside of his brother.

"What was he afraid of, and what did he run away from?" thought Athanasius. "There is no sin in gold, sin is in man. You may do ill with gold, but you may also do good. How many widows and orphans might not be fed therewith, how many naked ones might not be clothed, how many poor and sick might not be cared for and cured by means of this gold? Now, indeed, we minister to people, but our ministration is but little, because our power is small, and with this gold we might minister to people much more than we do now." Thus thought Athanasius, and would have said so to his brother, but John was by this time out of hearing, and looked no bigger than a cockchafer on the further mountain.

And Athanasius took off his garment, shoveled as much gold into it as he was able to carry, threw it over his shoulder, and went into the town. He went to an inn, gave the gold to the innkeeper, and then went off to fetch the rest of it. And when he had brought in all the gold he went to the merchants, bought land in that town, bought stones, wood, hired laborers, and set about building three houses. And Athanasius abode in the town three months, and built the three houses in that town; one of the houses was an asylum for widows and orphans, the second house was a hospital for the sick, the third house was a hospice for the poor and for pilgrims. And Athanasius sought out three God-fearing elders, and the first elder he placed over the refuge, the second over the hospital, and the third over the hospice for pilgrims. And Athanasius had three thousand gold pieces still left. And he gave a thousand to each of the elders that they might have wherewith to distribute among the poor. And all people began to praise Athanasius for all that he had done. And Athanasius rejoiced thereat, so that he had no desire to depart from the town. But Athanasius loved his brother, and, taking leave of the people, and not keeping for himself a single coin of all this money, he went back to his dwelling in the selfsame old garment in which he had come to town.

Athanasius was drawing near to his mountain, and he thought to himself: "My brother judged wrongly when he leaped aside from the gold and ran away from it. Haven't I done much better?"

And Athanasius had no sooner thought this than suddenly he beheld standing in his path the Angel who had been sent to bless them, but now looked threateningly upon him. And Athanasius was aghast and could only say:

"Wherefore, my Lord?"

And the Angel opened his mouth and said:

"Depart from hence! Thou are not worthy to dwell with thy brother. That one leap aside of thy brother's was worth more than all that thou hast done with thy gold."

Athanasius began to talk of how many poor and how many pilgrims he had fed, and of how many orphans he had cared for.

And the Angel said to him:

"That same Devil who placed the gold there in order to corrupt thee, hath also put these big words into thy mouth."

And then the conscience of Athanasius upbraided him, and he understood that what he had done was not done for God, and he wept and began to repent.

Then the Angel stepped aside from the road, and left free for him the path in which John was already standing awaiting his brother. And from thenceforth Athanasius yielded no more to the wiles of the Devil who had strewn the gold in his path, and he understood that not by gold, but by good works only, could he render service to God and his fellow-man.

And the brethren dwelt together as before.

The fellow who is always on the fence must be pretty well balanced to stay there.

Where one man throws his whole soul into his work another man is satisfied to put his foot in it.

Women wear so much false hair nowadays that it is extremely difficult to tell which is switch.

The man who feels that he has a message for the world generally sends it collect.

Some men are so wise that it seems as though they must have been born much earlier than the rest of us.

The weaker a man is the stronger his habits grow on him.

The girl who accepts her first suitor misses a whole lot of valuable experience.

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San Francisco Grows and Grows in Spite of All

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Parisian Way

The Quat'z' Arts Ball of the Latin Quarter in Paris which gave the idea for this week's Sculptors' Ball, is conducted on lines which insure an artistic ensemble. Every year the committee of art students decides in advance what particular period of history shall furnish the inspiration for the costumes, and the word is passed quietly among those who are eligible to attend. On the night of the ball a committee of three sits in the vestibule and examines the costumes of the maskers as they present themselves for admission to the ball room. There are two doors opening off this vestibule, and as each costume is surveyed the committee politely escorts the masker to one or the other of these doors. According as the masker is deemed eligible or otherwise he finds himself passing through a door which opens into the ball room or a door which leads out into the cold street. The committee of the Sculptors' Ball thought of using this device at the Palace, but as all tickets were purchased in advance they concluded that it would be impracticable.

Bal des Quat'z' Arts

There are other features of this celebrated revel of the four arts which it wouldn't do to imitate in San Francisco. Those who are curious on the subject may consult that fascinating volume "Bohemian Paris of Today," written and illustrated by two San Franciscans, W. C. Morrow and Edward Cucuel. The Bal des Quat'z' Arts is held at the Moulin Rouge on Montmartre every spring, after the pictures have been sent to the Salon and before the students scatter for the summer vacation. The participants are painters, sculptors, architects and engravers. There is a grand cortege at one in the morning when the various floats are judged and the prizes awarded. Morrow's description of one of these floats will serve to explain why we can't have a real Quat'z' Arts in San Francisco. Borne on the shoulders of naked Indians was a gorgeous bed of flowers and trailing vines. Reclining in this bed were four models lying on their backs, head to head, their legs upraised to support a circular tablet of gold. On this stood the queen of Parisian models, nude, the beauty of her figure set off by a girdle of little electric lights. A great many models attend as Bacchantes, wearing only grapes in their hair and fig leaves. During supper the danse du ventre is performed on the tables by these models. In the morning the revelers march en cavalcade across Paris to the Quartier Latin, stopping on the Pont du Carrousel to throw the prize-winning float into the Seine.

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Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

Champagne Flows at Mare Island

In spite of the war with Mexico, the navy women at Mare Island are entertaining with unusual extravagance. They are giving pretentious breakfasts and luncheons as well as dinners at all of which champagne is being served with the greatest prodigality. These lavish hostesses explain that most of their cellars are filled with wine that was bought from their predecessors when they came to occupy the quarters vacated by the retiring officers. And as the edict of Secretary Daniels that no liquor shall be used in the navy goes into effect July first, they are endeavoring to get the worth of their money by using it all up before that time. The junior officers of the navy who do not occupy quarters at the yard but who occupy rooms in town have the laugh on their superiors in the interpretation of the new rule as they can have all the wine they like in their rented quarters, while those living on the government reservations must have their wine cellars quite empty by July first.

"My wife has just left my bed and board."

"You are to be congratulated—mine left nothing."

Caught in an Elevator

An entirely new way of risking your reputation was suggested to a pretty blonde belle who was the center of attraction at the Ball of All Nations. At an early hour on Sunday morning, escorted by a gallant young army officer who has been spending his leave from service in the Philippines in San Francisco, she reached the door of the "community" apartment house where she is residing. The place has just been completed and boasts of every modern equipment known to expensive architects. The pride of the four families occupying the apartment on the "community" plan is the automatic elevator. Stepping into it and closing the door, the army man pressed button number three and the elevator started upward. When it failed to stop at the floor designated he pressed the button to send it down again in order to avoid a bump above. It returned almost to the bottom and stopped. He then tried pressing number three again, but once more it failed to stop. For five minutes or more it went up and down aimlessly and finally stopped half way between the second and third floors and refused to budge further. The girl began to weep when the machine failed to submit to coaxing, and the army officer was decidedly uneasy himself at the prospect of being cooped up in the place until morning when the janitor would discover their plight. They took turns pressing the buttons. At last when the girl was on the verge of hysterics the refractory elevator responded and descended to the first floor, where it remained long enough for them to leap out.

"What sort of bridge does she play?"

"Suspension bridge—hangs you up for every cent you win from her!"

Mrs. Hearst's High Brows

An invitation to the Hacienda del Pozo de Verona, the imposing country home of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst at Pleasanton, would be more eagerly sought after by the beaux of the city if it were not for one serious drawback. In spite of the most generous hospitality on the part of the hostess they invariably return to town with cases of acute brain fag. The nucleus of Mrs. Hearst's house parties is always a group of "high brows" assembled to do honor to one of greater magnitude who is the lion of the occasion. To leaven the social sogginess that would result if guests of lighter vein were not present, Orrin Peck, like the good scout that he is, executes Mrs. Hearst's commission to deliver for each one of her parties three or four club men who can be relied on to set off conversational pyrotechnics whenever the atmosphere becomes too heavy for endurance. Orrin has proved a veritable Circe in luring any number of his fellow club members to their doom and sending them back to their friends in a state of mental collapse after an intellectual bout at Pleasanton.

The Ragtime Raconteur

The latest victim is famed in his own set for a syncopated style of conversation that has gained for him the cognomen of the "ragtime raconteur." When dinner was announced, the light-hearted and nimble-witted swain was assigned to a dowager of imposing appearance and of obviously critical mien whose serious personality so awed him that he was still floundering for a topic of conversation when the first course was removed. It seemed a sacrilege to venture along his usual facetious lines, although Orrin had instructed him that he would be expected to be light and fluffy in order to serve the purpose for which he was invited. Hearing Mexico mentioned across the table, he finally launched into a dissertation on Mexican pottery, having once bought a few ollas in Juarez. There was a flow of "ragtime phraseology" that left the lady gasping at the close of dinner. Wandering into the drawing room later, he opened an album of portraits and on the first page discovered the photograph of the lady who had been his partner at dinner with the caption beneath: Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes Brown, archaeologist, etc. At the first opportunity he approached the austere personage and began an apology for his feeble attempt at entertainment.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Blank. I assure you it was by far the most interesting talk I have ever heard on archaeology and you expressed yourself with such delightful intelligibility," said Mrs. Brown, looking icicles.

"What would you say if she swooned away helplessly and fell straight into your arms?"

"I'd say nothing. I'd just keep the subject to myself!"

An Offer Withdrawn

The faux pas of "looking a gift horse in the teeth" of which the newly organized Newspaper Women's Club has been guilty has resulted in the withdrawal of the steed by the beneficent lady who would have provided these journalistic waifs

Miss Claribel Kirby & Theodore Parker Lawrence

have opened

The Kirlaw Studios

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March Twenty-fifth, 1914

with a luxurious home. When Mrs. James Jordan heard of the proposed organization she offered to furnish handsomely and pay the rent for suitable quarters for the club. But when the question of accepting her gift was discussed it was found that a number of the members were violently opposed to being "endowed." When Mrs. Jordan heard that there was a lack of unanimity as to the acceptance of her offer she speedily informed them that she had reconsidered the plan and would bestow her beneficence elsewhere—where it would be more appreciated and where her motive would not be misunderstood.

Honor for Mrs. Postley

The next time Leonidas Scooffy or his niece the beautiful Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran or either of his nephews, Clifford and Milton Cook, pays a visit to Rome, one of the first things in the Eternal City to claim attention will be the entrance hall of the Palace of St. Calixto. Leonidas or Cliff or Milton or Mrs. Curran, as the case may be, will pause before a marble tablet surmounted with the Pope's name and arms and bearing a Latin inscription which may be translated:

"These are the names of those who with munificent gifts have given helping hands in the revision of the Vulgate, which was instituted by the Supreme Pontiff Pius V."

In a short list of distinguished names they will read that of their relative by marriage Mrs. Clarence Postley of New York. And no doubt they will murmur "Amen" to the prayer at the bottom of the tablet:

"And may these names be written in the Book of Life."

At the Palace of St. Calixto a commission has been at work on the revision of the Vulgate or Latin Bible since 1907, a gigantic task which may take fifty years. When Abbot Gasquet, the head of the English Benedictines and a great authority on Biblical hermeneutics, was in New York some time time, lecturing on the work of the Biblical Commission, Mrs. Clarence Postley who is a convert to Catholicism, gave him a munificent sum to aid the undertaking. Mrs. Clarence Postley is the mother of Sterling Postley who married Elsa Cook, the present Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran.

Note: This is the first item ever published in this city, mentioning the name of Mrs. Sterling Postley without quoting what the Grand Duke Boris of Russia said about her beauty.

At the Cecil

Afternoon tea, served in the picturesque Pompeiian sun court on the top floor of the hotel is to be a daily feature for the pleasure of the Cecil guests very soon. Mrs. Morris will be hostess during the tea hour each afternoon and the informal affairs are being anticipated with much pleasure in the Cecil circle. A series of weekly dances, to be enjoyed on Friday evenings, will be inaugurated shortly. Dancing has lost none of its charm for the guests at the hotel who are looking forward eagerly to the Friday dansants. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lane entertained six friends at Sunday evening dinner. Mrs. C. K. Holliday has been at the Cecil where she was the guest of Mrs. E. E. Finnell who recently took up her residence there. Ellinwood Finnell and his bride (who was Mrs. Holliday's daughter) are en route homeward from their honeymoon trip which has been spent abroad. They will make California their permanent home. Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Bryan have returned from two years of residence abroad and have settled themselves in attractive apartments. Duncan L. Edwards of New York, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Lovell of Philadelphia and Miss Dysatt of Altoona, Pa., are Easterners who have been at the Cecil during the week. C. F. Nance has returned from a Japanese residence and tour and is established at the Cecil for an indefinite stay. Mrs. Leslie Symmes and her small daughter returned this week after a week's stay as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Whittle at their Mill Valley home. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hough of Stockton have been at the Cecil during the week. They were joined on Tuesday by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henry (Lyonette Hough) who have recently returned from a European trip.

LOUISE BATES

In "The Passing Show of 1913" at the Cort Theatre

The Latest Step

The last word in the dancing world is the importation from the East of the new Castle step called the Half and Half, as introduced here by Miss Kerby and Mr. Lawrence at the Kirlaw dancing studios. Among the converts to the new dance may be numbered Miss Lurline Matson and her fiance.

Tait's the Answer

"Where shall I lunch?" is a troublesome question with many. In search of variety and differentness one's patience is ofttimes taxed to the utmost. Rare is the place that can hold the same noonday patronage month in and month out. One's string of moods is somewhat similar to a line o fmany-colored beads in that each reflects the int that comes within its focus. And speaking of moods and fancies, to say nothing of the desires of the "inner man," I honestly believe that the one cafe in town which succeeds in holding a regular luncheon clientele is the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. There is always something new and diverting to be seen and heard there every day between 11:30 and 2:00. And the dainty and appetizing repast served at fifty cents is well worth twice the price asked for it.

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Gossip of the Theatre

A Sparkling Show

"The Passing Show of 1913" is moving along at so lively a clip at the Cort, stepping at so deliriously joyful a pace that even if one "has seen it before in New York" there is not a moment for ennui; for it is a sparkling show and its effects are kaleidoscopic, its specialties smart and diverting. Do you like comedians? They are there, singly, in pairs and in groups. Or, do you prefer pretty girls who can dance well and sing and act a bit and dress and undress with taste and discrimination? The show is full of them. They are the busiest, nimblest little things you ever saw—always on the move and they prance out through the audience on an illuminated run. There are smart chorus chaps, young men whose raison-d'etre is the dance in all its bewildering evolutions; and clever principals who impersonate famous persons and sing catchy songs. Charles King goes through the show as George Cohan and is very true to type. With Mollie King he does My Winter Garden Girl and the prettiest dance imaginable. George Whiting, Sadie Burt, Artie Mehlinger and Henry Norman —all contribute in some way to a melodious and colorful performance, which is on the whole so characteristic of the modishness of the moment that it requires the utmost alertness in the audience to appreciate its witticisms. Its travesties being of manners and personalities of current interest in the big metropolis an audience that does not "catch on" must seem somewhat provincial to the players.

—H. M. B.

Orpheum Vaudeville

It is characteristic of illusions that however fascinating they may be, as soon as you discover they are illusions they cease to interest. This is almost as true of human as of mechanical illusions. It is almost true of Master Gabriel of the Orpheum. Physically this young gentleman is precisely what he appears to be—a child of not more than seven or eight years. Accepted as such he is a fascinating marvel. Aside from what appears to be his amazing precocity, he captivates an audience with his delightful comedic talents, but it is chiefly the illusion of the infant prodigy that works the spell. Unfortunately Master Gabriel or rather the sketch in which he is appearing, puts too heavy a tax on credulity. Even making the most generous allowance for precocity you perceive presently that the mimetic ability of this infant prodigy is too much. Come signs of maturity, and then you become sceptical and inquisitive. Yet withal, Master Gabriel is very good fun. The stars of this week's bill are as far apart as the poles. One is Nick Verga who opens the program. He calls himself the newsboy Caruso, but this is a misnomer, for Nick's voice is of the baritone quality, and besides he is too fine a vocalist to create the impression that he has not had any voice culture. Few better singers than Nick have appeared at the Orpheum. The other stars—Odiva and the seals—close the bill. In the middle is Roshanara, the graceful exponent of the dances of the Far East who gives the touch of artistry to the performance.

—The First Nighter.

Two Mack Plays at Alcazar

Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau, supported by casts of specially selected players from the Alcazar forces, will be seen in a big double bill at the Alcazar next week. Both are from the pen of the prolific Mack, and both are big strong dramatic stories handled in the virile and human style that characterizes all of his plays. The first play of the evening will be a four-act drama entitled "Men of Steal." This handles a theme that embodies political intrigue and police graft, and Mack lays bare conditions that exist in all large American cities. His characters are for the most part drawn from life, and certain situations are actual occurrences that have recently been brought to his notice. On the same bill will be seen the shorter Mack play "Kick In" which was such a sensation at the Orpheum last summer when presented by the two popular stars. This little dramatic gem needs no introduction to local theatregoers, it having been the talk of the town on the occasion of its orignal production here. "Kick In" is the story of two thieves, and as played by Mack and Miss Rambeau is certainly worth while.

Blanche Bates at the Orpheum

Blanche Bates whose engagement is limited to one week only, will head the new bill at the Orpheum next week. Her appearance in vaudeville takes precedence among recent theatrical activities, because she is being presented by Charles Frohman and is appearing in a playlet entitled "Half an Hour" by Sir James Barrie, undoubtedly the most eminent dramatist of today. Most glowing reports come from the theatres of the circuit in which Miss Bates has already appeared, and she is credited by the critics who have reviewed her performance with possessing a play of exceptional merit and of having registered one of the greatest hits ever known in vaudeville. Lillian Shaw, the most celebrated and successful of America's vocal dialect comediennes, will present an entertainment of which she is the originator. Her dialect ballads of the Italian-American have become vaudeville classics. Henriette De Serris and her company of fifteen selected professional models will be seen in living reproductions of famous works of art. Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich will be heard in a happy combination of operatic and popular melodies. The Berrens will furnish a musical novelty. Their violin and piano playing is exceedingly fine. Charles Nevins and Ada Gordon will appear in their laughable skit, "The Typewriter and the Type." Powers Brothers will convince the audiences that they are two of the strongest men in existence.

The Flonzaley Quartet

The Greenbaum musical season will close this Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium

BLANCHE BATES
Who will appear in J. M. Barrie's playlet "Half an Hour" next week at the Orpheum.

with a superb program of chamber music by the famous Flonzaley Quartet. The program will consist of Beethoven's greatest and most important Quartet in E minor, Op. 59, Tschaikowsky's Quartet in D minor, the "Andante Cantabile" being alone worth the price of admission, and the Suite for violoncello solo in C major by Bach which will be played by M. d'Archambeau. Mr. Greenbaum promises a most interest list of artists for the Exposition season, including eight or ten who have never before visited this city.

The Gaiety Attractions

These are the final performances of "The Girl Behind the Counter" at the Gaiety, and those who would not willingly miss a musical show full of haunting melody, presented by a host of youthful beauties garbed amazingly, and who would not wittingly omit to see Al Shean in one of the funniest roles ever created have until Monday night to join the thousands who already have laughed at the comedians, admired the pretty chorus and marveled at the beauty of the production. After the performance of next Monday night the Gaiety will remain closed until Sunday night, May 24, when it will open with a gorgeous presentation of "The Isle of Bong Bong," described as one of Broadway's most glittering successes. Many new faces will be seen in the Gaiety forces, Frances Cameron, one of the finest prima donnas on the American stage, will make her first apeparance as a Gaiety player. Walter Lawrence with whom she has been associated in some of the most notable of vaudeville offerings, will also be seen. Lawrence is undertaking the work of preparation for "The Isle of Bong Bong" and is not only a superb comedian but a stage manager of wide repute. He was formerly Henry W. Savage's stage director and his acquisition by the Gaiety company promises to give that organization's production a Broadway stamp. The musical director, William Lorraine, no less than Lawrence and Miss Cameron, is a Broadway figure of importance. He also is from the Savage forces where he was musical director. For the last two seasons he has been with Blanch Ring in that capacity. With Lawrence directing and acting; with Miss Cameron as prima donna; with William Lorraine handling the baton; Al Shean in comedy roles and other New York favorites in the cast besides the Broadway chorus, "The Isle of Bong Bong" promises to be filled with that distinction characteristic of the Eastern metropolis' biggest attractions. There will be no raise in prices, however, and the Thursday "po" matinee at 25 and 50 cents will be maintained.

"The Passing Show" Next Week

"The Passing Show of 1913," which has scored an unquestionable hit at the Cort, opens the second week of its engagement tomorrow night. Since the opening night capacity audiences have greeted the singers, dancers and comedians assembled by the Messrs. Shubert for their latest annual.

Paso Robles Guests

Among the prominent guests at Paso Robles at the present time are Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Moore, the former president of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Moore are both very enthusiastic golfers and spend part of each day on the links. Others there who are playing golf a great deal of their time are Dr. and Mrs. B. W. Brown of the United States Public Health Service who have been stationed for a number of years in Japan. Dr. Brown has an extended leave of absence and will spend a greater part of it at Paso Robles playing golf and taking the cure. Mr. W. McGavin of the Wells-Fargo Nevada National Bank of San Francisco is there for his annual spring vacation. Mr. McGavin has the Paso Robles habit and goes there at this season every year. The following is a partial list of the guests who are spending a few weeks at this favorite spring resort: John W. Edminson, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Goodwin, Misses E. and A. Goodwin, Mrs. Mildred D. Gear, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Moore, Mrs. Robt. Watt, Miss Emma Irwin, Amy C. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Turner and family, C. E. Wilson, Miss Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Mortensen, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Morley, Colorado Springs; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Scott and three children, Calgary, Canada; W. W. Stow, Mrs. E. W. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Voorhies, Berkeley; Mrs. J. O. Garwick, Altoona, Ia.; Mrs. W. Dillie, Seattle; W. Brougher, Thos. W. Corder, Amy B. Corder, T. A. Corder, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Turner, Miss Pural, L. Berkshire, Chicago; Mrs. M. A. Bond, San Rafael; Dr. and Mrs. S. E. Simmons, Sacramento.

FRANCES CAMERON
Coming in "Isle of Bong Bong" to the Gaiety Theatre

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"GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER"
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More Stars Being Added to the GAIETY'S GALAXY
Frances Cameron, Walter Lawrence, William Lorraine and others.
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Two Significant Dramas

We hear a good deal, even in this remote section of the world, about the plays which are attracting attention in London and Paris. But the information which reaches us is usually about the conventional works which we may expect with more or less certainty to see upon our own stage later on. Nobody seems interested in letting us know about the plays which are not being boomed by producers with international interests. Yet there are usually one or two plays being given somewhere in Europe which make their appeal, not so much to ordinary, blase theatregoers but to people for whom the theatre is a place of rare resort. There are two such plays interesting Europe at present, one being a German work and the other a Russian.

Germany in 2106

Imaginative pictures of Germany's future—almost always a very martial future—are very common in Berlin, and usually do not merit much attention, but occasionally a work appears which represents a school of thought, and also throws fresh light upon the hidden germs of national development. Such a one is a new drama called "Der Abgrund," which shows "pictures of Germany's twilight in the year 2106." It is by "Count Teja," which is a nom de plume. The hero is King Frederick VI, a Hohenzollern Prince who embodies German "idealism" and is engaged throughout in a life and death struggle with materialism. The plot of the play is German's second awakening—this time from the torpor of cosmopolitanism and "pacificism," and her response to a challenge from the Slavs. Somewhat provokingly the curtain falls before the result of the war is decided, but the English, the Scandinavians and the "true Germans" who had migrated to German Southwest Africa have already rushed to the defence of the Fatherland, and a fortunate issue seems imminent.

By 2106 A. D. the continent has changed surprisingly. Austria-Hungary has disappeared, and a great Slavonic ruler, one Vladimir, rules from the Baltic to the Adriatic. France has ceased to count, as there the "active race" is extinct, and the country is in the hands of the primitive Mongolian race, which is incapable of great effort. Italy is practically the vassal of the Slav Empire. England, on the other hand, has regenerated herself by importing Germanic blood from Scandinavia and setting Norwegian peasants on her soil.

Sweden is, of course, the chief bulwark against the Slav, and in a spirited congress which takes place at Berlin in the hour of danger between England, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, Holland and Germany her King recalls with pride the events of the present day—the efforts of Sven Hedin and the awakening of the peasants to "the Russian danger." Incidentally he reproaches the English envoy for England's pro-Russian policy of long ago and for her former desertion of the Germanic cause.

In Germany, Westphalia, Posen and Silesia are practically autonomous Polish duchies under German Princes. It is Vladimir's demand that they should be ruled by Slav Princes which precipitates the war. The population of Germany is utterly mixed. Become entirely an industrial State, she has flooded her factories with Chinese and Mongolians. Commerce and shipping is in the hands of a trust, and the real ruler of the State—when the curtain rises—is Field Marshal Goldstein.

The morals of the nation are in a frightful condition, and senseless luxury is rampant. The most demoralizing force is the "Peace League" and its ally, the dominant party of Cosmopolitanism. This is the party of the capitalists, who have "engagements" all over the world, know no national ideals, and preach peace at any price. Fortunately there is still left a small nucleus of real "Germans" which helps the King to shake off those fatal influences and assert the Bismarckian spirit, and, fortunately, some British ships to transport the Germans of Scandinavia and Africa to the Fatherland when the German shipping trust refuses.

An Indictment of Woman

One play has gone the round of every little town in Russia this winter; it has filled every little theatre and has been discussed in every newspaper and in every home of the new middle-class Russian people. In many theatres each person has been handed a pencil and a slip of paper that he may record his opinion about the action of the chief woman character in the play. It is Artsibashef's "Jealousy." Artsibashef has become par excellence the voice of the Russian bourgeois, or lower intelligentsia, and his works sell in Russia as those of no other author. He concerns himself almost entirely with sexual problems and the relation of woman to man. His outlook in life is something like that of Bernard Shaw, but his criterion in life is not racial progress so much as physical happiness. He mirrors the life of those whose aim is money, whose relaxation is feasting and flirtation. He is a fatalistic misogynist and his work is the lineal descendant of Tolstoy's "Kreutzer Sonata."

"Jealousy" will be best indicated by the quotation of some of the opinions voiced in the play:

In woman first of all it is necessary to awaken curiosity.

Women do not value those who pray to them.

Woman of course likes admiration, but only gives herself to the man who despises her a little.

Men are most interesting when they are angry.

Woman is only interesting, vivacious, clever, when she is bathed in the atmosphere of love.

Man is interested in his business, in sport, in thought, but woman is only interested in herself, and if she seems to have interest in other things it is only feigned. Her sole object is to make herself more alluring, more interesting.

We seek Lauras and Beatrices, not knowing that such creatures are only the incarnation of male fancy, and do not and cannot exist.

Girls are charming, but when you marry one you find her to be a tedious baba like the rest. At the piano they tinkle "I am a princess, I am a princess." All young girls are princesses, but you never come across a queen.

A woman lies in a way that a man would not wish to lie, and indeed cannot lie. She lies with her whole being. When a man deceives he grows cool and in that betrays himself. But a woman returns from another man's love specially languorous, caressing and tender. . . . . Sensual sin must surely set her soul ablaze. Even the most sinful man is ashamed of deceit, and that prevents him from lying effectively. A woman quite sincerely reckons she has a right to deceive. She thinks that to deceive not only does not humiliate her, but, on the contrary, makes her more interesting.

The action of the drama shows two women, one a wanton, the other a flirt who loves her husband best of all. The latter coquettes in various ways with an officer, a student and a savage Caucasian prince. She leads them on to the last limit of propriety, and evidently finds her sole zest in life in the vanity of having lovers always expecting rendezvous and secret kisses.

The only words spoken on behalf of woman come from an old fellow who has been three times married—and deceived and made foolish by three women in turn. He says:

Woman is a magnificent delicate instrument on which each can play all that he can and will. Of course, put some Beethoven at the piano and he will find you a wonderful sonata; but put some giftless strummer there and he rattles out a vulgar polka. We are just such giftless fools and swear at the instrument because it produces no music. No, friends, you are wrong: woman is sensitive, hospitable, tender, poetic. God gave us woman as an adornment of our lives, we ourselves have spoiled her and complain.

The play of "Jealousy" is a sort of public trial of woman, and when at the end the crazy husband of the woman who flirted but loved him best strangles her, it is a sort of verdict and execution in one.

It is a shameful play, the reflection of a shameful way of life. It is trivial, mean, parochial, the rage of talk among the bourgeois of Russia, and it is therefore interesting now, as opposed to the story of Antony and Cleopatra, interesting forever.

Conductor—If you saw him picking the man's pocket why didn't you grab him?

Passenger—I saw that sign up there, "Beware of Pickpockets," and I was afraid.

Poverty is no disgrace, but that's about all that can be said in its favor.

Miss Catt—Did the minister tie the knot?

Miss Nipp—Yes, and they have been snarled up ever since.

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Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 6.)

comparisons one hesitates to indulge in comparisons in the case of a living Somebody—there is so much danger of being suspected of mere wanton panegyric. Eulogy is not the purpose of these articles. They are written only for their news value; that the general reader may know something of persons with whom he may never come in contact. So there is some difficulty about describing the McEnerney personality. To say of him that he has a heart as big as his well-stored mind is to draw but the outlines of his portrait. He is more than a great lawyer because his interests are not confined to his profession. Government, commerce, finance, literature—in these matters he takes a profound interest, studies them and is familiar with the aspects of them and developments in them abroad as well as at home. It is the marvel of his friends and associates in the legal profession and out of it how he keeps abreast of the times in so many spheres of activity. It is of course because of an astonishing power of assimilation. To describe his professional attainments is less difficult. It is enough to quote what has been said of him by a learned jurist, that he knows the whole range and fabric of the law, that he has a mental vision that takes in the whole outline, all the details of a case, and that he appears to discern at a glance the principles involved. In argument he is distinguished for the clearness and distinctness of his views. He is seldom impassioned, but what he says doesn't require heat. He has the faculty of saying a thing just as it ought to be said, and the thing he says always seems to be common sense. Such is McEnerney the lawyer, the Napa fledgling grown up, who has reached a point where he can take six months off every year and spend them in Europe. In these days of hot-haste it seems to require a great mind to do even that.

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The Sword And The Idol

(Continued from Page 9.)

took the iron sword and ruled the tribe.

And Ird begat Ith, who was of no account like his father.

Now when Lod had smitten a man or killed a terrible beast Ith would go away for a while into the forest rather than hear the praises that would be given to Lod. And once as Ith sat in the forest, waiting for the day to pass, he suddenly thought he saw a tree-trunk looking at him as with a face. And Ith was afraid, for trees should not look at men. But soon Ith saw that it was only a tree and not a man, though it was like a man. Ith used to speak to this tree and tell it about Lod, for he dared not speak to anyone else about him. And Ith found comfort in talking about Lod.

One day Ith went with his stone ax into the forest and stayed there many days.

He came back by night, and the next morning when the tribe awoke they saw something that was like a man and yet not a man. And it sat on the hill with its elbows pointing outwards and was quite still. And Ith was crouching before it, and hurriedly placing before it fruits and flesh, and then leaping away from it and looking frightened. Presently all the tribe came out to see, but dared not come quite close because of the fear that they saw on the face of Ith. And Ith went to his hut and came back with a hunting spear-head and valuable small stone knives, and reached out and laid them before the thing that was like a man, and then sprang away from it.

And some of the tribe questioned Ith about the still thing that was like a man, and Ith said, "This is Ged." Then they asked, "Who is Ged?" and Ith said, "Ged sends the crops and the rain; and the sun and the moon are Ged's."

Then the tribe went back to their huts, but later in the day came again and they said to Ith, "Ged is only as we are, having hands and feet." And Ith pointed to the right hand of Ged, which was not as his left, but was shaped like the paw of a beast, and Ith said, "By this you may know that he is not as any man."

Then they said: "He is indeed Ged."

But Lod said: "He speaketh not, nor doth he eat;" and Ith answered, "The thunder is his voice, and the famine is his eating."

After this the tribe copied Ith, and brought little gifts of meat to Ged, and Ith cooked them before him that Ged might smell the cooking.

One day a great thunderstorm came trampling up from the distance and raged along the hills, and the tribe all hid away from it in their huts. And Ith appeared among the huts, looking unafraid. And Ith said little, but the tribe thought that he had expected the terrible storm because the meat that they had laid before Ged had been tough meat and not the best parts of the beasts they slew.

And Ged grew to have more honor among the tribe than Lod. And Lod was vexed.

One night Lod arose when all were asleep and quieted his dog and took his iron sword and went away to the hill. And he came on Ged in the starlight sitting still, with his elbows pointing

(Continued on Page 23.)

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There has been little change in the character of the reports coming from the various industries during the week, but sentiment has been vastly improved by certain developments. The Mexican situation seems to have reached a condition that promises relief for a while from the extreme tension, and there are some grounds for hoping for a peaceful outcome. The reports from crop sections in the West have been highly encouraging and indicate that we shall harvest the best crop of winter wheat ever gathered in, unless there should be extremely unfavorable conditions between now and the middle of June when harvesting commences in the southern section of the belt. It is also stated that the spring crops have been planted under favorable conditions. Steel Common was forced down to near 58 on selling said to have originated at Pittsburg and there were persistent rumors of an unfavorable tonnage statement. The statement, however, proved to be more favorable than looked for and prices recovered sharply. The Copper stocks showed market strength, and prices at the close of the week were at their best. The rails, with the exception of the Gould roads, gave a good account of themselves. Prospects of an early decision in the rate case which is expected to be favorable, added tone to the general list. Money is cheap, and barring any unfavorable developments in the Mexican situation, prices should work higher.

Wheat—Prices during the last week have been gradually working to lower levels, with the deferred months displaying the most weakness. The growing crop is in excellent condition. Rains have been general and weather conditions continue favorable. Receipts in the Northwest have been somewhat lighter, but demand for the cash article seems to be limited. Some export business was reported on the decline, but in a small way only. There is a possibility of a strong position existing before harvest on account of the shortage in Argentine and tight conditions in Europe. The market may fluctuate within narrow limits until the crop is more assured, but without a decided alteration in present conditions the tendency of prices will be lower.

Corn—The market has been erratic. Fluctuations have been fast, with a large trade. Western and Southwestern situations continue strong, but the Eastern demand is nil, due to heavy offerings of Argentine surplus. The visible again showed a large decrease; liquidation of the May futures during the last week has been general and naturally had its effect on July and September. We believe prices are on a fair merchandizing basis, and with light receipts there is the possibility of a constant and healthy demand giving a firm foundation to prices around this level.

Cotton—Speculation in cotton the past week was rather quiet and fluctuations were in a narrow range. Weather conditions throughout the belt early in the week helped to advance prices for the new crop options, but the outside trade was so light that the market was allowed to recede again, when later in the week a change in the weather for the better took the edge off the market. The old crop options seemed to be under pressure at all times and notwithstanding the strength in spots at New York and in the South, nobody seems to want the futures. Spot cotton is selling at 13 cents and open at all ports and there is a scarcity of good cotton everywhere. Liverpool has shown strength all week and spot sales have been very large. Trade conditions in Europe are good and prices of all kinds of manufactured goods have been advanced. On this side of the water trade conditions are not satisfactory, although spinners taken from week to week as compared with last year, would indicate that the mills are being kept busy. It is a weather market and prices will be governed by reports from the growing crop.

Mr. Property Owner

Have you not always some slight repair—stopped basin, broken window cord, or electric light won't work? We will assume all your repair expenses and bother for a small monthly rate. Our representative will call at your request.

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December 31, 1913

Assets	$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
Number of Depositors	64,639

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For the 6 months ending December 31, 1913, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

A Touching Appeal

Representative Thomas M. Bell of Georgia received recently an appealing letter from a horse breeder down in his district.

"My youngest boy has left us and joined the regular army," wrote the horse breeder, "and now I can't get him out again. Can't you arrange some way to get him out? He was a particularly good boy in many respects, and I was raising him for my own use."

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 2.

In the Matter of the Dissolution of the STAR BAKERY & PASTE COMPANY, a Corporation—No. 56,423, **Notice.**

Notice is hereby given that the Star Bakery & Paste Company, a corporation, made to and filed in the aforesaid Superior Court, on the 1st day of May, 1914, its verified voluntary application for dissolution, in writing; that on the 1st day of May, 1914, the said Court made an order directing the Clerk of said Court to give thirty-five (35) days' notice of said application by publication in the "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco; that this notice is now given as required by said order and shall be published in said newspaper, as often as it shall be issued, during the period of thirty-five (35) days from and after the 8th day of May, 1914, the first publication thereof being made on the 9th day of May, 1914, and that at any time before the expiration of said thirty-five (35) days' notice any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on this 1st day of May, 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Petitioner,
604 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-9-6

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 14,936; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALEXANDER McVICKER, Deceased.

CHARLES S. PEERY, the Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Alexander McVicker, deceased, having filed his petition praying for an order of sale of the real estate of the said decedent, wherein it is alleged that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interest of estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate, and that it is also necessary to sell said real estate for the purposes set forth in said petition, and good cause appearing therefor;

It Is Ordered, that all persons interested in the said estate of said deceased appear before the said Court in Department Number Ten, Probate, thereof, at the Temporary City Hall, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 27th day of May, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the said real estate described in said petition, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, at private sale, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 15th day of April, 1914.
THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Superior Court.

(Endorsed): Filed April 15, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
R. H. McGOWAN, Attorney for Estate,
950 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-25-5

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET.

Pursuant to a resolution duly offered and adopted by the Board of Directors of Shreve, Treat & Eacret, at a special meeting of said Board called for that purpose, held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1914, and entered in the minute book of said corporation as a part of the proceedings at said meeting, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called, and will be held at the office of said corporation at No. 136 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of July, 1914, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation to the sum of one million (1,000,000) dollars.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., May 6, 1914.
SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET, a Corporation,
By WALTER P. TREAT, President.
and GODFREY EACRET, Secretary.
HOUGHTON & HOUGHTON,
1305 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
Attorneys for said Corporation. 5-9-10

EDWARD F. HUTTON
GEORGE A. ELLIS, Jr.
FRANKLYN L. HUTTON
EDWARD E. B. ADAMS
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In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM PETERS, sometimes known as W. Peters, Deceased—No. 12,280; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION OF MELVILLE ROSENBERG FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF A CONTRACT OF SAID DECEASED WITH HIM TO EXECUTE A LEASE TO HIM OF CERTAIN PROPERTY, SAID LEASE TO CONTAIN A PRIVILEGE TO PURCHASE CERTAIN LANDS HEREINAFTER DESCRIBED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Melville Rosenberg has filed herein his verified petition asking for the specific performance of a contract made by said decedent with him and that on the filing of said petition an order has been made by the said Superior Court appointing a time for the hearing of said petition, a copy of which order is in the words and figures following:

"On reading and filing the verified petition of Melville Rosenberg for the specific performance of a contract made with him by said decedent in his lifetime by which said decedent agreed to lease certain real property and to execute a lease containing an option in favor of said petitioner to purchase said real property all as appears by said petition herein on file and to which reference is hereby made, and praying for an order and decree requiring the executrix of the will of said deceased to execute to said petitioner a lease of said real property on the terms set forth herein and in said agreement in writing;

IT IS ORDERED that Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court at the New City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of said application and petition be served on said executrix personally and be published four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

The real property described in said petition is all those certain pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Mendocino, State of California, and being portions of the Rancho Sanel and bounded and particularly described as follows:

First—BEGINNING at a stake on the Western boundary line of the "Rancho Sanel" marked F. F., running thence North 62¼ degrees East 16.50 chains to stake marked V and D from which a black oak tree 12 inches in diameter bears South 36¼ degrees East, distant 130 links and a white oak tree 8 inches in diameter bears North 9¾ degrees East, distant 83 links; thence South 35.75 chains, thence along the Western boundary line of "Rancho Sanel" North 27¾ degrees West to the point of beginning and containing Twenty-five and 92/100 acres. Being the same land conveyed by E. H. Duncan to H. Vander Stratten and recorded July 10, 1883, in Book 31 of Deeds on Page 88-89, Records of Mendocino County."

Second—COMMENCING at a point on or near the west side of the public road through the Town of Sanel in said County where said road is crossed by the boundary line of the lands formerly owned by William E. Connor, deceased, and the lands of Elijah H. Duncan, said point being the Southeast corner of the land hereby conveyed and being the exact spot from which a line running Northerly therefrom at right angles to the boundary line between the lands of said Connor and Duncan intersects the center of the junction of two trees that are the most westerly of a cluster of four oak trees that grow from one root situated on the South bank of Feliz Creek a few yards north of said starting point, thence northerly to the junction of the said two trees marked J. F., thence northwesterly in a straight line following the general course of said Feliz Creek passing between two oak trees blazed at a stake marked J. F. at the base of a large smooth rock also marked J. F. and having an oak tree marked with two notches about one chain to the west, thence westerly along the meanderings of the south channel of Feliz Creek to a point intersecting the Westerly boundary of the Rancho Sanel; thence south 27¾ degrees East along said boundary line of the Rancho Sanel to a point on said line forming the southwest corner of the tract hereby conveyed and which is the northwest corner of the lands of Elijah H. Duncan; thence Easterly along the northerly boundary line of the lands of said Duncan to the place of beginning and containing three hundred (300) acres of land a little more or less, and being the same tract of land described in a deed from S. B. Edsall and wife to H. Vander Stratten, recorded December 22, 1877, in Book 7 of Deeds, at Page 252, Mendocino County Records.

Third—Lot One (1) of Section Twenty-five (25) and Lots One (1) and Two (2) and West half of Northeast quarter of Section Twenty-six (26) in Township Thirteen (13) North, Range Twelve (12) West Mount Diablo Meridian and containing One hundred and fifty-five and ten hundredths (155 10/100) acres of land, and being the same tract of land upon which letters patent issued from the United States of America unto Nathan B. Hall on the first day of February, 1876.

Fourth—All that portion of the Sanel Rancho, being a portion of the same which was conveyed by A. M. Burke to T. A. Givens and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING in the center of the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, a distance of Thirty (30) feet South 73 degrees 30 minutes East from an iron stake at the intersection of the lands of W. W. Thatcher and Thomas A. Givens; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6 and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the Southwest corner of the lands of said Thatcher; thence South 1 degree 15 minutes West Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains, thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes East Six and Sixty-five hundredths (6 65/100) chains to the center of the aforesaid County Road, thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East along the center of said County Road Three and Seventy-nine hundredths (3 79/100) chains to the place of commencement, and containing Two and one-half (2½) acres, more or less.

Fifth—COMMENCING at a point in the County Road leading from Sanel to Cloverdale, distant two hundred (200) feet N. 33 degree E. from the most Westerly of a cluster of four oak trees which grow from one root and standing about 30 feet North of the Northerly line of the land of E. H. Duncan, thence from said point of commencement North 38 degrees E. 7.12 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 7 chains to the Southeast corner of the land of Henry N. Peters and Wm. Peters; thence North 73 degrees 30 minutes West 6.65 chains; thence North 1 degree 15 minutes East 3.79 chains; thence North 2 degrees 45 minutes West 7.88 chains; thence North 23 degrees East 5.70 chains; thence North 74 degrees West 9.50 chains; thence North 31 degrees 30 minutes West 3.20 chains to a stake; thence South 73 degrees 30 minutes West 10.60 to a white oak tree standing on the top of the second ridge; thence South 57 degrees 15 minutes West 13.60 chains to a corner in the picket fence North 60 degrees 45 minutes West 1.21 chains to a corner; thence South 48 degrees 45 minutes East 18.87 chains; thence South 24 degrees 30 minutes West 10.40 chains to the County Road leading from Yorkville to Hopland, thence along said road South 75 degrees 30 minutes East 12 chains; thence North 14 degrees W. 532 feet; thence South 52 degrees East 875 feet to the place of beginning and containing 97.80 acres more or less.

Sixth—COMMENCING at a stake in the center of the road leading from Ukiah to Cloverdale near Sanel on the South from which stake a white oak tree 48 inches in diameter bears North 71 degrees 15 minutes East 6.75 chains distant; thence South 89 degrees 30 minutes East 41.58 chains to the center of the channel of Russian River; thence down the center of the channel of Russian River to the lands of E. H. Duncan; thence Westerly along the line of the lands of E. H. Duncan to the center of the County Road; thence along the center of said road Northerly to the place of beginning and which last described tract contains One hundred and twenty (120) acres, a little more or less.

Done in open court this 1st day of April, 1914.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge."

Witness my hand this first day of April, 1914.

MELVILLE ROSENBERG.

E. H. RIXFORD and HALSEY L. RIXFORD,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-11-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1095; Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of FLORENCE LEMON LANDON, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the verified Petition of FRANCIS P. LANDON, Administrator of the estate of Florence Lemon Landon, deceased, and good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby

ORDERED that all persons interested in the above entitled estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 8th day of June, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Courtroom of Department 9 of the above entitled Court, in the City Hall, South side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, why the following described real property, viz.:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon seventy-eight (78) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Hill Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Noe Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and five (105) feet; thence at right angles Southerly fourteen (14) feet; thence at right angles Easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty-six (36) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly fifty-five (55) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block Number one hundred and ten (110).

or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Twelve hundred and fifty ($1250.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or the Judge thereof shall seem meet, reference being hereby had to the said petition of the said Francis P. Landon on file, for further particulars.

It is further ORDERED that this Order be published for four successive weeks prior to the said 8th day of June, 1914, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 30, 1914.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed April 30, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney at Law,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-9-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,785.

WILLIAM G. HARRY, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and All Other Persons, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and all other persons, Defendants. This action is brought to quiet title in the plaintiff to Lots 33 and 34 of San Miguel Homestead Association as designated on the Map or Plat of said San Miguel Homestead Association filed and Recorded in Liber E and F of Maps at page 14, on November 16, 1896, in the County Recorder' office of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said lots being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and having a frontage of 88 feet on the west side of Tara Street, between Unadilla Avenue and Mount Vernon Avenue, by a depth of 103.6 feet.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. M. BRUNER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Building,
Oakland, Cal. 5-2-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 54,921.

TILLIE BYRNE, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS A. BYRNE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
512 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 53,637; Dept. No. 4.

SUSAN CARTWRIGHT, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO,
Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,641; Department No. 10.

DOROTHY ALDEN GERBER, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF and D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-18-10

Ella—What's that you're making, dear?

Bella—It's a cushion. Frank's uncle has bought him a seat on the Stock Exchange, and I want him to be as comfortable as possible.

Letters

"Belshazzar," a Translated Drama

"Belshazzar," a Biblical drama which has achieved success on the Spanish stage, has been translated from the original of Gertrudis Gomez de Avellaneda by William F. Burbank, formerly of Los Angeles but now residing in this city. The author was born in Cuba in 1816, but lived most of her life in Spain. In 1840 she won two golden laurel wreaths for her poems and became a friend of the queen. This play was written in 1858, and the theatre was crowded for more than thirty performances. Mr. Burbank who was formerly a director of the Los Angeles Library and of the Southern California Academy of Sciences, has prepared a splendid translation, losing none of the force of the original. The work, we learn from a postscript, has won the praise of Ina Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller and his daughter Juanita, Madge Morris Wagner, the Hon. Charles A. Towne, Adolfo Vivas, the Consul for Nicaragua, Fred Emerson Brooks, Jerome A. Hart and Herbert Bashford, all of whom read it in manuscript. A play which appeals to so many in such various walks of life is bound to possess merit. It is a play which repays reading, and the reader with the faculty for visualizing scenes can readily see that it would be successful on the stage. The play ends with the great banquet scene at which the prophet Daniel announced the doom of the Assyrian Empire to King Belshazzar. This would be a gorgeous dramatic spectacle on the stage. Published by B. F. Stevens and Brown of London, and A. M. Robertson of San Francisco.

"The Scuttlers"

Clyde C. Westover, a local writer who already had two novels to his credit, "The Romance of Gentle Will" and "The Dragon's Daughter," has just brought out a third called by the very fascinating title "The Scuttlers." "The Scuttlers" appeared as a serial in Neale's Monthly, and has been published in book form by the same house. "The Scuttlers" is as fascinating as its title promises. It is a rattling good story of adventure with movement on every page, plenty of hairbreadth escapes, a sufficient amount of mystery to keep the reader absorbed and enough blood spilled to satisfy the lover of fighting in fiction. There is also, it is hardly necessary to say, a charming love story which turns out as the most exacting critic of love stories would wish it to. "The Scuttlers" starts in San Francisco and ends in London. It covers a great deal of ground in between these two widely separated cities, ground which the reader traverses easily and swiftly, without effort. When the story is finished you wish there were more. The central figure is a young soldier of fortune who is engaged by Lloyds' to bring some desperate searfaring criminals to justice. "The Scuttlers" is well written, and proves that Westover has the knack of devising incidents of romantic adventure, a knack which the world of novel readers is always ready to recognize and reward. It should achieve a large popularity.

The Sword And The Idol

(Continued from Page 20.)

outwards and his beast's paw, and the mark of the fire on the ground where his food had been cooked.

And Lod stood there for a while in great fear, trying to keep to his purpose.

Suddenly he stepped up close to Ged and lifted his iron sword, and Ged neither hit nor shrank. Then the thought came into Lod's mind, "Ged does not hit. What will Ged do instead?"

And Lod lowered his sword and struck not, and his imagination began to work on that—"What will Ged do instead?"

And the more Lod thought, the worse was his fear of Ged.

And Lod ran away and left him.

Lod still ruled the tribe in battle or in the hunt, but the chiefest spoils of battle were given to Ged and the beasts that they slew were Ged's, and all questions that concerned war or peace and questions of law and disputes were always brought to him, and Ith gave the answers after speaking to Ged.

At last Ith said, the day after an eclipse, that the gifts which they brought to Ged were not enough, that some far greater sacrifice was needed, that Ged was very angry even now and not to be appeased by any ordinary sacrifice.

And Ith said that to save the tribe from the anger of Ged he would speak to Ged that night and ask him what new sacrifice he needed.

Deep in his heart Lod shuddered, for his instinct told him that Ged wanted Lod's only son, who should hold the iron sword when Lod was gone.

No one would dare touch Lod, because of the iron sword, but his instinct said in his slow mind again and again, "Ged loves Ith. Ith has said so. Ith hates the sword-holders."

"Ith hates the sword-holders. Ged loves Ith."

Evening fell and the night came when Ith should speak with Ged, and Lod became ever surer of the doom of his race.

He lay down, but could not sleep.

Midnight had barely come when Lod arose and went with his iron sword again to the hill.

And there sat Ged. Had Ith been to him yet? Ith whom Ged loved, who hated the sword-holders?

And Lod looked long at the old sword of iron that had come to his grandfather on the plains of Thold.

Good-bye, old sword! And Lod laid it on the knees of Ged, then went away.

And when Ith came, a little before dawn, the sacrifice was found acceptable unto Ged.

Bankers' Hours

Just before the currency bill was passed a certain New York banker desired to have a "brief conference," as he expressed it, with the President. Senators who were helping frame the legislation were in frequent consultation with the President then, and such items as this might have been seen in the White House engagement book: "Senator So-and-So, 10:20 to 10:25." Even five minute engagements were at a premium.

"And how much time do you think you will require?" asked Tom Brahany, custodian of the date book, wondering if it might be possible to slip in the banker for a minute or two.

'Oh! I can't tell exactly," said the banker dignifiedly wrinkling up his forehead, "but I shall be brief. It may be that I shall need only five or six hours."

He told the shy maid of his love,
The color left her cheeks.
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It showed for several weeks.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,232; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of FLORENCIO ALVARADO, (also known as Florenico Gutierrez), Deceased.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of William F. Rhea, administrator of the estate of Florencio Alvarado, deceased, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the estate of said deceased,

IT IS ORDERED by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of said Florencio Alvarado, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room thereof, Department No. 10, in the said City and County and State, on the 18th day of May, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in the petition, should not be granted to the said administrator to sell the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, for the purposes mentioned in the petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated this 16th day of April, 1914.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed April 16, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BULL, Attorney for Petitioner, Suite 637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-25-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,543.

WASYLI IWANOW, Plaintiff, vs. CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRNE & LAMSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 533 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-4-10

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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Foolhardy Explorer

A brave man is Henry Savage Landor, the noted explorer. He has spent much of his time in the jungles of Africa, he has crossed the frozen Gangri Mountains of Tibet, he has lived among savages in the Brazilian wilds. To him the glory of conquesting Nature in her most terrifying aspects and wrathful moods. Not only a brave man is Landor; audacity and foolhardiness are among the elements of his character, as is evident from the fact that he has ventured to incur the displeasure of our great Colonel. Landor was the first to scoff at the story of Roosevelt's discovery of a big river in Brazil. He has gone so far as to intimate that as an explorer the Colonel ranks with Dr. Cook. He would have the world believe that the Colonel magnifies the dangers he encounters, and that he is under a delusion somewhat similar to that of Tartarin of Tarascon. He has ridiculed the Colonel for "advertising himself in a foolish manner" in Africa, in the very same territory that the Duchess of Aosta was sent to for her health. Naturally the Colonel is indignant that his achievements should be thus depreciated, and of course he lost no time in electing Mr. Landor to the Ananias Club. But a worse fate is in store for Mr. Landor. The Colonel has announced his intention of making this foolhardy explorer the subject of discussion on a public platform. What a blistering the Englishman will receive! Not a rag of his reputation will be left when the Colonel is through with him. For the Colonel is as careless about facts when discussing a hostile critic as when celebrating himself or espousing a cause.

Two Utterances

Immediately on his return to civilization the Colonel was asked whether he would become the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1916. He said that he would not as he could not tolerate the Republican bosses. A few days later he modified this statement, saying that he would not run on a platform that was not Progressive. We were confident that a modification of the first utterance would be made. Knowing the Colonel, we looked for something less unequivocal than the first utterance. The Colonel is an impulsive man, in the habit of flying off the handle, but he is amenable to advice from friends in whom he has confidence. In the old days he listened attentively to the sage suggestions of Elihu Root, whom he respected above all men. Only once did he neglect Root's advice. That was on his return from Africa when Root advised him to keep his mouth shut for six months. The Colonel tried hard, holding on to his tongue with both hands. It was the toughest task he ever essayed, and the result was one of the most notable failures of his career. The world's greatest spendthrift of his tongue kept that babbling brat in seclusion nearly three months, then he opened his mouth, and what an uproar there was! Perhaps Senator Root is once more in communication with the Colonel. Perhaps it was the Senator who suggested the modification of the first utterance and the substitution of the second which is equivocal enough for all purposes. It will be easy for the Colonel to find that the Republican platform is the most progressive that was ever drawn.

A Dull Page

Walter Hines Page, Ambassador to England, has been making a fool of himself again, and the excoriation he is receiving at the hands of commentators is more than any ordinary mortal can possibly deserve. Poor Mr. Page! Why was he ever dragged away from his very solemn magazine and elevated to a sphere abounding in opportunities for conspicuous self-revelation? As the editor of a monthly he required nothing but talent; as the Ambassador to England he requires tact, which is a thing that restrains a man from false steps. The absence of tact is fatal to the best of talents. Ambassador Page is a tactless man. He has not the fineness of taste, the quick and sound judgment required for those occasions when a man stands out with prominence and distinctness and is expected to say the right thing at the right time. In short, Ambassador Page is the type of man that is apparently most satisfying to the judgment of the gentleman from Princeton. As a diplomatist he stacks up pretty well alongside the Hon. William J. Bryan. Far away in England he typifies the Administration in Washington. He is half brother to Burleson, to Josephus Daniels and to that other cabineteer with the side-chops (we forget his name) who was recently electrifying the college dons at Berkeley with his startling wholesale assertions about the thousands of people who die every year only because we let them die. Why blink the facts? President Wilson may be as wise as Solomon, but if so we can account for his apparent instinct and affection for boobs only upon the theory that in his hours of relaxation he loves to be amused by unconscious humorists.

Society's Responsibility

In behalf of a woman who was sentenced to life imprisonment for murder the other day it is urged that the moral responsibility of society should be taken into consideration. By the moral responsibility of society is meant a moral obligation to improve its arrangements so that nobody shall experience the vicissitudes that render some folk susceptible to passions that impel to crime. Hard-headed cynics who appear to be in the majority are not yet sufficiently enlightened to apprehend this moral obligation. Their idea is that until God makes it possible for society to attain perfection its main obligations will be to itself, and as it has not yet learned how to provide everybody with an environment conducive to happiness and virtue it insists that to fulfill it main obligations it must assume, however unjustly, that all individuals are on the same plane. It would doubtless be more satisfactory to the unfortunate to have society discriminate in their favor when they are guilty of infractions of the laws made for the protection of society, but were this the practice the unfortunates who manage to live within the law might be less inclined to be law-abiding, and in time the occupation of the criminal might become half way respectable. Further, if poverty and misery justified murder, wealth and luxury would justify licentiousness and all kind of carnal excesses, and society would be wrecked, and humankind would be worse off than before. This of course is not the best of all possible worlds, but it is better than Bedlam, which, from all accounts, is not even preferable to the penitentiary; and this world might be improved somewhat if instead of encouraging the ignorant to kick vainly against the pricks all hands endeavored to make the best of it.

A New Rule of Reason

Federal Court Commissioner Wright reporting that he finds that a seventy-five-cent gas rate is what the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is entitled to says: "I cannot say it is less than a reasonable rate of return; in other words, it is not confiscatory." Commissioner Wright also says that the rate certainly "is not a liberal one." It would seem that Commissioner Wright's idea of a reasonable rate is that it should yield stockholders a modest income for the time being. Is this standard of reasonableness consistent with sound public policy? May not a slight miscalculation prove disastrous? The only fair way to treat a

public service corporation is to allow its stockholders reasonable dividends and at the same time enable the corporation to accumulate a surplus with which to make extensions as well as to take care of depreciation. This is not what we have been doing in this State. To get money to make extensions our corporations have had to issue bonds and sell them at a price, which virtually makes the rate they pay in the neighborhood of ten per cent. This is not perfect financiering. But it appears that rate-fixing bodies everywhere have the Wright idea of reasonableness, and the result is that public service corporations are becoming top-heavy with bonded debt. However, the principle is popular, and until as a result of the persistent baiting of corporations business is hit a little harder and times become a little tougher the unsoundness of it will not be recognized. But in time it will be seen that a great corporation like the Pacific Gas and Electric Company ought to be encouraged not merely for its own sake but for the benefit of all the people. Surely it is not to the interest of the people to fix the income of this company at a point where its property will be saved from confiscation for the present. Every year is not a fat year. What is to be done in the lean years if there is no surplus? Rates are never adjusted to make up losses. Now here is a company that is known to be economically managed, that is not too generous to its stockholders, that is doing much toward the development of the resources of the State; would it be to the interest of the State to reduce the income of the company so that it will not be able to expand its great power system and facilitate the growth of our industries? We do not know that such is the fate in store for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, but we do know that it has a fine credit in the East, and that it has been borrowing enormous sums of money for the purpose of building up one of the greatest power systems in the world, a system that has added millions to the wealth of the State by reason of the facilities it has supplied to farmers and various industrial concerns in remote regions; and the mere circumstance that Master Percy Long, the perennial job-chaser, has applauded the non-confiscatory decision is not at all reassuring. Percy's mental vision doesn't extend beyond the Treasurer's office where he cashes his salary warrant. Never for a moment has it occurred to this political lawyer, whose brain long since stopped growing, that it is not so much to the interest of the people to cut down the revenue of a big industrial company as to see that the company doesn't over-fatten its stockholders. In a State that needs millions and millions of dollars for the development of its resources it is not well that its captains of industry should be driven into Wall Street to borrow money on short-term notes. There is immense profit in this course for Wall Street but not for California, and it is about time for the people to awaken to the fact and quit yielding their emotions to politicians, whose only concern is the matter of three square meals a day.

Something Worse Than Alcohol

Collier's tells us that a commission which has "exhaustively studied" the liquor question has reported that "at least one-third of all crime in Massachusetts is directly occasioned by the use of alcohol." This broad assertion reminds us of what Spencer said of one of Ruskin's characteristic observations. Spencer had run across this statement in the writings of the great dogmatic art critic: "All other efforts in education are futile till you have taught your people to love fields, birds and flowers." "We have in this assertion," said Spencer, "one of those multitudinous random exaggerations characterizing Mr. Ruskin's writings." Spencer being one of the most precise, one of the closest of reasoners, hated exaggeration and misstatement; and a pat illustration of what he said on the subject is to be found wherever there is thin-lipped fault-finding or any of that extravagant ferocity of denunciation that is never streaked with a gleam of humor. Our wild-eyed Prohibitionists trace nearly all the evils of mankind to alcohol. Spencer asserted that the most enormous mischiefs were due to "careless speech," and this is but a mild description of the habitual outgivings of Prohibitionists. "Bloodshed, loss of life, national disaster," said Spencer, "are in considerable measure traceable to careless speech." He pointed out that wars were largely due to the habit of exaggeration and misstatement, and that the worst passions of men were roused to their climax by unwarranted assertions. Consider the passions that are being roused at present in this State by the hired propagandists who have come among us to urge the people to destroy our great wine industry and impoverish thousands of families. Consider their misstatements. They would have us believe that nearly all crime is traceable to alcohol. On what do they base this assertion? Chiefly on the whines of men behind prison bars appealing for clemency and mercy. Nearly every professional criminal when he petitions for parole and is asked why he committed the crime of which he was convicted, replies that he doesn't know as he was under the influence of liquor. This is the testimony accepted by Prohibitionists for campaign purposes. If they really wanted the truth they would go to the police to inquire about the habits of criminals. The truth of course is that few criminals are drunkards. Occasionally a murder is committed by a man under the influence of liquor, but eighty per cent of homicides are the result of the passions either of revenge or jealousy; and when a homicide is committed by a burglar or a footpad he is always sober. The average burglar has his senses about him when practicing his profession. Professional criminals are addicted to morphine and other drugs, but not to liquor. The embezzler who steals from his employer and carefully conceals the shortage is occasionally but not often a lover of cocktails. He may be a gambler, or he may have an expensive mistress, or he may love to splurge, but it is only infrequently that the impulse to crime is quickened by his thirst. It often happens that an embezzler drowns his conscience in drink; and then, by way of palliation, we are told that he is a victim of the Demon. We are not making a plea for the Demon. We know he is a scapegoat not undeserving of reprobation, but we are impatient of those bigoted products of inherited traditions of belief and conduct who regard joy as outside the legitimate objects of men's endeavor, and who are today threatening great industries with disaster and aggravating woful business conditions by an agitation inspired by intolerance and animated by preposterous exaggeration and bald misstatement. These men are doing a lot of damage, and it requires exceptional serenity of mind to accord them respectful treatment; for it is hard to be respectful to one whose prejudice appears to be the child rather of profitable insincerity than of downright ignorance. How difficult it becomes, for instance, to be respectful toward a leader of the Prohibition cause who publicly affirms that of a certain number of persons conceived when their parents were under the influence of liquor, some were idiots, some were feeble-minded, etc., etc. Is it to be supposed that the purveyor of these pretended statistics believes in them; that he really thinks somebody is able to give accurate testimony as to the precise moment at which certain idiots were conceived? Or are we to conclude that the misstatements and exaggerations of Prohibitionists are the result of the morbific influence of total abstinence?

Government Ownership

Corporation officials deem it to their interest these days to get into the public forum and discuss public questions; and it is well that they should do so, not only for themselves but for the public, which has been too often misled by demagogues of press and politics. So we welcome the pamphlet containing the paper recently read by C. C. Carroll, general manager of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, at a meeting of the Telegraph and Telephone Society of the Pacific Coast. Here is a paper that treats of the question of government ownership of public utilities in all its aspects, but especially with reference to telephone properties. Mr. Carroll gives us facts and figures that tell the story of public ownership the world over. It is a story of inertia and dissatisfaction everywhere that government ownership prevails; of progressiveness and enterprise and development wherever a system is under private ownership. Perhaps the fact that sixty-five per cent of the world's telephones are in the United States tells the whole story, but Mr. Carroll goes further. He tells us that private ownership in this country has provided a telephone for the use of every ten Americans while government ownership compels an average of one hundred and fifty Europeans to share each telephone. In all the United Kingdom there are only about as many telephones as in New York and Chicago. The explanation is of course that government service is not as good as private service, not even in Europe where governments are conducted on business prin-

ciples. What would be the result of government service in this country? It is easy to conjecture if we ponder a few facts to which Mr. Carroll calls attention; for instance, the fact that the fourteen-story Merchants Exchange in this city was two years in building before the fire, while our Post Office was ten years in course of construction. Again: A short time ago the national government bought a lot for the Sub-Treasury at Pine and Sansome streets; a little later the Standard Oil Company bought an adjoining lot for an office building, and when the Standard Oil Building had been occupied six months, the steel for two stories of the Sub-Treasury was up. In nearly all government work there is inefficiency and enormous waste of public money, the reason being that in all departments there is incompetency and no concern for the interests of taxpayers. Yet our demagogues are for government ownership. They would even take over the telephone system in the management of which there is the narrowest margin between efficient economical operation and waste. In what sort of fashion would this business be conducted by our taxeaters? If you would be able to outline the consequences of government ownership read Mr. Carroll's elaborate, frank and exhaustive pamphlet on what are known to be the effects of government ownership.

A Holy Man In The Desert

By Sylvia Lynd

I

My thoughts are pallid moths that flit and flit
  About my soul's small upward-thrilling flame,
Their hovering wings do near extinguish it,
  And in the heavy dark I sink in shame.
  I want you not, uncalled to me you came,
Moth thoughts, soft thoughts, do not destroy my soul!
It is my lamp, my life, my happy whole,
  It burned so calmly to the sacred name.

But now you were a host of golden bees
  In that light gilded and emblazoned,
Returning laden from the airy seas
  With piled-up sweet and treasure harvested,
  Your homing wings were decked and perfumed
With secret buds and raptured flowers' embrace,
With swaying boughs that stroke the heavens' face,
  And all the honey that the winds have shed.

The pale wings fall like petals on my breast,
  I cannot brush them hence, I cannot strive,
They make a murmuring as they lie at rest
  Sweeter than bee-song in the summer hive,
  They are more strong than I, more, more alive.
My light is quenched, yielding and dumb I hear
Stirring the dark, invincibly draw near
  Thoughts that from out my heart I cannot drive.

II

Dawn! And a clean air and a wind that blows
  Cool as spring water in a hidden well,
Through my dulled veins until the quick blood glows;—
  Dawn! And the new sun whitening my cell.
  I, of my soul the vanquished sentinel,
With sudden gladness as new-washed of sin,
Fling wide the door and all athirst drink in
  The quiet world, the dew-drenched morning smell.

Bright and hard fleshed am I as polished stone,
  Clear as a cup of crystal without stain,
I stand upright and joy to stand alone,
  And feel myself unmastered once again.
"Unmastered!" God forgive me! 'tis in vain
I seek to bow my head, for the old pride
Is obdurate, and will not be denied
  When under foot I think to have it slain.

Pardon me, O my God! for Thy good light
  It is that puts repentance from my soul;
I cannot weep because the evil night
  Is stripped from me, and I am safe and whole;
  I am my own thanksgiving, need not dole
To Thee tears and self-braidings. Here I stand
Happy before the wonders of Thy hand,
  The radiant morning and the long hill's roll.

Perspective Impressions

Wonder if President Wilson ever regrets putting McReynolds in the Cabinet?

A Thrift Congress here in 1915? The finance committee of the Board of Supervisors should be directed to attend every session.

Every once in a while Vice-President Marshall insists on reminding us of his existence, but in doing so he also reminds us that he lags superfluous in Washington.

This is the time of year when all over the land the baccalaureate preacher utters the old familiar story: "You are on the threshold of life in the presence of golden opportunities. Gird on the armor of righteousness and go forth and uplift and purify." And forth they go with their noodles full of ideals and nevertheless some of them become real men.

So our old townie Doc Bane is going to leave us. "Parting is such sweet sorrow!" (This is sed sarkastik, as Artemus Ward used to put it.)

A tip to Mayor Rolph: Demand royalties from the filmers every time they display your picture. It may pay better than the coal business.

With an editorial restraint which others would do well to imitate, we refuse to make waistcoat puns about Veronin Vestoff.

Notwithstanding what happened to him in Missouri Joe Folk is still partial to the immunity bath. Joe prefers limelight to convictions that stick.

So Villa is a teetotaller! It has been evident all along that there was some bond of sympathy between the former bandit and the Administration at Washington.

How much of the Mexican war news do you read?

Now that we've had "Go to Church Sunday," what's the next crusade?

If a lot of his fellow demon-denouncers will promise to go with the Rev. A. C. Bane, we'll subscribe for a grape juice banquet in their honor.

It was Rolph's first ride in an aeroplane, but many's the time His Honor has been up in the air.

The Rev. Dr. Shaw who preached the baccalaureate sermon at Stanford "urged the graduating class," says the Examiner, "to think seriously of taking up as their life work the service of humanity." Isn't this field already crowded with E. P. E. Troys and Upton Sinclairs and Rockefellers and Redfields?

Varied Types

CLXXVIII—WILLIAM C. RALSTON

By Edward F. O'Day

"Billy" Ralston doesn't have to be introduced to the people of California. When the newspapers announced that he had declared himself a Republican candidate for Governor, they didn't have to identify him. He was known already from Crescent City to Calexico, from San Francisco bay to the Nevada line. His surname is one of the most distinguished in our history. The figure of "Billy" Ralston's father looms large in that amazing history of ours which has fascinated the world.

In speaking of "Billy" Ralston one naturally begins with his father. But it would be gross injustice to consider "Billy" as merely "the son of his father." It must be said of him, in a sense in which it cannot be said of any other California millionaire's son, that he has carved out his own career. The circumstances of his father's end, one of the most tragic incidents of California history, threw him upon the world ill equipped for struggle. He was made to forget that he had been born with a golden spoon in his mouth. He had to adapt himself to conditions which nobody dreamed he would ever be called upon to face. The metal of his character was severely tested, and he stood the test.

It is not necessary to dwell on the history of the elder Ralston, one of the biggest-brained and warmest-hearted men that ever lived. Many who were in a position to compare him with the other giants of our early history declare that the man who built the Palace Hotel, the Bank of California and the old California Theatre, to mention only three of his many enterprises, was the greatest of all Californians.

The elder Ralston was in his heyday when "Billy" was born in the old home on the Fremont street hill near Harrison street in April, 1863. The youngster was reared in luxury, but not in senseless extravagance, for his father was a wise man, as ambitious for his boy as for himself. At the age of seven "Billy" received his first schooling at the old University Mound College, way out near St. Mary's on the Mission Road. D. O. Mills' son Ogden was a student there at the time, and so was "Jim" Budd. It is quite safe to say that "Jim" had no more thought of becoming Governor then than "Billy" Ralston had! From the University Mound College "Billy" went to St. Augustine's Military College at Benicia where John H. Dickinson was the commandant, "Jack" Hebbard, afterwards a judge of our Superior Court, was captain of the cadets and Fred Sharon was one of the pupils. Next "Billy" went to a Massachusetts "prep" school to get ready for Harvard. He came home for the summer vacation in June, 1875. His father had that vacation all planned in advance. He had always intended that "Billy" should grow up to take charge of his great mining interests, so he sent the boy on a trip through the mining regions of California and Nevada. A month later the Ralston fortune was wrecked, the elder Ralston was dead, and the whole aspect of the world had changed for the twelve-year-old boy. Fortunately, he was not immediately thrown into the struggle for life. He went to St. Matthew's for a while, then to the City College, and finally to a West Point "prep" school. But in 1881, when he was eighteen years old, his school days came to an end. The prince of the broken house of Ralston went to work for a modest wage in the office of the Selby Smelting Works in Montgomery street. From there he went to a desk in the County Clerk's office under William Stewart. Later he became Judgment Recording Clerk for Judge John M. Allen. And then he went to the mines.

This was the time when "Billy" Ralston really came to grapples with life. There is no kind of hard work that he did not tackle. He was helper in a blacksmith shop; he worked in a saw mill; he tended ditch, walking eighteen miles a day through the hardest country; he drove a six-mule team in a lumber camp, and a pack train over the mountain trails; he worked underground in the mines; he ran a hydraulic monitor on the night

WILLIAM C. RALSTON

shift at Pennsylvania Flat; he rose to be shift boss and foreman at Michigan Bluff and afterwards superintendent of the Hogsback Mine in Placer county; finally he took charge of and reopened the famous Melones Mine in Calaveras, a mine which today is operating one hundred stamp mills. Truly, "Billy" Ralston earned his bread in the sweat of his brow, and he earned at the same time the respect of his fellow workers who were sceptical at first about the ability of W. C. Ralston's son to face the tough conditions of a laboring life.

"Billy" Ralston entered politics in the mountains, and was elected to the State Senate in 1901. He showed such ability that he was chosen President pro tem., an honor not usually accorded to a legislator serving his first term. Most people remember Ralston's career in the Legislature on account of the determined fight he made to write the New York amateur boxing law into the statutes of California. The Ralston bill would have put an end to all professional boxing in California, permitting only six-round amateur goes. The bill was bitterly fought and was finally beaten in the Assembly. During the debate in the Legislature and the discussion pro and con in the press of the State, Ralston's motives were never questioned, his sincerity was never impugned. And nobody ever made the mistake of attacking him as a long-haired holier-than-thou with an intemperate passion for uplift. Everybody knew that he was fighting for his idea of clean sport, and whether agreeing or disagreeing with that idea, everybody respected his attempt.

There was another bill which received a great deal of Ralston's attention during his term in the State Senate. It was a bill introduced by Pendleton of Los Angeles, popularly known as the Railroad Crossing Bill, and it was regarded at the time as an attempt to keep the Western Pacific out of Sacramento. It was finally passed, but not until Ralston, after a furious single-handed fight, had succeeded in taking the objectionable features out of it by amendment.

When I mention that Ralston was appointed United States Sub-Treasurer in 1907 and served in that capacity until President Wilson had appointed his successor, I have brought his career down to the present day when we find him taking time from his mining and stock broking business in order to announce his candidacy for the Republican gubernatorial nomination.

"I think," says Ralston, "that the people really desire a change at Sacramento. A great many laws which have been passed during Governor Johnson's term are construed by the people as militating against the prosperity of the State. In the face of the attempts which have been made to interfere with general business and agricultural pursuits, it is natural that men of money should hesitate to invest it in California. We have wonderful climatic and other advantages here, but we must hold out proper inducements before we can expect investors to become interested in these advantages. I have in mind among other things the Eight Hour Law which works a great hardship on the farmers. I don't see how the farmer can stand the expense this law will entail. The farmer deals with nature; he must take advantage in his work of climatic conditions as he finds them. You cannot legislate climate into nature any more than you can legislate morality into man.

"There is a great divergence of opinion also as to whether the latitude given the Railroad Commission in legislating and regulating is a good or bad thing. It is claimed that this body has worked great hardship on investors who put their money into quasi-public corporations under the old order of things and are now, under the new order, facing a situation which may prevent them from earning a reasonable interest on their money. We cannot forget that if California is to go ahead, we must have money for development as well as population. Laws which prevent this money from flowing into California are not indicative of progress but of retrogression.

"I am against State-wide Prohibition. I think that the interests of the whole State are incompatible with it. If carried out, it will destroy our wine growing industry and do much harm besides. We have a local option law which permits any community to prevent the sale and use of

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Who's Who Hereabouts

XI—JUDGE W. W. MORROW

When Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States his chief concern was the judiciary. He was himself a great lawyer, proud of the traditions of a profession that has been declared to be "as honorable as justice, and as ancient as the forms of law," and he appointed no man to the bench of whose character and ability he had not some personal knowledge. Long after he left the White House he was remembered for the judges he had made. One of them is here in San Francisco—Judge W. W. Morrow of the Circuit Court of Appeals. President Harrison appointed him District Judge in 1891. Judge Morrow had not had any previous experience on the bench, but he was a lawyer who had had much practice in the federal courts, and who had revealed the force of his personality in Congress; and President Harrison recognized in him those qualities of temperament and character which are the essential ingredients of the material out of which judges are fashioned.

Judge Morrow is a jurist about whom the man in the street may have a justifiable curiosity. Though conspicuous in public life for many years, of late he has not figured much in the public eye. The reason is obvious. One of the advantages of being on the federal bench is that the functions of the office are all that need engross the attention of the occupant. The federal judge has the privilege of attending strictly to his duties. He is not tempted to cultivate popularity. If he is not congenitally a good "mixer" he need not worry. The only bar he has to deal with is not the one men stand before. It is a critical bar qualified to judge of the merits of a jurist, and when a judge has not the respect of that bar he might as well quit his job. So federal judges are not so conspicuous as State judges. But perhaps on the whole they are more dignified, thus more nearly approximating the intelligent conception of what the man should be who embodies the divine sentiment of justice and administers the law that is made to protect the innocent by punishing the guilty. There are politicians who quarrel with this conception. They would not have dignity a characteristic of the bench. Their idea is that dignity means aloofness from the common interests of men, and they would reduce respect for the judiciary, and administer justice on the principle of counting noses. Now Judge Morrow being a jurist of the old school is a man wholly at variance with the politician's conception of what a jurist ought to be. Yet Judge Morrow is not overpowering in his dignity. His is a dignity that seems to have a salutary influence on lawyers and juries, on everybody, indeed, that comes within the range of its influence. He is a man of gracious presence, gentle, courteous and affable. And Judge Morrow is one of the plain people. He is the man we used to regard as the typical American, the self-eductaed man. Some of the most brilliant names in American history are those of men who had no early facilities to fit them for a career, who got the fundamentals of education with great difficulty. Judge Morrow is of this class. Born in Wayne county, Indiana, in 1843, his family shortly afterward moved to Quincy, Ill., where he was apprenticed to the harness trade, at which he was working when Lincoln was up to his neck in politics and running for the Legislature. In his sixteenth year he ventured out to California, and wandered up into Sonoma county, where he obtained a job at his trade, making saddles. He went to night school at the same time, and presently became teacher of the school. About that time there was excitement over the discovery of gold in Oregon, and young Morrow joined a party that made the trip overland to the mining region. There he was when the war broke out, and at once he started for Washington, D. C., intending to do something for his country. Instead of getting into the army he got into the Treasury Department, and became a sort of special agent when he was still in his teens, doing confidential work for men close up to President Lincoln.

Judge Morrow is a man with a wide knowledge of affairs and also of men who control affairs, and this knowledge began coming to him in the war days of his youth. He is also a man with the faculty of inspiring real affection, and this faculty he had in his youth, and in Washington he formed many lasting friendships. His most intimate friend in Washington was John Hay; and during his early career in the nation's capital he met many eminent men who were his friends through life.

When he returned to California in 1865 it was as a Treasury agent with several millions of dollars in his charge with which he established the Sub-Treasury in San Francisco. All the while he had been improving his mind, and presently he was admitted to the practice of law. In 1874 he was appointed Assistant United States District Attorney. When the French Spoliation Claims were being litigated he became special counsel for the government. For a number of years he practiced law with Frederick Stratton, but the call of Washington was hard to resist, and when in 1884 he received the nomination for Congress he entered with enthusiasm into the campaign, and was elected by a big majority. He served in Congress three terms, and in those days Congress was a somewhat different legislative body from what it is now. It was a body that ranked with the Congress of the days when Webster, Calhoun and Clay made its eloquence and statesmanship renowned throughout the world.

So Judge Morrow we see is a man who had a wide experience of men and affairs before his elevation to the bench he now adorns. Such experience is as valuable to a magistrate as knowledge of the law itself. Doubtless it is due to this experience more than to anything else that to Judge Morrow the law is not merely a set of arbitrary rules but a broad, fair and noble science. He is a judge versed in the literature and philosophy of the law, a natural magistrate who reconciles the standard of legal justice with the principles of sound morality.

Judge Morrow is an interesting man to meet, especially if you can get him into reminiscent mood, for he has known and been on the most intimate terms with many of the great men of the last fifty years of American history. In his capacity as agent of the Treasury Department he met General Grant. He was at Grant's headquarters before Richmond. His mother was in the city of Richmond and he wanted a passport for the purpose of getting her safely out, but could not obtain it. In after years Blaine and Garfield were his friends. Though a Republican, President Cleveland consulted him when there was a vacancy on the federal bench in this city, and he recommended Judge Ross. He was in Congress with McKinley, and it was McKinley who promoted him to the Circuit Court. Between President Taft and Judge Morrow there exists a very warm friendship, and their correspondence is continuous. Not only in politics, but in all walks of life are to be found eminent men who are proud to call Judge Morrow their friend. Not the least of them perhaps is Andrew Carnegie by whom he was made a trustee of the Carnegie Institute. A man's friends are a mighty good index to his character. It was Hazlitt's idea that it was better to leave a good portrait than to have a fine epitaph, as the face for the most part tells what a man has thought and felt. Well, in lieu of a good portrait a list of one's friends may suffice.

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The People's Forum

Hearst Rebuking Hearst

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Did you notice a brief editorial entitled "Passing of a Nasty Fad" in last Friday's Examiner? In this screed the writer piously returned thanks because "the erotic is ceasing to interest the general run of people." He feels himself virtuously exalted because "we shall be able to pick up a book, magazine or newspaper without seeing every other page made offensive by detailed narratives of the life of the brothel or salacious discussions of sex relations." Rolling his eyes holily he writes: "We are greatly pleased to see the passing of this fad." What do you make of this? Does it mean that Hearst repents him that he published in many Sunday installments the nasty story of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw? Does it mean that Hearst is indignant with Dr. Aked for booming the ill-smelling "Peach Bloom?" Does it mean that the Hearst magazine editors have received instructions not to accept any more stories of prurience and lechery for the Cosmopolitan and Hearst's Magazine? Does it mean that the short story writers who contribute fiction to these magazines will no longer be expected to inject "pep and ginger" into their narratives of lickerish young ladies and only-too-willing young men? Of course it is possible that the editorial I refer to means all that. I suspect, however, that it is somewhat less significant. I fancy it is simply the idea of an editorial writer who forgot for the moment that in giving thanks for the passing of the fad for the erotic, he was hitting straight at his boss. If I am wrong; if Hearst really ordered the writing of that editorial, it has a certain interest—the same interest which attaches to the spectacle of Satan rebuking sin.

Yours truly,

—An Observer.

A Word on Prize-Fighting

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I am reminded by the Examiner's crusade against boxing of what Oliver Wendell Holmes said to William James in a conversation which took place shortly after the Corbett-Mitchell fight. "I own to a lurking sympathy with prize-fighting," said the genial Doctor, "perhaps because I am so unfitted for the ring myself." The up-to-date crusader, less honest than the Autocrat, denounces prize-fighting for the very reason which caused him to sympathize with it.

Sincerely,

—A Fight Fan.

The O'Donnell of the Bench

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I see that the Doctor O'Donnell of the Bench, otherwise known as the Hon. William P. Lawlor, is running again. Once more he would have the people believe that he regards himself as qualified for the Supreme Court. Is belated self-confidence better than that which comes early in life? This amazing jurist dabbled in law under the guise of a full-fledged lawyer for many years before he had the nerve to risk an examination for admission to the bar. He didn't get his courage to the sticking point until Governor Budd agreed to reward him for political services by appointing him a judge of the Superior Court. Then he hastily took a private friendly examination and passed it by answering such difficult questions as, How many are the national chambers of legislation? and What's the difference between a promissory note and a chattel mortgage? Since then, presumably, he has acquired a profound knowledge of the law by reading the statutes of the States. But he believes in the recall, and can tell the popular side of every case at a glance, and is therefore an ideal jurist.

Yours truly,

—Cly. N. T. Morgan.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Gambling Profits

The past year has been a very bad one financially. Europe felt the pinch of the Balkan War, the financial crisis, industrial depression and so on. And yet the scarcity of gold was not felt at Monte Carlo. For the fiscal year 1913-14 the net profits of the Casino were $4,214,740. This is an increase of $60,000 over the total for the previous fiscal year. It represents the greatest increase in net profits of any year in the company's existence. The dividend was raised from 335 to 350 francs a share. The normal value of a share is 50 francs, but it is now quoted on the Paris Bourse at 5,590. People seem to have plenty of money for gambling even when they cannot pay their household bills and are indignant at the cost of gasoline.

Schools in Albania

There is great rivalry between the two Adriatic powers, Austria-Hungary and Italy, for ascendancy in the new kingdom of Albania. Both powers are trying to win predominance by means of education. Austria-Hungary built a school at Durazzo, the capital; clothed and fed the children who attended and supplied them with free text books. This dismayed Italy, but not for long. She proceeded to build a school at Durazzo, and not only supplied the youngsters with free books, clothes and meals, but paid parents a daily attendance fee of three francs for every child sent to the Italian school! At last accounts the Italian school was the more popular of the two.

Wounds from the Wind

There used to be a superstitious belief among soldiers that the wind of passing projectiles was dangerous. The belief persists, but is no longer considered superstitious. A member of the French Academy of Sciences says that during the Balkan War he found a number of cases of men whose bodies showed no wound of any sort but who suffered from cerebro-spinal disturbance produced in this way. He says that the vibration of air attendant on the passage of projectiles causes a nervous shock. Similar symptoms were noticed during the Russo-Japanese War, and were accounted for in the same way.

Two Million Years More

A French mathematician named Verronet has taken the trouble to figure out how long life will last on this earth of ours. He gives us only two million years more of terrestrial existence. At the end of that time, he tells us, the quantity of heat shed on our earth by the sun will be so diminished that our planet will be completely frozen over. The mean temperature at the surface will be about zero, and life will then be impossible. Before that condition is reached, says Verronet, man will have relapsed into barbarism, though it is not likely that he arrived at this conclusion by mathematics. Verronet is more conservative than others who have kindly calculated how long life on earth will last. Those who have gone before him have generously given us more than two million years to live.

Russian Intemperance

The Czar is discovering to his dismay that you cannot make men sober by imperial ukase. Alarmed at the spread of drunkenness he recently sanctioned a strong anti-alcohol campaign. He even issued a rescript prohibiting the sale of intoxicants for forty-eight hours during the Russian Easter. The result was disheartening. Much zeal was shown in the temperance campaign in St. Petersburg, and all the saloons were closed; yet three thousand drunkards were picked up in the streets by the police during the two "dry" days. Seven of them died of alcoholism. In the tea houses of the workmen's quarters "white tea" or vodka was served, and so great was the demand that customers stood in line at the doors. Other Russian towns had similar scenes.

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"Ethically True and Esthetically Right"

An Appreciation of "A Friend of the People" by William Marion Reedy, the Brilliant Editor of Reedy's Weekly and Dean of American Literary Critics

How many plays we have had in the last decade showing the reformer politician as hero no one may compute. We are weary of the honest young politician who loves the wicked boss' or the sinister magnate's daughter and wins her though in the doing of it he destroys the father. It has become a threadbare convention—which is a threadbare phrase. Well, audi alteram partem! Comes Mr. Theodore Bonnet, editor of San Francisco's live weekly, Town Talk, with a play bouleversing the situation completely. His play is "A Friend of the People." It's the other side of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People." It's the cynic as opposed to the sloppy view of authors like Charles Klein. And it's a good play. It doesn't need Mr. Bonnet's prefatory apology; but Shaw's set the fashion and every playwright must put a preface to his play. Mr. Bonnet shows us the Governor of a State swept into office on a reform wave lashed into fury by himself. The Governor is a whole encyclopedia of the cant of uplifters, the slang of the sociologers. The words are on his lips, but in his heart there is nothing to correspond to their original meaning. This Governor is in fact a crook. He has served the corrupt interests and been served by them while ostensibly fighting them. An old fallen pal has the goods on him. The Governor is in love with a nice girl who is infatuated with his glory as a hero of righteousness. She is loved by a young newspaper man. This young newspaper man is no believer in the Governor. The Governor has loved the girl's aunt, another man's wife. She too believed in him, in his professions and intentions. The Governor aspires to further honors. But his pal aforetime catches him double-crossing. The former mistress finds him in love with the girl. The pal gives the Governor's letters to the corrupt corporationist to the papers. The Governor's campaign for higher honors is all off. He "sends for the smoke-wagon." Blows his brains out. Reporter gets the girl. Reform is on the blink. 'Tis a crude summary I make of "A Friend of the People." I can't convey its quality as a compact literary work with nevertheless plenty of play of character and ease of movement. The drama has the proper atmosphere throughout. It gives a veritistic impression. There is no strain in its construction, no creak of machinery. Such people are. We have known them. There was a canting lieutenant governor of Missouri once, and he was shown up as nothing but a hungry boodler. There was a whang-doodle Governor of New York once, and he "held out" campaign funds on his own party. Bonnet's Governor Hopkins is not an impossible person—very possible, probable even, now that everybody is a reformer. The girl is prettily girlish in her enthusiasm for the uplift idea; the older thrown-over woman is idealist, though a woman scorned. There are other characters neatly drawn and nature-tincted. And between them all passes real conversation—not literary pomposities. There are four acts of the play, all innocent of unnecessariness. There is no loose lumber for the characters to stumble over. Each act focusses attention and carries its before and after. The political hypocrite is made beautifully to work his own undoing, and it comes as a real relief to a tense and taut complication. Mr. Bonnet, in his particularly well-written preface, apologizes for the unhappy ending. I should not call it an unhappy ending at all. As I say, it comes as a relief. It enlarges the reader's heart and spirit from a painful compression. The play is not a special plea against reform and reformers. If it were it would be foolish. It says simply that a reformer may be, some reformers have been hypocrites, just as some Big Business men have been thieves and even murderers. All the fellows who are beslavering the dear people can not mean it. Many of them must be, as some one, possibly Thurlow Weed, put it, pandering to the decent element for their own gain. We have seen some of them caught in the act but they didn't have the grace to commit suicide. Of course, Mr. Bonnet's play will be regarded by some as a sort of vindication of general standpatism in politics, but that won't do. So considered, it is only a tu quoque. It will mightily please all the fellows who like to stand around and ask of some champion of the people, "Is he sincere?" But if that were all there is to the play it were useless. The things Governor Hopkins pretends to favor were right, Mr. Bonnet says. So the play is ethically true as it is aesthetically right. It is decidedly a good play. Its bitterness passes away and the sweet underlying that bitterness remains, for, after all, human nature in this play "gets the best of it" and the end is a triumph for "the ultimate decency of things."

The Writer

By John Galsworthy

Every morning when he awoke his first thought was: How am I? For it was extremely important that he should be well, seeing that when he was not well he could neither produce what he knew he ought, nor contemplate that lack of production with equanimity. Having discovered that he did not ache anywhere, he would say to his wife: "Are you all right?" and, while she was answering, he would think: "Yes—if I make that last chapter pass subjectively through his personality, then I had better—" and so on. Not having heard whether his wife were all right he would get out of bed, and do that which he called "abdominal cult," for it was necessary that he should digest his food and preserve his figure, and while he was doing it he would partly think: "I am doing this well," and partly he would think: "That fellow in 'The Parnassus' is quite wrong—he simply doesn't see —" And pausing for a moment with nothing on, and his toes level with the top of a chest of drawers, he would say to his wife: "What I think about that Parnassus fellow is that he doesn't grasp the fact that my books ——" And he would not fail to hear her answer warmly: "Of course he doesn't; he's a perfect idiot." He would then shave. This was his most creative moment, and he would soon cut himself and utter a little groan, for it would be needful now to find his special cotton wool and stop the bleeding, which was a paltry business, and not favorable to the flight of genius. And if his wife, taking advantage of the incident, said something which she had long been waiting to say, he would answer, wondering a little what it was she had said, and thinking: "There it is, I get no time for steady thought."

Having finished shaving he would bathe, and a philosophical conclusion would almost invariably come to him just before he douched himself with cold—so that he would pause, and call out through the door: "You know, I think the Supreme Principle ——" And while his wife was answering, he would resume the drowning of her words, having fortunately remembered just in time that his circulation would suffer if he did not douse himself with cold while he was still warm. He would dry himself dreamily developing the theory of the Universe, and imparting it to his wife in sentences that seldom had an end, so that it was not necessary for her to answer them. While dressing he would stray a little, thinking: "Why can't I concentrate myself on my work; it's awful!" And if he had by any chance a button off, he would present himself rather unwillingly, feeling that it was a waste of his time. Watching her frown from sheer self-effacement over her button sewing, he would think: "She is wonderful! How can she put up with doing things for me all day long?" And he would fidget a little, feeling in his bones that the postman had already come.

He went down always thinking: "Oh! hang it; this infernal post taking up all my time!" And as he neared the breakfast room, he would quicken his pace; seeing a large pile of letters on the table, he would say, automatically, "Curse!" and his eyes would brighten. If—as seldom happened—there were not a green-colored wrapper enclosing mentions of him in the press, he would murmur: "Thank God!" and his face would fall.

It was his custom to eat feverishly, walking a good deal, and reading about himself, and when his wife tried to bring him to a sense of his disorder, he would tighten his lips without a word, and think: "I have a good deal of self-control."

He seldom commenced work before eleven, for though he always intended to, he found it practically impossible not to dictate to his wife things about himself, such as how he could not lecture here; or where he had been born; or how much he would take for this; and why he would not consider that; together with those letters which began:

"My Dear ———,
"Thanks tremendously for your letter about my book, and its valuable criticism. Of course, I think you are quite wrong. . . . . You don't seem to have grasped. . . . . In fact, I don't think you ever do me justice. . . . . .
"Yours affectionately,
"———."

When his wife had copied those that might be valuable after he was dead, he would stamp the envelopes, and exclaiming, "Nearly eleven—my God!" would go somewhere where they think.

It was during those hours when he sat in a certain chair with a pen in his hand that he was able to rest from thought about himself; save, indeed, in those moments, not too frequent, when he could not help reflecting: "That's a fine page—I have seldom written anything better;" or in those moments, too frequent, when he sighed deeply, and thought: "I am not the man I was." About half-past one he would get up with the

(Continued from Page 20.)

Poems About San Francisco

CXLVI—THE BREED OF THE PIONEER

By W. O. McGeehan

("The Little Bronze Ship," a poem which was inspired by the Stevenson Memorial in the Plaza, is among the best reprinted in this series. It has been made known to all admirers of R. L. S. by its inclusion in Mrs. Katharine Osborne's charming volume "Stevenson in California." The author is William O. McGeehan, a San Francisco newspaperman who is now working in New York. The following is in a lighter vein. It was published in the Bulletin, December 31, 1907.)

When the water ran up to Montgomery street
And the sand dunes were chilly and bare,
Some were weary and broke, but the jest and the joke
Were the principal parts of their fare.

It was bacon and beans
And they ate it in jeans,
Did our fathers, who jested with fear.
They were dare-devil men,
And the toast they gave then
Was, "Here's how for a happy new year."

When the ashes were thick on the Market street track
And we waded knee deep through debris—
Well, it didn't look bright on the old-year night,
But we thought of our dads, you and me.

It was shack and shebeen
And the menu was mean;
And, ye gods, but the ruins were drear.
But we still had a glass
And we let the toast pass,
"Here's how for a happy new year."

But tonight we can sit in a decent cafe
As another year passes along.
All our faces are bright and our spirits are light,
For the '49 spirit's still strong.

We are back to our own,
We have builded and grown;
We're the seed of the pioneer.
Then it's glasses raised high—
The worst has gone by,
"Here's how for a happy new year."

The Spectator

Our Star Performer

According to the man that winds the ferry clock there will be no exodus from the city this year on the Fourth of July. He says that Mayor Rolph has resolved to keep the people at home by giving them a show that will hold them. The clock winder is to be publicity agent, and he is now having printed four hundred thousand dodgers for street distribution. Here is a copy:

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!
The Most Thrilling Feat of the Century
At the Fair Grounds July 4
Come One, Come All
And See
Our Nifty Mayor, the World's Greatest Dare-devil, Walk on His Hands on the Edge of the Roof of the Palace of Machinery.
He Will Be Blindfolded and Will
Have Bells on His Toes.
Don't Miss It! Mission Jim Is Great!

The clock winder says that if the Mayor is feeling well on the Fourth he will also climb a greased pole, and disrobe standing on one foot at the top.

Half-Brothers

"This fellow Mooney must be some relation to David Starr Jordan," said the clock winder, addressing himself to nobody in particular.

"What Mooney?" Commissioner Dwyer inquired.

"The Mooney that was captain of detectives," said the clock winder. "He had a habit of soliloquizing out loud in the presence of reporters, and when they quoted him he'd swear till he was black in the face that he never said it. Jordan has the same affliction."

If Jim Could Guess

Now that the police commissioners have had the good sense to harmonize the "upper office" folk are wondering whether Mayor Rolph will have the backbone to harmonize the police commission. The Mayor has the physical courage to go up in an airship, but he hasn't the moral courage to sit down on Max Kuhl. Early in his official career Max assumed the office of Town Purifyer, and he won the confidence at once of every pulpit moralist with a nose for impropriety and a talent for crusading. At once the Mayor deemed it expedient to placate him. As soon as Mooney began bidding for fame as the only honest policeman, Max became his ardent supporter. Everybody who knew anything of police affairs knew that as a captain of detectives Mooney was a joke, but Kuhl was his friend and supporter. Kuhl had confidence in Mooney. But now that the reporters have come to the front to shed light on Mooney Kuhl has nothing to say. The fair weather is over. After awhile, perhaps, the reporters will shed light on Kuhl, and then Rolph will recover his nerve. If Rolph could always guess what the newspapers are going to say the job would be much easier for him.

"I am the captain of the ship," says Mayor Rolph. "The responsibility to keep the ship going rests on the captain, and he cannot afford to have a mutinous crew."

If the crew "gets funny" Mission Jim will eat 'em alive, and then sing:

O, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
A bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite
And the crew of the captain's gig.

Meaning a Lightweight?

"Silas Christofferson showed fine judgment in taking Mayor Rolph on his first trip across the bay," remarked Attorney Tom O'Connor to Supervisor J. Emmet Hayden.

"What do you mean, fine judgment?" asked Jemmet.

"He evidently didn't want to carry too much weight," explained O'Connor.

The Union Labor Campaign

The politicians of union labor are beginning their campaign to give the city a union labor administration in the next municipal election. They are shrewd, are these champions of the organized wage-earner, and Mayor Rolph is making it easy for them to accumulate political capital. They are just as quick as any others to see which way the wind is blowing, and they appreciate keenly the general unrest and worry of the taxpayers. Two strategic moves in their campaign were brought to the attention of political observers this week. One was Supervisor Andy Gallagher's agitation for fare reduction on the Geary street line. Andy swears by all that's holy that he will never quit till the board passes his ordinance selling six rides on the municipal cars for a quarter. He is prepared to make a speech on the subject any old time, and the members of the board who oppose his ordinance are having a hard time silencing him. The other move was the unofficial revision of the budget by the union labor members of the Board of Supervisors, a revision downward by which two cents were clipped from the proposed tax rate. The union labor supervisors ruthlessly cut out all the fancy salaries included in the budget by the finance committee, proposing in their stead raises for elevator boys, telephone girls and other lowly workers. Any move to keep the tax fever from mounting is popular just now in this tax-ridden town, so the proposed reductions will find support outside union labor circles. Verily, the politicians of union labor are smart fellows. They always know what they want, and have a knack for going the popular way to get it.

"You did your duty," said Governor Johnson when stopped for speeding at Lodi. "We were doing better than thirty."

The speed cop wanted to let the great man off, but the great man saw the chance of inculcating an impressive moral lesson, so he confessed. Of course the Governor was doing better than thirty. His statement is sufficient, for as head of what Gavin McNab has called the "taximeter administration," he is an authority on speeding.

Facing a Revolver

How does one feel when a loaded revolver is thrust into one's face or pressed against one's breast, and a voice of the utmost sincerity conveys the information that one is about to die? It is a fascinating speculation. All of us, from time to time, ponder on our probable behavior in moments of stress. How would I act in a shipwreck, a railroad accident, a theatre panic? What would I do with a pistol leveled at my head? Those of us who have the beginnings of wisdom are fain to admit that there is no telling how we might act in such trying circumstances. We may credit ourselves with a certain amount of bravery, and still hesitate to assert that it would stand us in good stead in an unexpected test. We may feel that we are at bottom of cowardly disposition, and still hold with some degree of justice that our timorousness might be held in abeyance at the crucial moment. In other words, we cannot predict how we might act under a burden of swift, intimidating danger. But we are always eager to know, and that is why the speculation is so fascinating.

A Case in Point

All this is still in the speculative stage with me. I have never been tried by the sudden imminence of death, and much as I should like to be sure that the experience would find me cool and courageous, I cannot say that I hanker for the test. But I know a man who went through such an experience a few days ago. He had a pistol loaded with death pressed against his body. There was every reason to believe that the infuriated holder of the weapon would discharge it. In fact he threatened to do so, and his victim thoroughly believed that he meant what he said. The pistol was not discharged, however; so the threatened man has lived to describe his sensations. Being a very clever newspaperman with a developed faculty for observation and analysis, he is able to give a very good account of what passed in his mind. He doesn't pretend that he was free from fear. In fact, he admits freely that he was almost frightened to death. But he went through the ordeal very well, just the same. The incident happened in this city, and has been much talked about.

Chatting With Death

The incident I refer to wherein a newspaperman had a loaded revolver pressed threateningly against his body is not the only one that has happened here of late, so I must particularize. The newspaperman in question was W. Russell Cole, known to his intimates as "Busty" Cole, and not long since the city editor of the Call. The encounter took place on the Los Angeles train which was held up as it entered San Francisco by the bandit Hogue. Cole tells me that when Hogue climbed over the rail of the observation platform where he was sitting with three other travelers, and commanded them all, with copious oaths, to hold up their hands, his first sensation was one of bewilderment. The occurrence was so foreign to the ordinary course that it seemed unreal. The reality of it, however, was speedily borne in upon him when the train bandit poked the muzzle of a Colt's Forty-One against his stomach and told him, with more bad language, to shell out. Cole says he was extremely frightened, but quite cool; he didn't have time to get nervous. He was disagreeably aware of the fact that the bandit had an old-fashioned gun, that it was cocked, that his finger was on the trigger and his thumb on the hammer. He very obediently dug down in his trouser pocket and handed the bandit his silver. The bandit demanded more, so Cole reached for the coin purse in his hip pocket. As he did so the bandit noticed a pocket book in his vest pocket, took it and rifled it of thirty dollars in bills. While he was doing this Cole dropped his coin purse, containing a twenty dollar gold piece, on the floor and put his foot on it. It seems to me that that showed considerable presence of mind. Perhaps Cole was badly frightened, but not out of his wits. Then the bandit asked for his diamond ring. The cocked pistol was still prodding his stomach, so he yielded the ring with alacrity. Then the bandit noticed his scarf pin, and asked for that.

"What do you want that for?" asked Cole, "it's only worth five or six dollars."

With a string of oaths the bandit jammed the cocked pistol against Cole's temple, and Cole dutifully unfastened the scarf pin and handed it over. He says it occurred to him afterwards that it was a foolhardy thing to argue with a bandit, but the words came out quite naturally. That he regards as a sign of nervousness. Then the bandit bade him throw up his hands which Cole did, and the bandit turned his attention to the three other travelers who were awaiting his ministrations with their hands in the air. At this point, says Cole, his fear became very great. He was afraid one of the victims might offer fight and precipitate shooting. He speculated uneasily on this, and mechanically reached into his pocket for "the makings" of a cigarette, a smoke being indispensable to a newspaperman when he is engrossed in thought. The bandit noticed the movement, and told him to put his hands up again.

"As soon as I roll a cigarette," said Cole, and he finished rolling it before obeying the bandit.

Here again, says Cole, he had no thought of defying the bandit. He acted without thinking of the consequences. This was another sign of nervousness, he thinks. But he did not smoke the cigarette until the bandit had passed into the car and all danger was over. I submit that "Busty" Cole conducted himself very well under the ordeal. Would you or I do as well? We never can tell.

Sings a feminine singer of the San Joaquin valley, pouring her native wood notes wild in the Fresno Republican:

The red shifts to purple of twilight,
The owl sounds his word of the night,
And the pumping plants down at the ranches
Each twinkles a friendly light.

Whereupon the divine afflatus blows like the wind in the pumping plant till emulative inspiration vies thusly:

Day dawns and the doves start to coo,
The sun dries the glistening dew,
And the separator down in the dairy
Takes the cream and leaves the milk blue.

Setting G. K. C. to Music

Is the name of Humphrey Stewart destined to immortality? Will the Bohemian composer win the recognition of the ages in conjunction with Gilbert K. Chesterton? These are questions of evident import. The lucky man who succeeds in hitching his wagon to the star of Chesterton's genius is reasonably sure of a certain measure of recognition after his death. Well, that is just what "Hump" Stewart is attempting to do—to hitch his music wagon to Chesterton. He is desirous of bearing the same relation to Chesterton which Sir Arthur Sullivan bore to Gilbert, which Ethelbert Nevin bore to Cameron Rogers, which the ever tuneful Reginald De Koven has borne to the ever industrious Harry B. Smith. In other words, Stewart wants to become known as the man who wedded Chesterton's immortal songs to unforgettable music. Happening into the Bo-

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hemian Club library a few days ago, and finding it deserted as usual, Stewart ran an idle eye along the shelves of new fiction and came across Chesterton's latest fantasy "The Flying Inn." The page at which he opened the book contained a drinking song. Drinking songs are a hobby with Stewart, so he was interested. He read "The Flying Inn" and found that the story was enlivened with a series of spirited, rousing catches. Appropriate airs for one or two of these sang themselves into Stewart's brain, and he set the notes on paper. Then he conceived the idea of composing music for the entire series. So he has sent the songs already written to G. K. C, asking for permission to complete and publish the series. He is now awaiting an answer from the cleverest man of England.

Putting One Over on Chet

"What do you think of our friend Chet Rowell?" asked the man who winds the ferry clock.

Being aware of the clock winder's fondness for the Socratic or interrogatory method of starting a disquisition, I refrained from expressing my opinion of the Fresno editor. Instead, I asked the clock winder what he thought of Chester.

"Well," said the Embarcadero wiseacre, stowing some Copenhagen snuff between his upper lip and his gums, "I noticed the other day that Chet made a speech to the Armenians about their alphabet. Chet knows all about the Armenian alphabet, I guess; but the poor fellow would be much better off if he devoted a little time to the political Abc's."

I begged the clock winder to be more explicit.

"What's the use of lining up a few Armenian peanut growers in Fresno county by handing them a lot of encyclopedia stuff about their alphabet, if in the meantime you lose the vote of Alameda county?" demanded Father Time's lieutenant.

"Has Chet lost Alameda county?" I asked.

"I'm not sure he ever had it," answered the clock winder, "but a breeze that blows from Oakland brought me the tip the other day that while Chet was talking Armenian to the Armenians, Governor Johnson was putting one over on him in Alameda. The story is that Johnson has been worrying about Alameda county and that he has made a proposition to combine forces with Joe Knowland. Knowland is to help make Hiram Governor again, and Hiram is to line up the Progressives behind Joe for the Senate. It may be true, and then again it may not. But if it is true, don't you pity poor Chet? Think of the Governor throwing him down like that! The first thing we know Chet will discover that Hiram doesn't give a cuss whether Fresno sends her most learned young man to the United States Senate or not. What an eye-opener that will be! Poor Chet will never get anywhere until he quits talking Armenian and learns to talk turkey."

Attention is being diverted for the time being from the Roosevelt river that flows up hill in defiance of law and sense, like most things Rooseveltian, to the Roosevelt Mellen now undergoing analysis in Washington. This Charles S. Mellen who handed out New Haven stock to Tammany statesmen in payment for what he needed is the one railroad magnate that enjoyed the Roosevelt esteem and confidence after the falling out of two practical men. Now we learn that Mr. Mellen consulted the Colonel before buying the Boston and Maine, just as Morgan consulted him before absorbing Tennessee Coal and Iron. Mellen doesn't admit that the Colonel gave him carte blanche, but perhaps the Mellen letter written about that time is the best evidence. Mellen wrote: "The Washington situation I have, I think, completely cared for."

Nuff said.

Let's talk about the river.

Sterling Among the Poets

George Sterling no sooner landed in New York than he landed in the midst of the elect, meaning the poetical elect. He brought his "open sesame" with him to the metropolis in the shape of a membership in the Poetry Society of America. The singers of this society were the guests of the Sam Untermeyers in their country home near Yonkers a few days ago, and George was there with the rest. A special train took them to the Untermeyer place in time for tea and music. Then the poets held executive session and read verses at one another. Angela Morgan, Margaret Widdemer, Berton Braley, Joyce Kilmer, Witter Bynner, Hanson Towne, Edwin Markham, Arthur Guiterman and George Sylvester Viereck all had brand new poems for the occasion. George read a poem about the sea which will appear in the new volume Aleck Robertson is soon to publish. It was the only nature poem read at the session, strangely enough. The day ended with a good dinner, a fine sunset and a beautiful moon.

Suppose Roosevelt didn't discover that river? Disprove his claim, and you give him a place in history with Sir John Mandeville, Baron Munchausen and Doctor Cook, all possessed of a certain kind of greatness.

Colonel Jackling's Theatre

So Colonel D. C. Jackling is to have a theatre in his magnificent suite in the new wing of the St. Francis. I am not surprised. There are very few private theatres in San Francisco, and it seems to be Jackling's aim to have the things which few others can afford. M. H. De Young has a theatre in his California street home, and some very fine theatrical performances have been given there. Emilio Lastreto also has a theatre in his beautiful home on Russian Hill, and has himself played Othello and other exacting parts on the boards of it. But I doubt whether there is another private theatre in any hotel suite in the world, so Col. Jackling will be able to boast an unique distinction. Money seems to count nothing with Jackling except as a means to gratify whims, and if the reports we hear are true, he has millions to buttress him against ennui. After building a palatial steam yacht, he decided that it wasn't big enough for the parties he intended to give on it, so the "Cyprus" is now being enlarged at enormous expense. We have some spenders of note in San Francisco, native and acquired, but it looks as though Col. Jackling is going to break all records. More power to him! The more money he puts in circulation the more he'll contribute to the prosperity of his adopted city.

His Great Interests

Jackling is usually referred to a "copper magnate." There is reason for the designation. The copper companies which Jackling and his associates control account for twenty-five per cent of the copper production in the United States,

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and twenty per cent of the copper production in the whole of North America. To put it more definitely, his companies yield about 300,000,000 pounds valued roughly at $55,000,000 annually. These companies include Utah Copper, Ray Consolidated Copper, Chino Copper, Nevada Consolidated Copper, Steptoe Valley Smelting, Gila Copper and several others including some in the vicinity of Juneau, Alaska. Jackling is also interested in railroads, banks and light and power companies. They think very highly of Jackling in Salt Lake where he has hitherto made his home, and will be very sorry to lose him. He is one of the most popular men in Utah, and if it were not for the enormous sums he has invested and the big payroll he maintains, Salt Lake would not be the thriving city it is. His wealth has come within the last few years through hard work and business genius; it is not so very long since he was only earning a comfortable living.

Boosters Boosting

The Baseball Boosters luncheon at the Palace last Saturday was for a time converted into a Shortridge celebration. The eloquent candidate for the Republican senatorial nomination put in an appearance just after the eight hundred boosters took their seats. There was at once a burst of applause. It was a spontaneous greeting, and it was apparent that Shortridge was taken by surprise. The applause was kept up for several minutes. The politicians are saying there is no enthusiasm in this campaign that the people appear to have grown tired of politics. The truth is they have grown tired of our politicians. Shortridge is appealing to them as a man who has given liberally of his services to his party and its candidates for more than a quarter of a century, and who now for the first time is trying to do something for himself. This is an appeal that fair-minded men find it somewhat hard to resist.

The Advertising Pioneer

If you were asked to name offhand the pioneer of modern advertising, you would naturally cast about in your mind for the name of some man engaged in manufacturing an article of universal appeal. You would take it for granted that the pioneer of modern advertising was an American. Wrong. The pioneer of modern advertising was an Englishman named Thomas J. Barratt who died at a watering place near London a fortnight ago. Barratt was the man who made Pear's Soap known in every nook and cranny of the world. He was the man who devised the advertisements for Pear's Soap which have been familiar to most of us since boyhood. He was the genius who made a fortune out of Pear's Soap; the genius who taught the world that if you have something to sell, you must call it to the attention of buyers and then keep hammering and hammering away at them till they feel that they cannot do without it.

Booming Pear's

Barratt became a partner in the soap-making firm of Pear's in 1865 when he was only twenty-four years of age. The firm had been founded in 1789, but had crept along, keeping scrupulously within the lines of British conservatism and not doing a particularly big business. Barratt the innovator changed all that. When he joined the firm, it spent $400 a year for advertising; now it spends a cool half million. He devised big display advertisements with frequent changes of text; he put the name of Pear's on every blank wall in London. And he went in for pictures. When Sir John Millais displayed his picture "Bubbles" at the Royal Academy, Barratt bought it for $11,000 and used it as a poster for Pear's. That curly-haired youngster blowing soap bubbles is known around the world. Of the original "Bubbles," Barratt wrote some time ago: "He is now a stalwart officer in His Majesty's navy and has recently called at these offices to see the portrait painted of him when a child by his grandfather, Sir John Millais." After that Barratt commissioned various prominent artists to paint pictures for him, and so came into existence other posters that one connects with advertisements of Pear's. The success of the company may be judged from the fact that it was capitalized at a million and a half in 1892 and has paid a dividend of ten per cent ever since. It pays to advertise, does it not?

A Very Human Excuse

If there is one thing that Walter Lawrence, player and stage director at the Gaiety, is a stickler for, it is punctuality. The custom, obtaining in stage land, of fining tardy ones does not appeal to him. He "let's 'em out," and gets somebody who will be punctual. The rigor of this discipline extends even to the principals; so the other morning when "Bobby" Roberts hastened breathlessly back stage, at least a half hour late, everybody except "Bobby" knew a managerial storm was brewing. It broke on "Bobby's" head. But it left him unscathed. A seraphic smile lit up his countenance. He beamed blissfully, and though wan and tired looking, he bore the air of a victor. When Lawrence paused for breath, "Bobby" chirruped:

"It's a girl, and she weighs nine pounds!"

Vaguely Wedded

"Uncle Hank" Barnhart, member of Congress from Indiana, tells of a young man from out his way who met a young woman he had not seen for many years.

"I thought you were dead," was the young man's greeting.

"No," insisted the girl, "but I'm married."

"To whom?"

"Oh, some Englishman."

"It Has Choke and Grip in the Bare Reading"—ASHTON STEVENS

A FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE

By THEODORE BONNET

A Play in Four Acts with a Prefatory Epistle to Ashton Stevens who has pronounced it a drama of "upbuilding conflict."

"Now it occurs to me that the noblest theme for the dramatist is to be found right here in the tragicomedy of a nation inflamed by politicians and smoldering with a manufactured discontent that here and there bursts forth into flame like beacons at night on dark hills."—PREFATORY EPISTLE.

PUBLISHED BY THE

Pacific Publication Company

88 First Street, San Francisco

ON SALE AT

ALL THE LEADING BOOK STORES

PRICE, $1.50

The Book Lover in Paris

The foolish man, 'tis he who takes
His way along the Rue de Paix,
Or stands bewildered 'mid the roar
That sounds throughout Rue St. Honore;
Or to escape the city's noise
Doth ride or dine within the Bois,
Or seeks relief from dirt and grime
In quarters of the old regime.

Let him not sit with pallid cheeks
Reading in the Bibliotheques.
The bargain hunter, shrewd and keen,
Will haunt the book stalls on the Seine.
The books—they are not always bosh,
That you encounter au rive gauche.
And there, at least, you walk at ease
And smoke and stroll along the quais,
And run across, as like as not,
A volume really comme il faut.

From all distractions keep aloof
While crossing over the Pont Neuf,
Look not to left and not to right,
But quickly pass L'Ile de la Cite.
'Twill chance, perhaps, that as you came
You stopped and gazed at Notre Dame—
But tarry not for priest or verger,
Ho! for the realm of Henri Murger!
Where 'mid the book stall you may search
For volumes truly tres recherche.

Negative Results

Secretary of War Garrison, it will be remembered, used to be Vice-Chancellor of New Jersey. One of the duties of a Vice-Chancellor is to try divorce cases. Not long before he entered the Cabinet Garrison was hard at his job of vice-chancelloring one day with a divorce suit in progress before him.

The case had proceeded to a point where the lawyer for the plaintiff had asked a new witness on the stand:

"Do you know anything about the relations between Mrs. von Doe and this Mr. Rowe?"

Whereupon the attorney for the defendant leaped to his feet in a paroxysm of excitement and insisted that the question should not be answered. He pounded the table with his open palm and acted as if he might do something desperate if the court allowed the witness to answer.

The other lawyer was almost equally insistent that the answer should be brought out.

So each attorney grouped large stocks of law books about him and began to pelt the court with citations.

For nearly four hours they argued back and forth, digging up one technicality after another to show why that witness should or should not answer. At the end of the afternoon Garrison said he would take the question under advisement and let them know in the morning. But when court opened the next day the lawyers had brought in some more weighty authorities and the arguments continued for another hour. At the end of that time Garrison decided in favor of the plaintiff, holding that the witness should be permitted to tell what he knew.

The attorney for the plaintiff repeated his question:

"Do you know anything at all about the relations between Mrs. von Doe and Mr. Rowe?"

"No," replied the witness.

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Mr. Businessman—
Let us hear from you the next time you need Printing
We handle everything in the Printing Line from a circular to the finest book and magazine work. Always glad to offer suggestions upon request and submit samples of work for inspection, with estimates. We are specialists in quality and service.
Phone, call or write and our representative will respond immediately
PACIFIC PRINTING COMPANY
88 FIRST STREET SAN FRANCISCO
DOUGLAS 2612

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Overheard at the Sculptors' Ball

"Who was this Phidias I hear so much about?"

"Do you suppose the man who sculptured the Cogswell statues is here?"

"Isn't Haig Patigian distinguished looking?"

"There's Bill Lange! Did he pose for the Baseball Player in the Park?"

"Do you prefer Rodin's work or Earl Cummings'?"

"Was the Venus de Milo named after the cigarette or vice versa?"

"What relation was Catherine de Medici to Venus de Medici?"

"How many times tonight have you heard that old joke about the Apollo Sausalito?"

"Don't you think Louis Mullgardt's poster is a trifle risque?"

"They say Teddy Vogt is the author of 'The Quest of the Gorgon.' Is that a statue or a piece of music?"

"Don't you despise punsters? The last man I danced with made one about the applause Ted evoked. And his tangoing was worse than his pun."

"No! Of course Bobby Eyre isn't a sculptor; he plays the drum in an orchestra."

"Do you suppose models use fig leaves when they pose in the altogether?"

"It must be fun to be a sculptor. I always loved to make mud pies!"

"Mr. Wilkins seems to be sitting out a good many dances this evening."

"Yes; he just told me he is drinking cream for his health, and he is afraid of tangoing it into butter."

An Unsuccessful Flirtation

One of San Francisco's gay young blades started on a trip the other day, and as he was alone time threatened to hang heavily on his hands on the train unless he exerted himself to provide entertainment. Seated opposite him was a pretty girl of the demure type that makes even the most reckless man cautious about a flirtation. The train had speeded many miles before the man detected the slightest response to his subtle advances. Then the little lady seemed suddenly to become as eager for a flirtation as he was. Her smile of invitation was accepted and he dropped into the seat beside her. She coyly informed him that she was going to Colusa. He was going further, but an accommodating conductor arranged for a stop-over. The girl was a witty conversationalist, and the San Franciscan congratulated himself on his conquest. Two male residents of Colusa who were on the train had watched the flirtation with interest and smiled gleefully as he possessed himself of her suit case and prepared to leave the car with her. Was she going to the hotel? Yes, she was. The Colusans trailed along and all four lined up at the desk to register. While the stranger held the pen, the girl slapped her suitcase on the desk, and preparing to open it, said in the sweetest ingenue voice: "Now, Mr. Blank, I can show you one of those Bibles. I'm selling them on commission, you know, and as soon as I saw you on the train I knew that you were a man that needed one." The San Francisco man signed the register, pretending to ignore her. But the laugh is on him in Colusa. The girl was a local newspaper woman. Any fellow in the Bohemian Club will name the man for you.

Three Debutantes

Three girls who will make their formal debut next winter are Gertrude Hopkins, Genevieve Bothin and Marie Louise Winslow. There is an unusual thing to be said of these three prospective debutantes. All of them have different names from their mothers. It sounds strange, doesn't it? Yet it's a fact. Their mothers have all made second marriages. This makes it a little difficult to keep the family connections of these buds straight in one's mind. Gertrude Hopkins is the daughter of Mrs. George Ebright. Mrs. George Ebright was formerly Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins. Her maiden name was Lillian Sutton. Genevieve Bothin is the daughter of Mrs. Leigh Sypher. Mrs. Leigh Sypher used to be Mrs. Bothin. And her maiden name was Jennie Whittier. Finally we have Marie Louise Winslow. She is the daughter of Mrs. Hamilton Wallace. Mrs. Wallace used to be Mrs. Chauncey Winslow. Before her first marriage she was Sarah Stetson. It is a little confusing, but it must be mastered. Those who find it difficult may be consoled by the thought that some of our best families' connections are more complicated still.

Probably there is nothing that more thoroughly cures a girl of the giggles than to get married and raise a family.

Concerning Wrist Watches

Is the wrist watch effeminate? The question is in order. Not a burning question, to be sure, but still a question of sufficient importance to be dignified with notice in these serious columns of mine. In certain circles the wrist watch when worn by a man is anathema, like the handkerchief in the sleeve. "Certain circles" is a phrase of vagueness; I mean by it those circles where a British or Bostonian pronunciation subjects one to reproach; where the man who drinks a dish of tea of an afternoon is regarded as beneath contempt; where life is a burden to the unfortunate whose Christian name happens to be Reginald or Percy or Oscar. In that milieu the wrist watch is as a chip on the shoulder, a challenge to corporal debate. In another circle the wrist watch is regarded with toleration. It is looked upon as an amusing vagary; one would do better without it, but if one likes that sort of thing, why not? It is countenanced, like the monocle; neither encouraged nor discouraged. In this circle one's personal tastes are free from criticism, provided they conform to code. There is still another circle, a small one, where the wrist watch is regarded sympathetically, as a badge almost. In this circle you would find several wearers of wrist watches gathered together if you cared to investigate, but you wouldn't care, I dare say. Perhaps in this matter of wrist watches, the golden mean is the best. Perhaps they should be neither encouraged nor anathematized. Perhaps a good rule is that one wrist-watch-wearer in a company is well, but two or more not so good. Where two or three are gathered together there is pretty apt to be effeminacy. Where one only is in evidence, he can be kept in order very easily. If he betrays disagreeable affectations, a slap on the wrist will inflict not only chastisement but damage.

When girls are not busy picking husbands, they are busy picking quarrels with those who are.

The Cranes' Farewell

They came here as the dancing Cranes; they leave us as the acting and dancing Cranes. When Mrs. Crane left New York for San Francisco, it was with a firm determination to dance her way to the stage via the St. Francis. The thes dansants and the appearance in vaudeville served her end; she created a new part in a brand new play at the Alcazar. When Douglas left New York, he brought his pumps with him but left his brushes, his paints and his palette behind. He came to dance; he remained to act. "Her Soul and Her Body" has been tried out not only in this sophisticated community, but also on the one-night stands. It has survived the ordeal and now the Cranes are taking it to New York. What a wealth of experience they have had here! Perhaps they feel that they owe us something. The debt is mutual. We owe them thanks for a great deal of fun. They initiated tea dancing in our midst, and we have not been quite the same since. We owe them thanks also for contributing so much to the success of the Dolce Far Niente dances at the Cliff House. Appropriately enough, the Cranes will take their formal farewell at one of these delightful affairs. Next Thursday night the Dolce Far Niente will be enlivened by a dancing competition, and the Cranes have put up two handsome silver cups as prizes. We wish the Cranes success in their theatrical venture into the East. We are sorry to see them go, and we are glad to hear that they are coming back for the Fair.

"What do you think of married life?" asked the henpecked man, addressing the youthful bridegroom.

"Bliss is no name for it," said the young husband enthusiastically.

"You are right," said the henpecked one, gloomily. "Bliss is no name for it."

An Interesting Family

James Thompson who married Margaret Carrigan in New York this week, belongs to a very interesting family. There is mental brilliance written all over it. His father was one of the best known of early-day Bohemians, and was a very popular president of the club in the years of its highest literary and artistic renown. James Thompson's sister Kathleen used to be a newspaperwoman, working for the Bulletin and Examiner. Then she married the late Frank Norris' brother Charles, and went to New York to make a splendid success in the magazines with "Mother" and other stories of exceptional worth. Another sister married William Benet, one of the most promising poets of America. Indeed, he is not merely promising; he has already to his credit a great deal of published verse of the most exquisitely delicate quality. Still another sister married Charles C. Hartigan of the navy. James Thompson's brothers Joe and Fred are

Miss Claribel Kirby & Theodore Parker Lawrence
have opened
The Kirlaw Studios
for the study and practice of modern dances
Instructions will be by appointment only, in classes or private lessons, as desired
435 POWELL STREET, THIRD FLOOR
Telephone Sutter 2105
March Twenty-fifth, 1914

[illegible] most popular and most gifted members of the Bohemian and Family clubs. It goes without saying that James is sure to distinguish himself in the government service at Panama whither he is taking his beautiful and accomplished bride. Margaret Carrigan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, and the niece of "Jack" Carrigan who has a big plantation in the Philippines and is a noted orchid hunter; also of Clarence Carrigan who left the army after his marriage to Anna Sperry and is now in the consular service.

Fay—What have you saved up for a rainy day?

May—An old fellow that has promised me a diamond sunburst.

Is Armsby Sore?

I wonder if Gordon Armsby is a bit peeved? Let me explain why I wonder. One of the bavardes, last Sunday, began a paragraph thus: "At tea and muffins on the plaza of the Burlingame Club I was in a group in which Gordon Armsby was telling of the interesting things he had heard and seen abroad." One of the interesting things was the first night of Shaw's latest play "Pymgalion" with Mrs. Pat Campbell Cornwallis West in the principal part. So far so good. But the bavarde goes on to speak of Mrs. Pat's marriage, and to describe her wedding gown thus: "It was a charmeuse gown made in severely simple lines and unrelieved by even a touch of white or color. A small close-fitting black hat which dipped over the left ear and aspired way above the right one, and a becoming black veil completed the costume." Now the implication is that Gordon Armsby supplied these details. Hasn't he a right to be peeved when he's placed in the ridiculous position of bringing back such chatter from London? Of course the bavarde didn't hear Gordon describe Mrs. Pat's costume; she found it in some London paper.

Wigg—Is it unlucky to postpone a wedding day?

Wagg—Not if you keep on doing it.

Mrs. Cook's Launch

Peter Cook, the Rio Vista capitalist whose wife is well known in society here, capitulated to her cajolings when she made a request for a handsome launch for use on the Sacramento river. But when Mrs. Peter came to San Francisco to shop for boats she had promised faithfully not to exceed a certain sum. A few weeks ago when Peter inspected the craft he congratulated himself that his wife had driven an exceedingly shrewd bargain. Since then the bills have come in. The first was from the boat builder. It did not exceed his price limit by a cent. "But what is this?" he queried, opening another. "Why, that is for the engine, dear." "And what is?" he demanded, opening still another. "Oh, that must be for the plumbing; and that is for the upholstering; and this for the electric fixtures; and—" Peter Cook wrote a check for twice the sum he had stipulated, meditating that if Mrs. Peter was short on finance she was certainly long on finesse.

The creatures of their courage boast,
Reversing quite the plan;
It takes a brave straw hat to be
The first to wear a man.

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Truly Is Free

Truly Shattuck is matrimonially foot-loose. This tremendously important news comes to me from Detroit roundabout by way of New York. I chronicle it gladly, knowing that there are many in this neck of the woods who still retain their interest in the statuesque and cushiony beauty who rose in the world when a bullet laid Harry Poole low. There are plenty of men about town who once worshiped at the feet of Truly, but that is ancient history and not to be revived. The point is that Truly's husband Stephen A. Douglas has obtained a divorce from Truly on the very respectable ground of desertion. Stephen married Truly in 1899, and has been trying to get back his freedom ever since 1910, and he has finally succeeded with the assistance of the Michigan courts. Stephen told a sad story. It seems that he loves Truly truly, but his passion is no longer reciprocated. Time was, he avers, when Truly returned his affection, but that was when he was worth half a million. As the money went, Truly's love waned; and when Stephen was broke and had to go to work as a mere salesman, Truly threw him over. Incidentally, Stephen says it was Truly who made the half-million fly. Stephen says she went through it in four years. Scattering one hundred and twenty-five thousand a year is quite a feat, even for Truly. No doubt she figured that four years of her love was worth that much to Steve. Poor Steve is still a salesman, and Truly is still blithely elevating the stage—in the ten, twent' and thirt' milieu.

A girl shouldn't marry a man unless she knows all about him. On the other hand, if she knew all about him, she wouldn't marry him.

Best's Exhibition

An interesting exhibit is now on at Best's Art School, 1625 California street. A number of recent canvasses by Mr. Best, some of them on view for the first time, are shown; also the regular spring exhibit of the pupils of the school consisting of illustrations, posters and drawings in pen and ink, pastel and water color showing an originality and variety not often seen in students' work. It is open to the public from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. until the end of the month.

Our Famous Medical Springs

The picturesque Witter Medical Springs resort in Lake county has been transformed by Thomas M. Chatfield. It is now the most luxurious resort in California. These springs represent an investment of nearly two million dollars. The hotel of eighty rooms is in nowise lacking in modern equipment, and besides there are many nicely furnished cosy cottages of three and four rooms for the accommodation of families. The waters of Witter springs are famous for their curative properties, and the mud baths are unsurpassed. The resort is now under the management of Thomas O. Hendry who is one of the most experienced hotel managers on the coast.

The Grays at Techau's

Techau Tavern has been the scene of many a joyous gathering, but never of a more brilliant assemblage than on the evening of Monday, May 18, when the California Grays, following a theatre party of some two hundred persons, gave a dance in the ball room of this famous cafe. Those who know the exceptional character of all functions given under the auspices of this crack military organization can readily understand the unqualified success of this occasion. La Lilas, the perfume most in vogue, was presented in souvenir form to all the ladies present at the Tavern last Saturday afternoon.

Looking for a Tailor?

Are you looking for somebody who will build your new spring outfit and do it right?

Let us tempt you to take ten of your busy minutes today and come and look at our spring showing.

We are equipped to give good service, at reasonable prices.

Our garments are made to fit you—and guaranteed to give you satisfaction.

Will you come and look at the fabrics?

J. M. Jacobi & Co.
MEN'S CLOTHES SHOP
Montgomery, Cor. Sutter

The Hastings
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Furnishings, Clothing Shoes, Hats
Complete
Boys' and Children's Department
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Post Street and Grant Avenue

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London—Paris—Bremen
*‡Kaiser Wil. d. Grosse.....April 28
Prinz Fried. Wilhelm.....April 30
*Kaiser Wilhelm II.....May 5
@Grosser Kurfuerst.....May 7
@‡Seydlitz.....May 9
*Kronprinz Wilhelm.....May 12
*Sails at 1 A. M. †Carries no (I) or (II) cabin. ‡Carries one cabin (II). @Bremen direct.
Baltimore-Bremen direct.
One cabin (II) Wednesdays.
THE MEDITERRANEAN
Berlin.....April 25
Prinzess Irene.....May 5
The North German Lloyd landed more passengers, First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage in the port of New York during 1913 than any other line, repeating its marvelous record of 1912.
Through rates from EGYPT, INDIA New York to FAR EAST and SOUTH AMERICA via Europe
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AROUND THE WORLD $620.65 and UP
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Barrie at the Orpheum

By Theodore Bonnet

That felicitous epithet "classy" (not yet recognized by lexicographers, but soon will be) is pat to my purpose in describing the Orpheum show this week. Language would be impotent to express our feelings did we have to depend on conventional phrases weakened in their force by insincere and hyperbolical use. How often we have to labor by arduous circumlocation to place before the minds of others a conception which is clearly present to our own consciousness. Despise not then the vernacular resources of speech. "Classy" is the word to describe the Orpheum menu of this week. It is not at all sensational, but from soup to nuts it is tip-top fare and in spots it rises to acclivities accessible only to virtuosity. The piece de resistance is a concoction of Barrie's—J. M. of that ilk. If Barrie has caused us to expect much of him he has also seen to it that our expectations shall not be disappointed. Barrie exists to write good plays. He doesn't take advantage of managers who buy plays blindly from authors with a reputation who don't recognize a bad play when it is their own unhandiwork. He is a man with an austere sobriety of judgment who always writes in terms of youthful enthusiasm. So we can always depend on Mr. Barrie, whether the story be told in three, four or five acts, or in what we used to call a curtain-raiser, and now absurdly denominate a playlet. Some playwrights write playlets; not Mr. Barrie. In whatever number of acts he tells his story the drama is complete. His play at the Orpheum is a one-act play called "Half An Hour," which is the only inartistic thing about it. The title serves only to call attention to the fact that the action of the play passes inside of half an hour. It is sufficient for the program to inform us of this fact, but it would have made no difference if the action had consumed more than thirty minutes. Indeed for the sake of plausibility more time ought to be supposed to pass. Just before the dinner hour a wife leaves home after a "scene" with her brutal husband. She goes to a man to whom she has telephoned, and with whom she is to elope. The scene changes. You see the man packing in a hurry. The woman arrives, and the man goes for a taxi. A few moments later you learn that he has been run over. A doctor on his way to keep a dinner engagement is passing, makes an examination, finds the man is dead, comes in to report and finds the woman waiting for her lover. He learns there is something wrong; that she is not the man's wife. He goes out leaving her in great distress. The scene changes back to the woman's home. Guests are arriving for dinner, among them the doctor who had never met his hostess. He tells the story of the tragic episode. During the narrative the wife who has got back home is dressing for dinner and just as the doctor ends his story she enters. She is recognized by the doctor who discreetly keeps his secret, but suspense grows and interest climbs right to the wind-up. Now when the wife enters, she is in evening dress. She must have had about five minutes to make the change from her street costume, but in the matter of time great is the playwright's license provided he doesn't make us gasp with astonishment. We don't gasp in this instance because the physical fact is before our eyes. Blanche Bates does make the lightning change. She disarms scepticism, and the play grips to the end. "Half an Hour" is a little masterpiece. It is built as tight as a barrel, and every touch is organic. To achieve perfect lucidity in a one-act drama that takes you through the complications of three scenes in about thirty minutes without taxing your credulity is somewhat more difficult than writing the Lord's Prayer on your thumb nail. It may even be more difficult than to present in combination and on a large scale a series of episodes and phases. The long play with its scenes of leisurely exposition demands more wrist work than the one-act play but not a finer sense of art or a more acute instinct for drama. Blanche Bates has a fine medium in this little play, and she is unwaveringly good throughout. Her acting is a blend of conventionality and freshness. . . . . The next best act on the bill is Lillian Shaw's. Short, ungraceful, her arms hanging limply, she sings a dialect song and at once you realize the difference between this little woman and all the other women of vaudeville. It is not her personal charm. It is simply that she has wonderful mimetic talent; that with a twitch, an inflection, a wink, she can suggest the humor that is dry and ironical, or show you the life-drama of the streets. She is never conventional.

Gossip of the Theatre

The New Gaiety Show

The new regime at the Gaiety will begin Sunday night when "The Isle of Bong Bong" is produced with a great cast, most of the members of which are famous, yet new to the Gaiety. The policy of the pretty playhouse in O'Farrell street will, under the general management of Col. E. A. Braden, be devoted to clean, wholesome musical comedy wherein the element of humor will be minus vulgarity and where the best that can be secured both in pieces and players will be delivered to a fun-loving community in two dollar packages for the price of a dollar. As earnest of this intention, Braden, until recently Henry W. Savage's general manager, has surrounded himself with a company of musical comedy experts. There is Walter Lawrence who is directing the rehearsals and will in future prepare the Gaiety productions for the stage. William Lorraine, the famous composer of "Peggy from Paris" and other big successes, is the musical director, and for once, musical comedy patrons will hear harmonious as well as melodious ensembles. The chorus sings. It is devoted to looking pretty no less than to warbling well, and the dancing contingent will disclose some new evolutions under Lawrence's direction. Al Shean, famous now at the Gaiety, will appear in a leading role, and Frances Cameron will make her debut on the Gaiety stage. She is as beautiful as clever, and sings as well as she dances. She was Savage's ideal Sonia when that producer was giving "The Merry Widow" to the world. Lawrence, Miss Cameron's partner in many stage appearances, will play a characteristic role; Suzanne Fielding, William Louis, Myrtle Dingwall, Louise Orth, a newcomer of great beauty and charm, "Bobby" Roberts and Jack Pollard are others who will assist in the merry making. Margaret Edwards, famous as the most perfectly formed girl in the world and holder of the international prize for physical perfection, will be seen in an interpretative dance designed for her by Walter Lawrence.

CHARLES and MOLLIE KING

Two members of "The Passing Show of 1913" company at the Cort who have made distinct hits.

"Miracle Mary" at Alcazar

Willard Mack, Marjorie Rambeau and their Alcazar associates will be seen in the first production on any stage of Willard Mack's newest play, "Miracle Mary," at the Alcazar next week. Mack has founded his latest dramatic effort on a short story by John A. Moroso which appeared recently in one of the leading Eastern magazines. From the material at hand he has fashioned a big, human story of the Salvation Army, with a glimpse of prison life and life in the underworld. The theme has never before been handled by a playwright, and the prolific author-actor has entered his new field with a fund of novel material that will please theatregoers who have more or less tired of the conventional dramatic stories. "Miracle Mary" tells the story of a reformed crook who is falsely accused of a crime after his regeneration. His reformation has come about originally through his love for Miracle Mary, a Salvation Army lassie whom he has met at one of the army meetings. To her he turns in his new plight but the evidence is so strong against him that he is found guilty, convicted and sent to Sing Sing for a long term. Mary immediately sets about establishing her sweetheart's innocence and how she does so, in the last act of the play, in a way that makes the answer to her prayers seem like a miracle, forms one of the most unusual and startling situations ever witnessed. Marjorie Rambeau will have the greatest role of her career in the part of Miracle

Mary and Mack himself will create the role of Idaho Joe, the regenerated crook. All the Alcazar favorites will have splendid roles and a number of additional players have been engaged for some of the character types.

Third Week of "Passing Show"

Tomorrow night ushers in the third and last week of "The Passing Show of 1913" at the Cort. Those who enjoy the sort of entertainment which the New York Winter Garden provides so lavishly will not be disappointed in the present revue, for the travesties and burlesques on the dramatic and musical hits of the past and current season have been interspersed with song hits and musical numbers even more catchy and tinkling than those provided for any of its predecessors, the scenic effects are more novel than ever before, the costuming is infinitely more elaborate, the girls prettier, and no attraction of any sort has been so prodigally supplied with comedians, nimble dancers and talented singers. The revue opens with a travesty on "Fanny's First Play," "Within the Law," "The Argyle Case," "Peg o' My Heart," "Stop Thief," "The Lady of the Slipper," "The Sunshine Girl" and "The Good Little Devil." The singers, dancers and comedians who shine in this part of the performance include Conroy and Le Maire; Charles Kind as Broadway Jones; Mollie King as Peg o' My Heart; Laura Hamilton as Cinderella Janis; Elizabeth Goodall as Mrs. Potiphar; Teddy Wing and George Ford as Stone and Montgomery; and Ernest Hare as Asche Kayton. The chorus keeps things humming with changes of costume and in three particular numbers sweep all before them. These are the song and dance numbers: "Ragging the Nursery Rhymes," "Good Old-Fashioned Cake Walk," and the closing scene of the first act on the wonderful flight of steps where a chorus army is seen in marvelous dancing evolutions and march formations. Wm. Hodge in "The Road to Happiness" follows.

Bessie Wynn at Orpheum

Bessie Wynn, one of the daintiest and most fascinating of comediennes, will appear at the Orpheum next week in an act in which she displays her rare grace, charm and magnetism as an actress and her great ability as a vocalist. Miss Wynn is firmly established as a favorite on Broadway. The distinguished American actor, Robert T. Haines, will share headline honors in a one-act comedy drama especially written for him by William J. Hurlburt, entitled "The Man in the Dark." In the name part Mr. Haines is most happily cast. The suspense aroused by the appearance of a face in the dark is artfully sustained, indeed Mr. Hurlburt has builded an admirable little play with telling situations and crisp and telling lines. Mr. Haines has surrounded himself by a splendid company which includes Esther Van Eytinge. Bob Matthews, Al Shayne and company will present "Dreamland," a fantasy in three scenes which is deservedly one of the most popular acts in vaudeville. The Aerial Lloyds will be seen in their sensational exhibition of casting. Oterita, the dashing Spanish danseuse, assisted by Signor Matias Turrion, will be seen in a delightful program. For three successive years the order of merit for national dancing has been conferred on her by the Spanish Government. Next week will be the last of famous works of art, Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich and Lilliam Shaw.

Just Normal

"Are you as perfect physically as you seem to be?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied.

"Has there ever been any insanity in your family?"

"Never."

"Have you any depraved taste of any kind?"

"Certainly not."

"Are your teeth in good condition and do you see and hear perfectly?"

"Yes."

"Are you ever bothered by insomnia, or headache, or indigestion?"

"Not at all."

"Thank heaven! Now let's make love for a little while."

Many a man is like an ostrich. By closing his eyes to his own faults he imagines that other people are equally blind.

It's easy enough to go to law. The trouble is to get back.

The people who fish for compliments must use attractive bait.

The man who says he is married and glad of it is either an optimist or a liar.

Some people get so used to waiting for something to turn up that they are inclined to dodge it when it comes.

FRANCES CAMERON

In "The Isle of Bong Bong" at the Gaiety.

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Scored by

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Saturday and Sunday Matinees—25c, 50c and 75c

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Commencing Monday Night, May 25th

Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

WILLARD MACK and MARJORIE RAMBEAU

In the First Production on Any Stage of Willard Mack's New Play

"MIRACLE MARY"

Founded on John A. Moroso's Short Story

Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c

Visions

By Lord Dunsany

The Dream of King Karna-Vootra

King Karna-Vootra sitting on his throne commanding all things said, "I very clearly saw last night the queenly Vava-Nyria. Though partly she was hidden by great clouds that swept continually by her, rolling over and over, yet her face was unhidden and shone, being full of moonlight.

"I said to her, 'Walk with me by the great pools in many-gardened, beautiful Istrakhan where the lilies float that give delectable dreams; or, drawing aside the curtain of hanging orchids, pass with me thence from the pools by a secret path through the else impassable jungle that fills the only way between the mountains that shut in Istrakhan. They shut it in and look on it with joy at morning and at evening when the pools are strange with light, till in their gladness sometimes there melts the deadly snow that kills upon lonely heights the mountaineers. They have valleys among them older than the wrinkles in the moon.

"'Come with me thence or linger with me there and either we shall come to romantic lands which the men of the caravans only speak of in song; or else we shall listlessly walk in a land so lovely that even the butterflies that float about it when they see their images flash in the sacred pools are terrified by their beauty, and each night we shall hear the myriad nightingales all in one chorus sing the stars to death. Do this and I will send heralds far from here with tidings of thy beauty; and they shall run and come to Sendara and men shall know it there who herd brown sheep; and from Sendara the rumor shall spread on, down either bank of the holy river of Zoth, till the people that make wattles in the plains shall hear of it and sing; but the heralds shall go northward along the hills until they come to Sooma. And in that golden city they shall tell the kings, that sit in their lofty alabaster house, of thy strange and sudden smiles. And often in distant markets shall thy story be told by merchants out from Sooma as they sit telling careless tales to lure men to their wares.

"'And the heralds passing thence shall come even to Ingra, to Ingra where they dance. And there they shall tell of thee, so that thy name long hence shall be sung in that joyous city. And there they shall borrow camels and pass over the sands and go by desert ways to distant Nirid to tell of thee to the lonely men in the mountain monasteries.

"'Come with me even now for it is Spring.'"

"And as I said this she faintly yet perceptibly shook her head. And it was only then I remembered my youth was gone and she dead forty years."

Spring in Town

At a street corner sat, and played with a wind, Winter disconsolate.

Still tingled the fingers of the passers-by and still their breath was visible, and still they huddled their chins into their coats when turning a corner they met with a new wind, still windows lighted early sent out into the street the thought of romantic comfort by evening fires. These things still were; yet the throne of Winter tottered, and every breeze brought tidings of further fortresses lost on lakes or boreal hills-slopes. And not any longer as a king did Winter appear in those streets, as when the city was decked with gleaming white to greet him as a conqueror and he rode in with his glittering icicles and haughty retinue of prancing winds; but he sat there with a little wind at the corner of the street, like some old blind beggar with his hungry dog. And as to some old blind beggar Death approaches, and the alert ears of the sightless man prophetically hear his far-off footfall, so there came suddenly to Winter's ears the sound from some neighboring garden of Spring approaching as she walked on daisies.

And Spring appearing looked at huddled, inglorious Winter.

"Begone," said Spring.

"There is nothing for you to do here," said Winter to her. Nevertheless he drew about him his grey and battered cloak and rose and called to his little bitter wind and up a side street that led northward strode away.

Pieces of paper and tall clouds of dust went with him as far as the city's outer gate. He turned there and called to Spring.

"You can do nothing in this city," he said. Then he marched homeward over plains and sea and heard his old winds howling as he marched, the ice broke up behind him and foundered like navies. To left and to right of him flew the flocks of the seabirds, and far before him the geeses' triumphant cry went like a clarion. Greater and greater grew his stature as he went northwards and ever more kingly his mien. Now he took baronies at a stride and now counties and came again to the snow-white, frozen lands where the wolves came out to meet him, and, draping himself anew with old grey clouds, strode through the gates of an invincible home, two old ice-barriers swinging on pillars of ice that had never known the sun.

So the town was left to Spring, and she peered about to see what she could do with it. Presently she saw a dejected dog coming prowling down the road, so she sang to him and he gambolled. I saw him next day strutting by with something of an air. Where there were trees she went to them and whispered, and they sang the arboreal song that only trees can hear, and the green buds came peeping out, as stars while yet it is twilight, secretly one by one. She went to gardens and awaked from dreaming the warm, maternal earth. In little patches bare and desolate she called up like a flame the golden crocus, or its purple brother like an emperor's ghost. She gladdened the graceless backs of untidy houses, here with a weed, there with a little grass. She said to the air, "Be joyous." Children began to know that daisies blew in unfrequented corners. Buttonholes began to appear in the coats of the young men. The work of Spring was accomplished.

BESSIE WYNN
The lady dainty who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

The Writer

(Continued from Page 9.)

pages in his hand, and, seeking out his wife, would give them to her to read, remarking: "Here's the wretched stuff—no good at all;" and taking a position where he thought she could not see him, would do such things as did not prevent his knowing what effect the pages made on her. If the effect was good he would often feel how wonderful she was; if it was not good he had at once a chilly sensation in the pit of his stomach, and ate very little lunch.

When in the afternoons he took his walks abroad he passed great quantities of things and people without noticing, because he was thinking deeply on such questions as whether he were more of an observer, or more of an imaginative artist; whether he were properly appreciated in Germany; and particularly whether one were not in danger of thinking too much about oneself. But every now and then he would stop, and say to himself: "I really must see more of life, I really must take in more fuel;" and he would passionately fix his eyes on a cloud, or a flower, or a man walking, and there would instantly come into his mind the thought: "I have written twenty books—ten more will make thirty—that cloud is grey;" or: "That fellow X— is jealous of me! This flower is blue;" or: "This man is walking very—very—. D—n 'The Morning Muff,' it always runs me down!" And he would have a sort of sore, beaten feeling, knowing that he had not observed those things as accurately as he would have wished to.

During these excursions, too, he would often reflect impersonally upon matters of the day, large questions of Art, Public Policy, and the Human Soul; and would almost instantly find that he had always thought this or that; and at once see the necessity for putting his conclusion forward in his book or in the press, phrasing it, of course, in a way that no one else could; and there would start up before him little bits of newspaper with these words on them: "No one, perhaps, save Mr. ——, could have so ably set forth the Case for Baluchistan." Or, "In the 'Daily Miracle' there is a noble letter from that eminent writer, Mr. ——, pleading aaginst the hyperspiritualism of our age."

Very often he would say to himself, as he walked with eyes fixed on things that he did not see: "This existence is not healthy. I really must get away and take a complete holiday, and not think at all about my work, I am getting too self-centred." And he would go home and say to his wife: "Let's go to Sicily, or Spain, or somewhere. Let's get away from all this, and just live." And when she answered, "How jolly!" he would repeat, a little absently, "How jolly!" considering what would be the best arrangement for forwarding his letters. And if, as sometimes happened, they did go, he would spend almost a whole morning, living, and thinking how jolly it was to be away from everything; but towards the afternoon he would feel a sensation, as though he were a sofa that had been sat on too much, a sort of subsidence very deep within him. This would be followed in the evening by a disinclination to live; and that feeling would grow until on the third day he received his letters together with a green-colored wrapper enclosing some mentions of himself, and he would say: "Those fellows—no getting away from them!" and feel irresistibly impelled to sit down. Having done so he would take up his pen, not writing anything, indeed—because of the determination to "live," as yet not quite extinct—but comparatively easy in his mind. On the following day he would say to his wife: "I believe I can work here." And she would answer, smiling, "That's splendid;" and he would think, "She's wonderful!" and begin to write.

On other occasions, while walking the streets or about the countryside, he would suddenly be appalled at his own ignorance, and would say to himself: "I know simply nothing—I must read." And going home he would dictate to his wife the names of a number of books to be procured from the library. When they arrived he would look at them a little gravely and think: "By Jove! Have I got to read those?" and the same evening he would take one up. He would not, however, get beyond the fourth page, if it were a novel, before he would say: "Muck! He can't write!" and would feel absolutely stimulated to take up his own pen and write something that was worth reading. Sometimes, on the other hand, he would put the novel down after the third page, exclaiming: "By Jove! He can write!" And there would rise within him such a sense of dejection at his own inferiority, that he would feel simply compelled to try and see whether he really was inferior.

But if the book were not a novel he sometimes finished the first chapter before one of two feelings came over him; either, that what he had just read was what he had himself long thought—that, of course, would be when the book was a good one; or that what he had just read was not true, or at all events debatable. In each of these events he found it impossible to go on reading, but would remark to his wife: "This fellow says what I've always said;" or: "This fellow says so and so, now I say—" and he would argue the matter with her, taking both sides of the question, so as to save her all unnecessary speech.

There were times when he felt that he absolutely must hear music, and he would enter the concert hall with his wife in the pleasurable certainty that he was going to lose himself. Towards the middle of the second number, especially if it happened to be music that he liked, he would begin to nod; and presently, on waking up, would get a feeling that he really was an artist. From that moment on he was conscious of certain noises in his neighborhood causing a titillation of his nerves, favorable to deep and earnest thoughts about his work. On going out his wife would ask him: "Wasn't the Mozart lovely?" or, "How did you like the Strauss?" and he would answer: "Rather!" wondering a little which was which; or he would look at her out of the corner of his eye, and glance secretly at the program to see whether he really heard them.

He was extremely averse to being interviewed, or photographed, and all that sort of publicity, and only made exceptions in most cases, because his wife would say to him: "Oh! I think you ought;" or because he could not bear to refuse anybody anything; together, perhaps, with a sort of latent dislike of waste, deep down in his soul. When he saw the results he never failed to ejaculate: "Never again! No, really—never again! The whole thing is wrong and stupid!" And he would order a few copies.

For he dreaded nothing so much as the thought that he might become an egoist, and knowing the dangers of his profession, fought continually against it. Often he would complain to his wife:

(Continued on Page 23.)

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There were no developments worthy of comment in last week's session. The firm undertone prevalent early in the week was maintained and the same dullness on the rally prevailed. The prospective steel trade improvement continues to be the chief topic of interest and a part confirmation of the large tin plate order was had late in the week, on which, undoubtedly, some of the recent buying of the stock has been based. Other than this, no new developments have taken place and speculative belief is that the stage has been reached where improvement is inevitable; so that any further improvements in reported trade conditions would accelerate the present buying movement in the stock. Notwithstanding the heaviness in Amalgamated Copper, the other coppers showed firmness and there was a disposition to regard the unfavorable showing in the Amalgamated report as a result of special circumstances and not a true reflection of last year's trade conditions. Furthermore the street was hopeful of an early improvement in that branch of industry. Missouri Pacific showed a somewhat better tendency, encouraged by reports that consents are being rapidly received to the extension of the notes for another year. International Harvester was firm and reports regarding the state of the company's business were favorable, although as a market factor they were counteracted to some extent by the expectation of a decision at an early date in the anti-trust suit. The market's action would warrant conservative purchases on recessions.

Wheat—The grain markets have all shown a decidedly firm undertone and a decided tendency to advance after several days of dullness. The important influence in wheat has been the numerous reports of damage by hessian fly over a scattered area, including some of the best wheat counties in Illinois and Missouri, with occasional complaints from the Southwest. Damage of one kind or another at this time of year is usual and to be expected, and while it will undoubtedly reduce the present prospect, it should, however, cause no serious apprehension or result in any material advance in prices yet, although later developments may show a condition of the growing wheat much more serious than it is now. Some farmers in the central part of Illinois are reported as plowing up their wheat; other localities estimate damage of from 40 to 50 per cent, so that the uneasiness on the part of shorts may be well founded and the markets later result in a higher range of values. Another feature of importance is the fact that foreigners have bought some big lines of July and September wheat, and this naturally, in view of the previously small trade, has congested the market and until the new wheat begins to move will make prices here more susceptible to change than it will later, when hedging sales are having their effect. Wheat also is on a commercial basis with the rest of the world, and with America about the only country with any big surplus, we can naturally expect an enormous demand from abroad, which, together with our yearly increase in home consumption, will most likely take care of any surplus we may have.

Corn—Coarse grains have both felt the effects of the advance in wheat and a little congestion in the current delivery of both corn and oats. Private cables from Argentina report the weather there still unfavorable, and Argentine contracts are still being cancelled, with a consequent increase in the demand for the domestic corn. Receipts are at present practically nothing, and with stocks decreasing at an enormous rate, we don't believe there will be any money made in selling corn until after planting is completed, and all of the corn which is moved at that time will, we think, be readily absorbed at good prices. Outside markets are offering a premium of several cents a bushel over Chicago price, and the entire situation seems to us at present to be a healthy one.

Cotton—Considerable damage is reported from sections of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee and South Carolina, owing to severe hail storms recently, and it is said that a great deal of young cotton will have to be replanted. In the meanwhile the weather in the cotton belt has become more settled, fair weather being the prediction for the whole cotton region at this time, and while cooler weather is the forecast for the eartern portion of the belt, rising temperatures are looked for in the Southwest. Late reports from Texas are to the effect that the recent rains, storms and floods have made the situation in that State more unfavorable than was thought possible at first. Planting is very backward in the northern half of the State, and much replanting has yet to be done in Central Texas. The damage, however, is not irreparable if good weather prevails during the remainder of this month, and it is contended by many people that owing to the good season in the ground, there is still a good chance to make a large crop in Texas this year. If fair, warm weather prevails in the Southwest next week, the crop outlook will be made more promising, and it is probable, in that event, market may experience a little decline. On the other hand, if rains set in again west of the Mississippi River, a further advance is not at all unlikely, as the trade, especially Europe, is becoming much concerned over the present situation in Texas. If these expectations are realized, the market may sell off a little, but we do not think there is much decline to the market just now, for the reason that new crop prospects, as a whole, are not at all satisfactory owing to the backwardness of the season in Texas.

"After all," said Mr. Kwoter, "it's a true saying that 'he laughs best who laughs last.'"

"Not at all," replied Wise. "The true saying is: 'He laughs best whose laugh lasts.'"

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,543.

WASYLI IWANOW, Plaintiff, vs. CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRNE & LAMSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
533 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-4-10

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Assets	$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6)

honor within the district. That should be satisfactory to those who believe in Prohibition. It is as unfair to compel State-wide Prohibition as it would be to prevent the enforcement of local option. No section of the State should dictate to another section what it may or may not do in these matters. Let each community regulate itself. Fair-minded people are content to arrange these matters in their own sections; they do not attempt to force their views on dwellers in other parts. The liquor question is like this question of 'red light abatement'—a question for local adjustment, not for State regulation. The community itself is always the best judge. A sea port cannot be regulated in the same fashion as an interior town.

"That is the way I stand on these questions. I understand that Governor Johnson takes the position that the matter of State-wide Prohibition is for the people to decide, and that he has so far refused to express any opinion pro or con. He took the same stand, if I remember aright, in the woman's suffrage campaign. Personally, it seems to me that the taxpayers should know just where a candidate stands in these vital matters. I don't care if my outspokenness loses me votes.

"I take much the same stand in the matter of conservation. I think the State is better qualified than the United States Government to pass upon such matters. And if the laws of the land are such that the Government exercises the right to enforce its conservation measures within the State, then the State should be permitted to profit to some extent from those measures, for in all instances the State is required to bear a part of the expense.

"To my mind the Governor is really the business manager of the interests of the State. There are large opportunities for him to interest himself in the management of the State institutions with a view to making them self-supporting or mutually supporting, with the primary object of reducing the tax rate.

"It seems to me that there is a sentiment in California against giving a Governor a second term. It is probably prompted by fear that a second term would enable a Governor to build up a strong machine and perpetuate himself in power by virtually naming his successor. If I am elected I shall not aim to build up a machine. But I shall try to give the people the best that is in me. My views are liberal; I think I have shown in the past that I am independent; it is my humble opinion that I can do the State some service."

Pluto was boasting of Cerberus.

"He makes a fine dog of war," he cried; "one head for war, one for mediation and one for peace."

PROBATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,345, N. S.
Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MOSER SALOMON, Deceased.

Max Salomon and Jacob Salomon, executors of the last will and testament of Moser Salomon, deceased, have filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 14, A. D. 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed May 14, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
E. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney for Executors,
615 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,428; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of NICHOLAS LENNON, Deceased.

IT APPEARING to this Court by the Petition this day presented and filed by Johanna Lennon, the administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of said deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate belonging to said Estate in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration and a certain legacy of One Thousand ($1000) Dollars which last Will and Testament of said deceased provides is to be paid to Johanna Lennon,

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED:—That all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the Court room of said Court, on the fifth floor of the Temporary City Hall, 1231 Market, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an Order should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell so much of said real property as shall be necessary, and IT IS FURTHER ORDERED:—That a copy of this Order be published four successive weeks next preceding said day in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said County.

Dated: May 16, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

HERBERT CHOYNSKI and JAMES RALEIGH KELLY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1095; Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of FLORENCE LEMON LANDON, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the verified Petition of FRANCIS P. LANDON, Administrator of the estate of Florence Lemon Landon, deceased, and good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby

ORDERED that all persons interested in the above entitled estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 8th day of June, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Courtroom of Department 9 of the above entitled Court, in the City Hall, South side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, why the following described real property, viz.:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon seventy-eight (78) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Hill Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Noe Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and five (105) feet; thence at right angles Southerly fourteen (14) feet; thence at right angles Easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty-six (36) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly fifty-five (55) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block Number one hundred and ten (110).

or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Twelve hundred and fifty ($1250.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or the Judge thereof shall seem meet, reference being hereby had to the said petition of the said Francis P. Landon on file, for further particulars.

It is further ORDERED that this Order be published for four successive weeks prior to the said 8th day of June, 1914, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 30, 1914.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed April 30, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
J. J. LERMEN, Attorney at Law,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-9-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,785.

WILLIAM G. HARRY, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and All Other Persons, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and all other persons, Defendants. This action is brought to quiet title in the plaintiff to Lots 33 and 34 of San Miguel Homestead Association as designated on the Map or Plat of said San Miguel Homestead Association filed and Recorded in Liber E and F of Maps at page 14, on November 16, 1896, in the County Recorder' office of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said lots being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and having a frontage of 88 feet on the west side of Tara Street, between Unadilla Avenue and Mount Vernon Avenue, by a depth of 103.6 feet.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. M. BRUNER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Building,
Oakland, Cal. 5-2-10

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 2.

In the Matter of the Dissolution of the STAR BAKERY & PASTE COMPANY, a Corporation—No. 56,423, Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Star Bakery & Paste Company, a corporation, made to and filed in the aforesaid Superior Court, on the 1st day of May, 1914, its verified voluntary application for dissolution, in writing; that on the 1st day of May, 1914, the said Court made an order directing the Clerk of said Court to give thirty-five (35) days' notice of said application by publication in the "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco; that this notice is now given as required by said order and shall be published in said newspaper, as often as it shall be issued, during the period of thirty-five (35) days from and after the 8th day of May, 1914, the first publication thereof being made on the 9th day of May, 1914, and that at any time before the expiration of said thirty-five (35) days' notice any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on this 1st day of May, 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Petitioner,
604 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-9-6

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 14,936; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALEXANDER McVICKER, Deceased.

CHARLES S. PEERY, the Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Alexander McVicker, deceased, having filed his petition praying for an order of sale of the real estate of the said decedent, wherein it is alleged that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interest of estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate, and that it is also necessary to sell said real estate for the purposes set forth in said petition, and good cause appearing therefor;

It Is Ordered, that all persons interested in the said estate of said deceased appear before the said Court in Department Number Ten, Probate, thereof, at the Temporary City Hall, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 27th day of May, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the said real estate described in said petition, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, at private sale, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 15th day of April, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Superior Court.

(Endorsed): Filed April 15, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
R. H. McGOWAN, Attorney for Estate,
950 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-25-5

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET.

Pursuant to a resolution duly offered and adopted by the Board of Directors of Shreve, Treat & Eacret, at a special meeting of said Board called for that purpose, held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1914, and entered in the minute book of said corporation as a part of the proceedings at said meeting, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called, and will be held at the office of said corporation at No. 136 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of July, 1914, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation to the sum of one million (1,000,000) dollars.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., May 6, 1914.

SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET, a Corporation,
By WALTER P. TREAT, President,
and GODFREY EACRET, Secretary.

HOUGHTON & HOUGHTON,
1305 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
Attorneys for said Corporation. 5-9-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,641; Department No. 10.

DOROTHY ALDEN GERBER, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF and D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-18-10

Letters

The Green Book of Golf

A publication which will be hailed with delight by the large and ever growing army of Pacific Coast devotees of the game of golf is "The Green Book of Golf" for the Pacific Coast, 1914, just brought out in a sumptuous volume with a handsome binding of soft green leather. The editor and publisher is Henry Roberts, better known as "Bobs," the Chronicle's popular and efficient golfing expert. This record for golfers is a new annual, and its reception has been so cordial that the editor is already preparing to enlarge and improve the second volume which will be brought out next year. That it will become as much of an institution as the Blue Book and prove as indispensable, goes without saying. "The Green Book of Golf" is a record of the principal tournaments held during the year on the Pacific Coast, viz: British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California. It contains an exhaustive list of the organizations controlling golf in these localities, with the clubs and their officers and members. For each club a handicap list of members is given, together with the club's principal tournaments, a card of the links, a picture of the club house and portraits of the principal members. There is a detailed schedule of the championship tournaments of the year, both for men and women. There is an index of all golfers, both men and women, giving the clubs they belong to, their club handicaps, the events they have won during the past year, and their comparative rating under an alphabetical classification. There is also a special article on "Pacific Coast Golf" by Percival W. Selby, president of the California Golf Association; and the rules of the game are included. It is a book finely made and illustrated, and the capable and genial "Bobs" is to be congratulated on his work. Published at 116 California street.

The Writer

(Continued from Page 20.)

"I don't think of you enough." And she would smile, and say: "Don't you?" And he would feel better, having confessed his soul. Sometimes for an hour at a time he would make really heroic efforts not to answer her without having first grasped what she had said; and to check a tendency, that he sometimes feared was growing on him, to say: "What?" whether he had heard or no. In truth, he was not (as he often said) constitutionally given to small talk. Conversation that did not promise a chance of dialetic victory was hardly to his liking; so that he felt bound in sincerity to eschew it, which sometimes caused him to sit silent for "quite a while," as the Americans have phrased it. But once committed to an argument he found it difficult to leave off, having a natural, if somewhat sacred, belief in his own convictions.

His attitude to his creations was, perhaps, peculiar. He either did not mention them, or touched on them, if absolutely obliged, with a light and somewhat disparaging tongue; this did not, indeed, come from any real distrust of them, but rather from a superstitious feeling that one must not tempt Providence in the solemn things of life. If other people touched on them in the same way he had, not unnaturally, a feeling of real pain, such as comes to a man when he sees an instance of cruelty or injustice. And though something always told him that it was neither wise nor dignified to notices outrages of this order, he would mutter to his wife: "Well, I suppose it is true—I can't write;" feeling, perhaps, that—if he could not with decency notice such injuries, she might. And, indeed, she did, using warmer words than even he felt justified, which was soothing.

After tea, it was his habit to sit down a second time, pen in hand; not infrequently he would spend those hours divided between the feeling that it was his duty to write something, and the feeling that it was his duty not to write anything if he had nothing to say; and he generally wrote a good deal; for deep down he was convinced that if he did not write he would gradually fade away till there would be nothing left for him to read and think about, and though he was often tempted to believe and even to tell his wife that fame was an unworthy thing, he always deferred that pleasure, afraid, perhaps, of too much happiness.

In regard to the society of his fellows he liked almost anybody, though a little impatient with those, especially authors, who took themselves too seriously; and there were just one or two that he really could not stand, they were so obviously full of jealousy, a passion of which he was naturally intolerant, and had, of course, no need to indulge in. And he would speak of them with extreme dryness—nothing more, disdaining to disparage. It was, perhaps, a weakness in him that he found it difficult to accept adverse criticism as anything but an expression of that same yellow sickness; and yet there were moments when no words would adequately convey his low opinion of his own powers. At such times he would seek out his wife and confide to her his conviction that he was a poor thing, no good at all, without a thought in his head; and while she was replying: "Rubbish! You know there's nobody to hold a candle to you," or words to that effect, he would look at her tragically, and murmur: "Ah! you're prejudiced!" Only at such supreme moments of dejection, indeed, did he feel it a pity that he had married her, seeing how much more convincing her words would have been, if he had not.

He never read the papers till the evening, partly because he had not time, and partly because he so seldom found anything in them. This was not remarkable, for he turned their leaves quickly, pausing, indeed, naturally, if there were any mention of his name; and if his wife asked him whether he had read this or that, he would answer, "No," surprised at the funny things that seemed to interest her.

Before going up to bed, he would sit and smoke. And sometimes fancies would come to him, and sometimes none. Once in a way he would look up at the stars, and think: "What a worm I am! This wonderful Infinity! I must get more of it—more of it into my work; more of the feeling that the whole is marvelous and great, and man a little clutch of breath and dust, an atom, a straw, a nothing!"

And a sort of exaltation would seize on him, so that he knew that if only he did get that into his work, as he wished to, as he felt at that moment that he could, he would be the greatest writer the world had ever seen, the greatest man, almost greater than he wished to be, almost too great to be mentioned in the press, greater than Infinity itself—for would he not be Infinity's creator? And suddenly he would check himself with the thought: "I must be careful—I must be careful. If I let my brain go at this time of night, I shan't write a decent word tomorrow!"

And he would drink some milk and go to bed.

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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

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The Colonel Is Coming

It is on the cards that before long the eyes of a great many people hereabouts counting them by thousands will be centred on Colonel Roosevelt. The Gifted One has given ear to a Macedonian cry from Sacramento, and he is coming to animate a languishing campaign. A simoom of language will soon be blowing through the State, exciting everybody but the deaf who will be truly envied. Whether the Colonel will be able to do much good for his old running mate it is impossible to say, but certainly a great deal must be done to save Hiram from being eternally dished and damned. The Colonel is the one person in the world about whom it is folly to prophesy. As to him the seeds of time prevaricate. Dreams about him not even Joseph would venture to interpret. Had any man but the Colonel split the Republican party and saddled the nation with a sophomoric Administration so plethoric of plagues as the one now in power it would be easy to predict his immediate fate. Assuredly nobody beyond the confines of a lunatic asylum would regard it as possible for the party-splitter to be in anywise advantaged by the miseries resulting from his malevolence and treachery. But today the country is full of intelligent men who are confident that our darling Child of Destiny by whom we have been scourged we shall soon be exhorting to have mercy and compassion on us. True he gave us Wilson, but what our god gives he can take away. So even in California, where there is much suffering, the Colonel may receive a hearty welcome.

Help from Mellen

Has the Colonel been hurt by the testimony of his old friend Mellen, the assassin of the reputation of the dead? We think not. The testimony is reassuring to Big Business, and it gives confirmation stronger than the Colonel's pretensions of the oft-repeated tale that with him in the White House the "interests" have nothing to fear. It appears from the Mellen testimony that it was the Colonel who saw to it that the railroads were not separated from their steamships. The Colonel is no wrecker of the business interests. He may have curious notions about the fundamentals of government, but he is a business man, and his own assertion that he is a practical man is not to be challenged. A practical man is much preferable to a boob in the White House, and we believe this sentiment is so widespread and so deeply intrenched that not even the passion of hatred would restrain men from voting for the Colonel if they had no other choice but the Princeton schoolmaster.

Why Shield the Incompetents?

"Spring Valley Outwits City." So runs a headline in the Examiner. The Spring Valley outwitted the city it appears "by taking advantage of a loosely-worded clause in the tunnel ordinance." By taking this advantage the company has saved $8,137.35. The Examiner goes into minute details as to how this saving was accomplished at the expense of the taxpayers in the assessment district, but gives no information by which the responsibility for the loophole might be fixed. Has some distinguished journalist been nodding? Or was the important information intentionally omitted? The loss that has been suffered is news, but it is somewhat less interesting than the news that has not been given. Somebody has blundered. This is the point to which the Examiner has not called attention. Was the loosely-worded clause in the tunnel ordinance the unhandiwork of the pee-pul's great legal luminary, the Hon. Percival Long? We do not know. We do not pretend to know. All that we know is that a fresh illustration has been given of official incompetency, and that the Examiner, vociferous advocate of municipal ownership and guardian of the pee-pul's interests, does not think it worth while to demand that responsibility be fixed. Now that we are experimenting in municipal ownership and our Supervisors are spending money like drunken sailors some effort should be made at ensuring a certain degree of efficiency at the City Hall, and we have a right to demand of the Examiner, the powerful journal that precipitated us into the hole we are in, that it exert its influence in politics for the improvement of the public service. There should be no shielding of incompetency. The Examiner, of all papers, should be eager to expose it, especially when it is of pecuniary benefit to a wicked corporation, for then it is not free from suspicion.

The Religion of Rhetoric

The trouble in Colorado, according to Harper's Weekly, was due to Mr. Rockefeller's absurd worship of certain words and phrases, as, for example: "rights of property," "the sacred right of an American citizen to decide for whom and on what condition he will work." Words and phrases have a powerful influence on the minds of men, and the worship of them like the worship of God breeds intolerance and superstition. Here, for instance, is the editor of Harper's, who worships rhetoric according to his prejudices, convinced that the maxims of his creed are the true religion and all others superstitions. "Rights of property" is a phrase that he regards as heterodoxical. "Man above property" is according to his orthodoxy. He is intolerant of the creed that proclaims the right of the American citizen to decide for whom and on what condition he will work. According to his creed the American citizen acquires that right only when he becomes a member of a union. The only things sacred in the philosophy of this distinguished journalist's religion are the union card and the union label, and Woodrow Wilson having exempted organized labor from the operations of law is the chosen intermediary through whom all good Americans may petition the throne of grace. Let us bray.

New Freedom—Moral Empire

It is impossible to keep in touch with affairs in Washington these days without realizing that the New Freedom is over our heads. To get in sympathy with all that is being done one must have his intellectuals toned up, become susceptible to the new culture and rise to the heights of the President's idealism. No one who has neglected these things can appreciate the Mexican policy. It appears that Mr. Wilson has established a "Moral Empire in America." His intimate friend William Bayard Hale has been expounding it in Ambassador Page's magazine the World's Work. Mr. Hale is first-class authority inasmuch as he participated in the making of our Mexican policy. He says that our President, who is ex-officio ruler of the "Moral Empire," is aiming at the discouragement of improper revolutions. When a revolution occurs anywhere he will do as he did with respect to Mexico; that is, he will send a confidential agent to inspect the revolution. On the report of his agent he will act; either recognize the revolution or discountenance it. It was because Mr. Hale after inspecting Huerta's de facto government reported against it that we have been having trouble with Mexico ever since. Another study of the New Freedom and the "Moral Empire" is to be found in President Wilson's address at the funeral ceremonies at the Brooklyn navy yard when he differentiated the soldier who dies in a war of aggression from the soldier who dies in a moral war. Up to the time of this address it was never supposed that whether in a war of aggression or a "moral war" a soldier died in the discharge of his duty as his

commander saw it there was anything discreditable in his tragic end. Now it's a case of Tennyson reversed: His not to do or die till he has reasoned why. Great is the change of manners and sentiments under the new dispensation. It has come to pass that it is considered disgraceful for an American citizen to invest his money abroad and enlarge American trade. Hence it was that the Hon. Josephus Daniels rebuked those Americans who, after escaping from Mexico on a British warship, called on him to complain that their government had not protected them and their property in Tampico. "Aren't you thankful you're alive?" the great man asked the cowering band of business men. Under the New Freedom if an American wishes to enjoy the benefits of the institutions of his country he must stay at home. Great is the Moral Empire, and Wilson is its prophet.

Curative Springs

Now that the vacation season is at hand we are hearing much about the virtues of certain springs. California abounds in mineral springs and health resorts nearly all of which have certain climatic and curative advantages, but the misinformation distributed by some of them does more harm than any good they can accomplish. As the average doctor possesses but very little scientific knowledge of the real curative value of any mineral water, it would be greatly to the advantage of the public if as in Europe we had government supervision of all springs that are willing to be subjected to unbiased authority. This is a suggestion that was made at the International Medical Congress. It was there agreed that only waters containing definitely ascertained mineral or gaseous ingredients should be relied upon for actual curative properties as baths, and that all other waters act simply by reason of the temperature and duration of the external application. It is said that there are springs in this State as efficacious in certain maladies as any that are to be found in Europe, but there is no authority for patients to rely on. In New York the mineral waters of all springs are under the supervision of the State hygienic laboratory which has authority to develop the State's curative resources, yet New York doesn't pretend to be at all progressive from the paternalist standpoint. Here in California where uplift is a continuous performance, where that dear old cant word Service is being drooled from political mouths from morn till night, our mineral springs are utterly neglected. Not only that; rumor has it that certain springs are made to serve a fraudulent purpose; that waters purporting to come from a mineral spring are straight from a Spring Valley reservoir and charged with an artificial acid gas. Surely this is a matter about which the people should be informed, and surely it would be greatly to the interest of the State to have authoritative information on the subject of our valuable spring waters.

More Spies to Be Appointed

A trade commission is President Wilson's present hobby. The trade commission is to be given more extraordinary powers than any hitherto granted by our masters in Washington. Nearly all business is now under governmental surveillance. The taxeater has the privilege of poking his nose into almost everybody's private affairs. He is presumed to give what information he obtains only to the government, but we know he scatters it broadcast. The newspapers have published income tax statements, and we have yet to hear of an official being censured for violating the confidence of a citizen. We are living in a country that we are supposed to be proud of where there is hardly any sort of privacy that may not be invaded by agents either of the federal or State government. So beholden has business become to professional politicians that big and little captains of industry spend half their time making out government reports and the other half on their marrow bones before haughty commissioners whose one aim in life is to smell out something that may enable them to justify their existence to a gullible public with a cultivated palate for sensations. Yet the politicians are not surfeited. They must now give us a trade commission that will have an army of investigators empowered to enter any man's office and put everything in sight under a microscope. Apparently, wherever else there may be arbitration, there is to be no cessation of hostilities between politics and business. Times may be hard, but there is no scarcity of money where salary warrants are cashed in Washington. President Wilson is supposed to be an historian, but it is unbelievable that any sane ruler of decent instincts who had ever read the story of government by espionage would inflict a people with an elaborate spy system.

Hell Popping in Jersey

The commission form of government having proved a success in one or two small towns our impulsive and impetuous reformers at once concluded that the most perplexing of all problems had been solved. This is the characteristic way of reformers. Whatever is half-tried and not found wanting they hail as perfection. Experience is of no value to them. It does not serve to disenchant them of the millenial schemes of government. It is but the shroud of their illusions. They go on experimenting without even gaining a little empirical knowledge, since they never learn by their mistakes that what seemeth the best may prove to be the worst. Now the commission form of government has been found to be as far from perfection as the average human device, but the reformers have gone on asserting its efficacy as though nothing had happened to give them pause. This is another characteristic way of reformers. They hate to acknowledge their errors, and they are slow in abating their rash enthusiasms. Notwithstanding the flaws that have been found in the commission form of government the reformers of Jersey City had it adopted a short time ago, and the people of that city are now bemoaning their hard luck. The other day they learned that one of their commissioners, the one in charge of the public works, was doing a nice private business with several railroad corporations having terminals in the city. He has lost his job, but before quitting he put through a deal which was about as raw as any that the bad politicians of old were ever guilty of. He formed an alliance with two of the other commissioners, created nine new jobs and filled them with taxeaters whose salaries aggregate twenty thousand a year. At the meeting at which these things were done there was a big row and the air was thick with charges of graft, trickery, treachery and treason. One of the commissioners said: "There is more politics in the government of Jersey City today than there ever was before, and of a lower order." All the newspapers in the State agreed with him the next day. Now there is a deadlock in the commission, and nothing can be done until the vacancy is filled at the polls. Will our empirical reformers have anything to say about the happening of the impossible in Jersey City? Not a word. Some of them, no doubt, are still affecting to be as confident of the millenial character of the commission form of government as they are of the infernality of segregation, the divinity of prohibition, the menace to health of vaccination, the barbarity of vivisection and the heavenly origin of the initiative, the referendum and the recall.

In Silent Groves

By William H. Davies

My walk is now in silent groves,
  With grass and moss beneath my feet;
Which no true poet-minds can leave
  Until inspired with fancies sweet.
So quiet there that you can hear
  Grasshoppers in the grass so green;
The insect-cuckoos that will call,
  And still remain unseen.

In silent groves, where lovers go
  To tell those dreams when they confess
That love that's jealous of the air,
  And whispers in a wilderness.
There's no black scandal in these groves—
  The foul disease that still breaks forth
In other parts, as fast as one
  Weak part is healed by Truth.

Varied Types

CLXXIX—FRANCIS V. KEESLING

By Edward F. O'Day

"I think I may rely on the young men of the Republican party for support," says Major Frank Keesling.

He is, I believe, the youngest man entered at this writing for the gubernatorial race. He is only thirty-seven years old. Some will add that he's the handsomest candidate. That, however, is a matter of taste, and matters of taste are dangerous ground whereon the interviewer treads charily. Let his picture speak for him in that particular, and let us get back to the matter of his age for the purpose of saying that for a man so young he has made for himself an enviable position in law and politics. I've never heard a bad word spoken of Frank Keesling. As this is a censorious world where the evil in men is freely discussed, it would seem that the absence of backbiting in the case of Major Keesling argues a record of exceptional cleanness.

Francis V. Keesling was born in San Jose in February, 1877. He attended the public schools at San Jose, and after finishing the high school, matriculated at Stanford where he received a bachelor's degree in law in 1898. Then he came to San Francisco to continue his law studies in the offices of William M. Pierson and Crothers and Crothers. That he wasted no time may be inferred from the fact that he was admitted to practice in December of the year he was graduated from the university. For a long time he belonged to the National Guard, retiring with the rank of major; hence the handle to his name. During the strenuous days of the calamity of 1906 he was in command of the First Battalion of Coast Artillery, N. G. C., and rendered service which will not be forgotten for many a day. As to other affiliations, Major Keesling is a Thirty-third Degree Mason of the first prominence, and a popular Native Son of Stanford Parlor. A lawyer of large and honorable practice, he has nevertheless found a good deal of time to give to Republican politics. But only once before has he aspired to office. That was in the last State campaign when he ran for Lieutenant-Governor, and made a remarkable showing not only against Wallace who was nominated, but also against the two other candidates on the Republican ticket who possessed the strength of personal following and good political connections. That campaign showed that Major Keesling was a man to be reckoned with in State politics. It led naturally to his present candidacy for the gubernatorial nomination. The only time Keesling plucked for himself the fruit of political activity was during the Taylor administration when he became attorney for Auditor Koster.

Now let us see what principles Major Keesling carries with him into the political field of battle.

"The success of a government like ours," he says, "depends largely on the calibre of the citizens. Anything of a paternal or socialistic nature that interferes with the development of the individual, is ultimately bad for government because it lowers our standard of civilization.

"You cannot make a bad man good by legislation. He is bad because he is defective, and his cure can only be worked by home training and good environment. The severest laws on the statute books are those which fix the capital penalty for murder; yet men are not thereby restrained from committing murder. If the murderer understood the reason why murder should not be committed; if he were endowed with man's full equipment, no law against murder would be necessary. Or if it were necessary, it would be only to enable man to overcome temptation by inspiring him with a fear of the penalty, and to make it more difficult to obtain those things which militate against his welfare.

"This government sprang from a people seeking liberty, and the ideal sought was written into the Constitution in these words: 'We, the people of the United States, in order to. . . . . secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.' The Declaration of Independence had already named 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' among our inalienable rights. And our State Constitution emphasizes the same point when it says: 'All men are by nature free and independent, and have certain inalienable rights, among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty; . . . . . and pursuing and obtaining safety and happiness.'

H. Pierre Smith photo

FRANCIS V. KEESLING

"This has been the consistent course of our government from the time of the Declaration of Independence. Personal freedom consistent with the requirements of society must be guaranteed.

"Unfortunately, it has been the practice of men whose character should be loathed, to make political capital and to win the approval of the people by catering to the naturally selfish instinct of the human being. It is a practice which must ultimately result to man's disadvantage, owing to the operation of laws superior to human laws. We know this, because the practice of so catering has existed from ancient times, and that has been the inevitable result.

"Legislation of a social or economic character can never succeed beyond the point of guaranteeing to the individual what is right, and protecting and assisting him in every way to help himself.

"An instance of legislation of the questionable character I have in mind, not so vicious as the Roman corn laws but paternal in character, is the proposed Blue Sky legislation. No one deplores more than I the frauds practiced on the people; yet to prevent them it is not necessary to stifle individual effort and make the State the guardian of investors. One man with a few assistants will determine whether or not a project may have reasonable possibility of success, and he will then authorize or forbid the sale of stock. I am convinced that no one man can do this; that it opens the way to corruption; and that by making it possible for the individual to help himself by prescribing publicity under reasonable penalties for the practice of fraud in the sale of stock, all that is necessary would be done and legitimate development would not be hampered.

"The Republican party has always progressed within the requirements of society; or if it has failed to do so, that failure was due to corrupt influence and machine domination. We are all warring against corruption, whether by the use of money or of influence; and when good citizens give their attention to political matters, as they are now doing, corruption is impossible.

"The Progressive party grew out of a protest against such conditions. The so-called Progressive movement which preceded it in this State, grew out of similar conditions. It is evident that the corrupt have been swept out of control and out of the sphere of influence. Any movement of that character is laudable, but to me there was never any excuse for the creation of another party merely to suppress corruption and machine domination.

"So far as this State is concerned, right-thinking Republicans gladly united in suppressing machine domination. It was accomplished, and it therefore must be evident that the majority of the party is composed of right-thinking voters.

"What excuse can there be, then, for the formation of a new party? Perhaps we may find an excuse in the fear of the new party leaders that the right-thinking voters would again assert themselves to destroy another machine created by those elected to destroy the old machine, especially as the new machine was incomparably worse than the former one.

"It seems to me that these machine-fighters having created a machine of their own, have trampled on the ideals of those who do not believe in such methods, trampled on them to the extent of using their new organization to prevent the electors from voting as they wished.

"It is time to be through with everything that savors of the demagogue. I am going into this campaign with the intention of conforming so far as I can to the principles generally outlined here."

Is it not a sound platform Major Keesling stands on? I wonder what Hiram Johnson thinks of it? Some such platform as this Johnson pretended to mount when he entered politics. The pretense was long ago exposed. But Frank Keesling's record is one of sincerity; everybody who knows him will tell you that when he takes his stand there will be no budging.

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Perspective Impressions

Why not a federal commission to investigate the college professor?

Nobody would mind if the London "wild women" would confine their slashing to cubist pictures.

Some men have the faculty of making friends. Others have mastered the fine art of giving offense without intending it.

Dr. Aked is very hard on the late Pierpont Morgan, but he still believes in John D. Rockefeller.

Teddy's followers will doubtless discard "Onward, Christian Soldier" in favor of "One More River to Cross."

Francis J. Heney has an organ. It is Harper's Weekly, which is one reason why we haven't heard much about the wild ass since he opened his campaign. At the close of a ten-line boost Harper's says: "Any talk against his fitness is folly." To be sure. Heney is fit to edit Harper's on its present plane.

If women are as brainy as men, why do they discard beautiful fashions for ugly ones?

One difficulty about that hearing in Washington is that Pierpont Morgan cannot testify.

Dame Fashion of Paris decrees the abolition of women's stockings, but the knowing siren will refuse to surrender her silken lure.

Mellen and Morgan robbed a lot of stockholders. Therefore we ought to have government ownership of railroads. This is the irrefutable argument of our profoundest thinkers.

President Wilson explains through Samuel G. Blythe that his Mexican policy is motived in a desire to help the masses by helping them get some of the lands now in the possession of the vested interests. This is a noble purpose, but having affirmed it our most righteous Chief Executive must no longer pretend that Uncle Sam has only essayed police duty in Mexico. It would seem that he is also to be judge and jury and is more concerned about the masses of Mexico than about the Constitution of his country.

The Mayor points out that a man may have bad kidneys and still be an efficient fireman. Well, Gulliver was an efficient fireman.

Answer to Constant Reader: We see no reason why you should not call Charles S. Mellen's performance a Folk dance. But when you speak of Joe Folk "slicing Mellen," you offend too far.

The Chronicle tells us that the Mexican Constitutionalists who came to San Francisco to buy ships spent a lot of the money on the Barbary Coast. Tut! Tut! Dr. Aked and the Examiner closed up the Barbary Coast.

"I challenge you," said President Wilson, "to cite me an instance in all the history of the world where liberty was handed down from above. Liberty always is attained by the forces working below, by the great movement of the people." We thought it was the barons of England who obtained liberty from King John. We thought it was by the masses in nearly all instances that liberty was surrendered. We remember distinctly that it was the people who voted to make Louis Napoleon a despot.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XII—DANIEL C. JACKLING

It would seem that there is only one sensible way to acquire great wealth; that all other ways are treacherous, and to be pursued only with extreme caution. Along these treacherous ways God gives man his heart's desire but often sends leanness withal into his soul. These treacherous ways were trod by such men as John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, and each attained his heart's desire without ever apprehending the emptiness and foolishness of the figure he cuts in the sight of God. Each has been asked many times the secret of making money, and invariably the answer has been "Saving it." Indubitably this is the secret along most of the ways of life that lead to the Temple of Mammon. And what a sorry, miserable secret it is! Saving money is a practice that must be temperately indulged, else it may lead to hoarding money. This is a vice that breeds the remorseless lust of avarice, which increases with the increasing pile of gold, making of man's heart a desert that sucks in the dew and the rain and yields no fruit, only the weeds that grow in barren soil. The men who hoard money are the men who trample down their rivals, and who use their power in ways that enrage the people and provoke reprisals. The hoarder of money is the deadened soul with faith in cash-payment as the god that liquidates all the engagements of man.

Now the way that seems to be the one sensible way to acquire great wealth is the way that leads down into the shaft of a mine. This seems to be the sensible way because the miner is usually a good fellow. At any rate you frequently find that the man who has digged his fortune out of the ground is rich not merely because of what he has but also because of what he is. The reason perhaps is that as he did not acquire his fortune like a rogue or a miser his soul is unseared and he may spend like a gentleman with a great laugh in his heart. From all accounts Daniel Cowan Jackling is this sort of man. Doubtless the name is not unfamiliar to you. It has appeared in the papers of late. The papers have told us that Mr. Jackling was to have one of the floors in the new apartment wing of the St. Francis; also, that he will have a theatre in his home. They have also told us that Mr. Jackling is in the mining business, and that he is rated a millionaire. There is more than this to be said about Mr. Jackling. By way of quickening your interest in him it may be well to say at the outset that he owns a copper mine in Arizona—the Ray Consolidated—where he entertained all the leading citizens of Phoenix some months ago, and that in this mine there was blocked out at that time seventy millions of dollars worth of ore. "Some mine," you will agree. Well, Mr. Jackling is "some miner." And he is richer than that mine in Arizona.

Of course it goes without saying that Mr. Jackling has had an interesting career; for his fortune was not inherited. Of no maker of a large fortune was it ever to be said that he had a prosaic career. But the curious thing about Jackling's career is that hardly any of it lies behind him. A captain of giant industries, as the world goes he is but an infant. Forty-five years ago he was born in Appleton City, Mo. He was educated in the public schools, and graduated from the State Normal School as a metallurgic engineer in 1896. So he has been less than twenty years carving out his career, and part of that time he spent as professor of chemistry in the Missouri High School of Mines. His first practical work as a miner was done in the famous Cripple Creek District where he was in charge of construction work for the Consolidated Mercer Gold Mines. Today he holds the foremost position in the mining world. Of the copper output of North America more than twenty-five per cent is from mines controlled by Jackling and his associates. Their properties comprise the Utah Copper Company, the Ray Consolidated, the Chino Copper Company, the Nevada Consolidated Company, the Gila Copper Company and the Steptoe Valley Smelting Company. In addition to these properties Jackling has large interests in several banks and railway corporations, and lately he acquired big interests in Alaska. Nearly all his interests came to him in the last ten years. Probably no man ever acquired so large a fortune in such a short space of time.

For several years Salt Lake City has been the centre of the Jackling business interests, and in Salt Lake he is better known than in any other city. What the people there think of him almost anybody from Salt Lake will tell you. Nothing but praise of him comes from Salt Lake. There he is known as a public-spirited citizen, so humble that he was not above accepting the title of colonel and contributing glitter to the gubernatorial staff, but in a modest way. He doesn't take that title seriously, but his friends call him "Colonel."

Jackling is a big man physically as well as mentally. He is several inches over six feet, and he bulks large. He is described as a good listener, but this does not mean that he is taciturn or studiously reserved. On the contrary he is one of the most affable and amiable of men, and much of the pleasure he gets out of life is in the company of friends for whom he is providing enjoyment. Many rich people there are whose way of enjoying life we don't admire. Jackling is not of them. You never can find fault with a man who finds pleasure in yachting on a big yacht, and whose only concern is that it may be inadequate for the accommodation of all the friends that he wants with him. That's Jackling. A good fellow is Jackling, and therefore thrice welcome in San Francisco. It's refreshing to know that Jackling likes San Francisco, and that according to his judgment all the business of the West will soon be radiating from this metropolis, for which reason he will soon move his offices as well as his lares and penates to the hills beside the sea. Jackling will increase the business of the Clearance House, and better than that he will add perceptibly to the joy of living hereabouts.

Brutta Passeggiata

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

The sky was full of larks, and over all the great brown plain, just turning here and there to green, an air of gladness hung. Nature and spring appeared to have awakened after their winter's sleep, and to be starting out once more, like maidens on their bridal morn, to court the kisses of the sun. A smell of warmth and growth gladdened the senses, and man seemed once more to have entered into full communion with the beasts, the flowers and trees, just as he once had done in the fair garden of the Chat-el-Arab, in which God in His last creative act received that human recognition which proclaimed Him God. Along the muddy streams the canes were bursting from their winter sheaths of brown. The water spiders timidly began to venture out, each one as bold a navigator into the unknown as was Columbus, endued with faith as great as his, and each one with his own magnetic needle, planted by instinct in tiny brain.

Myriads of the minutest flies swarmed with a microscopic hum about the edges of the pools, in which the water now and then was ringed by the round head of some exploring tortoise, after its winter sleep. All animals and insects seemed to have come into a glad new world, inherited by right divine from their remote and prehistoric ancestry, who in primeval times had long ago appeared as well equipped for their existence as their descendants of today, unlike mankind, that slowly has ascended by degrees. The sun itself shone, as it seemed with youth, refreshed by winter and a season of long nights. Nature rejoiced in its renewed exuberance, knowing exactly what it had to do, taking no thought either upon tomorrow or today.

Drops of green life congealed hung at the ends of twigs, that soon should be unfolded into the glory of the leaves. Occasionally a lizard darted from the crevice of a wall, looked at the light a little timidly, and disappeared again, just as a timid bather dips his toes into the waves and runs back to the shore.

Calves frisked beside their mothers, and lambs skipped up and down, arching their backs like a wild horse first saddled, whilst lazy shepherd dogs lay basking, one eye upon the sheep and one upon the flies which buzzed close to their noses, as if the sense of danger gave a zest to play.

Even the peasants on the plain, yellow and ague-wracked and bound, almost as fast as trees, to the small district where they had been born, seemed less downtrodden, and shepherds minding sheep sang in a high falsetto voice songs which all ended in a long-drawn note struck on a minor key.

It was a day in which Pan and the nymphs, the hamadryads and the rest of the humane and Pagan gods, whose worship still endures under another name in Italy, might have come forth like butterflies after their hibernation of a thousand years, and found all the Campagna, which they had once known covered with buildings, pulsating with life, still beautiful in its decay. In the brown solitude they had once known all peopled with their shrines, they might have danced, after a tear or two, to find themselves the sole survivors of their world, and sung, just as a man when he comes back after the lapse of years and finds his house deserted and in ruins, first weeps to ease the aching of the heart, then falls a-humming some old tune, almost involuntarily, as things forgotten well again into his mind. It seemed as if Death had forgotten for a space his work, and as if envy, hatred, poverty, suffering and pain must have been banished, or held over for a spell, and as if gold had disappeared, except in poetry or on the domes of cities far away, just seen at sunset, but unattainable as those sunk in the sea, which now and then appear for a brief season just before a storm. A veritable truce of God seemed to have been proclaimed, including every living thing in its provisions, and sealed and witnessed by the spring, God, Nature and the world. Soracte stood out, blue and serrated to the east, rising sharp up from the plain just as Gibraltar rises from the sea.

The Alban Hills, Horace, once had he returned to life, would have known at a glance, and the wild ridge, underneath which the Speculum Dianae sleeps, blue and unruffled, hiding beneath its depths the golden galley rotting in the mud. All these he would have known, and portions of the Via Sacra where he used to walk, more by the inequalities of ground than by the sight of anything he saw; but all the rest would have been as a dream, horrible and unreal, except the plain itself, and the unchanging life that shepherds live, like that which he described. There seemed no reason that the apparent truce should ever have been broken judging by the eternal sense of quiet, which hung in the air, only disturbed by the metallic croaking of the frogs, the crickets' note, or the rustle of the wings of dragonflies, which hovered round the flowers, as do the humming-birds, on the Tijuca or round the orange trees run wild, in the deserted missions of the Parana.

Sheep followed shepherds who walked in front of them, piping, some upon rude wooden pipes, such as their Etruscan ancestors had used, and some on penny whistles made of tin, but which they still attuned to old-world strains, proving that even progress bows its head to custom; and oxen, feeding in the long lush-grass, answered their names when called, by lifting up their heads.

Had one but gone into the Bosco Sacro with a modicum of faith, Egeria would have been there waiting, just as she sat and looked for Numa in the round clump of trees upon the shoulder of the slope above the Via Appia Nuova; but faith has paled before belief, and the nymph waits in vain.

Along the smooth-worn stones on which the legionaries once had tramped to civilize and to enslave the world, those round flat stones that once stretched right from Rome up to the Grampians, a ceaseless stream of traffic still poured on, as it has poured for nineteen hundred years. Brown peasants driving sheep, and rich Americans nursing their indigestion and their spleen in motor cars; herders of buffaloes, on black and shaggy ponies, such as the Volsci rode; tourists on bicycles and ladies riding to the meet; and all those nameless nomads who in warm countries always seem on the move (true gypsies, either by blood or grace), succeeded one another, and each without the least connection with his fellow, just as motes dance about, seen in a sunbeam, on a summer's day.

The thick white dust hung in the air and covered everything. It blotted out the rags and changed the summer fabrics that the passing ladies wore into an indistinguishable and neutral tint; upon the coats of horses and of mules it clung congealed in sweat, and from its folds the passers-by emerged just as a steamer slips out from the fog and looms gigantic, abreast of Finisterre, or at the mouth of a slow river running like oil between the mangrove swamps, through which it filters to the sea.

A puff of wind cleared all the road, carrying the dust like a white cloud across the plain. The day wore on, and as the freshness died away, an air of sadness, born of the sunshine, which in hot countries seems as if it emanated from a sun wearied by his daily task for myriads of years, invaded everything. The unseen larks sang shrilly in the sky, their note just filtering to the ear; the lizards basked as if they had been glued down to the stones, and on the margins of the streams the new-born canes drooped in the scorching heat. The passers-by upon the road became more rare, then ceased, except for peasants who at long intervals appeared, seated high in their carts with nautilus-shaped canvas covering, a green bough flapping in their horses' headstalls to keep away the flies. No songs were heards, except the crickets', which as the day closed in became intensified, sounding as shrill and as perpetual as the electric bell which twitters as a train stops at a southern station, in the full noonday glare.

Slowly the heat abated, and a freshness stole into the air, as the light breeze coming up from the sea at Ostia gently stirred the leaves. Along the edges of the road the peasant women sat and drank it in, combing their children's hair, and looking out across the plain, just as a sailor sits on the fore-bitts, and looks out on the sea, after a long spell at the wheel, under a baking sun.

When the whole road was bare of traffic, and the sadness of the night, taking the world out into the unknown, was near, a troop of oxen slowly came in sight. Gently they surged along, with the same movement that a man wrapped in a cloak assumes. Their limpid eyes belied the promise of their monstrous horns, and as they walked some of them munched a little grass, which left a greenish foam upon their lips. The noblest of their race, descended from the times when men and they had first combined to till the earth, their sleek cream-colored flanks heaved gently, and it appeared as if they marched to victory, with the blind faith in man that centureies of service had encouraged them to hold.

Beside them frisked some calves, snow white and innocent, and with their budding horns just showing black beneath the skin, as buds upon an elm show black before the leaves unfold.

Behind them came the drovers on their black ponies, each with his goad across the saddlebow. Slowly they marched along, and as they passed before the crossing where the road breaks off towards the "Latin Tombs," a woman sitting by the road looked on the oxen and the young calves regretfully, and muttering "brutta passeggiatta, vanno alla morte," opened the gate to let the herd pass through.

They passed along unconsciously, towards the slaughterhouse, and in a quarter of an hour the sun set in a sea of blood, crimson and violet, and breaking up like an Aurora Borealis into strange shapes, which seemed to chase each other through the sky, before they vanished in the night.

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Poems About San Francisco

CXLVII—WELCOME TO THE FLEET

By E. C. Tompkins

(This is the second poem on this subject which has appeared in the present series. The first was by Daniel S. Richardson. This poem was written by Eufina C. Tompkins of the Star for publication in the Bulletin, May 6, 1908.)

Salute, salute, ye crested hills 'round San Francisco Bay,
Sing your old songs, ye stately trees along Presidio Way;
Toss your white bonnets in the air, ye billows of the sea,
For these brave ships that sail so far to keep a tryst with thee.

And bend, ye blue dear summer skies, the California blue
That's like the light in lovers' eyes when lovers' hearts are true.
Waft, winds of May, the fragrance of our valleys sweet with bloom
Across this page of history writ for the days to come.

Oh, beautiful the picture, the white ships sailing in;
The flags are wild with flying and all the merry din
Means hearts of thankful gladness—the song upon our lips
For love of native land, of home, strength, peace—ye mighty ships!

Play up, ye bands of music, till echo, burdened, flies,
To scatter 'midst her hills and vales her wealth of harmonies.
And thro' it all, ye ponderous guns, send forth the final word;
The ends of earth are listening, the ends of earth have heard.

O white-winged fleet, we garland thee for love and happy fate,
As ye move in grand procession thro' the sunset's Golden Gate,
And it's hail, all hail and welcome, the cry floats up and down,
St. Francis' glorious Bay is yours and eke, St. Francis town.

The Spectator

The Shy Bourbons

There are Heaven knows how many contenders for Governor in the Democratic race. They have all sorts of records and are running on all sorts of platforms. Looking them over, it would seem offhand that they have nothing in common. But this is an error. In one respect they are unanimous: not one of them has mustered the courage to declare himself against State-wide Prohibition. Some of them will talk against it privately, of course, but only after the interlocutor has crossed his heart and hoped to die if he reveals what is told him on this subject. The Democrats are sometimes called "the unterrified," but the name doesn't fit the candidates for Governor, at least not when the matter of a dry State comes up for discussion.

Hays Hammond's Son

Harris Hammond, the son of John Hays Hammond, seems destined to a brilliant career in the engineering world which has heard so much from his father. He has taken his place already among the men of note in that field. Though he is still quite a young man, his father has taken him into partnership in many of his ventures. Harris Hammond came to San Francisco in advance of his father who visited here two weeks ago, and immediately began inspecting the plants in which he was interested jointly with his father. Among others he visited the Mount Whitney Power and Electric Company's stations around Visalia. Harris Hammond represents his father on the board of directors of this big concern which supplies Tulare and Kern counties with light and power. He found the plant in charge of John Coffee Hays who is its president and general manager. Coffee Hays is a relative of Hays Hammond, and it never entered his thoughts that any fault would be found with his administration. But Harris Hammond found much to criticise, and told his father that a change of management was necessary. Hays Hammond wouldn't hear of a change at first, but his son persisted. The result was that one of Hays Hammond's lieutenants, an engineer named Lagnon, has been made general manager of the company. Those who profess to know say that this action on the part of Harris Hammond marks the parting of the ways for Coffee Hays and Hays Hammond.

City Hall Amenities

Supervisors are but boys of a larger growth, and believe that sticks and stones may break bones, but names will never hurt. Hence they display a fine facility for calling one another names. At last week's meeting of the board Supervisor Walsh called Supervisor Hayden a "cockroach," whereupon Jemmet retorted by calling Walsh a "mountain lion." Walsh had the last word with Hayden, referring to him "as one of those creatures that sleep in the trees and hang by their tails." Spurred to emulation, Supervisor Gallagher called Hayden "a puny thing," and Hayden showed his verbal resources by referring to Gallagher as a "fathead." All this had nothing to do with the budget, but it enlivened an otherwise dreary session. And it has its significance. The calling of names has always been the prerogative of the plain people. The fishwives of Billingsgate, the watermen of the Thames—notable callers of names—are plainest of the plain people. When we hear supervisors calling one another "cockroach" and "fathead," we may rest assured that the government has been brought back to the people.

The Changed Tone

It was not like this in the olden time. Take the sad, bad, mad old days when Chris Buckley was boss of San Francisco. When Washington Bartlett was Mayor, the town had a board of twelve supervisors, said by some to have been the best, or one of the best boards it ever had. That Washington Bartlett was a better Mayor than "Mission Jim" many will even now admit, pointing to the fact that California afterwards elected him her Governor, something California seems to have no intention of doing in the case of Rolph. Some of the names of that board come to mind. There was E. B. Pond of the San Francisco Savings Union. He was Mayor later on, the best Mayor we ever had, say some who do not appreciate Rolph. Then there were Colin M. Boyd, the insurance man; Fleet M. Strother, afterwards Auditor; John Shirley, a capitalist; and Thomas Ashworth, another capitalist who was afterwards for many years our efficient Superintendent of Streets. It is not of record that any of these ever called a colleague "cockroach" or "fathead" or "puny thing." The tone has been changed—not snobbishly elevated, but lowered to the level of the common people.

Barry's First Play

Doubtless readers of the Bulletin are curious as to the fate of Mr. John D. Barry's first play. It is natural they should be curious as they have been thrilled with suspense, which is the finest of all elements of the drama—not Mr. Barry's drama but drama in the abstract. Readers of the Bulletin have been told a great deal about this Barry play. Some of them perhaps saw it when it was produced at Pantages under the title of "Hanged." Mr. Barry himself has told them about it. Being confidential about all things he took his readers into his confidence about his play; told them how he received inspiration from his beloved "Chief," meaning Mr. Fremont Older, who gave him the idea; told them he wasn't afraid it wouldn't create an impression; on the contrary, was only afraid it might create too much of an impression. Well, Mr. Barry is a pretty good critic; he had his play sized up about right. He went East, as we all know (on his own veracious authority), to have his play produced. We also know that to make it realistic to New Yorkers he changed the hanging scene to an electrocution scene; and that it might be true to life he went to Sing Sing and familiarized himself with the grewsome apparatus by which murderers are made to join the innumerable caravan. All these things we know, but now to the fate of the play.

One Performance

The fate of the play was more tragic than the play itself. Indeed for very truth there is trag-

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edy in the fate of the play. Tragedy insofar as the audience is concerned is "a painless sense of the pressure of somebody's pain." Now anybody who knows, by reason of Barry's generous outgivings how Barry felt about his play, and of the trouble he incurred to get a New York production, and who has enough imagination to sense his feelings, must feel the pressure of Barry's pain. There can be nothing more tragic than the disappointment of an author who, permitting himself to think that he has achieved a masterpiece, and to entertain high hopes regarding its effect on the public mind, finds that he has wrought in vain. There is for him but the poor consolation that many great men have had the same experience, and the genial reflection that the highest talents in literature have gone without recognition. Mr. Barry's play was produced experimentally at the Victoria Theatre in the presence of an invited audience composed principally of sociologists. It was produced at noon, and the Sun says that a deep gloom settled over the theatre at that hour and "lifted only when Mr. Hammerstein came to the determination to change the evening bill."

The Audience Reprieved

The Sun writer did not give the play a kindly criticism. He said: "Its purpose is to aid the propaganda of a society against capital punishment. It is useful to know that the spectacle is supplied with some purpose; it only seemed grewsome and inappropriate yesterday." Farther: "Probably this scene might help to create a horror for the infliction of the death penalty. It certainly would make the public object violently to this vicarious infliction of it on an audience which has not even had the advantage of a trial. Mr. Hammerstein evidently considered the punishment of his Monday morning sociologists sufficient as he granted a reprieve to the evening audience." This may be honest criticism, but what about the headlines? This was the first: "Wrong Man Dies in This Electrocution." This was the second: "Victoria Audience Considers Author of Piece the Real Criminal." This was the third: "Spectators Suffer Most."

The Importance of Taste

If John D. Barry is not a successful playwright, at least he is a successful lecturer on the drama. He gave a course of lectures on the drama in this city. Judging from the nature and manner of his play, he has confined his own studies merely to the technique of the drama. A course of Aristotle might have saved him a great deal of work. The old Greek would have told him of the danger of being grewsome and of the importance of taste. A playwright with taste is as guiltless of shocking action as of coarse and brutal rhetoric. Lack of taste is an irremediable infirmity. Anatole France thinks it the mysterious sin of which the Bible speaks, the greatest of sins, the only one which will not be forgiven.

Used to Debate With God

Blanche Bates' husband was given a page interview in the Bulletin last Saturday principally, I suppose, on the strength of his being one of Judge Lindsey's co-laborers in the vineyard of reform. It was a soberly written interview, but I think I saw Pauline Jacobson grinning between the lines. Between these lines especially: "As a child he refused to kneel in saying his prayers, for he had questions he wished to discuss with God, and which he figured out in his childish mind he would have to forego if he knelt a suppliant for favors." Pauline is a reformer herself, but I know Dr. Aked makes her laugh, and so I will refuse to believe that she kept a straight face while interviewing Blanche Bates' husband.

An Omniscient One

In a sense Pauline Jacobson might be considered to have rendered a great public service in facilitating the self-revelation of Blanche Bates' husband all over a sheet of the Bulletin. But there is this criticism to be made of her,—she made the mistake of taking it for granted that the public would understand the significance of it. She made no marginal notes. To appreciate the importance of the interview one must understand that here is a young man who represents that megalomaniac element in American politics which is so high-blown with egotism that it would ask God questions before kneeling to Him—the element which scorns the work of the Founders and would put all their own hazy ideals into practice; the element that has already done things, and having done them is convinced that no further proof is needed of the soundness of their theories. Read the interview with Blanche Bates' husband. It is worth while. It is a steady stream of the kind of patter that the half-educated have been deluging us with for years, and through it all shines the preposterous personality of a young man who really knows as much as the Almighty about things in general and especially about things of which none but God knows anything.

The Teachers' Institute

Do the school ma'ams and the school misters take it seriously? Do they attend its sessions in the hope of enlarging their pedagogical equipment? Do they hang upon the words, presumably of wisdom, that drop from the lips of the highbrows who lecture at them during its course? Are they stimulated, bettered, broadened by the annual Teachers' Institute? I have done a little quiet investigating among teachers, and I shall hazard answers to these questions. The hard-working men and women who preside over our public school classes don't take the institute very seriously. They attend its sessions because attendance is compulsory, but with small expectation of going away enriched in the technique of their profession. The highbrows who mount the platform and deliver learned papers on the Wherefore of Why and the Thusness of So do not impress them greatly. The institute is part of the year's burden of work, and they are grateful when its dreary sessions are enlivened by a little music—witness the way the tired teachers applauded Mabel Riegelman; or humanized by a little foolery—behold how they enjoyed the banter of School Director George Gallagher who couldn't be a highbrow though he tried ever so hard, and he doesn't try.

A Round of Platitudes

Who was it said something about the "triple trituration of concentrated flim-flam?" I wonder if he was talking about the platitudinous pomposities, the circumlocutory vacuities, the tireless verbigerations that the unoffending pedagogues have to listen to during the Teachers' Institute? Poor teachers! Don't they encounter enough stupidity in the class room without having to greet it with respectful countenance and the simulation of interest when it is embodied in a half-baked college professor with a pseudo-scientific paper to read? Their condition would not be quite so deplorable, could they exercise their humor at the expense of the grave-eyed lecturers as they do over school-boy "howlers." But this refuge is denied them. They dare not laugh at these wiseacres, save in the privacy of their homes. It is as much as their positions are worth to treat them frivolously. And so, if our teachers do not emerge from the annual Teachers' Institute with an ingrowing sense of the ridiculous, it is only because they are hardily healthy and too common-sensible to succumb.

Educational Nostrums

The Teachers' Institute is the stamping ground for educational cranks and faddists. How they do avail themselves of the opportunity to boom their favorite nostrums! Here, for instance, is Professor Terman of Stanford, a gloomy prognosticator, a pessimistic soothsayer, but with a remedy ready for the ills he tells of. Like Secre-

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tary Redfield who has the prize whiskers of the Wilson cabinet, Professor Terman is mightily worried over the inevitability of death. He is appalled at the thought that the children of the public schools are not exempt from disease and mortality. "Probably five hundred of the children you have been teaching in your classes within the last few days will become insane in later life," he told the teachers. And he kindly calculated how many would die this year of tuberculosis. To circumvent the malignity of nature Professor Terman would have a body of school nurses charged with the duty of visiting homes and instructing mothers how to rear children; he would have school dentists, school oculists, school physicians who are specialists in various diseases. He says this city should spend $40,000 a year on this work. And finally he drew his listeners from the pit of gloom by this optimistic statement: "In the end we shall be relieved of that burden of death which is losing us more each year than a bloody war." I defy the most ingenious teacher in the department to interpret that remark in any way consonant with common sense.

The Cant of Pedagogy

Of all the cants in this canting world the cant of pedagogy is perhaps the most offensive, it is so smug, so consciously superior, so egotistically convinced that the hollow boom of its emptiness is the full, round music of wisdom. One of the lecturers at the Institute talked to the theme: "Getting Ready to Live Through Living;" he was full of big words about the "sisterhood of education," sound and fury signifying nothing. A Deputy Commissioner of Education solemnly informed his listeners that the high school of the future would not be the high school of the past. It most assuredly won't be, if his system is followed. He wants the old way of teaching English abandoned. Away with the classics, was his slogan. And he indicated what he considered an effectual substitute for the classics by telling with approval of some teacher who finds a well of English undefiled in the current magazines. Heaven help the youngsters of our public schools if they are to learn their English from the strange language-spinners of our popular periodicals! Another speaker graciously informed the teachers that they might employ "the more forceful slang expressions" for the encouragement of their pupils. He put his hall mark on "dig in," "go to it" and "make good." Still another vouchsafed that "education should train pupils first to be real men and women, and secondly to be tradesmen and tradeswomen." And another pundit learnedly allowed that "from ancient times down to the present flogging and suchlike punishments have figured largely in the school cosmos," a weighty truth clothed in appropriate language. Is it to have their minds insulted with inanities like these that teachers go to the annual institute? Certainly they need ventilation after these silly sessions, so it is well that vacation follows hard on the heels of Teachers' Institute.

Joe Scott's Backing

Word comes to me from Los Angeles that if Joe Scott, the handsome and popular lawyer of that city, had agreed to try for the Republican nomination for Governor, he would have had the backing of a millionaire's son. The Los Angeles man most eager to see Scott try conclusions with Johnson was Ed Sweeney, the son of Charles Sweeney who came to San Francisco from the North some time ago and bought the Occidental Hotel property as a skyscraper site. Charles Sweeney is a millionaire several times over, and his son Ed who practices law in the southern city, has plenty of money. He would have put up generously for his friend Scott. But despite his arguments Scott decided that the responsibility of a large family made it his duty to stay out of the race.

The U. R. R. and the City

There is a great to-do because Patrick Calhoun is supposed to have taken United Railroads money for the deevlopment of the Solano project. Calhoun explains that he was looking into the future and preparing for the extension of the electric system into the rich delta country. This excuse ought to appeal to our city fathers, if not to the Railroad Commission. The city fathers have done much the same thing. They diverted thousands of dollars of Union-street trolley earnings to the Stockton-street tunnel. Money which ought to have gone into the sinking fund to pay off the Union-street car bonds has been used to pay the city's assessment. The city fathers justify themselves by pointing out that the Stockton-street tunnel is part of a plan for developing the Union-street trolley system. It seems to me that this is exactly the ground on which Calhoun justifies his action.

That Big Sensation

The Railroad Commissioners say that they discovered how the United Railroads Company was looted. President Lilienthal says he told them all about the transaction months ago. It was indiscreet of President Lilienthal to tell this much of the truth of the matter. As the representative of a corporation which must knuckle down to a powerful commission he should have let the polly boys get away with the glory which is so urgently needed for this campaign. It was also indiscreet of him to complain that the "sensation" was injurious to the company inasmuch as the only effect it can have is the impairment of the company's credit. The commissioners affect to be greatly concerned for the public weal, and they would have us know that they are incensed against the United Railroads for spending money that should be used for equipment and extensions, but at the same time it appears they don't mind making it hard for the company

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to raise money for improvements. However, it's a bad company and a fine target for the taxeater with a blunderbuss. Years ago this incorporated deviltry converted an ancient cable-road into an electric road much to the indignation of the newspapers. So strong was the opposition of the newspapers to the change that the corporation had to do business with Abe Ruef, and partly for doing business with Abe and partly because Rudolph Spreckels couldn't get a franchise it was given the fight of its life. Incidentally a strike was pulled off to keep the officials of the corporation busy, and the fight cost (it is estimated) more than two millions of dollars that might have been spent in reconstruction of the system that was destroyed by fire and earthquake. Ever since the strike the company has been persecuted by demagogues of press and politics eager to vindicate their devotion to organized labor. Even now these demagogues are fanning the flames of hostility and hatred. They are complaining that the company has failed to make necessary extensions. Yet the fact is the company has been attacked every time it has asked permission to make extensions. Now as to the facts which the Railroad Commission claims to have unearthed, I am not informed, but whatever they are I am certain that the whole truth regarding the experience of the wicked corporation in this city is far more discreditable to our taxeaters and our press than to any of the railroad officials. In view of the company's experience it is not to be wondered at that President Liilenthal should be ready to sell out to the city.

Death of John Singleton

A short despatch from Los Angeles brought us the news last week that old John Singleton was dead. Old John Singleton of the Yellow Aster Mine! We had practically forgotten old John, and even the Yellow Aster had passed from our minds. But what stories the two names bring back! The Yellow Aster was the greatest mine ever discovered in Southern California, a region not favored with gold like our northern section of the State. It was indeed one of the great bonanzas of California. It made John Singleton rich with a wealth which he thought was like unto the wealth of Croesus. He spent as though his resources were inexhaustible, and developed in the course of his spending eccentricities similar to those of the bonanza kings of San Francisco. The despatch stated that apoplexy overtook him while he was directing the installation of machinery at his mine. It was an appropriate place for John Singleton to die. Hope still burned in his breast, and true prospector that he was, he turned to the old mine for another store to fill his empty coffers. For John Singleton died a poor man, or I am very much mistaken.

From Waiter to Millionaire

John Singleton was a waiter in a Los Angeles chop house in the old days before the Middle West and the cafeteria came to the metropolis of the citrus belt. He was also a prospector, and with two other pioneers he found the great Yellow Aster at Randsburg in 1895. He became a millionaire almost over night. His income was estimated at more than a thousand dollars a day. And he commenced to spend his money as fast as it rolled in. He built a splendid residence in the midst of spacious grounds in Los Angeles, and called it Singleton Court. The name was chosen by a feminine guest at one of his famous parties. John offered a prize for the best name for the new home. The guest who selected the high-sounding "Singleton Court" tickled his vanity, and he presented her with a pair of diamond-studded garters. His parties were always elaborate and expensive. There were always souvenirs for the guests, such as gold chains with pearl pendants for the ladies and jeweled scarf pins for the men. John Singleton's first wife died before he struck it rich; his second wife developed stage ambitions. Tragedy came into his life when his son committed suicide. It was a broken John Singleton who died at the Yellow Aster Mine last week.

The Hammer-thrower

"Billy" Hammer's offense seems to have been nothing more nor less than laesa majestas. He sinned against courtesy to the chief executive by refusing to attend a conference which, to his mind, could effect no settlement of the long-standing controversy between the fire department and the civil service commissioners. He acted on his best judgment, and his best judgment ruffled the Mayor's dignity. Hence the filing of charges and the solemn hearing at which "Mission Jim" was judge and jury. Whether a man is amenable to discipline for hurting his superior's feelings is a question on which the Charter is silent. But the hammering of Hammer will serve as a warning to other commissioners not to trifle with the delicate sensibilities of His Honor, especially at a time when His Honor's nerves are frazzled and the mayoral "goat" is lost.

Kipling's First Assignment

The arrival in San Francisco of Hugo Poynter, the son of the great painter Sir Edward Poynter and a cousin of Rudyard Kipling, reminds me of a story often told in local newspaper circles of the first assignment Rudyard Kipling ever received from an American city editor. "A runt of a man with big spectacles" is the way Kipling is remembered by the old-timers who were working on the Chronicle when the stranger from the Far East applied for a job.

"Kippering—Kappering—Kipsing—oh, yes, Kipling! That's right, isn't it?" growled the crusty city editor, and the "runt of a man with the big spectacles" bowed.

"Know anything about crooked financial stuff?" asked the city editor.

"A bit," replied Kipling, "but perhaps not much about the American kind."

"Well, you can pick it up, can't you?" demanded

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the city editor. "This is America, you know. It's not Australia or Samoa—where was it you did newspaper work?"

"In India," said the stranger.

"Oh, India," growled the city editor. "I suppose they have pretty rotten papers in India, haven't they?"

"Oh, they're not so bad," said Kipling. "Different from the newspapers here, of course. But not so rotten bad, really."

"Well, see here, Kippering—I mean Kipling," said the city editor, "there's a fake concern selling punk mining stock at this address. Trot down there and have a talk with the manager. Feel him out. Look him over. Then report back to me. By the way, what's your full name?"

"Rudyard Kipling," said the new man.

"Rud—Rud—what?" asked the city editor.

"R-U-D-Y-A-R-D Kipling," explained the stranger.

"Gee," said the city editor. "That's the funniest name I ever heard. How can anybody be expected to remember a name like that?"

An Ancient Wheeze

"A bride and groom who couldn't wait for June, encountered Mr. Dodge. They hadn't long to stay here and wanted to see all the sights. Impressed by his elevated carriage, and there being no one at hand to answer the question, the groom timidly approached Mr. Dodge. 'You'll excuse me,' he said, 'but I'd like to ask are you anyone in particular?' There is no record of the Dodge reply."

Thus Alfred Henry Lewis in the Examiner, writing from Niagara Falls where the A-B-C mediators are trying to settle the Mexican trouble. Alfred of the accommodating pen must have been hard pushed for news when he sprang that antique wheeze. The age of it cannot be estimated, but it is gray with the moss of centuries. I shouldn't be surprised if the learned investigators discover it somewhere in the Oxyrhynchus papyri which lately yielded an ode of Sappho. Rameses probably laughed at it. In more modern times it was embalmed among Master Skelton's Merrie Jestes, in the original Joe Miller's Joke Book and in the Percy Anecdotes. It has been credited to some wag or other in every large city of the United States. At various times I have heard it attributed, on the very best authority of course, to the late Jack Barrett of the Examiner, to Wilson Mizner, to Porter Ashe and to Bush Finnell.

Foy and Caruso

Eddie Foy came out of the Gaiety between the acts Monday night, and stood on the curb looking proudly at his oldest son who was deep in conversation with a local music teacher.

"The boy is going to have a good voice," husked Eddie to a friend.

"As good as yours, Eddie?" asked the friend banteringly.

"I hope it'll do him as much good," returned Eddie. "I manage to get by."

"You get by as well as Caruso," said Eddie's friend.

"I'm better off than Caruso," said Eddie seriously. "I could get along without singing; but where would he be without his voice?"

Going to Rome

The Right Reverend Edward J. Hanna, auxiliary bishop of this diocese, is making preparations for a visit to Rome. Pope Pius has directed that every Catholic bishop in the world visit the Vatican either this year or next, and there have never been so many prelates gathered in the Holy City as during the past few months. The Pope wishes to get into closer communication with the Catholics of the world, and is taking this means of doing so. Archbishop Riordan will make his visit next year.

In Memory of Charles De Young

The Press Club is in no danger of forgetting the late Charles De Young who was one of its most devoted members. Shortly before he was stricken with fatal illness he told his father M. H. De Young that he intended to present a number of books to the Press Club library, selecting for the purpose the most valuable of those sent to the Chronicle for review. M. H. De Young did not forget what Charley said, and some time after his son's death a fine collection was installed on the Press Club shelves. Since that time more volumes have been selected, and the club library has been still further enriched. The Press Club library owes more to the kindness of Charles De Young and the thoughtfulness of his father than to any other individuals.

Charlie Hanlon, Actor?

I read in the paper the other day that a new dramatic club had been formed, and running through the list of members I found the name of Attorney Charles F. Hanlon. Is it possible, I thought, that Charlie has succumbed to the lure of the footlights? Has his association with those stars of the stage, the pulchritudinous Lillian Russell, the insinuating Anna Held and Lillian Lorraine of the golden stockings, drawn him from the dreary formalisms of the law to the giddy business of mumming? I always knew that Charlie was a great student of Shakespeare, but I never dreamed that his devotion would go beyond an amateur's study of the plays as literary masterpieces. But here he is, a member of a dramatic club! I asked Charlie about it, and he pleaded not guilty. I cited the newspaper article, but he overruled my demurrer. He said he was only helping some friends to organize their club. Still, you never can tell.

Dances at the Tavern

Techau Tavern offers the most delightful environment for those semi-public dances to which its clientele have been bidden every few days this month. That air of refinement and respectability which is such a pronounced feature of this cafe is most noticeable at these dances, which are nevertheless, brilliant affairs, alive with spontaneous gaiety. Last Tuesday a supper dance and dancing contest brought an enthusiastic throng to the Tavern to compete for prizes of value and beauty. Both the lady and the gentleman of each winning couple received a prize which was awarded with approprioate remarks by Judge Barney Flood. Every lady who was present received La Lilas perfume as a souvenir of the occasion.

"I likes a good loafer," said Uncle Eben, "better'n I does a man dat tires hisse'f out gittin' in other folks' way."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Malaprop Again

I have already recorded in these veracious columns some of the malapropisms of a certain society dowager whose delicious infelicities of speech are heightened by a rich, racy brogue. Here goes for another: A young man who might be called a literary dilettante, was the guest of Mrs. Malaprop recently, and the good lady turned the talk into bookish channels.

"You are quite a reader?" asked the literary young man.

"Indade, and I am," she replied. "I'm what they call a carnivorous reader!"

Kate Henry's Romance

So Kate Voorhies Henry is a bride once more. The announcement was a surprisce, although the devotion of Neville Castle to the dashing Kate was known to his intimates at the University Club. It was of course inevitable that the former Mrs. Malcolm Henry should essay the matrimonial state again. There were few more fascinating grass widows in San Francisco; there was none with a longer string of admirers. Of her it may be said, as of that Kate in Shakespeare, that she is a "superdainty Kate," and that some one would finally win the right to call her "Kate of my consolation" went without saying. Neville Castle is secretly envied by a number of swains who shall be nameless here. Let them mend their broken hearts in secret, poor fellows! Succumbing to the charms of Kate Castle was one of the easiest things in the world to do. The impressionable capitulated quickly; the less susceptible could not be indifferent in her presence. There is verve in Kate Castle, a sparkle and an animation quite irresistible. She had so many admirers that choice among them must have been a bit difficult. But like the wise woman she is, she consulted her heart and it told her that Neville Castle deserved the preference.

A Woman of Insight

I say she was wise and consulted her heart. She might do so without going far wrong, for the heart of Kate Castle is not as the heart of a blushing maid that flutters at the first suggestion of romance. She is learned in the ways of sentiment, experienced in the lore dearest to attractive women. Her sentimental education has been thorough, hence her indubitable charm. She is like one of those alluring women in Balzac, quintessentially feminine, born to evoke sighs, to elicit professions of love, to bask in an atmosphere of devotion warmed with compliments. I do not share the general surprise at the announcement which linked her name with Neville Castle's. I was only surprised that she had resisted importunities and had remained unmarried so long.

A Road House Celebration

They are a very nice young couple. The girl belongs to one of our old families, and the man is prominent in the North. They were married at a big church wedding on a recent evening. After the ceremony a fashionable throng gathered at the home of the bride's parents for the wedding supper. Then came the going-away with the usual showers of rice and the ribbons tied to the motor car. The young groom directed the chauffeur to drive to the Peninsula Hotel where the newlyweds were to spend the night and then proceed southward for the honeymoon. He was surprised when he found that the car was speeding through the park. He asked the chauffeur about it, and was glibly informed that the road down the beach was preferable to the drive through the Mission. What was his surprise, and the consternation of the bride, when the motor stopped at one of the road houses on the Great Highway! But before he could ask the meaning of the halt, a merry crowd of youngsters who had attended the wedding supper swarmed out of the road house and gave the newlyweds a noisy welcome. The party was chaperoned by one of our prominent matrons who had bribed the chauffeur to bring bride and groom to the beach for a continuation of the nuptial gaiety. What the first feelings of the newlyweds were may be imagined, but they quickly accepted the situation and all hands went into the road house where the wine flowed merrily and the tango music continued as long as the law allows. And then the newlyweds were allowed to resume their ride to the Peninsula Hotel.

The Devotion of Billy

There is a moral for timorous swains in the marriage of Lurline Matson and Billy Roth. It is this: Never despair of capturing your lady love, no matter how hopeless the feat may seem. Billy Roth was not regarded as an eligible suitor when he first paid his devoirs to the dashing Lurline. Papa Matson would have none of him, and whisked Lurline off to Europe so that she might forget the promptings of her heart which told her that Billy was the man she liked best of all. Did Billy give up? Not a bit of it! He remembered that ancient adage about a faint heart and a fair lady. He continued his attentions, smilingly but persistently. The more he wooed the surer Lurline was that papa was wrong and her heart was right. In the end, Papa Matson saw it the same way. The reward of Billy's stubborn campaign is the winning of one of the finest girls in society.

An Unexpected Engagement

As we go to press a little bird whispers me that pretty Marie Louise Bryant is on the eve of announcing her engagement to Roland Foerster. I doubt whether many of the fifty-odd matrons and maids whom Marie Louise bade to tea this Thursday suspected that her interesting secret was about to be divulged. But so it is, and young Foerster is surely to be congratulated. Having just finished his studies at Berkeley, he's going to Harvard for a law course in September, and I suppose there will be no hurry about the wedding. Marie Louise is a charming girl. She has esprit and poise. Her year abroad with her grandmother Mrs. Gustav Marcus did much for her. She has a real artistic bent, playing and painting in aquarelle with distinction and has a good deal of linguistic ability. Her father Dr. William August Bryant is a well known Bohemian. That other popular Bohemian, Dr. Edgar Reeve Bryant, is no relation. Mrs. Bryant was Louise Perry, daughter of the Rescomb Perrys who were prominent here in earlier days. Roland Foerster is the son of C. A. Foerster who was a prominent lawyer. His parents are dead.

Promotion for Karmany

The friends of the Lincoln Karmanys hope it is true that the popular Colonel who is commanding the Mare Island barracks will soon be promoted to a brigadier generalship. It is expected that he will be one of three colonels to receive this advancement as soon as the Britten Bill creating the higher rank in the marine corps is passed by Congress. The Lincoln Karmanys are very popular, and deserve to be so, they are so loyal to their friends and so hospitable. Before the Karmanys came to California a number of smart affairs were given in their honor in Washington. At one of these Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, was present. Cocktails and wines were served, and Mrs. Daniels was the only one who turned down her glass. Considering the order issued by her husband, she could do no less. I hear that Mrs. Daniels is a great deal annoyed about the order which will make the navy dry on the first of July, feeling keenly the ridicule to which it has subjected her hubby.

To Enter Annapolis

Word comes to me from Washington that Frank Fechteler has been successful in his examinations and will enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis. This is good news to the many friends of Frank and his popular father, Captain Fechteler who, by the way, is Aide to the Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels. Frank is a grandson of Judge William W. Morrow of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and owes his appointment to Senator Perkins. It is interesting to note that Frank is the second grandson of Judge Morrow to be admitted to Annapolis within two years.

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At Coronado

Summer guests are beginning to arrive at Coronado, and the Tent City is assuming a busy look, many of the tents being occupied although the formal opening does not take place until the first. Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Toby arrived last week, and having their motor with them, are seeing much of the lovely back country. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Magee spent several days of last week at the hotel. Wm. H. Bartlett and N. W. Bartlett, very prominent mine owners of Vannejo Park, N. M., also F. C. Hatch of New York, spent several days at the hotel, one of which was passed in fishing off the Coronado Islands for yellow tail. Captain A. S. Cowan in command of the First Aero Squadron, located at North Island, returned on Tuesday from Washington where he was called when a number of the aviators were ordered to Mexico. He and Mrs. Cowan will remain in the hotel for the summer. R. O. Wilson of San Francisco was a guest during the past week. Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson and her son Walter arrived on Saturday, while Miss Grace will spend several days in Los Angeles as the guest of Mrs. W. S. Hook in her charming home in Menlo avenue before joining her family at Coronado.

Many Guests at Paso Robles

Because weather conditions have been more favorable inland than at the coast resorts, Paso Robles has entertained and continues to receive a large number of guests. It has not rained, and there has been sunshine every day. Picnic parties continue very popular, and many guests who have their motor cars with them are exploring the surrounding hills and canyons. Among recent guests were these: H. Harris and wife, L. Hillson Harris, F. A. McDonald, E. F. West, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. I. H. Jacobs, Mrs. Felix Kauffman, Marshall Hale, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McClellan, Mrs. Godfrey Fisher, Miss Carolyn Fisher, B. F. Harville and wife, Sam Weil, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hoag, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Burnett, Mrs. V. Clark, Leon Levin, Miss Marjorie Levin, Mrs. David Henderson, Miss S. D. Henderson, M. Mayer, Mrs. Henry Payot, I. H. Wallace, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. Wm. F. Nichols, Miss W. Loewy, William F. Nichols, John A. Enery, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lyon, Arthur G. Nason, Mr. and Mrs. G. McConnell, Miss Ray Benjamin, Miss Minnie Lindroor, Alfred F. Fisher, San Francisco; Mrs. A. W. Dow, Burlingame; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, Lesley Einstein, Thos. F. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Atkinson, G. F. Ruble, Miss E. C. Ruble, Berkeley; Howard W. Baker, Minneapolis; E. W. Bereiter and wife, Kent, Wash.; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Mand, Monterey; Mrs. A. N. Lewis, Mrs. S. J. Conger, M. H. Wood, Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Einstein, Miss Einstein, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Scott, Toronto, Canada; Peter Breen, Eureka; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Rickey, Mrs. A. Landers Scott, Mrs. C. V. King, Piedmont; Mrs. C. Hogenson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lederer, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Anderson, Chualar; Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Fullerton, San Mateo; Mrs. H. R. Hutcheson, Miss Edith C. Hutcheson, New York City; Edgar Pomeroy, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Gage, Ramada; J. H. Matthews and wife, A. P. Holland and wife, G. A. Botsford and party, J. Walter Ward and wife, Craig W. Ward, Mrs. A. K. Bradley, Florence Everett, Irving Jones, Herbert Salinger, Milton Mayar, Oakland; Carson Angel, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Pettibone, Miss Helen Pettibone, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE STORM
By Lord Dunsany

They saw a little ship that was far at sea and that went by the name of the "Petite Esperance." And because of its uncouth rig and its lonely air and the look that it had of coming from strangers' lands they said, "It is neither a ship to greet nor desire, nor yet to succor when in the hands of the sea."

And the sea rose up as is the wont of the sea and the little ship from afar was in his hands, And the sea made a great and very triumphing and frailer than ever seemed its feeble masts with their sails of fantastic cut and their alien flags. voice, as the sea doth. And then there arose a wave that was very strong, even the ninth-born son of the hurricane and the tide, and hid the little ship and hid the whole of the far parts of the sea. Thereat said those who stood on the good dry land:

"'Twas but a little worthless, alien ship and it is sunk at sea, and it is good and right that the storm have spoil." And they turned and watched the course of the merchantmen, laden with silver and appeasing spice; year after year they cheered them into port and praised their goods and their familiar sails. And many years went by.

And at last with decks and bulwarks covered with cloth of gold; with age-old parrots that had known the troubadours, singing illustrious songs and preening their feathers of gold; with a hold full of emeralds and rubies; all silken with Indian loot, furling as it came in its way-worn alien sails, the "Petite Esperance" glided into port, shutting the sunlight from merchantmen: and lo! it loomed the equal of the cliffs.

"Who are you," they asked, "far-traveled, wonderful ship?"

And they said, "The 'Petite Esperance.'"

"O," said the people on shore. "We thought you were sunk at sea."

"Sunk at sea?" sang the sailors. "We could not be sunk at sea—we had the gods on board."

The egotist wouldn't be satisfied with himself unless he felt that everybody else was also satisfied with him.

It takes nerve to allow a dentis to kill one.

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THE MEDITERRANEAN
Berlin.....April 25
Prinzess Irene.....May 5

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Gossip of the Theatre

A Contrast

At the Orpheum this week Bessie Wynn wears an exact copy of a gown worn by Jenny Lind in 1850, and then come Cleo, Ira and Charmie from ancient Egypt in the undress of their period, thus affording a striking contrast of great interest at once to archaeologists and students of things worth while. The Egyptian ladies had been feeding on asphodel in Elysian meadows, and the weather was excessively warm, and they had no need of stockings or skirts or anything but veils to fan their flanks. Whatever may be said of their modesty, which after all is only a matter of geography, the Egyptians had better taste than the women of Jenny Lind's day. Jenny's dress was a fright, and must have taxed the imagination of the curious, whereas to that faculty the Egyptians left nothing at all. These Egyptians at the Orpheum, I should explain, are only dream creatures. They are phantoms in the flesh who dwell in a temple of delight, phantoms fashioned for ecstasy, apparitions beheld by Bob Matthews and Al Shayne in a poppied sleep. These young men have a dream, a Swinburnian dream, in which they are transported to a shrine of beauty fragrant with the lilies and languors of the Lesbian air, and the audience accompanies them, and shares with them the gladness of the spectacle. Dreamland, it is needless to say, does not leave the audience cold. Even the blase Herr Rosner sits up and takes notice. Dreamland is good fun, and compensates for the loss of Barrie who made overflow houses all last week.

—Theodore Bonnet.

"The Isle of Bong Bong"

This is the very latest island to be put on the map by the indefatigable geographers of musical comedy. As these explorers confine themselves to the tropics, the Isle of Bong Bong has that sultry climate which allows its inhabitants to dress lightly without any fear of catching cold. The dwellers on Bong Bong, it is needless to say, avail themselves liberally of this privilege. The women are richly but lightly clad, a circumstance bound to delight the tired business men who attend the Gaiety this week. Some are more lightly clad than others. Margaret Edwards who has achieved some renown as a girl of perfect figure, hardly wears anything, so her perfect figure is displayed to the best advantage. Miss Edwards performs an inspirational dance while Walter Lawrence is singing a song to his cigar. Miss Edwards represents Nicotine, and the audience seems to concede that she is a dream, a pipe dream if you please, for it accords her a great deal of applause. There are many other dreams in this new Gaiety piece. Frances Cameron is a dream of brunette beauty, and she has a fine voice besides. Louise Orth is a dream of blonde beauty, and she has a fine voice too. The young women of the chorus are nearly all dreams. If there are more like them on Bong Bong, the steamers that touch at that tropic isle will do a rushing business. The fact that all the girls imported from Bong Bong to the Gaiety seem to be sentimentally, not to say amorously inclined, will not deter masculine travelers. The knowledge of Bong Bong is a welcome addition to our geographical lore. It is not as large or as fertile as Florodora, the greatest of all the tropic isles in musical comedy, but it is a very desirable spot just the same.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Last Week of Mack and Rambeau

With a divided week, beginning on Monday night, Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau will make their last appearances at the Alcazar this season. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights they will be seen in an elaborate revival of Willard Mack's sensational play, "So Much for So Much." This revival is made in response to hundreds of requests. Beginning with the Thursday matinee, they will appear in the first production in San Francisco of Willard Mack's new play, "Their Market Value." This new play, unlike any other of Mack's plays, deals with a subject far removed from the underworld and the realm of crooks. It lays bare certain conditions that exist in society today and Mack handles his subject in the big, masterly, compelling way that has characterized all of his former productions. He will himself have a splendid role in this new play as will also his clever co-star, Miss Rambeau. They will be supported by the cream of the Alcazar players, all of whom will be congenially cast. Following them at the Alcazar and inaugurating the regular summer season on Monday night, June 8, will come clever, pretty and popular little Bessie Barriscale. Co-star with "our Bessie" will be Thurston Hall, than whom no more popular or handsome leading man has ever appeared at the Alcazar. Their opening play will be Ernest Denny's delightful comedy, "All-of-a-Sudden-Peggy." In the meantime, Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau will open a brief season at the Macdonough in Oakland, on Monday night, June 8. Their first offering on the other side of the bay will be Willard Mack's sensational play, "So Much for So Much."

Eddie Foy at Orpheum

Eddie Foy, better known than any other comedian in the United States and with more actual successes to his credit than any other American star, with the Seven Little Foys, each of whom is a born comedian, will head the Orpheum bill next week. This will be their first vaudeville engagement in this city. Their act has proved an immense laughing hit in the theatres of the Orpheum circuit in which it has already been presented. Irvin Cobb's "Sergeant Bagby," a big act in every sense of the world and a splendid dramatization of a story which proved so successful when published in "The Saturday Evening Post," will be one of the best features of next week's bill. The dramatization was done by Cobb and Bozeman Bulger, the famous writer of the "New York World." Every detail of the production has been adequately provided for, including a very elaborate stage setting. A cast of seven prominent players does full justice to the sketch. Harry B. Lester, the jovial jester, will deliver his monologue in which is introduced a number of impressions of stage stars, one of them being the late Sir Henry Irving. Lester is a good comedian and one of the best raconteurs of the day. A pretty little musical comedy will be presented by Harry Pauli and Hazel Boyne, two clever and attractive young people who combine ability with personality in the necessary proportion for a venture like this. The songs in their sketch were written by Mr. Pauli. Athletics, skill and daring are combined by the Kramers in their graceful gymnastic exhibition. The two men are skilled in their work and the girl is attractive and wonderfully clever. Next week will be the last of Robert T. Haines and Co.; Matthews-Shayne and Co. in "Dreamland" and Bessie Wynn, "the Lady Dainty."

Hodge Coming to Cort

William Hodge will bring the greatest success of his career to the Cort Sunday night when he will be seen in "The Road to Happiness" in which he has just finished a twenty-two weeks' run in the Garrick and Princess Theatre, Chicago—the longest and most successful engage-

EDDIE FOY AND THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS

Next week at the Orpheum.

ment for any produced this season. In his new play Mr. Hodge acts a young country boy who makes a living for himself and invalid mother by day by doing odd jobs about the small town he lives in, while his nights he spends in the study of law under the tutorship of an old country judge. So well does the boy progress in his studies that he is shown at the end of the play, just a year after first act, a successful young attorney much of the same type as Daniel Voorhies Pike in "The Man from Home." Chief among the characters in the play is a crabbed village storekeeper who, because of his wealth and position, seeks to order to his own measure the affairs not only of his own family but of the other villagers as well. He attempts, by an unjust accusation, to belittle in the eyes of his neighbors, and especially the village banker, his stepdaughter. His main reason for so doing is that he may bring about a marriage for his daughter to the banker who is really in love with the stepdaughter. Only one person in the entire community dares to defy him, and that is the young law student. Needless to say, the old man is unsuccessful in his attempt. All the characters are of the type familiar in the semi-rural communities of our country. Supporting Mr. Hodge are Misses Reeva Greenwood, Gertrude Hitz, Marion Brust, Marie Haynes, George B. Lund, Adin B. Wilson, Taylor Carroll, A. L. Evans and Howard Morgan.

"Bong Bong" Next Week

The Gaiety's opening last Sunday night rejuvenated that house of mirth and made it merry once more. "The Isle of Bong Bong" registered a hit that was unqualified. It continues next week.

Cort Notes

"Omar, the Tentmaker," the romance of a rose-scented garden, will be divulged at the Cort following the engagement of William Hodge in "The Road to Happiness." This spectacle-play by Richard Walton Tully, author of "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Bird of Paradise," has astonished the most blase of the country's reviewers in the lavishness of its scenic investiture. Guy Bates Post is starred in the play and the original company in every particular will be seen here.

Nat Goodwin is due at the Cort soon in "Never Say Die," a rattling good comedy that is possessed of plot, situations, a reasonable amount of easy action, coupled with some fine acting on the part of Mr. Goodwin and his support which includes his wife Marjorie Moreland.

Josephus At Work

Shortly after he entered the Cabinet, Josephus Daniels, seated in the large, spacious office of the Secretary of the Navy, with its trimmings of blue and red and gilt, its handsome ornaments consisting of costly models of battleships in glass cases, and its—

Anyhow, regardless of how that sentence would have ended up if it had lived to complete its life work, Daniels was handed a telegram. The message was from the editor of the newspaper Daniels owns down in North Carolina and he desired to have Daniels wire him what to do on a certain matter of business policy that had come up in the office.

Daniels' reply to the message was to throw it into the waste basket and go ahead with other tasks.

"What do you want us to do about that telegram?" asked one of the clerks.

"Nothing," replied Daniels; "let the boys figure it out."

"Shall I wire them then to proceed just as they think best?"

"No, don't wire them anything," said Daniels. "I'll ignore them completely, and it will serve them right for bothering me. What does a Secretary of the Navy know about running a newspaper?"

REEVA GREENWOOD

A charming actress with William Hodge in "The Road to Happiness" at the Cort.

AMUSEMENTS

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Irvin Cobb's "SERGEANT BAGBY" from the famous story in the Saturday Evening Post; HARRY B. LESTER, the Jovial Jester; HARRY PAULI & HAZEL BOYNE in a musical comedy "Courtship"; THE KRAMERS, Graceful Gymnasts; ROBERT T. HAINES & CO. in "The Man in the Dark"; BOB MATTHEWS—AL SHAYNE & COMPANY in "Dreamland"; Last Week—Immense Success BESSIE WYNN, "The Lady Dainty."

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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THE ISLE OF BONG BONG

A LAND OF MELODY AND MAIDS

Frances Cameron, Will H. Sloan, Walter Lawrence, Louise Orth, Maude Beatty, Myrtle Dingwall, Arthur Clough and a Gay Company of 60.

Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00

Saturday and Sunday Matinees—25c, 50c and 75c

Thursday "Pop" Matinee, 25c, 50c. No Higher.

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2

Commencing Monday Night, June 1st

Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

Farewell Week of

WILLARD MACK—MARJORIE RAMBEAU

A Divided Week

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Nights, a Revival, by Request of Willard Mack's Sensational Play

SO MUCH FOR SO MUCH

Beginning THURSDAY NIGHT and Balance of Week Willard Mack's New Play

"THEIR MARKET VALUE"

Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c

Monday, June 8th—BESSIE BARRISCALE-THURSTON HALL in "ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN-PEGGY."

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Ban on Big Families

While the Reichstag and the Prussian Diet debate measures to combat the decline of the birth rate, reports appear which show one of the reasons why the two-child system is making such headway in Germany. Several weeks ago it was reported from a South German city that families with a large number of children were unable to find homes, and the city was compelled hastily to equip a municipal building to shelter them. Now comes a similar report from a city in Rhenish Prussia, where the landlords' unwillingness to lease to large families has made it impossible for many to find quarters. As a result, the City Council has decdided to expend $25,000 in the erection of workmen's houses. A unique case is reported from another city. The father of seven children, unable to find a house, was eventually taken into the municipal almshouse.

Italian "Renitents"

According to recent statistics issued by the Italian War Office, of about 500,000 men called to serve their time in the army every year more than 10 per cent are declared "renitents." That is, they fail to obey the summons and render themselves liable to arrest and punishment. As a rule those who refuse to serve their time in the army are sons of emigrants, who rather than return to Italy for two years prefer to remain abroad despite the fact that their traveling expenses would be paid by the state. The renitents cannot return to Italy, as they are arrested and generally sentenced to serve their time in the army and a couple of years in prison besides. Italy is thus losing about 50,000 citizens every year, and in some of the southern provinces, like Naples and Calabria, where emigration is increasing, the proportion of renitents averages from 20 to 23 per cent of the total number of young men called to arms every year.

"Faith" Healing

A commission composed of English clerics and physicians has made an exhaustive investigation of "faith" healing and healing by "suggestion," and its findings have been made public. They find that "faith" healing, like healing by "suggestion," can be permanently effective only in cases of what are termed "functional" as opposed to "organic" disorders. The alleged exceptions, they say, are so disputable that they cannot be taken into account. The commission emphasizes this point in order to warn those who resort to "healers" in the hope of receiving a permanent cure, that they may be postponing until too late the medical treatment which might serve to arrest organic disease.

Sappho and Others

The finding of a number of papyri at Oxyrhynchus in Egypt some years ago drew the attention of the world of scholars, and the deciphering of the papyri has been proceeding ever since. The result is the addition of a number of lines to our scanty store of the works of the greatest of women poets, Sappho. Other discoveries have been made. It is now known that Achilles Tatius who wrote romances, lived in the third century instead of in the fifth, as was supposed; also that Babrius lived in the second instead of the third. Very few people care when these writers lived, but pedants take a mighty interest in such minutiae, and they may be excused for going to all this trouble as long as their work adds a stanza or two to the extant odes of Sappho.

The Naked and the Nude

Berlin has its spasms of puritanism, and on such occasions the police raid the art shops which sell pictures of the nude. This happened recently, and a noted artist was called upon to testify in court concerning the decency or indecency of certain reproductions of nude masterpieces. He had a hard time bringing the court to his way of thinking, which was that nudity is not inherently suggestive. Finally he hit upon an expedient. He first displayed a painting of a nude woman, one of his own works. It was judicially determined that it was very artistic, and in nowise indecent or suggestive. He took it away, and shortly afterwards returned and exhibited it again. It was at once pronounced shocking, and he agreed with the judgment. He had simply painted a pair of stockings on the original!

Chinese in Russia

The Chinese are beginning to invade Western Russia, and there is a good deal of worry about their advent. They are becoming quite numerous in Moscow where they have a Chinatown and a cemetery. Most of them are beggars, venders of cheap paper toys and jugglers. They are not supposed to ride on the Trans-Siberian railroad, but they board trains at points where there is no Government control and leave between stations, completing the journey on foot. This invasion began after the Japanese war and has been particularly noticeable since the political upheavals in China. The explanation of this new nomadic impulse has not yet been given. In the Russian Far East there is another Chinese problem; it is an economic one. Cheap Chinese labor is causing trouble, and the Vladivostock of today is being compared to San Francisco of the "Chinese must go" days.

EDMOND S. LOWE

Clever young actor with the Alcazar theatre players.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The better tone of the financial markets is undoubtedly due to the belief that the Interstate Commerce Commission will soon render a decision in the railway rate cases that will be at least moderately favorable. The first effects of such a decision are stated by a leading financial interest as likely to be a stronger market for securities, better business and a decrease in the number of the unemployed. It is felt that the railways made out such a strong case that the commission won't refuse all measure of relief and that the decision is most likely to be a midway course between the views of Counsel Brandeis, that the needed additional revenue can be secured through economies and charges for service now rendered without cost, and the plea of the railways that only a horizontal increase in freight rates of 5 per cent will meet the situation. It is undoubtedly true that investment interests have been fearful that the commission would prevent the companies from making a fair return to the stockholders, and hence any decision that recognizes the rights of the stockholders and the necessity of maintaining the credits of the companies cannot but prove decidedly reassuring to the holders of railway stocks and bonds. It is this assurance that is needed above all things, and without question it is of more importance than the actual increase in railway revenues that will follow a favorable or half favorable decision. We are living in an age of radicalism compared with policies of the past and it is only natural that the investors of the nation should desire assurance that the government is still ready to protect the right of capital to a fair return. Hence if the railway rate decision meets with popular expectations, its effects will be very far-reaching.

Wheat—The week started with the crop reports of the same tenor as they had been, but the last few days have seen considerable alteration in the advices and the action of prices. Missouri, Illinois and Indiana have been prolific in news of fly, and it has been received generally with credence, although there has been some denial of the seriousness of the situation, a prominent crop expert expressing a dissenting view as to the extent of the infliction in fields examined in Missouri. However, the advices came at a time when the trade were of one mind and when there was an over-extended short interest in the market. The result has been a quick and vigorous upturn in prices. The foreign situation is rather an even one, with some damage done in Hungary and with a reduction in acreage and condition in France, while seeding in the Argentine has met with some interruption owing to the heavy rainfall. But, as an offset, Russia is offering more freely, as evidenced by last week's shipments. The promise in America is so great that the damage would have to be exceedingly widespread to prevent the harvesting of a normal crop, and in such circumstances it will be difficult to create a buying power sufficient to carry prices upward after the technical position is weakened by the elimination of the short interest. In accordance with this idea we believe selling on bulges the conservative attitude.

Corn—Has shown pronounced strength during the week as a result of only limited shipments and numerous cancellations of shipments from the Argentine. This has recently created a buoyancy in values not witnessed in some time, and has been the means of again placing corn practically on a domestic basis. The situation in this country, where there is a short crop, with a constant and urgent demand in the Southwest, makes the prevailing level the merchandizing one, and, without supplies from the outside, offers little prospect of a weakening in values. The weather recently has improved sufficiently to permit the completion of planting, when an increase in receipts has been anticipated. This increase, however, has not taken place and as yet there are no signs of it. Values have had a considerable upturn, and some recession in prices is logical, but unless there is a great accession of corn from the Argentine, it is doubtful if values will show material weakness, in view of which we believe in the long side on breaks.

Cotton—The trade is now entering the shadow of the first Government crop report of the season, and the weather remains unfavorable in all sections of the cotton region; too wet and cool in the western portion, too cold and dry in the central and eastern portions of the belt. The planting season has been very unfavorable west of the Mississippi river this year, low temperatures and entirely too much rain, especially in Louisiana and Texas, necessitating replanting in many sections, in some instances two or three times in South and Central Texas. The season is so backward in North Texas that there still remains much planting to be done, which will probably not be completed, even if good weather prevails, until June. To the east of the Mississippi, the planting season was favorable, seeding was started early, good stands were obtained and cultivation, as a rule, was thorough, and, until a short while ago, the outlook was very promising for this time of the year. There is a lack of sufficient moisture in the eastern half of the belt, however, and crop reports of late are less favorable, due to the want of American cotton to meet the trade demand next season and to replenish spinners' stocks. The present crop prospects are not at all encouraging to say the least, as an unfavorable start is a handicap to the making of a large crop, even with favorable climatic conditions during the balance of the growing season. Last August when it was decided that the yield was hurt and would only be about fourteen and one-half millions, October started up and went to 14 cents at which price it went out in face of a moving crop which is always expected to depress the price. This year, with consumption of fifteen and a half staring us in the face, we have a chance to make a small crop and the price is 12.35 for October, after a rise of nearly a cent. That's bull argument enough.

The man who gives himself away can't expect the world to value him very highly.

The man who gets there with both feet is apt to regard the world as his door mat.

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Assets	$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
Number of Depositors	64,639

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For the 6 months ending December 31, 1913, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature from the Press of the Pacific Coast

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NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 2.

In the Matter of the Dissolution of the STAR BAKERY & PASTE COMPANY, a Corporation—No. 56,423, Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Star Bakery & Paste Company, a corporation, made to and filed in the aforesaid Superior Court, on the 1st day of May, 1914, its verified voluntary application for dissolution, in writing; that on the 1st day of May, 1914, the said Court made an order directing the Clerk of said Court to give thirty-five (35) days' notice of said application by publication in the "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco; that this notice is now given as required by said order and shall be published in said newspaper, as often as it shall be issued, during the period of thirty-five (35) days from and after the 8th day of May, 1914, the first publication thereof being made on the 9th day of May, 1914, and that at any time before the expiration of said thirty-five (35) days' notice any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on this 1st day of May, 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Petitioner,
604 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-9-6

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,543.

WASYLI IWANOW, Plaintiff, vs. CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRNE & LAMSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
533 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-4-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,785.

WILLIAM G. HARRY, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and All Other Persons, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and all other persons, Defendants. This action is brought to quiet title in the plaintiff to Lots 33 and 34 of San Miguel Homestead Association as designated on the Map or Plat of said San Miguel Homestead Association filed and Recorded in Liber E and F of Maps at page 14, on November 16, 1896, in the County Recorder' office of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said lots being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and having a frontage of 88 feet on the west side of Tara Street, between Unadilla Avenue and Mount Vernon Avenue, by a depth of 103.6 feet.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. M. BRUNER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Building,
Oakland, Cal. 5-2-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,428; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of NICHOLAS LENNON, Deceased.

IT APPEARING to this Court by the Petition this day presented and filed by Johanna Lennon, the administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of said deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate belonging to said Estate in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration and a certain legacy of One Thousand ($1000) Dollars which last Will and Testament of said deceased provides is to be paid to Johanna Lennon;

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED:—That all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the Court room of said Court, on the fifth floor of the Temporary City Hall, 1231 Market, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an Order should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell so much of said real property as shall be necessary, and IT IS FURTHER ORDERED:—That a copy of this Order be published four successive weeks next preceding said day in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said County.

Dated: May 16, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

HERBERT CHOYNSKI and JAMES RALEIGH KELLY, Attorneys for Administratrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1095; Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of FLORENCE LEMON LANDON, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the verified Petition of FRANCIS P. LANDON, Administrator of the estate of Florence Lemon Landon, deceased, and good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby

ORDERED that all persons interested in the above entitled estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 8th day of June, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Courtroom of Department 9 of the above entitled Court, in the City Hall, South side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, why the following described real property, viz.:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon seventy-eight (78) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Hill Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Noe Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and five (105) feet; thence at right angles Southerly fourteen (14) feet; thence at right angles Easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty-six (36) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly fifty-five (55) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block Number one hundred and ten (110).

or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Twelve hundred and fifty ($1250.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or the Judge thereof shall seem meet, reference being hereby had to the said petition of the said Francis P. Landon on file, for further particulars.

It is further ORDERED that this Order be published for four successive weeks prior to the said 8th day of June, 1914, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 30, 1914.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed April 30, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney at Law,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-9-5

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET.

Pursuant to a resolution duly offered and adopted by the Board of Directors of Shreve, Treat & Eacret, at a special meeting of said Board called for that purpose, held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1914, and entered in the minute book of said corporation as a part of the proceedings at said meeting, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called, and will be held at the office of said corporation at No. 136 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of July, 1914, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation to the sum of one million (1,000,000) dollars.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., May 6, 1914.

SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET, a Corporation,
By WALTER P. TREAT, President.
and GODFREY EACRET, Secretary.

HOUGHTON & HOUGHTON,
1305 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
Attorneys for said Corporation. 5-9-10

PROBATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 16,345, N. S. Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MOSER SALOMON, Deceased.

Max Salomon and Jacob Salomon, executors of the last will and testament of Moser Salomon, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 14, A. D. 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed May 14, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney for Executors,
615 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,641; Department No. 10.

DOROTHY ALDEN GERBER, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF and D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-18-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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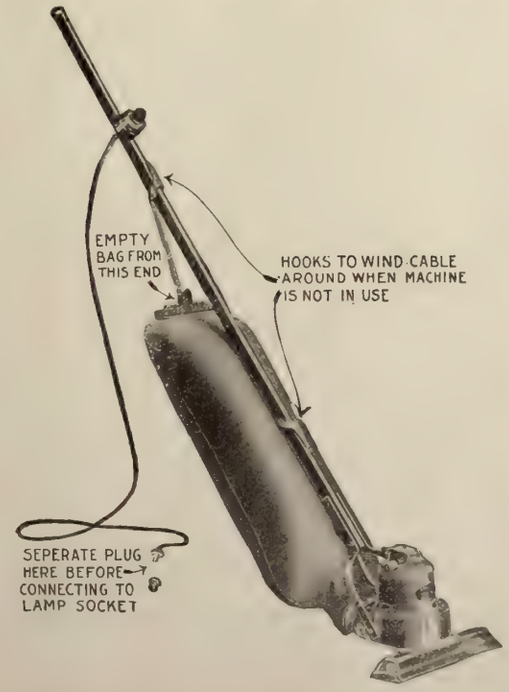

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIII San Francisco, June 6, 1914 No. 1137

VALESKA SURATT
Who will present "Black Crepe and Diamonds" next week at the Orpheum.

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

A Psychological Situation

The current business depression, says President Wilson, is wholly psychological. In other words it is a phenomenon of Business consciousness. There is a lot of truth in this view of the matter. Business is sensible of the fact that it has few friends in Washington. It has seen President Wilson discriminate in favor of the labor trust by excluding it from prosecution under the Sherman act. It has listened to many orations that have emanated from the President's Cabinet, and it has become tolerably familiar with the sentiments of an Administration that has fallen in with the moods and ambitions of an age which demands an immediate result under the eternal illusion that a novel result is a manifestation of progress. Naturally Business is disquieted. The psychology of its disquietude is obvious; no less so than the psychology of the Administration's attitude toward the whole industrial world.

Away With Profits!

The Bulletin thinks it an outrage to divert the profits of a municipal road to the Stockton street tunnel, and advises that when the road is sufficiently profitable fares should be reduced. In other words, "To hell with the taxpayer." And doubtless this sentiment will persist. In time the municipal roads will be run in the interest of our labor unions and of our floating population no small part of which comes from Oakland and down the peninsula. Already there has been a demand for shorter hours and more pay on Geary street, and a proposition to reduce fares has been submitted to the Supervisors. Yet the taxpayer is urged to go deeper into municipal ownership. The taxpayer always votes for a municipal ownership proposition on the theory that it is to be profitable to the community and therefore conducive to the reduction of taxes, but evidently it is the theory of our politicians that there should be no profits.

Watching and Waiting

The policy of watching and waiting in Mexico may be a humane policy, but it would be hard to persuade people in Mexico to take that view of it. Every hour of waiting has brought unspeakable suffering to many thousands. The most appalling barbarities have marked the struggle between the Federalists and Constitutionalists, and non-combatants have endured most of the suffering. Further, the barbarities in most instances have been practiced by President Wilson's proteges. The Constitutionalists, according to newspaper correspondents—English and American—are indifferent to all the conventions of civilized warfare. When General Gonzales entered Tampico he proceeded to levy blackmail on all foreign business houses. He extorted millions of pesos from English, German and Spanish firms. When Mexico is pacified there will be demands for reimbursement. Oil wells and oil holdings belonging to American, German, English and Dutch syndicates have already been damaged to the extent of more than $100,000,000. The United States will probably have to see that justice is done to the owners. According to one correspondent thousands of women and children are literally starving in Mexico. This correspondent was at the battle of Tampico, and after the battle he saw wounded Federal soldiers everywhere praying for death, begging that they be shot, and no attention paid to them. One unfortunate, bearing the insignia of a junior officer lay in the middle of the street under a broiling sun. He piteously begged for water. A rebel soldier mocked at him and kicked him. But let us not question the wisdom that is now the glory of Washington; rather let us watch and wait.

Angry Manufacturers

At the nineteenth annual business meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers in New York a week ago several resolutions were adopted denouncing legislative hostility to business. From the tone of the resolutions it is evident that the manufacturers of the country are in a great rage. "Hostility to business must stop!" they exclaim in their resolutions. "With feelings of profound anxiety we observe prevailing industrial and commercial depression," they declared. Further: "On all sides productive industry and operative manufacture is shrinking in volume and output to a degree that forebodes years of slow recovery before prosperity can be restored. The number of unemployed American working men, now hundreds of thousands, is increasing. Countless plants and factories operate listlessly on greatly reduced schedules. A hesitancy born of relentless political and legislative assault explains in large part our business inertia." Our manufacturers have painted a picture reeking of pessimism and gloom, and it is not a work of art. There is no imagination in it. It is only a faithful depiction of facts with which we are all familiar. They probably take the correct view of affairs when they attribute hard times to demagogues and sociologists and organized labor, but we doubt whether they will accomplish much good by their disapproval of the Clayton bill, the closed shop and the union label. To accomplish anything they must do something more than express disapproval. Nor is anything to be accomplished by denouncing demagogues and all their works. Demagogues will prosper as long as they have a press to celebrate them, and the press will ignore the interests of the manufacturers as long as it may do so with impunity. If the manufacturers will quit passing resolutions, and take the sort of action by which it may be made clear that the interests of the advertiser and the interests of the newspaper are identical, it would astonish them how soon the demagogue would assuage himself. The press of this generation finds it advantageous to appeal to the ignorance and prejudices of the masses, but the situation would soon be somewhat different if the newspapers had to live off the income from circulation about two months.

Laughter in Berlin

There was a time when the people of this Republic, their sense of humor more keen than at present, relished the witticisms of their comic papers that were inspired by the effete monarchies of the Old World. Now they find enough to laugh at in the politics of their own country, and if their own comic papers neglect at times to hold the mirror up to those passing events that provoke the laughter of gods in the background they may turn to the journals of other lands and have the pleasure of seeing their statesmen as others see them in distant countries. Here is a specimen of alien comicality from the Kladderadatsch of Berlin translated for us by a genial correspondent:

Excerpts from the War Journal of the North American Mexican campaign:

April 17.—Demonstration of the United States navy at Vera Cruz.

April 18.—Huerta refuses to salute the American flag.

April 19.—The United States navy bombards Vera Cruz and lands marines.

April 29.—Wilson consents to a truce but keeps on landing troops.

May 1.—From Rio de Janeiro news is received that Roosevelt with his expedition reached Manaos, the capital of the Brazilian Amazonas State.

May 20.—Roosevelt arrives at Washington where he offers himself to lead the war against Mexico as Field Marshal. Roosevelt's offer refused for trifling reasons.

May 22.—Roosevelt, hurt to the quick, leaves his fatherland.

June 5.—Roosevelt lands at Tampico where he meets most enthusiastic reception. The rebels unite with Huerta and Roosevelt takes command of the various Mexican troops whose number is quadrupled in a short time. Roosevelt decides to leave a few troops under Huerta for guerilla warfare and to lead the chief army against Texas.

June 25.—Roosevelt enters Texas where he is received with general rejoicing.

June 26 to August 20.—Victorious advance of Roosevelt to Memphis; fighting of the vanguard at Austin (July 10th); skirmish at Red River (July 30th), and at South Little Rock, Arkansas, August 5th. Battle at Memphis (August 20th). The entire American army with flying flags go over to Roosevelt. The Southern States of the Union declare themselves for Roosevelt.

October 15.—Decisive battle at Washington. Terrible defeat of the United States army. The United States begs for peace and is annexed to Mexico.

October 20.—Roosevelt's proclamation as Emperor of Mexico.

From the foregoing it is evident that far away in Berlin there is a nimble sagacity of apprehension combined with a pretty

clear understanding of the drift of American politics and American sentiment.

Troy and the Octopus

Once more we are moved to cry out in our uncontrollable admiration for one of the most effective instruments of salvation ready to the mighty, unerring hand of the dear people. We mean, of course, the referendum. In an age of ingenious and irrepressible innovation, when the college graduate of last month is qualified overnight for the highest reaches of statesmanship, we profess something approaching positive enthusiasm for the blessed contrivance by which the government was brought back to the mob. Therefore it grieves us far more than words can tell to behold the discomfiture of E. P. E. Troy, faithful henchman of the Star-eyed Goddess. Troy deserves well of his fellow-citizens. He meant well when he caused several hundred union men employed by the Southern Pacific Company to be sent home to their wives and babies. It was his desire that the dear boobs, otherwise known as the "peeps," should have the unspeakable felicity of determining by their darling referendum whether it was an error of judgment on the part of the Supervisors to grant the octopus permission to build a million dollar depot. How unfortunate that a measly technicality should have defeated his beneficent purpose! But it appears from the querulousness of some of our citizens that the importance of getting thoroughly acquainted with the referendum is not generally realized. Some folks are indignant at Troy, the alertest, stanchest of all friends of the people. Three feet six in his stockings, with a head like a cucumber and a cheek of brass, he towers above the masses in morality and mentality. The referendum was made for him by the "peeps." His toy, his wand, his sceptre, bestowed in accordance with the formula of medieval superstition which is now the quintessence of progressivism—Vox Populi Vox Dei—how absurd, how unreasonable this grumbling in the street! Isn't the referendum precisely what the doctor ordered for our ills? Doesn't that great man Woodrow Wilson tell us that having seen the light he perceives that he was "preaching bosh," when in the days agone he was lecturing against the referendum at Princeton? What have we the referendum for if the Troys of the town may not invoke it? Is it a boomerang, a menace in the hands of the unskilled? Well, maybe, but without it there can be no true realization of the kind of democracy the inspired people hanker for.

Service Preachers

Let us ponder this cant word Service. What a multitude of busybodyish activities it covers! What a prodigious amount of good intentions it implies! How smoothly it rolls off the tongue of the solemn self-righteous reformer! The idealist dealing in glittering generalities and possessed by a consuming passion for human perfectibility preaches the importance of Service wherever he goes. What precisely he means is not always clear, but of one thing be sure—he makes it understood that he loves humanity. Of course the man is to be envied. It is hard enough for one to have charity in his heart for all mankind; nay, impossible without the grace of God; but the whangdoodler with the broad phylacteries, it is not hard for him; he has more than charity; his heart knows the mystery of a wholesale love that so agitates him he cannot help talking about it. More wonderful than that, however, is the whangdoodler's exact knowledge of what kind of service humanity stands in need of; wonderful because he takes no tip from the Bible. He is not concerned for the spiritual welfare of humankind. It is the physical interests of man he would advance. He is for improving civilization, and he knows how. He knows what is lacking in affairs of government, all about the sociological shortcomings, and he is not at all in doubt about remedies. So you see he is an extraordinary individual; he preaches Service without a qualm, and never wonders whether he may be mistaken. He has never asked himself whether civilization is on the whole a good or an evil, a question that many wise men have seriously put to themselves. He has probably never asked himself, "What constitutes civilization? Presumably instinct has told him. He is proud to regard himself as an idealist, but ideals are the things without which life would be bare materialism, and the Service he preaches is wholly materialist. He talks about enriching the common life at the expense of certain forms of individual over-indulgence and luxury, and of improving the government so that all men may have equal opportunities. These are barren rocks for a soul to root upon. When the Service preacher undertakes to lay down the principles on which we should improve things, instead of making us all happy he makes some of us angry. We cannot all agree with him, and his dogmatism is intolerable, as we very well know that he cannot be sure of what he is advocating. For example, he affects to be cocksure that war is a great evil. Malthus, in his day, was just as sure to the contrary. In his day many serious-minded persons of the Service preacher type were deeply concerned at the dangerous tendency to over-population. Malthus produced facts and figures to show that population was perpetually straining against the barriers of a niggardly food supply and finding relief only in war and famine. Think of the change of mental attitude wrought by the whirligig of time on the population question. But it would be no use to ask the Service preacher to think. Instinctively he knows what's wrong with the world, but apparently he doesn't know that there may be two ideals wholly irreconcilable. He doesn't even take the trouble to look back to the pre-Roosevelt era and reflect on the havoc that has been wrought by the Service men of politics in their steady progression backwards. Service, as we have said, is a cant word, and we cannot freely acquit its users of cant. They may feel the emotions they express, but they make too much fuss about them, and that is cant. To overact one's part to produce an effect, to exaggerate the outward signs of zeal—that is cant, and certainly the continual harping on Service is the cant of humanity. To be sincere about rendering service to mankind we must first make up our mind as to what standard of health and happiness is attainable and as to how we may adjust our social arrangements to secure that standard for as many as possible. Further we must not be too angry at folk who don't agree with us, else we may fall into the habit of the Mussulmans who, at the feast of Ramadan, washed and prayed five times a day and then fell to cutting one another's throats. That was a kind of Service.

Larks At Dawn

By Herbert Trench

Earth's star-vaulted Pantheon
  Opens its clear roof-ring
For that escaping paean
  Of tremblers on the wing,
From the very threshold of the empyrean
  To pour forth what they sing . . . . . .

Mount to heights yet austerer,
  My soul! Be thou upcast,
Projected like a mirror
  Of fire, on the live blast,
And from thee, as from a crystal, but yet clearer
  Let the new day be glassed!

Varied Types

CLXXX—JOHN K. BULGER

By Edward F. O'Day

Disasters of the sea, like those which befell the Empress of Ireland and the Titanic, make a profound impression on San Franciscans. We are very greatly shocked by these marine tragedies. We have a tender sympathy for the victims, a sympathy of understanding. For we know the sea in all its moods of calm and storm, of friendship and treachery. We love the sea, but we fear it too, for an experience of many years has taught us its dangers. We know the fog also, and though the fog, like the sea, is our friend, there are times when we are very much afraid of it. And so, when one of the seven seas takes toll of humanity, our thoughts turn in uneasy speculation to the waters of ocean and bay that wash our boundaries, to the fog that sweeps up and down our coast and in through our Golden Gate. How safe may we feel when we are on the water and the fog mantles us with its soft, impenetrable folds?

I asked the question of John K. Bulger, and his answer was reassuring. John K. Bulger knows. This quiet, sober-minded man of one hundred per cent efficiency is grappling all the time with problems of storm and fog. It is his task to weigh the dangers of accident on bay and ocean. He is the guardian of our lives whenever we quit the firm earth for the water. He is fighting day by day the innumerable chances of marine disaster, fighting them from the vantage of twenty-four years' experience. It is his duty to see that the perils of ocean and bay are minimized; that the human weakness of skippers is reduced to the lowest terms. When accidents come, as come they must from time to time, it is his responsibility to fix the blame.

Born in San Francisco, John K. Bulger learned his business of marine engineering by serving for five years in the Cramp Ship Yards of Philadelphia. For eleven years thereafter he followed the sea, working for the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, the Alaska Commercial Company and the Pacific Mail. He was chief engineer of the old City of Pekin, since broken up, when he received the appointment of assistant inspector of steamboats in this, the first district of the United States. After six years he was appointed local inspector, and for fifteen years his name and that of Captain Bolles were associated in our minds with hulls and boilers. Bolles and Bulger became synonymous with hulls and boilers. Bolles is dead now, and his old associate has been for the last three years Supervising Inspector of Steamboats, charged with the control of all the waters and rivers from the Rocky Mountains to the Hawaiian Islands.

"Most of the collisions in fog," John K. Bulger told me, "are due to the changing of the course of the vessels. When vessels approach each other in the fog, the captains should keep them head to head. Instead of doing this they sometimes throw their vessels at an angle. The sound of a whistle is so deceptive in the fog that it is hard for one vessel to locate the position of another. When the vessels are head and head it is easier for them to locate each other's position.

"The law requires that vessels in a fog shall proceed at a moderate speed, so that they may be under control and the engines may be handled easily. Under this law a vessel that can make twenty-five knots may proceed at a speed of fifteen knots in the fog. Needless to say, if

Courtesy of the Chronicle
JOHN K. BULGER

there is a collision the impact will be terrific. I think that this law will be changed, and that a vessel in a fog will be compelled to stop and locate the whistle of an approaching vessel before attempting to pass it.

"I made a trip recently with Captain Mason of the Beaver. There was a dense fog, and in it we met the Congress, Captain Cousins commanding. Captain Cousins stopped the Congress and blew two whistles, and then after an interval, two more. When he heard the first two whistles Captain Mason stopped the Beaver. When the other two whistles were sounded by the Congress, the Beaver went ahead very slowly, then slowed down until Captain Mason made out the exact position of the Congress. When we passed the Congress we could hear the echo of our whistles, showing how very close the two vessels were. Both vessels could have backed immediately if there was danger of collision.

"That is the way to handle vessels in the fog. If all captains took the same precautions there would be very little danger of collision. In nine out of ten cases where collisions occur the evidence of one or other of the captains shows that he was to blame. When a vessel goes on the rocks in a fog it is usually because the captain runs along the coast, thinking he is all right, when he should haul offshore.

"Take the collision of the Columbia and San Pedro off Shelter Cove, California, on July 21, 1907. There was a dense fog, and when the Columbia became aware of an approaching vessel she slowed. But the San Pedro thought she was clear, and kept right along at seven knots. She rammed the Columbia, ripped out her bulkheads and sank her with a loss of eighty-six lives.

"Then there was the case of the ferryboat San Rafael, Captain McKenzie, and the Sausalito, Captain Tribble, which met off Alcatraz. The Sausalito struck the San Rafael, but there was no puncture. The two ferryboats were made fast, and the passengers of the San Rafael were disembarked from the upper deck. Two lives were lost because two passengers insisted on taking to a boat which got under the apron of the San Rafael and capsized, so they were drowned. Both masters lost their licenses because they had violated the rules by running full speed in the fog. When they reversed their engines it was too late to avoid an accident. If they had stopped at the first whistle and proceeded cautiously, the accident would never have occurred.

"There have been cases on the bay where boats touched in a fog, but there was no accident because they were obeying the rules by proceeding at low speed. The Beaver and the Necanicum of the Hammond Lumber Company touched in a fog. The Beaver had four or five plates torn out, but she came in under her own steam. The captains were exonerated because they had acted with proper caution.

"The case of the Rio de Janeiro which went down off Mile Rock with one hundred and twenty-seven souls including Captain William Ward, on March 22, 1901, was different. That was the worst disaster we ever had in these waters. There was a dense fog, and the vessel lay outside the Heads all night under banked fires. In the morning before the fog had lifted she came in, breaking the rule of the Pacific Mail that a vessel must lay outside until the fog clears. There was a strong ebb tide from freshets in the river, and she had not headway enough to resist when the current caught her. If she had been going faster she would have been safe. It has been said that she struck Fort Point, but I think she hit Mile Rock. At any rate she went down in thirty minutes. Why she ventured in before the fog cleared has always been more or less of a mystery."

A mystery, yes. But many people believe that Captain Ward broke the rules of his company because Consul-General Wildman who was on his way from Hong Kong, wanted to catch the Overland in order to reach Washington before Congress adjourned. But Wildman was drowned, so the mystery was never cleared up.

(Continued on Page 17.)

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Perspective Impressions

Johnsonian terminology: Money raised for any other gubernatorial candidate is "a slush fund."

Hiram is standing at the River of Doubt, waiting for Teddy to ferry him over.

Judging from the way Huerta has handled himself so far, brandy, not grape juice, is the beverage of successful diplomacy.

Why should the fact that Rockefeller goes to church on Sunday be regarded as a first-page newspaper item?

The pest of the month: The culturine who sighs soulfully, "O what is so rare as a day in June?"

Some candidates probably wish they could give as good reasons for entering politics as Frank Short gives for staying out.

Perhaps the Niagara mediators would get a move on if Chautauqua Bill threatened to inflict a series of lectures on them.

One way of settling the Mexican muddle: Invite Huerta to Niagara Falls and push him in.

The world is full of clever conversationalists, but some of them think the brilliant listener is almost extinct.

Fredericks now says he "will run for Governor." The indications are that the Republican candidate will only have to walk.

An article by Nordau in the Sunday Examiner serves to remind us that Max is regarded as an authority by the Hearst editors, but not by anybody else.

There is something peculiar about the appetites of these great men. Roosevelt says a monkey doesn't taste so bad; and President Wilson is constantly eating his own words.

The alert Samuel Blythe perceives that even the unsophisticated readers of the Saturday Evening Post are no longer taking reformers seriously. So now Sam is showing up the demagogue.

Some folk are saying that woman suffrage was responsible for the break-down of government in Colorado. While Judge Lindsey, the pet of the ladies, endures it cannot truthfully be said that government in Colorado has broken down.

The Bulletin solemnly asserts that a large purse is to be raised to defeat Johnson. Is there to be no large purse raised to enable Johnson to beat the other fellow? If not the boys on the Administration payroll ought to be happy.

Mayor Rolph is devising a plan for the purchase of the United Railroads. But he hasn't worked out that garbage crematory problem yet, and the coal trust is still doing business at the old stand. However, as a hand-shaker Jim has no peer.

Jane Addams is for Francis Heney for the Senate. The wild ass is Jane's idea of a great man, and Jane is a great woman according to the idea of the enfranchised women of San Francisco. There is something to be figured out here, but let it go.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XIII—WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY

It has been suggested that the presidents of California's great "seats of education" should be included in this series, but most of our college presidents speak for themselves. They spend a lot of their time in the newspapers. There is little to be said of them that has not been said. The only one I can think of offhand who has never been scrutinized in the limelight is President Humphrey of The Olympic Club. Not by everybody is this great athletic club regarded as an educational institution, but not everybody has a true conception of the meaning of education. Broadly speaking education fits young persons to play their part in life with honor to themselves and advantage to their country. A good education implies a training of all parts—of the heart as well as the mind. Now there is a cultural value in athletics that has been recognized from the days of ancient Greece, when, in the gymnasia where Plato and Aristotle lectured there were physical as well as intellectual exercises. So The Olympic Club is in a sense an educational institution. Indeed it has been so pronounced by Uncle Sam who, having officially found it to be such, admitted free of duty two fine marble statues imported from Italy. President Humphrey, then, is a schoolmaster like Benjamin Ide Wheeler. He has under his supervision a gymnasium where scores of small boys on certain days each week taste the delights of gymnastic exercise and competition. There they are educated in the principles of fair-play, in the fundamentals of manliness, and incidentally they learn the importance of self-discipline.

To be president of The Olympic Club is something to be proud of; especially when along with the honor goes a brilliant record of achievement. Before "Billy" Humphrey, as his familiars call him, was elected to the presidency of the club he was not known as a man of constructive ability. He was known only as a successful and able lawyer. Now he is known as a man who does things, a man with a world of energy who is always under forced draught. There are lots of men who always have the appearance of being busy. They are always en route, but never get anywhere. Humphrey arrives, and he is the busiest man in the city. Always on the jump, he is first at the barrier and first under the wire. Exhausting? Well, I suppose so, but this is the age of speed, and as it is one of the paradoxes of twentieth century civilization that man is bound to find relaxation and pleasure in exertion and discomfort he might as well work as play. In his hours of leisure the twentieth century man takes to golf or some other more strenuous form of exercise; or he sleeps all night on a marsh and gets up at daybreak to shoot ducks. He is always arriving tired somewhere. When his brain is tired he proceeds to make his body tired too. In his spare moments he seeks the ecstasy of hardship. So perhaps, after all, it is just as well to be like the subject of this sketch—the busiest man in town. The less time the twentieth century man has for relaxation, the smaller chance he has of making a fool of himself in the conventional way. Besides, the man who has little time to spend, can to the full enjoy the luxury of dissipating it. Leisure becomes a hardship when you have an abundance of it. The leisured person is encumbered with the weary hours, and gets brain-fag deliberating on how to shed them. He knows not, as "Billy" Humphrey does, the delight of living at the rate of nine days a week; nor has he ever tasted with a special joy the precious moments as the clock ticked them off—the precious moments of a mis-spent hour. By him the president of The Olympic Club may well be envied.

Humphrey was elected to the presidency of The Olympic Club shortly after the fire, and he had to face some big problems. He found the club in the same impoverished condition that Richelieu found France in, and he performed the same feats of wizardry that the Cardinal boasted of in the high-blown rhetoric of Bulwer Lytton. The club was worse than broke. It was about two hundred thousand dollars in debt. Humphrey gathered round him some solid business men,—William H. Crocker, Frank Drum, Thomas Alton and a few others—he put up a shack for a temporary home, and presently the club was making money. Soon there was confidence in the club's future; also there was confidence in President Humphrey, and there was an awakening of the club's spirit. Notwithstanding the big indebtedness a further indebtedness of $550,000 was authorized to raise money for a new home. The home was built. It was designed to accommodate a larger membership than it was estimated the club would enroll in ten years, but already there is talk of adding three new floors and having a dining room cased in glass on the roof. The present total indebtedness of the club is $500,000, which to say the least is remarkable in view of the fact that it was almost half that sum before the directors were authorized to issue $550,000 in bonds to build the new home. At present the club is paying about $6,000 monthly on account of its indebtedness. The bonds of The Olympic Club are gilt-edge security. It has now over three thousand members, and on the first of this month the initiation fee was raised from $100 to $150.

Surely William F. Humphrey has done some financiering. And he has also done a lot of hard work. He has attended to the affairs of The Olympic Club as though they were his own personal affairs. He is in touch with the minutest detail of every department. When there was furniture to buy for the new home he went east

(Continued on Page 17.)

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The People's Forum

Hammond and Hays, a Correction

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: My attention has been attracted by an article appearing in your issue of May 30th, in which it is intimated that a difference of opinion existed between John Hays Hammond, Harris Hammond and myself in the management of the affairs of the Mt. Whitney Power and Electric Company. While the mutual feeling of affection and respect existing between us is too well known to require affirmation by me, I feel that any suggestion of a condition which might reflect on this important public utility should be met by immediate and emphatic denial on my part. The Mt. Whitney Company has made phenomenal growth; I believe the greatest proportional increase of any similar public service corporation in California. This growth suggests changes from time to time in the organization, and we recently deemed it advisable to create a new and active office in that of Treasurer and Controller. Patrick M. Longan came from New York to fill this position, incidentally relieving me of many burdensome details in the management and allowing me more time to devote to our other interests, which include two very large projects, the Mt. Shasta Power Corporation and the Yosemite Power Company, in both of which I also hold the position of President and Consulting Engineer. I may add that the Hammonds were in California primarily on other business and neither of them visited the Mt. Whitney system on this trip. The company's statements published from time to time in the daily papers show most conclusively the prosperous condition of the property.

Any action you may take to counteract the erroneous impression your article may have caused will be greatly appreciated.

Yours very truly,
—John Coffee Hays.

The Exposition Organist

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I learn from the publicity agent of the World's Fair that "Edwin H. Le Mare, regarded by music critics as the most brilliant contemporary organist, will be the organist for the mammoth organ in Festival Hall." Also that "Mr. Le Mare lives in London." I believe that Mr. Le Mare is the organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster. That he is a fine organist goes without saying. But why does the Exposition music department have to go outside the United States for an organist? There are plenty of fine organists in this country. There are fine organists in California. Why go abroad? Why not encourage American musicians by extending recognition to one of their number? The World's Fair people have been blamed for awarding so many of the plums to men who are not Californians. I am not particularly in sympathy with this criticism, although I am quite convinced that in the matter of painters, for instance, we have a number of artists who can "paint all around" some of those easterners who did the mural decorations. But favoring Americans who do not happen to be Californians is one thing; slighting Americans to favor foreigners is another. Again I ask: Why did the music department go abroad for an organist? And if they had to go abroad, why to a country which is not participating in our Fair? Why not to Italy which is participating and has many fine organists too?

Sincerely,
—An American.

Information Wanted

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Among gifts to the Park Museum recorded in last Sunday's Chronicle I find: "J. W. Doan gave an inventory of the estate of David C. Broderick printed September 13, 1862. The inventory includes 373 separate parcels of land in San Francisco owned by Broderick. After a study of the pamphlet Curator Barron estimated that Broderick would have been the richest man in the world if he had lived and held his property to the present day." I should like to ask what became of this big estate. I believe that Senator Broderick had no direct heirs. To whom did his property go? Perhaps one of your readers familiar with early San Francisco history can supply me with this information.

Respectfully, —J. D. L.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

French in Alsace-Lorraine

It seems to be the policy of the German Government to get rid of the French residents of Alsace-Lorraine. The withdrawals of permits to Frenchmen to live in the conquered provinces are reported quite frequently. That efforts are being made to avoid the appearance of systematic expulsion is the opinion of those who have investigated the matter; warnings to leave are being given singly and verbally by gendarmes dispatched by local officials on instructions from higher quarters. This action is not taken exclusively with Frenchmen who have been compromised in some sort of anti-German agitation. One victim is an old French officer who was pensioned twenty years ago and has been quite unpolitically tilling a vineyard. There were about 13,000 French in Alsace-Lorraine in 1905; in 1910 there were about 11,000.

Sex Hygiene in London

The question whether instruction in sex hygiene should be given in the elementary schools of London has been under consideration by the London County Council for the past twelve months, and a report has been made. The decision is that the teaching of sex hygiene as a class subject is not advisable in the elementary schools, but that teachers should be trained to deal properly with the repression of undesirable habits of children under their care; also that some instruction or guidance on the subject should be given in secondary schools for adolescent pupils and to students attending evening classes. It is felt that such instruction would break down the elementary school children's natural modesty and reserve. There was evidence given of the undesirable conversations which took place among the children in one elementary school where definite class instruction was given.

The Finances of Militancy

How is the suffragette agitation of Great Britain kept alive? Inquiry brings out the news that the Women's Social and Political Union which is headed by Mrs. Pankhurst, is rolling in wealth. Its annual report shows that subscriptions for the last year aggregated about $234,000. Subscribers were 7,000 in number, and their subscriptions ranged from a few pence to many thousands. After all expenses were paid there remained about $50,000 in the treasury. No one knows how the money is really spent. There is not even an auditing committee. Mrs. Pankhurst is the treasurer, and her actions are not checked by any officials.

Britain's Drink Bill

The United Kingdom spent last year more than $25,000,000 more on drink than in 1912, an increase of 40 cents per head of the population, and consumed in round figures 1,300,000 more gallons of spirits, 1,000,000 more barrels of beer and 130,000 more gallons of wine. This does not, however, mean that as a nation Great Britain is growing less temperate. It simply means that it has been enjoying a period of sustained prosperity. Heavy drinking and good trade go together, and a wave of sobriety is often only another way of saying a wave of commercial depression. It sounds, and it is, appalling enough that Great Britain should be spending on drink a sum equal to four-fifths of the entire national revenue; that a working class family should be estimated to spend nearly one-sixth of its income on liquor and that the annual expenditure, if we omit the total abstainers and the children under 15, should work out at all but $35 a head. But it is an improvement on what has gone before.

Improved Conditions

Macaulay reckons that in 1688 the English people consumed ninety gallons of alcohol a head; they now only drink a little more than twenty-eight. In 1750 there was one public house to every six homes and every forty-seven persons; there is now but one public house to every seventy homes and 330 persons. Drunkenness too, besides having virtually died out as a social accomplishment, has steadily diminished among all classes. There is much more intemperance in Great Britain than there is in the United States, but there is no agitation for national Prohibition, and if there were, it would not be taken seriously.

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Poems About San Francisco

CXLVIII—POINT BONITA

By Ina Coolbrith

(Perhaps none of San Francisco's great poets—Miller, Stoddard, Bret Harte—has found as much inspiration in this city and its neighboring country as Ina Coolbrith. Perhaps she should be called the Laureate of San Francisco. The following little poem about Point Bonita on the Marin shore of San Francisco bay, was first published in the Overland Monthly.)

The wind blows cold and the wind blows keen,
  And the dreary wintry sleet is falling;
And over the sand-dunes, white between,
  The ocean voice is calling.

Calls with a sound that the sailor fears;
  And the gulls, low-flying, hasten in,
And the bent bough shivers in fringe of tears
  While the long night hours begin.

But over the path thro' the Golden Door,
  Where the troubled billows foam and flee,
Bonita's Light from its rocky shore
  Shines out to the ships at sea.

The Spectator

He Was Hungry

It was a minute or two after the hour at which the office of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is opened for business. The telephone bell rang. One of the clerks answered. Over the wire came the complaint that the speaker had no gas in his house.

"The gas has been shut off," he said, "and I want some right away. I haven't had breakfast yet."

"I'll attend to it right away," said the clerk. "Name and address, please?"

"Johnson."

"Initials?"

"Oh, I'm Governor Johnson."

"Oh," said the clerk, who has the reputation of a wag, "Governor Johnson, and no breakfast! Well, I'll attend to it right away. I realize that a man must eat."

And the singular part of the story is that the Governor enjoyed the joke and fluttered the wire with his laughter. It is refreshing to know that although the anxieties of political office have been a torment to Governor Johnson's soul, and that as a consequence he is irritable at times, there is still a smile in his heart that rises occasionally to his lips.

McNab on Politics

"The next Legislature," says Gavin McNab, "will be overwhelmingly Republican. From what I hear from all parts of the State the voters are determined to clean out the freaks who frightened the State into insolvency. At a time when crops are exceptionally good and all other conditions make for prosperity we are suffering from hard times artificially brought about by the men who insisted on repealing every law of nature and finance and regulating every act of our lives except the hours of going to bed and eating. They even passed laws regulating what we should eat. The consequence is that American capital has been scared out of California. The only capital which can be induced to invest in California today is European capital, and we get some of that because Europe has never heard of the last Legislature. That is a fortunate thing for the State, but it has shocked the freak legislators, and they would try to bring themselves to the notice of Europe if they had another chance. But the people are tired and disgusted, and I look for a reaction. As far as Democratic politics are concerned, it seems to be agreed among Democrats that they will keep hands off and allow the federal job-holders to conduct the campaign and pay the bills. When the campaign is over, the Democrats will call President Wilson's attention to the result." I inferred from McNab's words that the result would be very disappointing to the President.

The Lonesome Candidate

Now that the South has a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor all issues have been joined, the atmosphere has been cleared, and all hands and the cook will soon be in the midst of things. The Republicans are going to have a genuine primary campaign, the very kind that was contemplated by the primary law. Mark the contrast between the Republicans and the politicial purists of Bull Moosia! But on this point it may be well to give ear to the Administration philosopher—the genius that winds the ferry clock. He doesn't relish the situation. Speaking to Commissioner Dwyer the other day he said: "Say, Joe, this is bad business. I can see just what's going to happen. The Republicans have four candidates for the nomination. They'll all be out hustling, all their friends will be out hustling, and they'll make a lot of noise. It'll be a real contest, and its human nature to get worked up over a scrap of any kind."

"Well, what do we care!" Dwyer exclaimed.

The clock-winder looked at the Commissioner more in sorrow than in irritation.

"You don't see the point?" he asked.

"No I don't see any point," was the reply.

"I thought you wouldn't. Well, listen. With everybody interested in the Republican scrap who is going to take any interest in our candidate? What we need is a contest. We ought to get up a hippodrome. As it is now here we are the party of reform, the party that hates bosses and loves the people, with no candidate for Governor but the man who gave us our jobs. In this campaign we are the boss-ridden party. We haven't anything that looks like a contest."

"What about Rowell and Heney?" Dwyer asked.

"That isn't a contest. That's only a pipe dream. Phelan will get more votes than both of them, and Landlord Jimmy won't even get the vote of the Sequoia Club."

Buying a Car System

"Do you ever read the Daily News?" the man who winds the ferry clock asked me.

I replied that I scanned its pink pages once in a while.

"You ought to keep track of that sheet," said my water front adviser. "You'd get a lot of dope that the other papers don't handle. Did you happen to see Monday's News?"

Unfortunately I had missed the News on Monday evening.

"Well," said the keeper of the key, "you missed a big piece of news. We're going to buy the United Railroads."

"Do tell!" I responded with a feeble attempt at facetiousness.

"A fact," said the clock winder. "The Daily News has practically settled the matter. It interviewed some of our most prominent citizens, and they were unanimous for buying, and the sooner the better."

"Who were the prom. cits?" I asked.

"I disremember their monikers, as my old friend Kid Sullivan would put it," said the clock winder, "but I can give you a general idea of the thing. The walking delegate of the Barbers' Union was one of them. When asked if he favored the purchase of the street lines by the city he said: 'Sure Mike!' The secretary of the Bartenders' Helpers was equally enthusiastic. 'If they won't sell, let's take 'em away,' was the forceful way he put it. Then there was the chair-

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man of the social committee of the Ashmens' Union. 'Betcha my life,' was all he said, for he's a very busy man. The treasurer of the Bootblacks was for it too. And so on down the line. One keen fellow—I think he was Past President of the Sidewalk Polishers—was in favor of going slow. 'Let's wait till they're worse off than they are now,' he suggested, 'before we throw the hook into them. The longer we wait and the more we attack them the cheaper we'll get the system in the end.' That was a stroke of financial genius, and the Daily News played it up. So you see, it's settled. All we've got to do now is to dig up the money. Strange to say, the prominent citizens interviewed by the Daily News were silent on that aspect of the matter. I guess they can't burden their powerful minds with such details."

And the clock winder turned away to watch Jimmy the Rat as that waterfront celebrity skillfully shot a snipe.

The Tale of a Scoop

Last Tuesday the Examiner printed what purported to be a special despatch from New York by "special leased wire, the longest in the world," telling of an interview between a Sun reporter and Prince Andre Poniatowski who, according to the despatch, "arrived yesterday on the Olympic." As the despatch was dated June first, it implied that Prince Poniatowski arrived May thirty-first, and that the interview took place that day. As a matter of fact the interview appeared in the New York Sun a week before it appeared in the Examiner. Further, the mails beat the longest leased wire to San Francisco by two days. I am telling these plain truths not for the fun of showing how hollow is the pretense of boasted enterprise. The truth is I have a grievance. I rehashed that interview with Prince Poniatowski myself, and made a better job of it than was made by the Examiner garbler. It was in type in Town Talk office twenty-four hours before it was published as a special despatch by the Examiner. So my labor was in vain, and I am sore at having to send the type to the melting pot. It's tough for a weekly to be scooped by the longest leased wire after the electric current has been scooped by the mail service. But notwithstanding my lacerated feelings I will offer this suggestion gratis to the daily press,—that a pair of shears in intelligent hands can give the newspapers a much better telegraph service than the one they are paying for. There are papers published in the interior of this State, using both the Associated Press and the Special Shears' service that keep their readers better informed about important happenings in the world than the San Francisco dailies.

Why Was It Suppressed

The interview with Prince Poniatowski is a specimen of the kind of news that goes to waste every day. It is also a specimen of the kind of news that the Associated Press does not vouchsafe the readers of American newspapers. Now it would be interesting to inquire why no mention of this interview was made in the press despatches. Was it in pursuance of policy? Whatever the truth the suppression of the interview serves to exemplify the tremendous power that is in the hands of this great newspaper trust. This interview was in the nature of a criticism of the Administration by one of the leading financiers of Europe, a man with strong American sympathies, an officer of the Legion of Honor, created such on account of his services in establishing friendly relations between the financiers of France and the United States. Prince Poniatowski is a man of cultivated mind, a student of politics and of economics, and he is recognized as an authority whose views are always worth while. In his interview he sized up the policies of President Wilson from the foreign viewpoint, and certainly that viewpoint is not to be despised. President Wilson himself has great respect for it. But President Wilson would not like the American people to hear that a distinguished foreigner had said that while "propounders of splendid theories" are regarded as charming men in Europe, "nobody thinks of them as men able to guide a nation." There were many things said in that suppressed interview the circulation of which would displease President Wilson. Was that the reason why it was suppressed?

Italy's Fair Commissioner

It seems strange to many people that a naturalized Italian like Ernest Nathan should become Mayor of Rome and be mentioned as a possible Premier of Italy. How did an English Jew ever become so prominent in Italian politics? The circumstances of Nathan's early life supply an answer to this question. He was born in a shabby lodging house in Fulham Road, London, where the Italian patriot Giuseppe Mazzini spent part of his exile. Having known Mazzini in that stressful period of the patriot's life, he enjoyed his friendship and patronage after the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy; followed him into Free Masonry; and after his death, edited, published and circulated Mazzini's works. Entering politics with this prestige he was able to make Italians overlook the fact that he was an alien, for in the period when Nathan first attracted attention in Rome Mazzini's was a name to conjure with.

Nathan's Career

Nathan was born in 1845, so he is now in his sixty-ninth year. He was the fifth of twelve children. His father was a banker of German origin who traced his family to the Nathans of Frankfort, a collateral branch of the Mayers and connected with the Rothschilds. His mother was Sarina Levi, a woman of great beauty. When Ernest was fourteen years of age his mother was widowed. She took her family to Pisa where her

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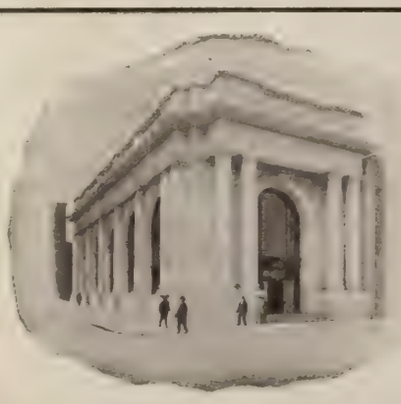

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house became a place of refuge for Garibaldians. Ernest was sent to school there. Later the family moved to Florence, Milan, Genoa and Lugano; finally to Switzerland. In 1865 Nathan went back to London, entering the counting room of a commission house that did business with Italy. When the temporal power fell in 1870 he went to Italy as the business manager of La Roma del Popolo, a paper which Mazzini had just started. When Mazzini died two years later the paper died too. Thereafter Nathan was occupied with editing Mazzini's works, writing for the political press and with politics. He became a member of the Communal Council of Rome. In December, 1907 he was chosen Mayor of Rome by the Anti-clerical majority of the Council, his name being the only one on which the various factions could unite. He was the first foreigner and the first Jew ever chosen for that honor. He held the office until last October when the political complexion of the Council became such that he was forced to resign.

He's a Philistine

Nathan has a large collection of enemies in Rome, not the least bitter among them being the artists and archaeologists. When he selected a site in the Villa Borghese for the new International Agricultural Institute, they called him a vandal. And when he suggested that it would be a convenience if the three palaces of the Capitol were connected by bridges, there was a storm of protest. "What does he mean," they asked, "by spoiling the work of Michelangelo?" His reply was characteristic: "You talk, gentlemen, as though Rome were a corpse. Rome is not a corpse, and I must decline to embalm her." He also offended many susceptibilities when he poked fun at the wolf and eagle kept at the Capitol as symbols of the nurse of Romulus and Remus and of the empire. His philistinism is also displayed in a literary style which exhibits grammatical inaccuracies and eccentricities of construction which sometimes make it impossible to guess his meaning. And sometimes he shows downright ignorance, as when he sent a telegram to the Mayor of Christiania, expressing sorrow at the death of the King of Sweden. He thought Christiania was the capital of Sweden. His enemies are on safe ground when they ridicule Nathan for these things. Sometimes, however, their attacks have been unscrupulous. When he was accused of being the illegitimate son of Mazzini he brought his accusers into court, and they were convicted.

Nathan and the Vatican

During his mayoralty Nathan used to address public meetings on Sundays, delivering intemperate diatribes against the Papacy. The anti-clerical press of Europe exaggerated the importance of these meetings until the Saturday Review of London, a very conservative paper, exposed them. Its correspondent attended one and showed that while it had been attended only by a few police and a handful of curious loiterers, it was immediately heralded abroad as a great concourse. One of his meetings, however, held near the Vatican when Rome was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Kingdom of Italy did not need to be exaggerated. It was a big meeting and Nathan went further in his abuse of the Pope than ever before, so much so that Pope Pius made public a letter in which he expressed indignation at the blasphemies Nathan directed at Christianity and the insults heaped upon the Pontiff. Nathan devoted part of his speech to an attack upon the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

A Millionaire 'Cellist

I noticed Allen Hancock of Los Angeles about town last week. He is the son of the late Madame Hancock, afterwards Mrs. Erskine Ross, and inherited from his mother an estate valued at twelve millions, consisting largely of oil properties. It is on Hancock's property that the famous La Brea asphalt pits with their treasures of prehistoric animal skeletons are located. The work of taking out these priceless relics of the infant world is being done by scientists of the Los Angeles Academy of Sciences to which Hancock has generously presented all the remains that have been found. He is an unusual millionaire, is Allen Hancock. Music is his passion, and he not only maintains a trio for his own delectation but also plays 'cello in the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. Think of a man worth a dozen millions playing in a symphony orchestra! It is a refreshing thought. Hancock is an early riser, and practices on his beloved 'cello for an hour every morning before breakfast.

A Distinguished Composer

Speaking of musicians, we have had a distinguished composer in our midst in the person of Raoul Laparra of Paris. Laparra is the author of a grand opera called "La Jota" which has been sung with success in Milan, at the Opera Comique of Paris, in Boston and at Covent Garden, London. He is also the author of a sonata for violin and piano which he rendered at one of the concerts of the Los Angeles Symphony this season, Sigmund Beel, the concert master of that organization, playing the violin. Laparra has won the prix de Rome twice. The first award was a four years' scholarship in Rome; the second a

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three-year traveling scholarship. He is engaged on another opera which will deal with the Spanish conquistadores of Western America, and he worked steadily on it during the many months he spent recently in Los Angeles. Needless to say, it will be a work of special interest to Californians. As for Laparra's personality, I have the word of Sigmund Beel who is up from Los Angeles for a rest, that he is as modest as he is able.

With Wool Free

"What do you think of this suit?" I was asked the other day by one of our prominent young men.

I eyed the suit and pronounced it bully. Although not an expert on clothes I could see that the material was very good and the cut excellent.

"How much do you suppose it cost me?" queried the young man.

Knowing that he can afford the best tailors and with the evidence before my eyes, I supposed that it had cost him about sixty-five dollars.

"It cost me just thirty-seven and a half," he said. "Thirty-five for the suit, and two and a half to have it sent from London. Wool is on the free list, you know."

He explained that one of the tailors in Sackville street had his measurements ever since his last visit to London, and that he had simply ordered the suit by letter. No alterations were necessary when it arrived.

"In the course of a few years," he added with a smile, "I expect to save enough on my clothes to pay for another trip to London."

Laurence Irving and Our Alice

San Franciscans are particularly interested in Laurence Irving who was drowned with his wife in the Empress of Ireland disaster because he was once engaged to marry Alice Neilson, the pretty prima donna whose career started at the Tivoli. When the fair Alice made her first London hit in "The Fortune Teller," Irving succumbed to her charms and used to attend every performance. Then it was announced that they were engaged, but the romance went no further. Later on he was engaged for a short time to Ethel Barrymore. Laurence was the second son of the great Sir Henry, H. B. Irving who is still living being his elder brother. Laurence was educated for the diplomatic service, but the footlights drew him and he made his first appearance as Snug the Joiner in a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" made by F. R. Benson who played here recently in Shakespearian repertoire. He was a very good actor, and wrote a number of successful plays as well.

Endorsement of Shortridge

The only candidate that has been cutting any kind of swath thus far is Samuel M. Shortridge. The whole State knows that the veteran advocate and expounder of Republican principles, the man who has given his services to his party and its candidates year after year for more than a quarter of a century is now footing it toward the goal of his honorable ambition. From all sections of the State come assurances that Samuel M. Shortridge is to be remembered at the polls. The other day he received the endorsement of the Straight Republican Club of San Diego in the following resolutions:

"Whereas, Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge has consented to become a candidate for the Republican nomination of United States Senator from California at the primary election to be held in this State on August 25th, 1914, and whereas Mr. Shortridge has for more than thirty years been an ardent, consistent, earnest and enthusiastic supporter of the Republican party in this State, and has at all times unselfishly and without reward devoted his time, his talents and his energy to the service of the Republican party, and,

"Whereas, We recognize in Mr. Shortridge the type of American citizen who stands for the best principles of the Republican party, a man who is familiar with the wants and needs of the people of our State, and a man whose brilliant attainments as a lawyer, an orator and a statesman will make him a shining light in the Senate of the United States, and of whom the people of our State, irrespective of party affiliations, can justly be proud;

"Therefore, we, the executive committee of the Straight Republican Club of San Diego county, in regular session, at the request of our members, do hereby unanimously endorse the candidacy of Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge for United States Senator from California, and pledge to him our loyal and united support, realizing that in so doing we are lending our aid to select a man to represent California in the Senate of the United States who possesses the ability and the disposition to render to the State of California the best possible service, and whose broad patriotism and devotion to our country and its institutions insures his being found at all times working for the best interests of our State and nation."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Crocker in London

It was interesting news that the Will Crockers have taken a house for the season in London. I have wondered in seasons agone when Mrs. Miller Graham, Mrs. Samuel Newhouse et al. were winning fame there as hostesses, why Mrs. Crocker didn't step in, take a house in Mayfair and "put it all over them," so to speak. She could have done it. Mrs. Crocker is to my mind one of the few genuinely brilliant women in society, and she's mighty good to look at with striking brunette beauty. I never saw a portrait, the Carolus Duran study not excepted, that caught the flash of intelligence in her gypsy black eyes. Possibly because it is not so vivid when her face is in repose. There isn't a doubt she will be one of the conspicuous figures in London this year with the Crocker millions to back her, and I shall be interested to hear of her triumphs.

A Much Sought Girl

The Crockers will be abroad until August and then Ethel Mary may go back to her aunt, Princess Poniatowski in Paris without returning to Burlingame. It is discouraging for our beaux to learn that half a dozen titles are hers to choose from but it is not surprising. She is a very attractive girl, with wit and esprit, and a great gift in her voice. Small wonder the eligibles abroad surrender, and I doubt if they let Miss Crocker come home unbetrothed, though, thus far, I am told, she is fancy free and has no thought of marriage. Still you never can tell.

Maude Fay's Triumph

Of Maude Fay's success on the operatic stage many reports have come to her old home, but always through channels that left room for scepticism. And there has been more or less scepticism. As with prophets so with opera singers, so with everybody who succeeds, the folk at home are the last to be convinced. Well, it is time for Maude Fay to be acclaimed at home, for San Francisco to be proud of this distinguished native daughter who went abroad to study and whose art receives the applause of the world's most critical audiences. I have been reading of Maude Fay in London's great weekly, The Illustrated News. She made her appearance at Covent Garden last month, and this is what the News critic said of her: "In Lohengrin the great success of the revival fell to Miss Maude Fay, who, if we are not mistaken, is an American singer. She has been heard at Covent Garden this season already, and her Sieglinde was a very charming impersonation; but it was left for the very familiar role of Elsa to display to the greatest advantage the natural beauty of her singing, her gifts as an actress, and the consummate ease with which she can control and direct her voice. A newcomer, Mme. Matynauer, was hardly less successful as Ortrud; indeed, there was considerable discussion in the house as to which was the more effective singer, though all were agreed that it was a genuine pleasure to listen to both." The music director of this performance was the great Nikisch.

A Wedding and Some Engagements

There was a smart wedding over in Oakland Tuesday night when little Pearl Cawston, daughter of Mrs. Tyler Henshaw, married young William Haydock Fillmore. It was altogether a very youthful bridal party, but for all that two of the bridesmaids have already plighted their troth, if rumor is true. Sometimes it is. There was Anne Spring, daughter of the John Springs and heiress to Spring millions, not yet nineteen, but ready, they say, to announce her engagement when father is willing she should. She is the sister of Frank Spring who recently eloped with Avis Sterling, sister of George.

Florence Henshaw Next?

There was also Florence Henshaw, the very stunning daughter of the W. G. branch of the family whose engagement to one of our eligible young bachelors is said to be a fact. She was a guest at the bride's table that night and a lot of people expected an announcement, but none was made. However, the young man is going to Santa Barbara for the month of July and the Henshaws will be at their Montecito place, so the romantic environment of the south may supply the setting for an announcement party. He has been a devoted suitor and both families are apparently pleased. The Henshaws have always figured prominently in San Francisco society. They had a house over here one winter and entertained a great deal for Alla, the older daughter, who is now Mrs. Chickering. Florence Henshaw is a striking-looking girl with some of the personality that makes her mother an unusually interesting woman.

Beautiful Miss Tay

One of the bridesmaids at the Oakland wedding was Eleanor Tay, daughter of Mrs. Fred Henshaw. She is just out of school and is a wonderfully pretty girl, although a different type from her mother who as Helen Walker was a beauty of San Francisco. Miss Tay will make her debut next winter and it will be a draw whether she or Gertrude Hopkins will be the beauty of the season. By the way, with no Greenways, where will the debutantes first line up?

Is Ernestine Engaged?

The air is thick with engagement rumors, the latest being that Ernestine McNear is on the verge of announcing hers to George Nickel. Her engagement has been rumored so often that the newest report hardly causes a ripple. There was Jack Neville who was unquestionably ace high for a while; then the English nobleman, name unknown, she met in London; and always there have been several suitors hanging on the outskirts. George Nickel was supposed to be engaged to Marian Newhall only a short time ago, and was her shadow at every dance, dinner or house party. Before that there was a pretty little Hamlin school girl from down south that George was very devoted to, and now comes the interesting news that he has turned his attentions to the really beautiful Miss McNear. Then there are the two Stone girls, Harriet and Marian. They are both supposed to be engaged, and so are Ottilia Lane and Ruth Winslow. How serious are these affairs of the heart remains to be seen.

Carnegie's Nieces

The Shinyo Maru brought two nieces of Andrew Carnegie to San Francisco last Thursday. They were Miss E. Stone Fleming and Miss A. U. Collard of Pittsburg. They are in mourning for their mothers, and have been traveling very quietly during the last eight months. They managed to keep their identity hidden from the newspapermen until they reached this city and were recognized at the Palace by Watt Brown of the Examiner who never forgets a face. The two women spent some time in Manila, and the Shinyo Maru brought me a story about their stay in that city. It is a story which has been whispered in Manila, but may become public as I believe there is the possibility of a court martial. It seems that two army officers stationed in Manila saw the two nieces of Carnegie in the hotel dining room and admired them. There had been no introduction of any sort; in fact the two women were quite unaware that the two officers existed until the officers, perhaps as a result of having dined too well, telephoned to the women's apartment in the hotel and invited them out "for a good time." Insulted by this unwarranted intrusion the nieces of Carnegie informed the manager of the hotel about the incident. I hear that the army officers are in for serious trouble.

If Marye Wins

If George Marye Jr. gets the coveted post of Ambassador to France, Mrs. Marye will be in the seventh heaven of delight. She talked of nothing else on her reecnt visit here and I believe it was on her advice that her husband refused the Ambassadorship to Russia, in the hope of getting the more desirable post. Mrs. Marye has charm and social diplomacy to a marked degree and is well fitted to be Ambassadress. Besides, she is delightfully loyal to her friends and the future visits of many San Franciscans to Paris are likely to be more than usually interesting if the expected appointment is made. The new house at Burlingame the Maryes are building is almost completed, but will probably not be occupied for a year and a half at least.

A Slingsby Witness

While the Slingsby case drags a slow way through the English courts popular Mrs. James Kelleher is having the time of her life in Lon-

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don, though it must be added James Kelleher is pining at home, and still tied down to business. Mrs. Kelleher is to be a witness in the Slingsby case that involves a million and she was invited to London by the defense, with all expenses paid, there to remain until her testimony is given. Mrs. Kelleher is a friend of Mrs. Slingsby and is to testify that the famous baby is no changeling.

The Dolce Far Niente

The meeting of the Dolce Far Niente dancers at the Cliff House last week to bid adieu to the Douglas Cranes was the banner night of the club. New beauties, new gowns and new dances made it memorable. The feature of course was the dancing for prizes. The judges took their work quite seriously, and the awards gave general satisfaction. The cup given by the Cranes was won by Fred Burnham and his handsome wife. Ernest Wiltsee's tango cup was won by Mrs. Fred Palmer and Grattan Phillips. Mrs. John Black and "Jimmy" Kelleher also won prizes. The going of the Cranes makes a gap in the ranks of the Dolce Far Niente dancers, but the club has been too successful to languish, and it will go right on holding its delightful Thursday dances by the sounding surf.

The Beringer Concert

The Beringer Musical Club announces its thirtieth concert to be given at Century Club Hall on Thursday evening, June 11. A varied program of vocal and instrumental numbers will make the recital particularly interesting. The following members of the club will be heard: Miss Myrtle Dow, Miss Genevieve Holmberg, Miss Thelma Kay, Miss Arena Toriggino, Miss Zdenka Buben, Miss Loie Munsil, Miss Eleanor Alberti, Miss Louise Cameron, Otto Rauhut and Joseph Beringer.

Guests at Paso Robles

Recent guests at Paso Robles include: Dr. E. S. Howard and wife, C. C. Morehouse and wife, Martin Dunbar, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Feath Jr., Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Lewitt, Mrs. B. Nourse, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lesser and child, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Penerric, Mrs. H. Olcorice, Julian Olcorice, Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Sartori, Mrs. M. Fay, Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Montgomery, E. W. Runyon, Mrs. L. A. Boynton, W. J. Moody and wife, Alfred P. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. H. B. Varney, Mrs. Edith Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Master P. Martin, B. W. Carey and wife, San Francisco; E. B. Diller, W. T. McCaffrey and wife, J. E. Mauranhan and wife, Mrs. S. W. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. M. Citran, Jefferson Citran, Miss Margaret Olcese, Oakland; E. A. Newlove, Rice Harpen, Santa Cruz; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Sargent, Chicago; M. H. Wood, Mrs. F. A. Loop, Miss Virginia Loop, Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Gute, Heber Gute, Mrs. Ellsworth Cooper, Berkeley; B. W. Campbell, Portland, Ore.; Dr. J. R. Calkin, Mrs. J. R. Calkin, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Edminson, Miss Frances Edminson, Mt. View, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Morgan, Charleston, S. C.; H. T. Curtin, Helena, Montana.

The Exhibition Dances at Tait's

There are some very clever exhibitions of the latest dances at Tait's these days and they are drawing unusually big crowds. Some say that the public craze for dancing is on the wane, but if the attendance at Tait's every afternoon is taken as an indication, then the dance is just coming into its own. These exhibition dances are given every afternoon between 4 and 5:30 o'clock and in the evening between 11 and 12 o'clock. Another important daily event at this popular cafe is the fifty cent luncheon served between 11:30 and 2 o'clock. I have overheard connoisseurs remark that this special luncheon was worth twice the price asked for it. And I really believe it is.

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"Kind to animals?"
"I should say so. Why, when he found the family cat insisted on sleeping in the coal bin, he immediately ordered a ton of soft coal."

Scott—How long were you away on your wedding tour?
Mott—Too long; it developed into a lecture tour.

Patron—Is your cider good and hard?
Waiter—Hard? Why, six glasses o' that cider will make a feller think he's crushed stone, and he'll lay down on th' highway and try to pull the asphalt over him.

Rae—What's the technical name for snoring?
Ray—I bite.
Rae—Sheet music.

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"A Pure Play"

By Edward F. O'Day

When I read in the Cort program that "The Road to Happiness" was a pure play, I was inclined to be skeptical. For the statement in the program rests on the authority of Lee Shubert, and I had my doubts about Lee's competency to judge so delicate a question. Without dwelling on Lee Shubert's taste for purity in other matters, one may entertain the fear that his theatrical experience has somewhat dulled the edge of his discernment when it comes to recognizing a play so immaculately pure that it deserves to have its purity heralded in the program. So I didn't take Lee's word for it. Additional doubt was engendered in my puzzled mind when I noticed Dr. Aked ensconced in the first row. The last time I saw Dr. Aked in the theatre was at the premiere of a Paul Armstrong melodrama of eugenics that was not stainlessly pure. And the last play I remember Dr. Aked commending in print was "Peachbloom," an impure play. Between Lee Shubert and Dr. Aked my brain was as a shuttlecock battledored from dubiety to dubiety. Decidedly, here was a case where I must judge for myself. A heavy responsibility for a critickin, to be sure! While not setting myself up beside Lee Shubert as an expert appraiser of purity in plays or other things, I think I may say, having cautiously canvassed the subject, that "The Road to Happiness" really is a pure play. Perhaps I might even describe it as a pure play pure and simple. "The Road to Happiness" is so pure that it should delight the heart of Dr. Wiley. It is as pure as tinned beef innocent of salicylic acid; as pure as catsup unsullied by benzoate of soda. It ought to be guaranteed under the pure food laws. The blush of shame will never mantle that dear old American institution, the cheek of innocence, at a performance of "The Road to Happiness." (Are there any cheeks of innocence left among habitual theatregoers?) The obvious thing to say about this pure play is that it is a Hodge-podge, and it happens to be the truthful thing too. It is a loose scaffolding thrown up around the personality of William Hodge who plays the part of a poor but honest and pure Tioga County hodge, sharing dramaturgic honors with a real horse, a real canary that pecks at real cuttlefish, a real chicken (barnyard variety) and a real dog that comes when he is called long enough. The purity of this livestock is above suspicion, and so is the purity of the other characters with the exception of two whose wickedness is not of the alluring kind. "The Road to Happiness" tells a story of village villainy which is foiled by the poor but honest and pure hodge, of pure love running a rough course to a smooth, happy and pure ending and of a dreadful accusation of impurity made against a pure girl whose perfect innocence is never for a single moment doubted by the audience. It reminds you a little of the pure plays we used to get from Sol Smith Russell, Denman Thompson and "Brier Bush" Stoddard. To account plausibly for "The Road to Happiness" one must suppose that Lee Shubert put in an order for a pure play, that the order startled some of our competent playwrights and was not taken seriously by others, so that Lee in pure desperation had to accept this play or forever do without a perfectly pure production. However that may be, a pure and simple audience received it with many expressions of gratitude at the Cort. The horse was enthusiastically applauded; the dog was received with approval; the canary's technique was properly appreciated; the chicken got many a hand; the volume of "Science and Health" was shown the respect to which it was entitled; the thunder storm made an instantaneous hit. The other actors were by no means slighted. The hero's aphoristic monologues gave the utmost satisfaction; and when he foiled a tar-and-feather plot hatched in the hearing of the chicken by the only two wicked characters of the otherwise pure cast, scaring the villainy out of the rascals by making believe the handkerchief in his hip pocket was a gun, you were a callous person if you didn't sense the pure thrill that ran through that pure audience. Not in a long time have I seen purity triumph so signally as in that scene in the barn where virtue armed with a spotless mouchoir puts it all over vice. Just the same, "The Road to Happiness" disappointed me. I found its purity too aggressive, its incidents too pure to be lifelike. I yearned, backslider fashion, for a little sin. Which shows that I am not pure, nor fit to appreciate a pure play. That is an awful confession, and I hope Lee Shubert doesn't hear about it, or Dr. Aked. Still, I can't help my taste. I don't object to one-tenth of one per cent of benzoate of soda in my catsup. Bring on your "Damaged Goods!"

Gossip of the Theatre

Father Foy

In real life there is no greater bore than the pride of fatherhood. It ranks among the greatest of the discomforts of social intercourse. The fond mother with a whole repertoire of anecdotes illustrative of the budding genius of her offspring is tolerable; but the proud father similarly equipped is an insufferable nuisance guaranteed to break up any party no matter how amiable or indulgent. Yet when we see the pride of fatherhood paraded before us on the stage we actually share the ebullient self-satisfaction of the exultant parent. When Eddie Foy trots out the seven big and little Foys at the Orpheum it is easy to read the expression on his mobile, comical countenance. He does not voice the sentiment, but there it is plainly inscribed on features that have made millions laugh: "Behold my remarkable contribution to the stage!—seven, count 'em." And then he puts them through their paces, by his manner defying the audience the while to say that the sons and daughters of their father don't make good. The irresistible Foy has certainly not been remiss in his duty to the State. And if he has not, in deference to Biblical injunction, gone forth and multiplied, at least he stayed at home to the same good purpose. He is a credit to the stage, exemplifying as he does its domestic potentialities. The only thing to be said in disparagement is that though he has lived long enough to make an honorable record as a husband and father he has not got over the comedian's ingrained habit of preempting the stage-centre. Why not give Mrs. Foy a chance? Though not partial to the feminist movement I cannot but express the feeling that Mrs. Foy ought to be recognized as the co-star of this domestic drama. Yet she makes but a fleeting appearance, merely letting the audience know that the family is intact. I am minded, however, that it is indiscreet to meddle in family affairs. Doubtless it will suffice for me to say that all the Foys bring joy to the Orpheum, and that the indications are that there is enough talent in the second generation to keep the Foy tradition going for many a year.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Bessie Barriscale at Alcazar

Next week dainty Bessie Barriscale and Thurston Hall will return to the Alcazar as co-stars in an elaborate production of Ernest Denny's delightful comedy "All-of-a-Sudden-Peggy." These two favorites will start the regular summer season at the Alcazar. Neither needs an introduction. A season without "Our Bessie" would be incomplete, and Thurston Hall is a matinee idol in O'Farrell street. Both come fresh from Eastern triumphs, and a hearty welcome is awaiting them. All the Alcazar favorites will be well cast, and a handsome production is promised. Summer prices go into effect with this opening. For the evening the prices will be 25, 50 and 75 cents, with an excellent orchestra seat for 50 cents. At the Thursday, Saturday and Sunday matinees, the highest price will be 50 cents, with splendid seats for 25 and 35 cents. Box seats at the matinees will cost 75 cents.

"Damaged Goods" at Columbia

The same company which presented "Damaged Goods" in New York and which has appeared on tour with Richard Bennett for the last ten months, comes to the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday. "Damaged Goods" is a remarkably impressive presentation of the problem of the social evil and the "social disease." It tells a dramatic story of a young man who, while suffering from a frightful blood taint, assumes the responsibilities of parenthood and brings upon his wife and innocent baby the penalty of his folly. From this theme Brieux develops a striking moral and the plea for a health certificate with every marriage license. In the role of George Dupont, the victim, Richard Bennett gives one of the most vivid and impressive characterizations of the modern stage. In the role of the girl who is described by the physician of the play as "at once the cause and the effect of the social evil," Miss Adrienne Morrison has achieved a notable success. The San Francisco engagement is under the auspices of the California Society of Social Hygiene. Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Valeska Suratt at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week six new acts and two splendid holdovers. Valeska Suratt heads the bill in "Black Crepe and Diamonds," a fantasy by George Baldwin. It is a magnificently mounted extravaganza. Miss Suratt's "Tea Time Tango" was written especially for her. The home-coming of Walter De Leon and "Muggins" Davies should prove gratifying to themselves and their countless friends, for they return after triumphs in New York and the other big cities of the East. They introduce their song hits from "The Campus" of which De Leon is the author. "New Stuff" is a one-act play in which Irene Timmons stars. It gives a new twist to the crook idea. James H. Cullen, "the Man from the West," is making his fifteenth tour of the circuit with a new monologue. Cullen requires no eulogy. Uproarious fun is provided by Stelling and Revell, English comedians and acrobats. The Belleclair Brothers are internationall famed athletes. Next week will

be the last of Harry B. Lester, Eddie Foy and the seven little Foys.

The Gaiety Hit

"The Isle of Bong Bong" is the most atmospheric, melodious and gorgeous of recent musical comedy productions and is proving at the Gaiety that taste for real musical comedy is as alert today as ever. The audiences have been larger than the Gaiety has housed in months, and "sold out" houses are frequent. The success is easily explained. This is the first Gaiety production under the new regime, and is staged and mounted regardless of expense. Walter Lawrence knows his business, and has given the piece that final touch which local audiences demand. Frances Cameron, Walter Lawrence, Louise Orth, Myrtle Dingwall, Maude Beatty and Arthur Clough are some of the players who are scoring. Margaret Edwards' dance is always a hit.

"Omar" Coming to Cort

William Hodge in "The Road to Happiness" starts on his second week at the Cort tomorrow. The next attraction at the Cort will be Guy Bates Post in "Omar, the Tentmaker," Richard Walton Tully's Persian love play which has been the success of the season in New York. It comes here direct from its long metropolitan engagement, with the same large cast and massive production that have been the talk in New York.

The Census Taker—How many are there in that bunch of Portuguese?

The Landlady—Six. A Portugoose, a Portugander and four little Portugoslings.

The River of Doubt

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River of Doubt
That winds through the jungles of Where!
It rises at Whence and at Whither flows out
And drains the vast regions of There.

From latitude Which and longitude What
It cavorts over mountains and hills;
It crosses ten rivers and likewise a lot
Of unnumbered streamlets and rills

So crooked that monkeys in trees all around
Prehensile to spy out its bed,
All twist off their tails and drop to the ground
Decaudate and cross-eyed and dead.

From Hither and Thither its flow is uphill
And its depth is as deep as a cup;
It never would answer for turning a mill,
For all of its cascades fall up.

Yes, this River of Doubt is a wonderful stream
And it acts in a wonderful way
Unmatched in tradition, in fiction or dream,
And it's spiked to the atlas to stay!

"Henpeckke hasn't spoken to his wife in over a year."

"Doesn't like to interrupt her, eh?"

Wifey—Do you recollect that once when we had a quarrel I said you were just as mean as you could be?

Hubby—Yes, my dear.

Wifey—Oh, Tom, how little did I know you then.

Landlady—I'll give you just three days in which to pay your rent.

Student—All right; I'll take the Fourth of July, Christmas and Easter.

GERTRUDE HITZ

Who is charming audiences with William Hodge in "The Road to Happiness" at the Cort.

AMUSEMENTS

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Two Weeks Beginning MONDAY NIGHT, JUNE 8th,

RICHARD BENNETT

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By Brieux (Academy of France)

"The play which initiates a new era of civilization."—N. Y. Times.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Popular Prices at Wednesday Matinee, Best Seats $1
Coming—The All Star Company, in Big Recicals.

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PEERLESS VAUDEVILLE

VALESKA SURATT in "Black Crepe and Diamonds," a Fantasy by George Baldwin; WALTER DE LEON & "MUGGINS" DAVIES in Song Hits from "The Campus"; IRENE TIMMONS & CO. in "New Stuff"; JAMES H. CULLEN, "The Man from the West"; STELLING & REVELL, Gymnastic Comedians; THE BELLECLAIR BROTHERS, Internationall Famed Athletes; HARRY B. LESTER; Last Week—EDDIE FOY for Joy and the SEVEN LITTLE FOYS.

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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SECOND and LAST WEEK STARTS TOMORROW

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

WM. HODGE

In a Genuine Successor to "The Man From Home"

"THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS"

A Play of Real Cheer and Charm

Nights, 50c to $2.00; Saturday Matinee, 25c to $1.50
POPULAR $1.00 MATINEE WEDNESDAY
Next Com. Sunday Night, June 14th GUY BATES POST in "OMAR, THE TENTMAKER."

Gaiety

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Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00
Saturday and Sunday Matinees—25c, 50c and 75c
Thursday "Pop" Matinee, 25c, 50c. No Higher.

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Commencing Monday Night, June 8th
Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

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A Comedy of Love and Laughter by Ernest Denny

Note! SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES—Night—25c, 50c, 75c. NO HIGHER.

A Good Orchestra Seat for 50c.

Matinees, 25c, 35c, 50c. Box Seats, 75c.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

I asked Bulger is he regarded these waters as very dangerous. He said that he did not.

"All waters have their share of accidents," he said. "In the twenty-four years that I have been in the service there have been forty or fifty wrecks, in probably ten or fifteen of which lives have been lost. Take the ferry boats. In fifty years there have been only two lives lost in ferryboat accident, the two lost in the San Rafael accident. And the ferryboats here are carrying thirty million passengers a year.

"I have many complaints from commuters who become nervous over what they regard as the overcrowding of the ferryboats in foggy weather. Their fears are groundless. It is proper that some ferryboats should be taken off the runs in foggy weather, for in the fog the more boats there are plying on the bay the greater the danger. There is less danger when two boats are crossing than when there are four. As for overcrowding, the commuters need not worry. Suppose a ferryboat carries four thousand passengers. If each passenger weighs two hundred pounds—and the average is lower—that is only four hundred tons, and the displacement of the ferryboats is from fifteen to twenty-five hundred tons.

"As traffic increases on the bay it will be wise to enlarge the capacity of the ferryboats, not to increase their number.

"In other respects every precaution is taken. The ferryboats have boat and fire drills while they are in motion. There are fire hoses on all of them, and the steam pumps are always going, so there is immediate service available in case of fire. Life preservers are carried, not only for the maximum number of people carried, as the law insists but for five hundred or a thousand more. The railroad companies have taken this precaution of their own accord. Each boat has from five to eight bulkheads. In addition, electric lights that show from twelve to fifteen hundred feet in the fog have been recently installed on the piers. This in an invention of an Oakland man named Douglas. They have also been installed on some ferryboats for experimental purposes. So you see, travel on the bay is pretty safe."

Of course I brought up the subject of the Empress of Ireland, but this Bulger refused to discuss, just as he had refused to discuss the Titanic when that tragedy of the sea took place, a refusal, by the way, which nearly broke the heart of every editor in San Francisco. But there is a strict rule of the Department of Commerce in these matters, and Bulger is a stickler for rules—he knows their importance in all matters pertaining to the sea.

"The dangers of the sea are decreasing all the time," he concluded. "During the last fiscal year 303,263,033 passengers were carried on steam vessels of the United States. The total number of lives lost was 436 from all causes including suicides and accidents at docks, not only of passengers but of crews. In other words, there were 695,557 passengers carried safely for one whose life was lost. So you see, it is safer to travel by boat than by railroad."

Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 7.)

and inspected every piece at the factory, getting factory prices for the lot. From all of which you may infer that William F. Humphrey is a man who takes his responsibilities seriously. And if you pause to reflect that in the practice of law he is just as industrious as he is in his executive club position you will readily understand why he is the busiest man in town. He gives to his clients as abundantly as he gives to his club. This is what comes of being a slave to one's conscience. But let it not be supposed that Humphrey has no leisure. He goes home every once in a while—to do what, do you suppose? To pursue his favorite studies—the classical languages. And when he hasn't anything else to do he helps out a friend by becoming best man at his marriage. He holds the record for bestmanship. As yet he has had no time to get married. Several times just as it was thought that he was about to take a wife there was a special meeting at the club and he had to attend to it..

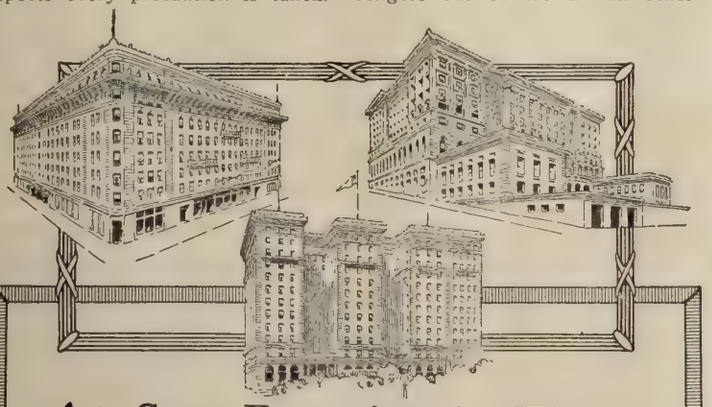
It may be truly said of William F. Humphrey that he was the saviour of The Olympic Club. And if he never did anything else it would have to be said of him that he has led a useful life; for The Olympic Club was worth saving; not only on account of its splendid traditions, but for the reason as well of what it has become. It is today the foremost athletic club of America, not only by reason of its superb equipment and its fidelity to the ethics of amateur athletics, but by reason as well of the character of its membership. Though it is in the strictest sense a democratic club, and has a very large mempership, the tone and atmosphere of the club are of the highest level. So much of what is worth while is to be found in The Olympic Club that men who formerly spent most of their leisure in other clubs are now enthusiastic Olympians, and whereas at certain hours a man may suffer from lonesomeness and ennui in the deserted rooms of other clubs, he is never without company at the Olympic.

"Western States" in New Field

Word comes to San Francisco where the main offices of the Western States Life Insurance Company are located, that the company has just received a certificate of authority to do business in Wyoming. This calls attention once more to the steady progress of the big company.

Dancing at Tavern

The first informal dance at Techau Tavern was such an unqualified success that it was repeated on the evening of Thursday, June 4 and proved even more delightful than on the initial occasion. No tables were reserved, but early in the evening every one was occupied by some group of merrymakers and from that time on until one in the morning there was continuous dancing. These Techau Tavern dances are quite the vogue among those who delight in an evening of dancing in an environment of refinement and respectability. Other dances, dinner dances, supper dances, informal dances, will take place at the Tavern during the next few weeks.



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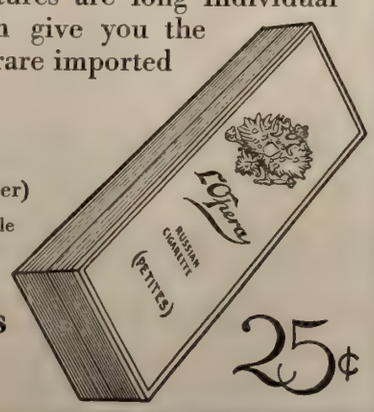

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Day by day the stock market grows duller and commission houses are discouraged by the apathy of the public, to which is now added loss of interest on the part of the professional operators. The undertone of the market remained firm and the only serious breaks were confined to the "lame ducks." Trade reports were not optimistic but no recessions were reported and business seems to be holding up well on a hand-to-mouth basis. Reports of damage to crops were more plentiful, but there was nothing in them that should cause anxiety except that Texas was too wet for cotton. Missouri Pacific was again the weakest on the list. Traders believe that many of the noteholders will call for their "pound of flesh" on July 1 instead of depositing their notes and accepting renewals at a higher rate of interest backed by additional security. These notes are well secured and someone must raise the money to meet them. A call for an assessment on the stock is now feared, because some of the noteholders are trying to force others to buy them off and a lively row is in prospect. All trouble could be avoided by a change of control. The fight in high financial circles to eliminate certain interests from the railroad field of this country now threatens and involves the Western Maryland, and its stock broke badly while its bonds were thrown overboard by investors in small lots as the little panic spread. New Haven had another sinking spell which carried it down to 67. While the disclosures made at Washington by its former president on the witness stand can have no effect on its position, his story sent a chill through Wall Street and checked all inclination to buy. Traders are selling it short on the theory that disgusted holders may sell real stock again and that nobody is now interested in supporting the market. The Westinghouse report for last year told of the largest business ever done and also of an increase in net earnings together with a scaling down of liabilities. Unfilled orders have fallen off but the outlook for a revival of buying is higher. Such reports contradict old stories of poor business and cast doubt on those now in circulation. If the tales of distress told today are no nearer the truth than those told last year, which have proved to be false, the country is not going to rack and ruin even if the tariff has been lowered. These election year prevaricators will be busy for six months, and then the habit of telling the truth will revive after the votes are counted.

Wheat—Market strength was displayed during this week as the result of the discovery of hessian fly in a number of States, particularly in Missouri and Illinois. The news came at a time when prospects were the brightest and when the trade was aligned in one position. The result of this one idea among the trade was a large and scattered short interest, the covering of which was precipitated by the alternation in crop prospects. As a consequence there was a rapid rise in prices which finally eliminated the short interest and substituted therefore a moderate long interest. The advent of rains during the last day or two brought about a decline and moderated the fear of extensive damage. At the moment crop reports of a more favorable character are being received. The foreign situation has undergone no special change except that rains have fallen in parts of Russia where needed. Shipments are expected to be liberal from Russia and the Danube this week, but mostly for the continent. The recent bulge has made the situation a more two-sided affair and with the recurrence of damage reports, quick bulges may be looked for, but, as the prospects are for more than a normal crop, it will no doubt be difficult to maintain prices at this level.

Corn—Scored a somewhat higher level during the week, being influenced to a considerable degree by the advance in wheat and the unsettled weather conditions in the Argentine, which has had the effect of limiting shipments from that country. As a consequence of these factors, the local short interest felt the necessity of covering. This has given the market the appearance of strength and kept values firm. The cash situation is less urgent, owing to the anticipated increase in country offerings with the completion of farm work. This increase has not yet made itself evident in any great measure, but until it is demonstrated one way or the other there will be less confidence on the long side. Argentine is expected to ship freely in June and this has a tendency to temper bullish enthusiasm. However, Argentine appears to be an uncertain quantity, and with domestic requirements more than equalling supplies, there is small chance for any protracted decline. On the contrary we believe with the healthy cash situation existing that there is an excellent chance for an upturn in values.

Oats—Have shown pronounced strength and have recorded a considerable advance in values as the result of a reported setback in the condition of the crop. In addition the supply and demand situation is in a healthy state, and there is less pessimism over Canadian shipments. We favor purchases on fair declines.

Provisions—Show but little change for the week, owing to the absence of any compelling news. Prices seem to be in a rut, and the course of the market in all likelihood will be in accord with the next vital happening.

Cotton—The cotton market continued its advance last week, due to the unfavorable crop reports of too much rain in Texas and dry weather in the eastern belt. The market toward the end of the week was nervous following the publication of condition reports issued by local statisticians and when the Government's figures made their appearance showing a very low condition, the market quickly advanced $2.00 a bale. The issuance of Government condition report of 74.s vs. 79.1, and ten-year average of 804, settled beyond any doubt that the growing crop is destined to be a small one as since the compilation of these reports on May 25, the weather has been very unfavorable, and no doubt at this writing is under the Government's figure and will be so accepted by the trade. In the detail of States, Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama are put much over last year's condition but the last week has seen many complaints from these places that the continued drought was doing much injury and crop was failing rapidly. The spinning world will likely be greatly alarmed over the poor report as they pay little attention to private opinions and base all their calculations on the Government report. The situation promises one of much excitement in cotton and no doubt the poor prospects for a yield large enough for requirement will be of great concern to the cotton world in general.

Mr. Property Owner

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Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
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NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 2.

In the Matter of the Dissolution of the STAR BAKERY & PASTE COMPANY, a Corporation—No. 56,423, Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Star Bakery & Paste Company, a corporation, made to and filed in the aforesaid Superior Court, on the 1st day of May, 1914, its verified voluntary application for dissolution, in writing; that on the 1st day of May, 1914, the said Court made an order directing the Clerk of said Court to give thirty-five (35) days' notice of said application by publication in the "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco; that this notice is now given as required by said order and shall be published in said newspaper, as often as it shall be issued, during the period of thirty-five (35) days from and after the 8th day of May, 1914, the first publication thereof being made on the 9th day of May, 1914, and that at any time before the expiration of said thirty-five (35) days' notice any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on this 1st day of May, 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Petitioner,
604 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-9-6

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,543.

WASYLI IWANOW, Plaintiff, vs. CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CLAUDIA IWANOW, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRNE & LAMSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
533 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-4-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,785.

WILLIAM G. HARRY, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and All Other Persons, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and all other persons, Defendants. This action is brought to quiet title in the plaintiff to Lots 33 and 34 of San Miguel Homestead Association as designated on the Map or Plat of said San Miguel Homestead Association filed and Recorded in Liber E and F of Maps at page 14, on November 16, 1896, in the County Recorder' office of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said lots being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and having a frontage of 88 feet on the west side of Tara Street, between Unadilla Avenue and Mount Vernon Avenue, by a depth of 103.6 feet.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. M. BRUNER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Building,
Oakland, Cal. 5-2-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,428; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of NICHOLAS LENNON, Deceased.

IT APPEARING to this Court by the Petition this day presented and filed by Johanna Lennon, the administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of said deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate belonging to said Estate in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration and a certain legacy of One Thousand ($1000) Dollars which last Will and Testament of said deceased provides is to be paid to Johanna Lennon;

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED:—That all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the Court room of said Court, on the fifth floor of the Temporary City Hall, 1231 Market, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an Order should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell so much of said real property as shall be necessary, and IT IS FURTHER ORDERED:—That a copy of this Order be published four successive weeks next preceding said day in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said County.

Dated: May 16, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

HERBERT CHOYNSKI and JAMES RALEIGH KELLY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1095; Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of FLORENCE LEMON LANDON, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the verified Petition of FRANCIS P. LANDON, Administrator of the estate of Florence Lemon Landon, deceased, and good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby

ORDERED that all persons interested in the above entitled estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 8th day of June, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Courtroom of Department 9 of the above entitled Court, in the City Hall, South side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, why the following described real property, viz.:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon seventy-eight (78) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Hill Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Noe Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and five (105) feet; thence at right angles Southerly fourteen (14) feet; thence at right angles Easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty-six (36) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly fifty-five (55) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block Number one hundred and ten (110).

or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Twelve hundred and fifty ($1250.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or the Judge thereof shall seem meet, reference being hereby had to the said petition of the said Francis P. Landon on file, for further particulars.

It is further ORDERED that this Order be published for four successive weeks prior to the said 8th day of June, 1914, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 30, 1914.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed April 30, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney at Law,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-9-5

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET.

Pursuant to a resolution duly offered and adopted by the Board of Directors of Shreve, Treat & Eacret, at a special meeting of said Board called for that purpose, held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1914, and entered in the minute book of said corporation as a part of the proceedings at said meeting, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called, and will be held at the office of said corporation at No. 136 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of July, 1914, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation to the sum of one million (1,000,000) dollars.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., May 6, 1914.

SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET, a Corporation,
By WALTER P. TREAT, President.
and GODFREY EACRET, Secretary.

HOUGHTON & HOUGHTON,
1305 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
Attorneys for said Corporation. 5-9-10

PROBATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 16,345, N. S. Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MOSER SALOMON, Deceased.

Max Salomon and Jacob Salomon, executors of the last will and testament of Moser Salomon, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 14, A. D. 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed May 14, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney for Executors,
615 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,641; Department No. 10.

DOROTHY ALDEN GERBER, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF and D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-18-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIII | SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 13, 1914 | PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIII. San Francisco, June 13, 1914 No. 1138

JANE SALISBURY and GUY BATES POST

In Richard Walton Tully's great spectacular romance, "Omar, the Tentmaker," which opens its engagement at the Cort Theatre on Sunday night, June 14.

TOWN TALK

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PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

The Logic of an Idealist

Harper's Weekly, of which Judge Lindsey's half-brother, Norman Hapgood, remains editor-in-chief, is angry with President Taft for his criticisms of President Wilson's Mexican policy. So Mr. Taft's views and arguments are thus accounted for and disposed of: "Mr. Taft's brother is at the very center of the group of financiers who have most to lose by Mr. Wilson's determination to put an end to Diazism." What a nasty temper the "Journal of Civilization" is afflicted with! How frankly self-revealing the high-toned college-bred gentleman who edits it! And what shall we say of the distinguished scholar in the White House who, having lost the support of the former editor of Harper's, the gentleman whom he used and cast aside, is now pleased to have the support and friendship of a Norman Hapgood. Surely President Wilson knows what to think of the controversialist who poisons the wells of discussion. An historian, but recently engaged upon his magnum opus, "The History of the American People," President Wilson can hardly have forgotten that Thomas Jefferson's fame still bears the tarnish of contact with the infamous Editor Freneau who tried to blacken the reputation of Washington.

The Tired Populace

The people of Oakland were invited to the polls last week to express their sentiment regarding an important municipal ownership proposition. The total vote cast was a small fraction over one-fourth of the total registered vote. This is but one of many instances of the indifference of the dear people to matters of vital interest to themselves. In every State where the politicians have brought the government back to the people by means of contrivances which experience long ago proved to be suitable only to small communities, the people have exhibited the same apathy that characterized the election in Oakland. History is full of evidence of the futility of schemes of government that incessantly engage the attention of the man in the street. The people may want self-government, but apparently they want it on the representative principle as that principle was understood by the Founders. The people are not to be preoccupied with politics. It is easy to make them weary of elections, and when they are overcome by weariness the politicians have complete sway. So while in theory the initiative and referendum ought to work admirably toward the perfection of popular government, in practice they encounter that imponderable thing called human nature which it is never well to reckon without.

Barbara Frietchie

"There never was any truth in the story of Barbara Frietchie," says a wise commentator in a discussion of the untruth of tradition. Now if tradition has any merit at all it is that it approximates truth. As a matter of fact it is much nearer the truth than a great deal of history. All students of tradition admit that it is at least an important help to history. This very story of Barbara Frietchie serves to illustrate. It has often been pronounced fiction. A great many people have long been of the opinion that Dame Barbara never existed except as a legendary person in Whittier's immortal ballad. Yet pilgrimages have been made to the old lady's grave in the Old Reformed Cemetery in Frederick. Two years ago the Barbara Frietchie Memorial Association was formed to perpetuate the true story of the flag-waving incident, and it was found that there lived in Washington, D. C., a man by the name of James L. Parsons, who was a member of Jackson's Third Brigade that marched past the Frietchie house on "the cool September morn." There was living also Mrs. Caroline Ebert, a niece of Barbara Frietchie to whom the old lady had told the story. According to her recital Barbara Frietchie got out her flag to welcome Union soldiers, when a little girl ran into the house to tell her they were coming up the street. She waved the flag from her porch, but found the marching men were in gray. "Granny, give me your flag," said a mounted officer with kindly tact. "You can't have it," said old Barbara telling the story, "and I kept on waving." The officer again spoke: "Granny, give me your flag and I'll stick it in my horse's head." One of his men shouted: "Shoot her damned head off!" To him the officer sternly said: "If you hurt a hair of her head I'll shoot you like a dog. Go on, Granny, wave your flag as much as you please." The name of that gallant officer is not known, but it was not Stonewall Jackson. So after all the story though garbled by Whittier and improved by him is true. It was sent to the poet by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth the novelist. Three months after waving her flag Barbara Frietchie died at the age of 96. The verses were written about a year later, and the kindling sentiment of them will better perpetuate the memory of Barbara Frietchie than the monument that has been put over her grave in the Mount Olivet cemetery to which the casket containing her dust was removed about a year ago.

Psychological Prosperity

Apparently certain newspaper publishers hereabouts have reasoned that if business depression is as President Wilson says, wholly a psychological phenomenon it should be possible to suggestionize timid dollars into the channels of trade. If psychological depression, why not psychological prosperity? So the Examiner thus: "San Francisco Booming Ahead." Further: "The facts show that San Francisco is in a more prosperous condition than any of the fourteen cities with which it ranks in population." Also: "A noticeable quickening of trade is apparent, and it is certain that the conditions among the skilled workers are bettering every day." Good news! So cheer up, cherries are ripe, and the fruit crop is moving. Let us persuade ourselves that everything is lovely what time the goose hangs high; and lo, the winter of depression will be past, the ducats will blossom in Lobsteria, and the voice of the turtle will be heard in our land. It is easy to summon the spirit of prosperity from the vasty deep, but will the danged thing come? Aye, there's the rub! Meanwhile our real estate agents, whose activity is an infallible omen of prosperity hereabouts, are cutting down their advertising space, much to the disgust of the optimist behind the cash drawer in the newspaper office. Now let it not be supposed that we would discourage the cultivation of optimism. We are as anxious as anybody for prosperity, not even excepting the psychological brand. If we do not exhibit symptoms of sympathy with the affected joyousness of our daily contemporaries it is because of a constitutional aversion to flubdub. If our newspaper publishers, now suffering the consequence of the encouragement they have given to the taxeaters at the City Hall and the State Capitol, would get together, acknowledge their responsibility for much mischief and determine to be on the square with all the people for a while then perhaps in the ebullience of our spirits we might be found entertaining the populace with ground and lofty tumbling at Lotta's Fountain. What will a psychological burst of prosperity avail if the taxeaters—the demagogues all and singular—may go right along with their sociologic and industrial revolutions, putting men out of business in deference to a morbid virtue and driving capital out of the State ostensibly for the benefit of organized labor and in the interest of humanity? San Francisco ought to be by far the most prosperous city of its size in the world today. Further, there should be no occasion for artificial optimism. The trouble with San Francisco is that it has been overdosed with a blend of pharisaism and demagogism.

The Prompters of La Jolla

To the little town of La Jolla let us look for light. La Jolla is hard to find on the map, being almost as obscure a village as Bethlehem was in the days when the trip by camel-back from Dan to Beersheba consumed more time than the present run from Siskiyou to San Diego. La Jolla, somewhere near the nethermost extremity of the State, is the birthplace of an intellectual movement, the object of which is to redeem this Philistine world from bondage to the false gods of the theatre. This movement is under the direction of a society called The World Drama Prompters, a Societe Anonyme composed of men who gravitated together from distant parts of

the world and found themselves in congenial company. One is an American dramatist, one a critic of the arts whose hobby is the study of the European theatre, one is a lecturer and writer known wherever English is spoken and a playreader formerly connected with one of the New York theatres. These men profess no propaganda, and they have not banded together for self-aggrandizement or for blacklisting or whitelisting plays. They are hostile to nothing but mediocrity, their only aim is to make known and render available all published plays worth while and all works critical and philosophical relating to the drama of all ages and all peoples. To this end they publish a little magazine called "Our Bookstall," which contains a remarkably large list of dramatic works. The World Drama Prompters are responding to a demand of the times. There has been a great awakening of interest in the literature of the theatre, and it is far from gratified by our so-called producers. A play by a continental dramatist is never produced in this country unless it has met with success in England; and the critics of England tell us that their theatres, like our own, with one or two exceptions, are managed by men who know nothing of the literature of the drama. Our managers tell us that they give the public what the public wants. That they don't do anything of the kind is evident from the number of failures they have; and that they don't know what the public wants is evident from the success of plays which they have rejected and which have been produced by actors with a little money and a lot of self-confidence. Maybe the public hasn't a taste for the dramas of Schnitzler, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Gorky and other brilliant playwrights, but as the public hasn't been given a chance to approve or disapprove, how does anybody know? The fact being, however, that many thousands of people read good plays, it is sensible to assume that they would also like to see good plays. Whatever the truth it is certain that the folk who are reading good plays are less unsophisticated than the people who pay to see trashy drama, and that the more people that can be educated above the level of the current theatre the quicker managers will realize the advisability of substituting art for balderdash.

A Book on Love

"Too many people have got into a way of thinking that to speak of sex experience is to mean something illicit. It is in fact the most precious part of our equipment. I want to say—I don't know why I shouldn't—that I have always found it so." These are not. as doubtless you assumed, the words of the Rev. Charles Aked. Other folk are as fond as he of discussing the topic of sex. One of them is Mary Austin. The foregoing quoted sentences are from a book by Mary Austin, a book just out entitled "Love and the Soul Maker." The book is all about love and the value of sex experience. A very big subject this, and not to be handled with luminous results from any narrow viewpoint. George Sand, Ninon de L'Enclos, Mme. de Genlis, Mme. Geoffrin—these were women qualified both from experience and study to discuss love in all its phases and manifestations. Mary Austin resembles none of them, either in intellect or experience. It is clear that her knowledge of her subject is somewhat limited. She is not a woman anybody would suspect of having had much sex experience, and her writings justify the conclusion that of the history of love she is but poorly informed. For a woman to be able to discuss the subject intelligently it will not suffice for her to crave sex experience. In mere craving there is not much knowledge. Nor will it suffice for her to study the love affairs of domestic animals as Mary Austin makes it clear that she has done. But if Mary is groping in the dark at any rate she tells us many curious things. She tells us for instance that "there is probably not much difference between the temperament of the courtesan and any woman of wide sympathies;" also, that early Christianity tried "to eradicate passion by denying its pertinence to life." It is clear that Mary has been generalizing from a few modern and ancient instances and that she has not yet learned to differentiate the modern sentiment which has its gospel in Dante's Vita Nuova from the passion that ran riot in the orgiastic nights of Baal and in the days when the daughters of Ishtar lighted the trade routes of the East with their beauty while warming them with their caresses. Mary Austin in all probability acquired her knowledge of her burning subject somewhere between the land of little rain and Carmel-by-the-Sea. Many books have been written on this subject, and love has been analyzed by many thinkers, not a few as serious as Schopenhauer nor less experienced than the gay author of Historia Amoris, but of course ear will be given to Mary. Among the curious phenomena of the times is the hungry attention we give to persons who pose as authorities in matters about which they have not the slightest expert knowledge.

The Prohibition Propaganda

The prohibition agitation is now taken more seriously than at any time in its history. Once upon a time the liquor question was of concern chiefly to saloon-keepers. Now it is a far-reaching question. It has an economic side to it of considerable importance. Also it has a political side; and the moral side of it is not the one with which the Prohibitionists have been preoccupied, for the Prohibitionists themselves are now emphatically affirmed to be agents of general demoralization. Formerly the Prohibitionist was regarded as merely a crank making a nuisance of himself by indulging in noisy infringement of the proprieties of life. Nobody paid much attention to him. It was easy to avoid him. Of late he has been spreading like the white plague, and as a consequence he has compelled scientific inquiry. Formerly the issue between the saloon-keeper and the narrow, wild-eyed fanatic gave off more heat than light; now it induces calm, philosophic discussion out of which have come certain truths that give us pause. What were once the accepted postulates of the prohibition propaganda have been examined and found inaccurate in some instances; in others utterly false. We used to believe that alcohol was a poison. As a result of scientific investigation we know it is not. We have the authority of the International Physiological Congress held in Cambridge in 1898 for the statement that alcohol "supplies energy like common articles of food, and it is physiologically incorrect to designate it as a poison." We used to believe that even moderate indulgence in alcoholic stimulants was injurious. Eminent scientists agree that it is not; that it is only from excessive indulgence that injury results. Indeed learned investigators have come to the conclusion that moderate indulgence in alcoholic stimulants is better than total abstinence. They find that the human system requires a certain degree of stimulation, and that if it cannot have beer or wine it will find a substitute. This is a fact so well recognized by the manufacturers of certain drugs that they are in sympathy with the Prohibitionists, and are known to have contributed to the "dry" cause. Professor Munsterberg, the renowned psychologist, who has made a study of the use and abuse of alcohol, is of the opinion that total abstinence is in restraint of great achievement, and declares that a nation condemned to non-alcoholic beverages would rapidly deteriorate. His views seem to receive a large measure of corroboration from our living examples of the effect of total abstinence. If we may judge from the professional prohibition agitators, total abstinence has a certain diseased and dwarfing effect on the mind. There is a bald, barren and bankrupt look about the average "dry" agitator. His enthusiasm is the fever that exhausts rather than the fire that warms. He is the very antithesis of the man who takes a drink occasionally, the good-natured, appreciative, kind-hearted man in love with the world. It is this pale person that animates the cult of the "anti." He is the noisy heretic, the rebel against orthodox beliefs and accepted conventions. Irritated by the least departure from his own views, he will not tolerate criticism of his pet theories, he is opposed to all the vital principles of the arts and sciences, and his instinct is to crush uncomfortable truths. Wherever you find an aggressive Prohibitionist you find an all-round "anti," and almost invariably in the pale person of the professional prohibitionist you will find a man with no scrupulous regard to the truth. Whether the flabbiness of his moral fibre is due to total abstinence or to narcotics, is a question that science has not yet solved, but that intellectual dishonesty is a characteristic of him is a proposition that becomes self-evident from a study of his own arguments. This State is today full of "dry" agitators who are going about uttering statements which have been disproved in every campaign they have been engaged in. Only the other day the newspapers quoted the assertions of one of them with reference to the benign effects of prohibition in Kansas, and these assertions are so absurdly untrue that more than a year ago the editor of the Vindicator, the

leading Prohibition journal of the United States, took occasion to deprecate the use of them. And this editor, by the way, mournfully admits that Prohibition is a failure in Kansas and other States, and makes this admission the foundation of an argument in favor of national prohibition. The truth of course is that wherever prohibition has been enacted it is worse than a failure. Everywhere, as in Maine, the illicit saloon is the product of prohibition, and where the illicit saloon thrives there is bribery and general corruption. These are facts not to be gainsaid in any State where there is prohibition. In the circumstances how are we to account for the Prohibitionist? In a measure on the hypothesis on which we account for almost every kind of crank—the hypothesis of pure cussedness. The exception is the professional Prohibitionist. He is a reformer for revenue.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XIV—CHARLES M. BELSHAW

The rich man in politics is fortunate inasmuch as he may follow his inclinations without much discomfort. Unfortunately the inclinations of the average rich man in politicss have not been uplifted and disciplined. If his inclinations are not the inclinations of the poor man, they are not any better. In some instances they are worse. The rich man in politics may not become a vulgar grafter, but among our rich politicians are to be found the most mischievous, the most disgusting of all demagogues. San Francisco elected a rich man mayor once upon a time, and he played to the gallery every minute of his term. His inclinations were not the kind that a conscientious man would care to follow. Never did public man enjoy a greater amount of public confidence. This one had not a shred or patch of it left when he returned to private life. Perhaps if one made an intelligent study of politicians the conclusion would be reached that the inclinations of the poor, even the poor of sordid appetite, are usually of a higher order than the inclinations of the rich.

All of which is by way of preface to a brief sketch of Mr. Charles M. Belshaw, who is now campaigning for the Republican nomination for governor. But nothing in the preface is to be taken as a personal allusion. The preface is intended merely to imply that it is not wise to assume that always a rich candidate's inclinations are fit and feasible to follow. A rich candidate should be allowed no such advantage. It should be sufficient for him that he has a tumid purse, which is no measly advantage as you will see if you ponder the case of that uproarious reformer Congressman Bill Kent. But from all accounts Senator Belshaw will not avail himself of this advantage. Whatsoever his inclinations, he is not to be tracked by the nickels he drops. He is never threatened with an impulse to throw money to the birds for the stimulation of a campaign. Maybe this is because of his steadfast deference to the laws of his country. Or maybe his overmastering inclination is to win on his merits. What these merits are it will be my pleasure to suggest.

Senator Belshaw is the son of a mining man from whom he inherited a large fortune which certainly has not diminished since the death of its founder. A prudent man is Senator Belshaw, reckoned a millionaire. A gentleman farmer in the grand old county of Contra Costa, Senator Belshaw lives in the most imposing house in Antioch. It is a structure which started out to be a home but apparently "got religion" and decided to be a church, for it has stained glass windows of the ecclesiastical kind and a spire surmounted by a flagpole. An edifice, without doubt, that is hard to classify.

Harder still to classify is Senator Belshaw's political career. With Senator Belshaw politics has been as serious a business as the conservation and enlargement of his inherited fortune. He served three terms in the Assembly and was Senator for four years. An investigation of that longish record should reveal where Senator Belshaw stands. But the fact is that Senator Belshaw is averse to standing anywhere. He'd rather sit, preferably on the fence. If politics is straddling—and many old-fashioned politicians think it is—Senator Belshaw is a grand politician. Being a sociable fellow Senator Belshaw has all sorts of friends, and during his legislative years he tried to maintain his multifarious friendships by espousing both sides of many questions whereon his friends differed. So Senator Belshaw has sometimes, and with reason, been called a machine man; at other times, and with equal reason, an anti-machine man. Once upon a time that redoubtable wheel-horse of the bad old Republican machine, Senator Frank Leavitt of Oakland, said to Senator Belshaw:

"Charlie, you call yourself a political purist, yet I've programmed you more frequently than any other man in the Legislature."

As he was, and still is, a friend of Leavitt, Belshaw did not become angry at this remark. The statement is true, but only roughly so. Certainly Senator Belshaw voted for many bills favored by that wicked old machine, but he always found a reason different from the machine reason, for voting that way. As the machine was not concerned with reasons but was only interested in roll calls, this peculiarity of Belshaw was tolerated; indeed it afforded a good deal of innocent amusement.

Senator Belshaw has always been a great friend and admirer of that truly pure man in politics, Dr. Pardee. Dr. Pardee, like Senator Belshaw, is a reformer of tempered enthusiasm. Both have always abhorred wicked politicians, even while connubiating with them. Just before Governor Pardee left office he gave Senator Belshaw a testimonial of his affection by appointing him to the Board of Prison Directors. Unfortunately, when the next Legislature met, Senator Belshaw found that there was opposition to his confirmation. He discovered that his friend the Doctor had invited him to a barmecide feast. It would have been very humiliating for Senator Belshaw to be turned down by his senatorial colleagues, so he arranged a compromise. It was fixed that he should receive his appointment on condition that he resign within a few months to make way for Governor Gillett's choice. It is even said that he was forced to write his resignation and place it in the proper hands before he received his commission. Sometimes these precautions are taken in politics. And as it was planned, so was it done. Senator Belshaw gave an accurate imitation of Mr. Finnigan.

For some time Senator Belshaw was an ardent Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguer. His ardor reached its height when there seemed some chance that he might become the League's candidate for Governor. It cooled quickly when Hiram Johnson was chosen. More recently he again appeared as a reformer. He wanted to reform the administration of our prisons by putting their management back into politics. Our prisons are pretty much out of politics, but Senator Belshaw had an idea that it would be a good thing to put them back and he tried to accomplish this with a constitutional amendment. Why did he conceive the idea? Well, he had a candidate for the wardenship of San Quentin. However, he failed.

Senator Belshaw is a great raconteur. He has an inexhaustible supply of stories, and he tells them well. He is the master of many dialects, and the mobility of his countenance allows a play of facial expression which greatly enhances the interest of his recitals. He is also a singer. Those who have never heard Senator Belshaw sing "The Buck Billy Goat" have missed a great treat. He used to sing this on festive occasions in Sacramento, giving huge delight to all except the Irish members of the Legislature. Of course he wouldn't sing it at a meeting of an Irish society. For Senator Belshaw has a certain political caution which he has been cultivating through many years of sitting on the fence and only climbing down on one side or the other when the occasion seemed propitious to the private and personal political ends of Charley Belshaw.

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Perspective Impressions

Mayor Rolph helped to fight a fire last week. A fiddler, Jim is, but not in the Neronian sense.

Why don't the papers come out against Statewide Prohibition as part of their prosperity propaganda?

Vote for the Home Rule in Taxation amendment, and then your troubles will be over. Nobody will care what happens after that.

We wouldn't believe anything wrong of Madame Schumann-Heink even if a whole court room full of witnesses swore to it.

Dr. Eliot in the role of Sir Oracle reminds us that garrulity is neither graceful nor wise. And he forces us to ask the question, Is there nothing for a president emeritus to do except babble?

If modern legislation proved harmless whenever it proved futile there would be fewer discomforts to complain of.

If the looting of a railroad by a whining crook proves the advisability of government ownership, does the annual looting of the national treasury by a pork-barrel Congress prove that government should be privately managed?

Psychological prosperity may lead men to advertise, but the important question is, Will it make possible the payment of bills?

The Kaiser has figured out that he has killed 78,308 animals during his hunting career. Well, the Kaiser might be better employed than in computing such nonsense.

Is the Wild Ass of the Desert running for office or just browsing?

Strait-laced King George! His father Ned didn't act that way when a woman forced herself upon him.

"Offers Bill to Silence Bryan," says the headline. But it was a legislative bill, not currency, so what's the use?

Press despatch: "Madame Schumann-Heink expressed sympathy for her husband today." And Bill doesn't care a rap for her!

What is the psychology of the Administration measure legalizing all restraints of trade which may be undertaken by labor unions? Gompers knows but he won't tell.

Varied Types

CLXXXI—WALLACE MUNRO

By Edward F. O'Day

Comes now Wallace Munro, with a message and a mission. San Francisco does not always incline a friendly ear to a message, does not always take kindly to missions; for messages are apt to bore and missions are apt to imply a superior attitude on the part of the missionaries. But there is no need of looking askance at Wallace Munro. He is handsome, smiling, good-natured, fluent message-bearer and missionary. His message is a message of good tidings, his mission is a cheerful one. Wallace Munro comes here to tell us that there is still a lot of fun to be derived from the theatre. That is his message. He comes prepared to corroborate his message by providing us with the fun. That is his mission. I think Wallace Munro will find us in a receptive mood.

Wallace Munro is a trans-continental commuter. Thirty-seven times he has crossed the continent to San Francisco on business connected with the theatre. That isn't so bad for a man who has only been in the theatrical business a trifle of twenty-six years. Thirty-six times he came with or in advance of stars, near-stars and ordinary twinklers. On the thirty-seventh commutation he comes with the message and the mission, and when the message has been delivered, the mission fulfilled, San Francisco may see reason to bracket Wallace Munro with Tom Maguire, McKee Rankin and Henry Miller, to mention three other men of the theatre for whom there is a warm spot in the hearts of all real San Franciscans.

If you consider the three names I have just mentioned it may occur to you that Tom Maguire, McKee Rankin and Henry Miller perfected our theatrical education by providing us with stock companies of superlative excellence. Old California stock, Baldwin stock and old Columbia summer stock taught us more about the theatre than all the other theatrical events of our history. If the theatre may be compared to a college, these stock engagements were the courses which fixed our taste in drama. Well, Wallace Munro is going to give us another course. He is going to open a sort of summer school at the Columbia, beginning on the twenty-second of this month and continuing for eight weeks or so.

"I think the public is surfeited with red light and white slave plays," he says; "and that it will be glad to return for a while to wholesome comedies."

So we are going to have a course in modern comedy drama at the Columbia. We shall see first of all Oscar Wilde's masterpiece, "The Importance of Being Earnest." Then we shall have Robert Marshall's "His Excellency the Governor," Bronson Howard's "Aristocrats," Clyde Fitch' "The Bachelor," Henry Arthur Jones' "The Liars" and Isaac Henderson's "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," with others to follow. These are the vehicles with which Wallace Munro hopes to "put over" his message and his mission. Am I wrong in supposing that San Francisco will hearken and co-operate? I think not.

WALLACE MUNRO

The play's the thing, of course; but the actors are not to be despised. And so, Wallace Munro is bringing us a company not unworthy to be mentioned with the companies we used to get from Tom Maguire and McKee Rankin and Henry Miller. Wallace Munro calls it an all-star company. Consider the names: Charles Richman, Rose Coghlan, Charles Cherry, Charlotte Tittel, Frank Kingdon, Carroll McComas, George S. Christie, Joan Dana, Horace Mitchell, John Raymond, Ada Goodrich and J. G. Wadsworth. Richman has been with "Help Wanted," a Morosco success of the past season, and will have a new play under Morosco's management next season. Rose Coghlan has been in the all-star cast of "Fine Feathers" under the management of H. H. Frazee. Cherry was with Ethel Barrymore in "Tante," a Frohman success. Charlotte Tittell was last here with Olga Nethersole, and has been on Broadway ever since in Frohman productions. Frank Kingdon has been playing the Abbe in "The Garden of Allah" under the Liebler management, and will return to the same production next season. Carroll McComas who started here as "Carroll the Whistler" and has since gone a long way on the road of success, has been playing opposite Donald Brian in "The Marriage Market;" before that she was with Billie Burke in Pinero's "Mind-the-Paint Girl." Horace Mitchell was all last season in the Klaw and Erlanger production of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and will play in it again next season. So there is reason for calling this an all-star cast. It was quite a tour de force to bring all these players together in one company, and Wallace Munro is justifiably proud of doing it.

"We have no leading man," says Munro, "and we have no leading woman. The company was se-

(Continued on Page 17.)

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Mr. Hornaday, Hypocrite

By Robert McTavish

Abou Ben Adhem is the imperfect prototype of the smug philanthropist of today. We have Abou's word for it that he loved his fellow man, an admission the philanthropist is always willing to make. But the philanthropist of today has gone further. Mere philanthropy is no longer the passport to distinction. The lover of humanity is respected but not acclaimed. Humanity is too circumscribed for the scope of our improved Abou Ben Adhems. They love not man alone, but the entire world of living things. So if Abou were alive today, he'd find himself way behind the times, extremely unprogressive. To catch up he'd have to fight vivisection and join the Audubon Society.

To stand out from the undistinguished mass nowadays, one must love all creatures from jungle beasts to field birds, or must profess to love them. When any living thing is killed, whether for food, the advancement of science or sport, one must shed tears for the poor slain thing and roast the tar out of the slayer. It's the fashion in this era of relaxed mental and physical fibres. A sentimental solicitude for all animal nature is among the most significant cants of the day; it is to be counted with prohibition, anti-vivisection and universal peace. The killing of dumb creatures shocks people who are not particularly worried when the Decalogue is broken. Men who condone serious flaws in the character of Teddy cannot forgive him the African hunting trip. They admire Roosevelt in many things; they hate him in the role of Bwana Tumbo.

Based on the horror with which all right-minded men regard cruelty to animals, this sentimental tenderness for dumb creatures has spread so widely among people with lots of heart and little brain that those who protest against it are looked upon as monsters capable of any enormity. Those who thus indulge this tenderness are frequently hyocritical and always intemperate. Take the Audubon Society or the New York Zoological Society. There is a plentiful supply of hypocritical canters in their membership. But the strength of these canters is drawn from the simplicity of those gullible and intemperate but sincere souls who think they are thinking when they are only indulging in emotional dissipation. To shoot a bird is not necessarily to do an inhuman thing, but if the emotions are exercised long enough on the spectacle of soft feathers dripping blood, it is quite easy for a person who has never learned to think consecutively to reach the state where horror of the bird-killer and pity for the killed bird are the only sentiments evoked. Suppose the case of clever and unscrupulous men selfishly interested in evoking such sentiments, and it becomes easy to account for the wide spreading of this unreasoned horror and pity. To do so is not to impugn the motives or to blacken the moral character of all who belong to the Audubon Society or the New York Zoological Society; it is merely to reflect upon the sentimentality of the general run of members and to exhibit them as the innocent prey of hypocrites. Which brings us to Mr. Hornaday.

Mr. William T. Hornaday of the New York Zoological Society is one of our up-to-date Abou Ben Adhems. He loves the birds so much that when a farmer boy shoots a bluejay he is more deeply affected than the Ancient Mariner was over the killing of the albatross. He is "a self-apointed universal game warden; the archangel of mercy; the prototype of all that is tender and sweet and gentle and lovely." He is known to Congress and to the eastern newspapers as the indefatigable champion of twitterers in distress and danger. He is feared too, for he is a propagandist who imputes the most unworthy motives to those who oppose him, and such is his standing that thousands are prepared to believe his unsupported assertions.

One of the victims of Mr. Hornaday's anger was United States Senator Reed of Missouri. Senator Reed had the temerity to oppose an appropriation of $50,000 for the protection of birds. Not that Senator Reed is an enemy of birds; far from it. But as he put it on the floor of the Senate, "the proposition before us is whether Congress shall make an appropriation for the enforcement of a law so plainly invalid that the Department of Justice and the Department of Agriculture, both of which are charged with the duties of enforcement, have practically declined to venture upon a prosecution." For taking this stand Senator Reed incurred Mr. Hornaday's anger, and was attacked in certain influential newspapers which regarded Mr. Hornaday as a modern Francis of Assisi.

Senator Reed retaliated, and retaliated to such good purpose that when he finished Mr. Hornaday of the New York Zoological Society stood exposed as an arrant hypocrite. This expose is one of the most arresting things chronicled in the Congressional Record for a long time.

Senator Reed declared that the federal game law for the protection of migratory game and insectivorous birds "was enacted in response to a manufactured sentiment created by an organized lobby." He showed, among other things, how Henry Ford, the motor millionaire of Detroit, became interested in the propaganda, detailing a large force of stenographers to the work and sending out thousands of telegrams and letters. He quoted from the official publication of the Audubon Society to show that that organization spent $82,347 last year, some of it in aigrette legislation. He showed that the anti-plumage law was passed as the result of a "campaign systematically conducted by a lobby that was as thoroughly greased as any recently infesting Congress;" that the methods employed by other lobbies to convince Congress that there was a spontaneous uprising of the people for or against certain legislation were the methods of the lovers of birds.

But the most forceful part of Senator Reed's expose was devoted to Mr. Hornaday, the professional friend of the bird. "Game associations of my State and adjoining States," said Senator Reed, "composed of some of the best citizens of those States, men who have spent large sums of money in seeking to protect game, believing this law to be unconstitutional and a failure, said so, whereupon they were denounced as guilty of treasonable practices by one William T. Hornaday. That gentleman constitutes himself the chief apostle of mercy and kindliness. He denounces every man who shoots a duck as a pothunter, and holds him up before the country as a merciless wretch who seeks to inflict pain and misery upon wild animals. One would think, as he reads the fulminations of this gentleman, that his heart overflows with pity, that in his tender hands is held a chalice filled with tears of agony wrung from his sympathetic eyes by the suffering of dumb brutes; one would imagine that all his life Brother Hornaday had guarded birds' nests; that he had watched to see that no hand of violence was laid upon any dumb animal, particularly if that animal was a wild animal; one would believe that his finger never pulled the trigger that sent a deadly missile into the body of a living thing."

Unfortunately for Mr. Hornaday, however, he once wrote a book, and Senator Reed proceeded to damn him with his own words. The book is called "Two Years in the Jungle," and is dedicated "To my good wife, Josephine." This book is a record of the time Hornaday spent in the tropics as what Senator Reed calls a "Hessian pothunter," a market hunter of birds and beasts. Senator Reed quoted passages to show that Hornaday who is now so solicitous about birds, used to kill them by the wagonload and had a team of bulls to haul the slaughtered carcases. He showed that the foe of the aigrette seller was a keen hunter of the argus pheasant, killing it for the valuable wings and tail feathers. He showed that he robbed birds' nests of their eggs. But Senator Reed laid particular stress upon Hornaday's exploits in the killing of monkeys. Here I must quote the Senator at some length:

"Mr. President, the waylaying of baboons coming to the rescue of the wounded young, and the slaughter of those possessing the heroism so to come, may have been a very sportsmanlike and a very humane performance, but it does not rise to the dignity of the incident to which I am about to call attention.

"At page 367 of this gory recital will be found a story that would shock the finer sensibilities of a first-class orthodox devil. The kind doctor gives an account of the killing of a number of these creatures and then tells this story:

"'Three miles farther on I espied a baby orang up in a treetop, hanging to the small limbs with outstretched arms and legs, looking like a big, red spider. It gazed down at us in stupid, childish wonder—'

"What would a human being have done—an ordinary human being; not one of these super-sensitive people; not one of these leaders in the intellectual and moral uplift, but just an ordinary human being—when he saw that baby looking down with its stupid, childish eyes in wonderment and fear? It seems to me the ordinary pothunter would lower the muzzle of his gun. Not so Mr. Hornaday:

"'I was just aiming for it, when Mr. Eng Quee called my attention to the mother of the infant, who was concealed in the top of the same tree.'

"There they were, mother and child, so near like the human that even this man, as I shall show you a little later on, almost classifies them as members of the human family. If there is anything that appeals to the stony heart of man and melts it into kindliness it is the sight of a mother seeking to protect her babe. But what did Mr. Hornaday do? He fired at the mother.

"'As soon as I fired at her she climbed with all haste up to her little one—'

"She would not abandon her babe in the face of death. Like all the mothers of all time, the life of her infant was more dear to her than her own life; and so this mother, in the face of impending death, went to the rescue of her babe.

"Did this gentleman stop then—this tender-hearted apostle of sympathy?

"'As soon as I fired at her she climbed with all haste up to her little one, which quickly clasped her round the body—'

"Ah, you good mothers who are furnishing money for Mr. Hornaday, what would you have done if your babe had been in danger? And what

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Poems About San Francisco

CXLIX—SUNSET AT THE GOLDEN GATE

By Daniel S. Richardson

(This little poem is taken from "Trail Dust" by Daniel S. Richardson, a volume of poems published by A. M. Robersino in 1908. The author has already been represented in this collection.)

The sun sinks low and his crimson locks
  Trail after him down the west;
They weave the sky into trembling bars
  Just over the ocean's crest;
They build the clouds into golden harps
  Where the day has gone to rest.

I think, sweet spirit, a shadow hand
  Is touching the burning strings,
For music out of the silence falls
  Like the pulse of happy wings.
Perhaps 'tis the Angel Israfel
  And the choir of heaven that sings.

The Spectator

McAdoo to Quit

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo is going to quit the Cabinet. This is the news I receive from private and reliable sources in New York and Washington. It is a pretty sensational story as I hear it, a story that may shock admirers of the present national Administration. The story runs that Secretary McAdoo is to resign his portfolio to go into one of the biggest banking firms in the country, a firm which, in his official capacity, he has treated with distinguished consideration. The banking firm I refer to is that of Kuehn, Loeb and Company of New York, a firm of the first importance in the realm of American finance. I am told that Secretary McAdoo will give up his seat at President Wilson's cabinet table in order to become a partner in this firm. As Secretary of the Treasury, McAdoo receives a salary of $12,000 a year. A partnership in Kuehn, Loeb and Company should be worth about $100,000 a year. It will be observed that President Wilson's son-in-law is going to better himself.

McAdoo and Warburg

When the Federal Reserve Bank Bill was passed by Congress it became Secretary McAdoo's duty to designate the Regional Reserve directors. One of the men who was asked and consented to serve on this important board was Paul Warburg of New York. Paul Warburg is a member of the banking firm of Kuehn, Loeb and Company. Jacob Schiff is the senior member of that banking firm, and Paul Warburg is his first lieutenant. Otto Kahn is usually regarded as the member of the Kuehn, Loeb firm second in importance to Schiff, but Kahn is more interested in the Metropolitan Opera House than in finance, and among financiers it is known that Paul Warburg is Schiff's most active partner. When Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo designated Warburg as one of the Regional Reserve directors, Warburg accepted with alacrity. These directors will possess powers of which only bankers who have studied the new law are aware. They will wield a tremendous influence in the money market of the United States. It is indeed very much worth while to be a member of the new board. The fact that Kuehn, Loeb and Company have a representative on the board is going to enhance the prestige of the firm enormously.

There Will Be Talk

When Secretary McAdoo quits the Cabinet to enter the firm of Kuehn, Loeb and Company—and as I say, I have a reliable tip that he intends to do so—there is bound to be a great deal of talk. Coming on top of the appointment of Paul Warburg of that firm to a place of great importance in the financial service of the Government, it will be sure to evoke speculation. People will put two and two together. They will draw conclusions which may be unwarranted but which will still possess a certain plausibility. They will want to know whether Secretary McAdoo contemplated leaving the Cabinet for private banking at the time he named Warburg on the Regional Reserve board. They will want to know whether the President was aware of the arrangement. They will wonder whether it isn't better for a President to have a son-in-law in the Cabinet than to have him leave the Cabinet to enter a firm which has received a federal plum through the generosity of that same son-in-law. Perhaps Secretary McAdoo will be able to put his action in such a light that everybody will be satisfied.

At "Damaged Goods"

"It's wonderful, Dick, isn't it?" said Rabbi Martin Meyer to Attorney Dick O'Connor at the end of the first act.

Dr. Meyer is a sincere and earnest man who devotes much time to sociological problems. His tone made it apparent that he expected a serious reply.

"It certainly indicates a trend in the drama," said Dick O'Connor seriously.

"Yes, yes, indeed it does!" exclaimed Dr. Meyer.

"I have no doubt," continued O'Connor, "that the next thing we hear will be that the Board of Censors has prohibited 'The Old Homestead.'"

When Aked Spoke

Dick O'Connor was not the only first nighter at the Columbia who refused to take the Brieux drama seriously. When Dr. Aked had made his little speech and had heroically accepted entire responsibility for the playing of "Damaged Goods" in San Francisco, a well known man (not a member of Dr. Aked's congregation, however) turned to his companion and said:

"This 'Damaged Goods' seems to resemble 'Pagliacci.'"

"How so?" queried the companion.

"Why, it has a prologue and a mountebank!"

Another man growled:

"What does he think this is? A sheriff's sale of damaged goods?"

Bennett's Speech

Richard Bennett had to make a curtain speech of course. In spots it was quite a good speech. When he mentioned that the first announcement of his intention to produce "Damaged Goods" appeared in a San Francisco paper, he might have added that it was Town Talk he had in mind. He took a quiet little smash at Portland and Seattle, stating that there was still a bit too much reserve and reticence in those communities to permit of his taking the play there. I wonder how he knows that? He referred in a vein of sarcasm to the reported burning of Brieux' works by the good ladies of the Century Club which he called the Twentieth Century Club. (Did he do this by mistake, or was it to accentuate his point?) And when he said that he was glad to step out of his character for a moment and so give the audience a chance to dissociate him from Dupont, a lady in back of me remarked:

"He's giving himself a medical certificate."

Rosenstirn's Revenge

Dr. Aked had his moment of kudos when he stepped before the curtain and gave his "nihil obstat" to the performance. He was careful to say nothing about the Municipal Clinic, the deadly foe of syphilis, which he helped to abolish. But Dr. Rosenstirn who fought so manfully for the preservation of the Municipal Clinic, had his revenge during the entr'acte. Dr. Rosenstirn exhibited to his friends a letter from the chief sur-

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geon of the Philadelphia Public Hospital asking for data about the Municipal Clinic of San Francisco and stating that plans were afoot for establishing a Municipal Clinic in Philadelphia. When a few more communities wake to the value of such a safeguard of public health, San Francisco will grow ashamed of herself, and Dr. Rosenstirn will be vindicated.

Nathan's Reception

Ernesto Nathan, former Mayor of Rome and present Commissioner of the Italian Government to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, has come and gone, leaving trouble behind him. Trouble was to be expected. The first announcement of Nathan's appointment raised a storm of Catholic protest all over the country. Among the devout Catholics of the Italian Colony in this city indignation was particularly pronounced. Consul Danao appointed a committee of fifteen to welcome Nathan and make plans for his entertainment, but not all the men he first designated consented to serve on the committee. A great deal of tact was necessary in persuading others who realized that Nathan came in a very important capacity, but still found it hard to overcome their antipathy based on religious difference. The first visit of Nathan passed without any public manifestation of disapproval on the part of the disaffected Catholics, but if he returns—and there are some who say that efforts will be made to prevent his return—feeling against him may crystallize, thus creating an embarrassing situation.

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The Nathan Entertainments

With certain exceptions the leading men of the Italian Colony attended the affairs in honor of Nathan, although some whose names I might mention went very reluctantly and remained in the background. Their devotion to Italy and their appreciation of the important part she is to take in our Fair caused Catholic Italians who have anything but a kindly feeling for Nathan to put in an appearance at the Fairmont reception and the banquet at the Fior d'Italia. Of course they were not present at the banquet at the Fairmont tendered by the Italian Masonic Lodge. And they did not appear in force for the P. P. I. E. reception at the Palace, concluding that at this official function enough honor would be shown by the Fair people to cover their absence. I am speaking of the leading men of the Colony, those of them who are devout Catholics and resent Nathan's hostility to their church. The rank and file of the Colony were not politic, did not take any pains to conceal their dislike for the Italian Commissioner. They stayed away from the affairs, and in consequence that enthusiasm which is typical of an Italian gathering when a great Italian is the guest of honor was conspicuous by its absence.

A Banquet Fight

It turned out that Nathan was not persona non grata to the Catholics alone. The antipathy to him is not based solely on religious grounds. This was made clear at the Fior d'Italia banquet where the speechmaking precipitated a war of Italian editors which has been going on ever since and shows no signs of abating its bitterness—quite the contrary. Speaking as the representative of Patrizi's paper L'Italia, Editor Bertini delivered a glowing eulogy of Nathan and gave him credit for the spread of democratic principles in Italy. This aroused the wrath of Editor Privitera of Il Voce del Popolo, and when called upon to speak he directed some very plain remarks at Nathan, calling him to task for a number of his policies and denouncing him for his stand on Italian emigration especially. Nathan did not enjoy the situation, although he is too good an actor to display his feelings at the wrong time. The editors have been at it hammer and tongs ever since, and in consequence the Italians are enjoying spicy reading every morning. Editor Bertini is calling Editor Privitera a Cato who would like to reorganize the Italian Colony. Editor Privitera who is a fiery Sicilian retorts by ignoring Editor Bertini and calling Editor Patrizi a Czar who deserves to be dethroned. That the echoes of this scrap, like the noise of the religious dissatisfaction, will reach Rome there is no doubt. Whether anything will come of it remains to be seen.

Nathan the Actor

I asked a leading member of the Italian Colony why Nathan was sent here, and he said it was because the King of Italy admired him and be-

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cause he spoke such perfect English. I asked another leading Italian and he said it was because the politicians wanted to get him out of the way so that he would not again be a candidate for Mayor of Rome. So there you are. You may take your pick of reasons. That Nathan speaks remarkably pure English there is no gainsaying. He is a fine talker with an actor's knack of swaying his hearers. He impressed those who met him as a very shrewd politician, very suave and slick, and rather superficial.

Naming a Mass

The most popular Sunday Mass in this city is the Mass which is celebrated fifteen minutes past noon at Old St. Mary's on the California street hill. It is always attended by a big congregation of smartly dressed people who like to linger in bed of a Sunday morning. But unfortunately these late worshipers are not the most generous with their contributions, and reluctantly Father Cullen, the beloved pastor of the Paulist parish, was compelled to remind them last Sunday that it was their duty to contribute according to their means to the support of the church. He found a happy way of referring to the plethora of five cent pieces in the collection basket.

"I have heard this Mass described as the Tango Mass," said Father Cullen. "And some people call it the Lazy Mass. But I have a more fitting name for it. I call it the Nickelodeon."

The congregation laughed and took the hint.

Bob Sweeney, Tangoist

Robert Sweeney of Los Angeles is quite a distinguished young man, as those who have met him in San Francisco are quite willing to admit. He comes to San Francisco frequently, and was in town the other day assuring all who gave ear that Captain Fredericks was the only Moses of them all who could lead the Republican party out of the land of bondage and into office. Bob Sweeney was a Joe Scott man before he was a Fredericks man. He did all in his power to induce the handsome lawyer of the McNamara defense to enter the race, and only developed enthusiasm for the prosecutor of the McNamaras when he found that Scott was adamant to coaxing. Bob Sweeney has other distinctions. He is the son of Charles Sweeney, the millionaire who deserted the North some time ago in favor of San Francisco. Bob is also known as the best tango dancer in Los Angeles. And that reminds me of a story.

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Some time after Millionaire Sweeney took up his abode in this city he purchased the site of the old Occidental Hotel from Richard Burke and the other Donahue heirs and announced that he would cover it with a sky-scraping office building. Bob Sweeney who is a lawyer, came up from Los Angeles to attend to the matter for his father. The plans for the structure called for an expenditure of $900,000, and the Sweeneys decided to raise the necessary capital by issuing bonds. The representative of one of the big New York bonding houses came all the way across the continent to arrange the details of the big deal. He made an appointment with Bob Sweeney for two o'clock in the afternoon of a certain day. But Bob Sweeney was not on hand to keep the appointment. The bonding man did not hear from Bob Sweeney till the next day when the debonnair lawyer from Los Angeles rang him up, made a vague excuse for his remissness of the day before and asked for another appointment. The bonding man coldly informed him that the deal was off and that he had made arrangements to start for New York that evening. So the Sweeneys had to look elsewhere for the $900,000. Bob Sweeney confided to his intimates that he had been invited to a tea dance and had forgotten all about the business appointment!

A resident of Philadelphia writing to San Francisco friends last week said:

"Tell me about the Fair. Are you really going to have it? There is never a word about it in the Philadelphia papers."

Lady Isis in the Movies

Lady Isis, the mummied goddess of the Bohemian Club, is going into the movies. She will be the central figure in a film drama to be given this summer in the Bohemian Grove. Mackenzie Gordon who is in charge of the low jinks this year, has prepared a scenario for a stirring movie which will probably be called "Lady Isis' Night Out." Beginning with the abduction of the mummy from the Post street clubhouse by a band of bold Bohemians, the film drama will recount her flirtatious adventures on the way from this city to Monte Rio, her terpsichorean stunts at Monte Rio with "Bill" Hopkins and other tangoing Bohemians, her progress from Monte Rio to the grove by the Russian River and her installation on her throne among the redwoods. The mummy itself (or herself, if a mummy retains gender after a few thousand years), will be used for some of the scenes. For the others her place will be taken by one of the club's clever female impersonators.

The Lid on Bohemia

There was a good deal of talk in the Bohemian Club a few days ago when the Board of Directors ordered a notice posted prohibiting stud poker and "Wild Fours" in the card rooms. The directors think that there has been altogether too much gambling in the club, and have taken this step to reduce its volume. Whether further steps will be taken remains to be seen. There have been some heavy losses with the talk that inevitably follows.

We vouch for the following colloquy:

"I'm a tired business man."

"You must be doing well."

"Not doing enough business to make me tired."

"Then what makes you tired?"

"This bunk prosperity the newspapers are creating with printer's ink."

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Two Unspeakables

The news comes from London that indictments have been returned against Lord Alfred Douglas and T. W. H. Crossland for conspiring to ruin the moral character of Robert Ross, the literary executor of Oscar Wilde. Crossland was refused bail and is in jail; Douglas is on the continent, apparently safe from extradition. I have been following the preliminary hearing in the London Times, and I am not exaggerating when I say that these men seem to have plotted one of the most damnable character assassinations ever conceived. Douglas hates Ross with the poisonous hatred of a degenerate because Ross tried to save Wilde from his pathic's clutches. Ever since Douglas was covered anew with opprobium in the trial of the libel suit he brought against Arthur Ransome his depraved brain has been revolving schemes to bring ruin on Wilde's best friend. Crossland is the author of "The Unspeakable Scot" and other sensational books. He bears a bad reputation, having spent a good part of his life in the bankruptcy courts. He was just the sort of literary highbinder to help Douglas in the plot to besmirch Ross. No wonder one of the London papers exclaimed: "When are we to be rid of the unspeakable Crossland, and the still more unspeakable Douglas?" That remark got the editor in trouble, for you must not comment on a pending cause in England; but it expressed the thought of decent thousands.

A Black Charge

The details of the plot against Ross I cannot give, they are so nasty. Suffice it to say that Douglas who has facilities in that direction, got hold of an unfortunate invert from the country, cultivated him in London, got him drunk one day and with the help of Crossland induced him to sign a confession implicating Ross in an odious crime. When Ross took steps to vindicate himself in the courts, Douglas fled. The boy broke down on the witness chair and told all he knew. He confessed that he had never even seen Ross in his life until he was confronted with him in the court room. His mother substantiated his statements regarding the pecuniary reward he was to receive for helping in the ruin of Ross. The trial will be a nasty affair, and no doubt names well mired already will be still further dirtied before it is over. Douglas is pretty nearly at the end of his rope. He is bankrupt; his wife, Olive Custance the poetess, has left him; and his mother, the Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry, seems to provide him with just enough money to keep him from actual want. Robert Ross receives the general sympathy. He stuck loyally to Wilde when it required courage to do so, and the rehabilitation of Wilde's literary reputation which was of course inevitable, was much accelerated by the judicious manner in which Ross performed his executor's trust.

Riis, a Genuine Reformer

If all reformers were as earnest, as sincere and as efficient as Jacob A. Riis, the social worker and author who died in New York last week, they would enjoy universal esteem, and nary a cynic would dare scoff at reform. Riis was a Dane, one of a family of fourteen children. He came to this country in 1870 and became a newspaper writer. For a while he was in extreme poverty, but he began to prosper after becoming a police reporter in New York. Keenly alive to all phases of city life, he observed tenement house conditions closely and began one of his most famous reform fights—to improve the tenement house situation. He wrote a book which was widely read, "How the Other Half Lives." In the period from 1887 to 1897, Mr. Riis worked unceasingly for the city's welfare. He has given a history of the work in his book called "The Ten Years' War." He did the work that won small parks for bad spots in the city. He labored years to have more schoolhouses built. The evils he exposed he discovered in his work as a reporter. He knew how to write so as to wring men's hearts with his news of oppression, misery and hopelessness. He compelled indifferent city officials to concede the reforms he suggested or approved.

His Achievements

It was Riis who exposed the contaminated state of New York City's water supply and thus brought about the purchase of the whole Croton watershed. It was Riis who forced the destruction of rear tenements, and thus relieved the hideous darkness and density of life among the very poor. He was poor in pocket, but he was rich in heart and courage. He had the faculty of interesting and convincing men with money or men in official life. He had no ambition to hold public office and spent a good part of his time declining offers of such advancement.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Cheever, Lord Collector

Some men collect postage stamps and some collect the autographs of celebrities, some go in for the photographs of actresses and some for rare books. Cheever Cowdin, adopted son of California and husband of one of our most attractive girls, collects lords. Cheever has just been in Europe hunting lords, and he hunted with great success. Not every lord suits Cheever—only lords who can sit a pony and swing a polo mallet on a speeding willow ball. Cheever has been persuading lords to come here for the great polo tourney of 1915. As a result of his persuasive tongue Lord Wodehouse is coming; so is the Earl of Rocksavage; so is the Earl of Pembroke; so are our old friends Lord Alastair Innes-Ker and Lord Tweedmouth. Lord Tweedmouth is the husky lord who walked up a flight of stairs at the Burlingame Country Club on his hands, or was it on his ear? I have reserved the most important for the last. Belted earls and ordinary lords are well enough, but we're going to have a duke here too. The great Duke of Westminster who owns a big slice of London-town has also succumbed to Cheever's blandishments. Cheever almost became a king collector too. King Alfonso told him he'd come for the polo games, only his Cabinet won't let him. Speaking seriously, Cheever Cowdin has achieved a remarkable success. The best polo players of the world, nobles and commons, will be here next year.

A Divorce Dinner

There was a dinner at the Cliff House a few evenings ago that was of more than usual interest, because the guests were invited to celebrate a divorce. A fascinating little matron was to have filed her suit that day and invited some friends to celebrate her prospective freedom with her. However, there was some hitch in the proceedings and the divorce papers were not filed. The dinner was none the less jolly and the charming matron's coming freedom was celebrated in spite of the hitch. The future divorcee, by the way, will be one of the youngest on record. She eloped from school about two years ago with a young Los Angeles man, and is barely out of her teens now. She has spent most of her married life in Europe with her husband, so the suit that will soon be filed will not be a great surprise to society.

Miss Law to Wed

One of the pretty young graduates of the Girls' High School last week was Miss Beryl Law. When she came to San Francisco last year to live with her grandmother, Mrs. William E. Coker, she had been attending a girls' college in Los Angeles. Her father, the wealthy Herbert E. Law, gave her her choice of any school or seminary hereabouts. She chose the Girls' High, thinking it the best preparatory school for the university which she intended to enter. But Mr. Cupid came around, so instead of becoming a co-ed she is to be a little bride. Her fiance is Edwin Beckendorf of Pennsylvania, at present connected with the Federal Health Department in San Francisco. He is a young man of sterling worth. Miss Law is the only child of the Herbert E. Laws and is a charming girl of rather a serious, studious bent and unusual depth of character. Her father takes delight in her evident desire for mental growth. Her mother Mrs. Grace W. Law, still lives in Los Angeles, but there are many friends of hers and Herbert E. who feel that an ultimate reconciliation is inevitable, taking into consideration their youthful marriage, their long, happy, fortunate married life, their devotion to each other and the trifle that caused their separation.

Richard's Headache

That headache from which Richard Bennett suffered Tuesday was an awful disappointment to the uptodate ladies of the San Francisco Center. As the name of their organization indicates, the ladies of the San Francisco Center are in the very middle of things, things sociological, things economic, things psychological et cetera and so on. They had all been to the Columbia Monday night to see Richard in "Damaged Goods," and they were all on hand at the St. Francis Tuesday to hear him talk about the talky play. But the headache prevented Richard from discoursing. So they had to pretend interest while his secretary read a paper. It was not the sort of paper they had gathered to hear. At its conclusion Richard announced his willingness to answer questions, making this concession despite the headache. The questions were perfunctory. One of them brought out the news that Richard has lost money on "Damaged Goods." This statement caused some surprise. One of the ladies told me afterwards that she had read in the New York Telegraph that Bennett and Wilton Lackaye (who was said to have an interest in the venture) had made a goodly fortune out of the play. But she didn't ask Bennett about this. She was sorry for his headache.

Crockers Preparing for 1915

The latest addition to "New Place," the William H. Crocker home at Hillsborough, is a wing with a large ball room for the elaborate entertaining the Crockers plan to do in 1915. No one is better equipped as a hostess for the many foreigners who will come to San Francisco than Mrs. Crocker. She knows nearly every one worth while in Paris and London, and her entertainments are as fine as those in the drawing rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain or Mayfair. Jennie Crocker Whitman has had a large wing added to her residence at Burlingame for use as a nursery for the Whitman children and her own baby. However, I hear she is planning to spend the greater part of 1915 in California, and that the house will be all done over to accommodate her Eastern friends.

The Great Schumann-Heink

We think it is wonderful because Ninon de L'Enclos, ravishingly beautiful, was attractive to lovers until she was ninety. That was a long time ago. But here is all the civilized world in the twentieth century taking a life and death interest in the love affairs of Ernestine Schumann-Heink who admits she is fifty-three and says she knows she is the very opposite of beautiful; and worst of all, has eight children, the eldest of whom is thirty-two and the youngest sixteen. I have it upon the very best authority that madame, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, is very fascinating and that it is quite easy to fall in love with her. If she were a plain ordinary lady in domestic life, there would be quite a different story to tell, even if she ruled an exclusive social set. But Mme. Schumann-Heink is a stage queen which makes all the difference in the world. Were she an ordinary woman she would have been deposed long ago, but she has the gift of one of the greatest voices the world has ever known and her life-work, notwithstanding the eight children, has been to develop and cultivate it to such a degree that her technique gives as keen pleasure to artists as the beautiful quality of her voice. That horrid Mr. Rapp! Everyone is glad she lost him. Surely he has revealed himself as a very unworthy companion for the great contralto. He failed miserably in trying to cast discredit upon her. She remains not only the admired artist but the woman highly esteemed, the kind, generous mother. On her next tour, her audiences, always affectionately demonstrative, will prove to her their warm sympathy and increased admiration and regard.

Nonsense About the Astors

A writer in a Sunday paper was at great pains to explain the maneuverings of Mrs. Astor number one to place her own progeny at the head of the Astor family to the eternal exclusion of that of Mrs. Astor number two; also minute details were entered into to show how Mrs. Astor number two is economizing to make her mushroom fortune of five millions plus her son's three millions grow to one of recognizable size. Possibly, just possibly, Vincent Astor's mother was as anxious to see him married happily to a nice girl as any mere mother without a single mil-

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lion to her name. And it may be that Mrs. Astor number two, handsome and twenty-three, would be quite unhappy if she found herself a social dictator and really is contented to worry along on an income of three hundred thousand a year, besides a Fifth Avenue palace with paid-for upkeep. Also, perhaps she is not fretting in the least because her predecessor's friends don't notice her. As she hasn't met them yet, she doesn't miss them and maybe she has friends of her own whom she really likes—you never can tell. The article says his wives didn't love Mr. Astor. What mind reading! Yet it can't be hard to love a good-looking, well-educated, respectable billionaire in the prime of life, especially when he makes love to you and pours jewels, automobiles, yachts, palaces and other things at your feet. When Mrs. James G. Blaine who was obsessed with the idea of becoming the first lady of the land visited the White House during President Arthur's administration, she looked sadly at the portrait of his deceased wife and said: "Poor thing! Wherever she is, she must be wretched to have missed all this."

The writer of the Astor article sees mundane things from Mrs. Blaine's point of view.

A Marriage in Pau

From Pau, France, comes the announcement of the marriage a few weeks ago of Miss Eugenie Rotouriet and M. Georges Blanchard of Paris. The bride has many friends here where she was brought up, and will be remembered for her skill as a pianist. Some years ago she returned with her mother to France where she has since resided.

Sunshine at Paso Robles

During all the bad weather in this city there was glorious sunshine at Paso Robles. Situated as it is with the mountain range between the town and sea, there are none of the fogs or disagreeable winds that prevail in so many other places. Recent guests include: Mr. and Mrs. James N. Black, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Presley, Dr. Nathalie Selling, Mrs. H. Phillipp, Mrs. F. R. Roberson, Mrs. H. E. Boukofsky, Mrs. H. S. Goldberg, F. H. Keyes, Mrs. Nettie S. Dow, and child, Wm. Sexton, Geo. B. Scott and son, Mrs. J. Callendon, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Burnett.

A Dance at Tavern for Prizes

The dances at Techau Tavern go merrily on, and each one seems more successful than those that preceded it. There was one of these delightful informal dances on the evening of Wednesday, June 10, when the dancing was continuous from 10:30 throughout the entire evening. On this occasion there was no specially arranged supper nor were tables reserved, but on the evening of June 24 there will be a supper dance of a more formal character when there will be prizes for the best dancers in several classes, two prizes for each winning couple, one for the lady and one for the gentleman. It goes without saying that the cafe will be filled to capacity on this occasion.

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"Damaged Goods"

By Edward F. O'Day

There are a great many people of old-fashioned reticence who think that "Damaged Goods" should be put up in sealed packages. Their opinion is entitled to respectful consideration, but doesn't always receive it from the rude and impetuous uplifters of the current dispensation. While I am very sympathetic with that old-fashioned reticence, I am not its champion. I see no reason why "Damaged Goods" should not be read by all who take an intelligent interest in its subject-matter. No, "Damaged Goods" should not be put up in sealed packages. But "Damaged Goods," like all other goods, should be properly labeled. We have come to be very finicky about labels in this hypercritical twentieth century, and we have a right to protest when Brieux labels "Damaged Goods" a play. "Damaged Goods" is mislabeled when it is marked "play." It is no more a play than Dr. Rosenstirn's brochure on the Municipal Clinic would be a play if Dr. Rosenstirn had seen fit to cast his work in dramatic form, something which Dr. Rosenstirn, forthright, sincere physician that he is, never dreamed of doing. "Damaged Goods" is no more a play than any of those instructive conversations between Harry Sanford, Tommy Merton and Mr. Barlow is a play. It is a medical tract cast in theatrical form because its author happens to be a playwright instead of a surgeon. It would be so much simpler to deal with "Damaged Goods" if this point were thoroughly apprehended. "Damaged Goods" a play in three acts? No, it is a clinical disquisition on syphilis in three stages, primary, secondary and tertiary. It exhibits the horror of syphilis in somewhat the same way that it was exhibited in those museums conducted by quack doctors which the police closed up some time ago. Suppose such a museum conducted by a legitimate and conscientious surgeon instead of by a dishonest and preying quack, and you have something to which "Damaged Goods" may be fairly compared. There is the difference, of course, that admission to the museum would be free while admission to the ground floor of "Damaged Goods" costs two dollars. "Damaged Goods" is not a free clinic; it is a two-dollar clinic. If "Damaged Goods" were a play, it would be a critic's duty to say whether it was a good play or a bad play, and to give his reasons for pronouncing it good or bad. As it shows no character development, has no plot construction, recognizes no rules of dramatic writing, is in fact no play at all, the critic has nothing to say about it, except to voice his individual opinion as to whether works which are not plays should or should not be presented in the theatre. I believe that the theatre is for plays. I believe that if authors have serious things to say to us about syphilis or any other subject they should say them in books, and that if they wish to get into closer touch, into more intimate relations with an audience, they should hire a hall. I believe that if they find a theatre available and more convenient for their purpose than a hall, they should tell us frankly what they are presenting; that they should not mislabel a medical disquisition a play. Of course there is a ready answer to all this. The apostle of sex hygiene replies that syphilis is a terrible scourge because it strikes the ignorant and the innocent, and strikes them the more easily on account of the veil of secrecy in which sexual disease like all other matters of sex is wrapped. He tells us that we must tear aside this veil; that a work like "Damaged Goods," a serious work by a master, is just the weapon for such a crusade; that the theatre is the open forum wherein the public may be most readily assembled for instruction in so important a matter. Well, I wonder how many people attended the opening performance of "Damaged Goods" for whom this disease of syphilis was a mystery. I wonder how many learned for the first time of its ravages. The trouble with sex hygienists, as with most other uplifters, is that they exaggerate. A great deal more may be known by the layman about the nature of syphilis and the modes of syphilitic infection than about tuberculosis and cancer, for the simple reason that science has discovered more. Personally, I am acquainted with more "amateur experts" on syphilis, if I may use such a term, than with "amateur experts" on tuberculosis or cancer. The sex hygienists and M. Brieux and Dr. Aked are not the only laymen who talk with physicians and study encyclopedia articles. I am of the opinion that the sex hygienists discovered that overworked veil of secrecy after it was rent. Doubtless there is always a veil of secrecy for the very young, but if the very young have not parents to instruct them, not only in sex hygiene but in what is much more important, the Ten Commandments, then Heaven help them! How are the young who are in that helpless plight going to find access to the message of "Damaged Goods?" And speaking of the Ten Commandments, is it not a singular thing that we find men like Dr. Aked in the forefront of the sex hygienists? Do such clergymen champion "Damaged Goods" as a warning against impurity because they have found the preaching of the commandments "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife" of no avail? Isn't something wrong with the religious system which preaches "Damaged Goods" because it cannot enforce continence? But hold on! I am inhibited from writing a dramatic criticism because "Damaged Goods" is not a drama—but that's no reason why I should take a leaf out of Brieux and write a tract. I leave that to Dr. Aked. He is fond of writing tracts, especially tracts on sexual subjects, syphilis included. He reminds me of the "amateur experts" on syphilis who sit in club corners and air their second-hand information, their damaged goods of medicine. I do not wish to fall into that error. That way quackery lies. And too much cure brings the danger of salivation. So let us leave "Damaged Goods" to—well, to Dr. Erlich. He has 606 reasons for considering "Damaged Goods," not pernicious, but out of date. Think of that, Dr. Aked and ye sex hygienists. And by the way, why don't you lift the veil of secrecy from Salvarsan?

BRONSON and BALDWIN
Who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Inspiring Suratt

Valeska Suratt! An odd name this. Might have come out of one of Turgenieff's strange and weird stories. It is a name that is in itself an inspiration. Given to Balzac he could have imagined another character for his Comedie Humaine. Had Baudelaire heard it he would have sung again of the land of mystery where evil comes up softly like a flower, and the hunted have pleasures of their own to give which the vulgar herd can never understand. It is a name suitable to a woman who fears no enemy but Ennui. Bizarre, fantastic, unbeautiful though the name is, the embodiment of it at the Orpheum, is not at all unbeautiful. Valeska Suratt lives up to her name. Hers is a bizarre, fantastic personality, and the fantasy in which she figures is the essence of her capricious self. What it is all about it is hard to say. It is called "Black Crepe and Diamonds," but it is not about crepe of any color, nor yet is it about precious stones. There is a touch of symbolism in it, but so slight that Maeterlinck himself would be floored by it. But like many things symbolical, the symbolism of it doesn't matter. All that matters is Valeska Suratt, the well-nourished lady fashioned for the display of the handiwork of the dressmaker. She has a large wardrobe, comprising many scanty gowns, and during her act she converts the stage into a riot of color. The act is at once daz-

zling and bewildering. It may be meaningless, but it is certainly good to look at. On the whole the Orpheum has a very good bill this week. Among other things there is a playlet called "New Stuff," which is so good that you take the trouble to look up the name of the author and you find that the playlet was written by Bob Davis, brother of the more famous but less gifted Sam Davis of the Carson Appeal. Also there are two acrobats so different from any others you have seen that you take the trouble to look them up, and you find they call themselves The Belleclaire Brothers.

—Theodore Bonnet.

A Very Charming Peggy

It goes without saying that the Alcazar was filled on Monday night when Bessie Barriscale made her first bow of the summer season. The last time I attended the Alcazar Bessie sat in the audience with her beautiful little child, watching Husband Howard Hickman on the stage. It was amusing to see the regular Alcazarans devouring Bessie with their eyes. They considered it a great treat to have her on the non-professional side of the curtain. Now that she is behind the footlights once more, the regular Alcazarans are of course delighted. There never has been a greater favorite among patrons of our great stock house than Bessie Barriscale. They love her for her charm, and they admire her for her sterling ability as an actress. So I have no doubt that the Alcazar will hold big crowds every day of her present engagement. Bessie couldn't have returned to us in a more appropriate play. "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" was played here once by Henrietta Crossman. Miss Crossman is a fine actress, and she gave a delightful performance in this charming comedy, but Miss Crossman had to simulate youth. Bessie doesn't have to do that. She enjoys that gift of Father Time in all its plenitude. If Ernest Denny had written the play for Bessie he couldn't have made it fit her better than it does. All its bubbling mirth, its archness, its tenderness, its good humor seem to have been intended for the special uses of Bessie. Thurston Hall who "plays opposite" Bessie, is another favorite of Alcazar patrons. His performance was pleasing throughout. Others who deserve special mention in the fine cast are Howard Hickman, Burt Wesner, Ed Lowe, Dorcas Matthews and Louise Brownell.

—The First Nighter.

"Omar" at the Cort

Guy Bates Post will start his much-heralded engagement at the Cort Sunday evening in "Omar, the Tentmaker," a spectacular Persian romance by Richard Walton Tully, based on the Rubaiyat of the Persian poet and mystic of the eleventh century. This was a sensation of the season in New York, and comes here with the original superb cast of 100 and all the elaborate scenery. In the title role Post, by his commanding performance, has firmly entrenched himself among the most eminent actors.

All Star Season at Columbia

Richard Bennett will be seen at the Columbia in his production of Brieux' "Damaged Goods" for a second and final week commencing this Sunday night. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The "All Stars" come on Monday night, June 26, presenting "The Importance of Being Earnest." The seat sale opens Thursday. Evening prices are to range from 25 cents to $1.50, and the matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, from 25 cents to $1.

"A Knight for a Day" at Gaiety

This Sunday night will witness the final performance of "The Isle of Bong Bong" at the Gaiety. There will be the usual matinees Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday night will come the revised and rewritten version of one of the greatest of all musical comedy successes "A Knight for a Day." Daphne Pollard, the merry comedienne; Alf Goulding, already a favorite; La Valera, one of the greatest Spanish dancers; Melvin Stokes, a local success as well as an Eastern hit; Irene Audrey, a prima donna with a beautiful voice and engaging stage presence; Fred Santley, popular since the Gaiety's opening attraction; Bessie Franklin, likewise a Gaiety favorite; and Joe Kane, a comedian of unction and effective methods, are in the cast.

A Marvelous Jap at Orpheum

Valeska Suratt will be seen again next week. The new feature is Kajiyama, a clever Japanese artist who writes upside down, backward, with both hands and in every other conceivable way. Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin will present their "Pickings from Song and Dance Land." Homer Miles and company appear in the one-act play, "On the Edge of Things." Miss Willette Whitaker will interpret the emotions of the negro race in folk song. Next week will conclude the engagement of James H. Cullen, Stelling and Revell and Irene Timmons and her company.

MARGARET EDWARDS
In "The Isle of Bong Bong" at the Gaiety.

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POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
VALESKA SURATT in George Baldwin's Tango Allegory "BLACK CREPE AND DIAMONDS." New Songs and Dances. New Costumes, THE LAST GASP IN FASHION.
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TAMEO KAJIYAMA, the Ambidexterous Writing Marvel; HOMER MILES AND CO. in "On the Eldge of Things"; WILLETTE WHITAKER in Darkey Folk Songs, assisted by F. WILBUR HILL; IRENE TIMMONS AND CO.; JAMES H. CULLEN; STELLING AND REVELL; PERCY BRONSON and WINNIE BADWIN in "Pickings from Song and Dance Land."
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

CORT Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
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Last Time Saturday Night—WM. HODGE in "The Road to Happiness"
BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, JUNE 14th
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
GUY BATES POST
In the Sumptuous Persian Romance
"OMAR, THE TENTMAKER"
By RICHARD WALTON TULLY
Author of "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Bird of Paradise"
THE SEASON'S SUPREME SPECTACLE!
Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to $2.00
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Gaiety O'FARRELL NEAR POWELL PHONE SUT. 4141
ANOTHER BIG PRODUCTION
Opening Monday Night, June 15th for a Limited Engagement
"A KNIGHT FOR A DAY"
In Revised and Rewritten Version
The Cast Includes: Daphne Pollard, Alf Goulding, La Valera, Melvin Stokes, Irene Audrey, Fred Santley, Bessie Franklin, Joe Kane and
A MERRY COMPANY OF 50
Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00
Saturday and Sunday Matinees—25c, 50c and 75c
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ALCAZAR THEATRE
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Commencing Monday Night, June 14th
Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
BESSIE BARRISCALE—THURSTON HALL
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"STOP THIEF"
One of the Funniest Farces Ever Written
Note! SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES Night—25c, 50c, 75c. NO HIGHER.
A Good Orchestra Seat for 50c.
Matinees, 25c, 35c, 50c. Box Seats, 75c.

Mr. Hornaday, Hypocrite

(Continued from Page 8.)

would your babe have done except that which this little orang did when it reached out and put its arms around its mother?

"'Which quickly clasped her round the body, holding on by grasping her hair, and with the little one clinging to her the mother started to climb rapidly away.'

"Oh, why did you not let her go, Hornaday? The mother fleeing with her infant, with fear in her heart, but the love of a mother dominant above the fear. Why did you not let her go? Why did you not lower your gun then, you lover of kindliness?

"'Fortunately we were able to get the boat in amongst the trees without much trouble, and all immediately went overboard. We had scarcely done so when a third orang, a young male, about 2 years old, was discovered looking down from a nest overhead, which he immediately left and started to follow the old mother—'

"You see, this old mother had a family.

"'As he went swinging along underneath a limb, with his body well drawn up, I gave him a shot which dropped him instantly, and then we turned our attention to the female—'

"They had slaughtered the young son of the family now, and still the old mother and the baby were to be hunted down—

"'She was resting on a couple of branches, badly wounded—'

"But she had not left her baby yet; the baby was still clinging to her.

"'She was resting on a couple of branches, badly wounded, with her baby still clinging to her body in great fright. Seeing that she was not likely to die for some minutes I gave her another shot . . . . . and then she came crashing down through the top of the small trees and fell into the water, which was waist deep.

"'We sprang to secure the baby—'

"And they captured it.

"Then he recites in this book what they did with this mother orang-outang and what they did with the baby, and here is what they did. He tells it at page 369, the next page. They killed three of these semi-human beings that day, and then this statement is found:

"'Mr. Eng Quee placed a table for me and there I skinned the orangs and received deputations of natives who came bringing specimens, or wanting gunpowder. The ground under the house was hard, dry, and clean, and my motley crew of assistants retired under the floor with their work. Mr. Eng Quee quite enjoyed the novelty of orang skinning, and quickly became an expert hand at the business.'

"You see, they skinned so many that an amateur could develop into an expert.

"Mr. President, some people will say this was in the interest of science, the love of learning, the pursuit of a highly intellectual occupation which probably harrowed the soul of this tender creature, Hornaday. But, behold, he exposes his heart to us. He lays bare his soul. He describes his sentiments. He pictures for us the thrill that went through him as his knife cut the skin of these almost human creatures:

"At page 370 he says:

"'Two hours later the little baby orang relieved me of all anxiety on its account by dying. . . . . This made seven dead orangs, big and little, to skin and skeletonize in one day!'

"Would not one creature have done in the interest of science? If you had to go out and murder something that was almost human, could you not be satisfied with one or two? No! seven. And could you not have skinned them, if you must skin them, with a sickening sensation in your stomach? Not so Hornaday.

"'This made seven dead orangs, big and little, to skin and skeletonize in one day!'

"The mother, and her babe, and her eldest born, and four others.

"'I had adult specimens of both species, male and female, and two young ones; and, by a happy coincidence, the Chinese, Dyaks, and Malays had almost made a dead heat in the race after specimens.'

"Now, listen, and let no man hereafter say that this man did with reluctance these acts in the interest of science. Let him rather attribute it to a thirst for blood, a love of cruelty, and a monstrous disposition which found joy in tearing the skin from that quivering flesh. Here are his own words:

"'There are many good people who are at a loss to understand how a naturalist 'can bear to skin and cut up dead animals,' no matter how rare and interesting they are. Many wonder how he can have 'an appetite to eat,' and cry out in holy horror at sight of the raw flesh under his knife. Well, tastes differ; that's all. As for myself, I would not have exchanged the pleasures of that day, when we had those seven orangs to dissect, for a box at the opera the whole season through.'

"Truly, tastes differ. Truly, there are people in this world who would rather sit at the opera and observe the wonderful portrayal of human emotions, listen to the melody of music, and see the matchless mimicry of the actor—truly, there are some who would prefer that to the slaughter of mother orang-outangs with their babes upon the breast, or even to the delectable and high-toned occupation of skinning them afterwards. This man is reading lectures to the people of the United States on questions of morality and humanity .

"And now I get a little key to his delight. Surely it is found in this sentence of the same account:

"'It was the most valuable day's work I ever did, for the specimens we preserved were worth, unmounted, not less than $800.'

"Now you know the mainspring of his delight —the source of his almost divine elation. It lay in the fact that he had made $800 that day killing seven of these poor creatures, including the slaughter of the poor mother as she went to the defense of her babe.

"I trust the women of this country who are supporting this society and kindred societies will hereafter employ people who have the right to take the name of mercy on their lips without defiling the holy word."

This is a long quotation, but I think it has been worth giving. To comment on it would be superfluous. There was more than this to Senator Reed's showing-up of Mr. Hornaday, but the extract is typical. It exposes the hypocrisy of a professional uplifter and draws attention to that curious defect of many professional uplifters which betrays them into situations where their own records and their own words become the most damaging evidence against them. Is Mr. Hornaday's value as a friend of the bird, as an agent and lobbyist of the New York Zoological Society impaired by this expose? That remains to be seen. If it is not, Americans are more gullible than we like to think them.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

lected, not with the idea of having individuals who could play this or that character, but with the idea of getting actors competent to play any character within a reasonable range. They were picked very much as a manager would pick a ball team. I am not throwing a bouquet at your city but am merely stating a fact when I say that such a company could be assembled nowhere else. Your climatic conditions allow of a long summer engagement, and a company like this couldn't be assembled in winter, not only because the salaries would be prohibitive but also because these players are under different managements for the regular winter season.

"Will there be jealousies? I think not. The actors of today are actors for the money they make. The old days of art for art's sake on the stage are gone. We have reached a basis of common sense where jealousy is minimized.

"When I conceived the idea of this summer stock season in San Francisco—or rather, when I set about carrying out the idea, for I had cherished it a long time—there was enough cold water thrown on me to give me pneumonia. I was told about hard times in San Francisco. I was asked, by Californians even, why I wanted to take the chance of traveling three thousand miles to make an experiment. But I came because I know something about San Francisco, and I am convinced it appreciates and patronizes good companies in good plays at reasonable prices. I have seen stars return to New York after playing in San Francisco and have heard them knock San Francisco because they played to poor business. But I take a good many of these complaints with a grain of salt, because I know that San Francisco has been asked many times to pay two dollars for second and third rate productions. There were two stars here this season who have been very busy knocking San Francisco in New York. In New York they played in one-dollar houses; in San Francisco they doubled their prices. They didn't realize that San Franciscans keep posted on New York theatricals, and can't be fooled.

"The Drama League? Yes, I suppose this venture of mine should appeal to the Drama League. The Drama League is based on a sound idea, an excellent idea. But it is bound to make mistakes, and it must put up with a great many knocks before it achieves real progress. The biggest successes of the past season in New York happened to be plays which were ignored by the Drama League. And a number of plays which the Drama League indorsed, were complete failures.

"I have always believed that people go to the theatre to be amused. In the case of Shakespeare amusement is combined with instruction, and that is proper, for the classic drama is for scholars and students as well as for the ordinary playgoers. But the ordinary play should provide amusement. From time to time there are plays which serve a propaganda, like "Damaged Goods," and plays which appeal to the vulgar curiosity, like "The Lure," "The Fight" and the rest of the white slave plays. But public taste is never long concerned with these; it swings back to wholesome drama. I think I see signs that it is swinging back to high-class comedy, and I am willing to test the soundness of my view.

"When I decided to produce 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' I endeavored to get hold of the original prompt copy, but word came to me from London that it was in use there as a revival of the Wilde comedies was sweeping over England in a wave of success. That is one sign. Another is the success in New York of Margaret Anglin's revival of 'Lady Windermere's Fan' and the Frohman revival of 'Diplomacy.'

"At the same time, I realize the difficulty of divining what the public wants. The public is fickle, and nobody knows today what it may approve tomorrow. If you or I knew what the public wanted we'd be millionaires."

As lovers of the theatre let us hope with fervor that Wallace Munro has correctly anticipated the wants of the San Francisco public. Let us accept his message in the kindly spirit in which it is spoken; let us approve his mission by a few trips to the Columbia box office.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Extreme dullness prevailed in the stock market throughout the week which included the quietest day of the year, but the tone of the market was firm and business was fairly active in the bond market. Gold coin was exported freely and sterling exchange rates did not fall below the gold export point, so the outward movement of gold will probably be resumed this week if gold bars can be obtained from the Assay Office. The pessimists are trying to make the most of the gold exports in connection with the decrease in the country's trade balance and they commercially forget the fact that an adverse trade balance for a month or two is not a rare event and has happened frequently in the last decade. It is always difficult to diagnose the ailments of the securities markets of the world when they are suffering from depression, but the gross unfairness of attributing our own troubles solely to the Federal Administration becomes apparent when it is remembered that the markets of London, Paris and Berlin are and have been for years in much worse condition than the New York market, and the shrinkage of market values has been much more serious abroad than here while the scarcity of money has also been acute abroad when rates were relatively low in this country. The Federal Administration, including the much abused Secretary of the Treasury and Controller of the Currency, deserves all credit for the ease which prevailed in the crop moving season of 1913. Just one year ago the leading bankers of this country were predicting a serious monetary crisis and the stock market touched bottom on account of this pessimistic talk on June 10 when it sank to the lowest level touched since the panic of 1907. With the exception of cotton all the news regarding the crop situation was favorable, the few cases of damage by insects or other causes being so unimportant that they actually tended to raise the crop estimates.

Wheat—This week witnessed the entire loss of the advance which took place on the reports of Hessian fly. Upon thorough analysis the trade found that whatever damage was done was confined to a limited area and that the total was of slight importance when contrasted with the whole. Since then there have been complaints of destructive rains in Texas and Oklahoma and not enough moisture in other sections, but these fears have subsided somewhat owing to rains recently falling where needed and to less apprehension over the crop in Texas and Oklahoma. During the last few days some recovery in prices has occurred as a result of pronounced strength in the July and to a temporary congested condition in the deferred futures. The foreign situation is not losing any strength in view of the reports of backward conditions in Russia, France and Hungary and the light stocks generally. Advices recently indicate that foreigners are keeping their attention on our winter wheat and that an urgent and constant demand from this source later is a possible development. This condition is likely to be a sustaining factor in our values at times of depression. However, with such a large crop promise, it is difficult to conceive of anything but a gradual decline until prices reach a healthy consumption basis.

Corn—Prices at the moment are but little changed from last week's basis, although the market meanwhile has shown particular strength. There has lately been a considerable increase in receipts, and cash prices have been somewhat easier as a result, but recent advices are to the effect that the movement gives signs of moderating. Neither cash nor future prices have suffered in a great measure from the freer offerings, and values, so far as can be judged, are on a sound basis. The weather in the Argentine has cleared and prices at Buenos Ayres and Liverpool have shown a corresponding decline. At one time during the week Argentine was reported again offering freely, but these shipments, according to experience up to the present, are a doubtful quantity. The market at the moment seems mostly to lack a short interest to give it snap. But notwithstanding, with light supplies and a demand that becomes no less urgent as time passes, it is not possible to forecast any sustained weakness in values. On the contrary, we believe that any decline which occurs will be quickly recovered and that purchases made at such times will result profitably.

Cotton—The principal factor in the cotton market the past week was the Government report, which came out early and was a surprise even to the bulls. However, heavy selling by holders took the edge off the market and when the weather turned more favorable later in the week, prices lost forty points from the top. The undertone, however, was strong and on reports of good buying by the spinning interests, the market took on a more healthy appearance and prices gradually firmed. Spot cotton is in good demand for the middling grade, and 14 cents is being paid wherever good cotton can be found. The very low condition of the cotton crop on May 25, reported by the Government as being 74.3, due to Texas and Oklahoma being 16 points below the ten-year average, has made a profound impression on the trade. With the exception of the years 1903 and 1907, it is the lowest general average condition of the crop experienced during our 42 years in business, and is said to be the lowest since 1871, whereas Texas is probably the lowest on record. Were it not for the uniformly good condition of the growing crop on May 25 in the central and eastern portions of the cotton region, the Bureau's general average for the whole belt would probably have been below any previous low record. Since May 25 the drouth east of the Mississippi has assumed a serious aspect, as Washington's weekly review states that one of the severest spring drouths ever known is greatly retarding the growth of the early planted cotton and delaying germination of late planted cotton in the eastern portion of the belt.

A Question of Tenses

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET.

Pursuant to a resolution duly offered and adopted by the Board of Directors of Shreve, Treat & Eacret, at a special meeting of said Board called for that purpose, held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1914, and entered in the minute book of said corporation as a part of the proceedings at said meeting, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called, and will be held at the office of said corporation at No. 136 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of July, 1914, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation to the sum of one million (1,000,000) dollars.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., May 6, 1914.

SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET, a Corporation,
By WALTER P. TREAT, President.
and GODFREY EACRET, Secretary.

HOUGHTON & HOUGHTON,
1305 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
Attorneys for said Corporation. 5-9-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,785.

WILLIAM G. HARRY, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and All Other Persons, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and all other persons, Defendants. This action is brought to quiet title in the plaintiff to Lots 33 and 34 of San Miguel Homestead Association as designated on the Map or Plat of said San Miguel Homestead Association filed and Recorded in Liber E and F of Maps at page 14, on November 16, 1896, in the County Recorder' office of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said lots being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and having a frontage of 88 feet on the west side of Tara Street, between Unadilla Avenue and Mount Vernon Avenue, by a depth of 103.6 feet.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. M. BRUNER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Building,
Oakland, Cal. 5-2-10

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,428; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of NICHOLAS LENNON, Deceased.

IT APPEARING to this Court by the Petition this day presented and filed by Johanna Lennon, the administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of said deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate belonging to said Estate in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration and a certain legacy of One Thousand ($1000) Dollars which last Will and Testament of said deceased provides is to be paid to Johanna Lennon;

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED:—That all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the Court room of said Court, on the fifth floor of the Temporary City Hall, 1231 Market, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an Order should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell so much of said real property as shall be necessary, and IT IS FURTHER ORDERED:—That a copy of this Order be published four successive weeks next preceding said day in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said County.

Dated: May 16, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

HERBERT CHOYNSKI and JAMES RALEIGH KELLY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GOLDIE ZIMET, formerly GOLDIE HELLER, sometimes known and called GOLDIE HELLER and GOLDA HELLER, Deceased—No. 17,060; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Charles E. A. Creighton, Room 419, City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased.

LOUIS ZIMET,
Administrator of the Estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, etc., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 13, 1914.

CHARLES E. A. CREIGHTON, Attorney for Administrator,
419 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal. 6-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE McCORKELL, Deceased—No. 17,061; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Catherine McCorkell, deceased, to the creditorts of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles E. A. Creighton, Room 419, City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Catherine McCorkell, deceased.

CATHERINE IRWIN, now CATHERINE McCANN, Administratrix of the Estate of Catherine McCorkell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 13, 1914.

CHARLES E. A. CREIGHTON, Atty. for Administratrix,
419 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 2.

In the Matter of the Dissolution of the STAR BAKERY & PASTE COMPANY, a Corporation—No. 56,423, Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Star Bakery & Paste Company, a corporation, made to and filed in the aforesaid Superior Court, on the 1st day of May, 1914, its verified voluntary application for dissolution, in writing; that on the 1st day of May, 1914, the said Court made an order directing the Clerk of said Court to give thirty-five (35) days' notice of said application by publication in the "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco; that this notice is now given as required by said order and shall be published in said newspaper, as often as it shall be issued, during the period of thirty-five (35) days from and after the 8th day of May, 1914, the first publication thereof being made on the 9th day of May, 1914, and that at any time before the expiration of said thirty-five (35) days' notice any person may file herein his objections to said application for dissolution.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on this 1st day of May, 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Petitioner,
604 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-9-6

PROBATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 16,345, N. S. Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MOSER SALOMON, Deceased.

Max Salomon and Jacob Salomon, executors of the last will and testament of Moser Salomon, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 14, A. D. 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed May 14, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney for Executors,
615 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,641; Department No. 10.

DOROTHY ALDEN GERBER, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF and D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-18-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Pity the Widows and Orphans

The Hearst papers are deeply concerned these days for the widows and orphans who were robbed by the predatory directors of the New Haven railroad. Which reminds us that we first heard of the widows and orphans who own railroad stocks long years ago when railroad-baiting was an infant industry. It was chiefly in behalf of these widows and orphans that the wicked magnates of other days pleaded to be let alone, and their pleas induced the coarse laughter of the amiable Mr. Hearst. "There ain't no widows and orphans holding railroad stocks," said Wilful Willie; "it's all bunk. Swat 'em again!" But some magnates have been caught looting a road, and to make public execration of them doubly sure and intensify public scorn, all and singular are urged to consider the widows and orphans, their harrowing, pitiable plight. What about the widows and orphans of other roads—the roads on which wages have been raised and freight rates reduced? Is there to be no pity for the victims of the kind of politics that Wilful Willie has made popular?

Light from Redfield

If you don't believe that the exiguity of your purse is merely a psychological phenomenon give ear to the Hon. William C. Redfield, the magniloquent statesman with the hirsute trimmings who adorns the President's Cabinet. Mr. Redfield is the President's chief adviser on business conditions. He has been traveling all over the country making speeches and gathering information on the wing. His fugitive studies have brought him to the conclusion that business men who are complaining of hard times are not only victims of psychological tendencies but are also "mental mourners" looking sadly at a dead past, worshiping ghosts and fearing a readjustment to the living present. The light, thank goodness, is breaking upon them, but they are not yet fully illuminated. The realities of the physical condition will soon assert themselves, and when the psychical state adadjusts itself to the physical realities the "mental mourners" will enjoy relief. Meanwhile consider with "Whiskers" Redfield the physical realities—the increase in imports and the crop prospects. These are the things to relieve psychical depression. Never mind our manufacturers, pay no attention to machinery that is silent or to dinner pails that are empty or to merchants in the hands of their creditors or to railroads that are not keeping up their equipment. These are physical realities which the patient must not be permitted to ponder lest his morbid depression be aggravated.

The Irrational Empty Stomach

Far more interesting than what Secretary Redfield says about psychological business depression is what President Wilson said on the same subject—not the other day, but two years ago. On May 23rd, 1912, Mr. Wilson addressed the Economic Club of New York. He spoke of the significance of the first petition in the Lord's Prayer—"Give us this day our daily bread." "No man," he said, "can rationally live, worship or love his neighbor on an empty stomach." Further: "And if he is in doubt where the food is to come from, if he fears he will be without work and sustenance, it is impossible that he should have a rational attitude toward the life of the community or toward his own life." The soundness of this psychology is not to be gainsaid. No man can love the Democratic Administration on an empty stomach, and if under Democratic rule a man cannot find work he is likely to become apprehensive about sustenance. Nor will it cheer him up at all to tell him that the whole trouble is due to "mental mourners" who are fearful of "a readjustment to the living present." So irrational may be his attitude toward the life of the regenerated community that he may demand that a halt be called on the business of readjusting things. Fed with ideals until his stomach is flatuose, he may cry out in his agony for the resurrection of the dead, degenerate past that the hearts of the "mental mourners" be gladdened. Given an empty stomach the average man will forgive even the bad trusts if they'll promise him a full dinner pail.

The Handwriting on the Wall

Hark to the inhumanly solemn editor of Harper's that once was Tom Nast's medium: "The reactionaries are winning at a good many points just now in spite of the general progress. . . . . This country has not yet reached the stage of civilization in which people work as constantly and hard for the State as they work for their own pockets." In other words coming events are adumbrating themselves, and there is gooseflesh in the humorless sanctum. As there are signs aplenty that the people have been surfeited with rainbow-chasing, the Wilsonian led captain of journalism is getting ready to scold like a slattern. Our civilization is too slow to keep pace with the illuminati of the New Freedom, and therefore reaction is in the offing. Utterly selfish, the people will not be led along the pathway of righteousness though the goal be a nation exalted. The people are concerned about their pockets? Well, are they to be blamed for that? The ideal Government is that which provides for human wants. The Government that multiplies human wants must always be ephemeral. And howsoever noble the ideals professed by a Government, if it sets the people by the ears, if it pokes its nose in everybody's business, if it panders to the ignorance and prejudices of a class, if it paralyzes commerce and causes widespread misery and distress, it is bound to be speedily kicked into the silent spaces of outer darkness.

Suffrage and the Militants

Speaking of the militant suffragette campaign in England the Examiner points with patriotic pride to the fact that "here in the United States women have complete suffrage in ten States, partial suffrage in most of the States, and have reason to anticipate triumph in every part of the nation during the lifetime of the present generation." What this proves, or what it tends to prove, or what moral it implies, the Examiner leaves its readers to conjecture. Is it assumed that everybody takes it for granted that whatever is done in the United States is the result of divine revelation and intended as a model for all the world to follow? Such an assumption would be somewhat irrational, since it appears that we don't know what ails us or what's good for us. In the hands of charlatans, we have adopted one catholicon after another, but our maladies grow apace. Has woman suffrage had time to vindicate itself? In the one State of the Union in which it has had a long trial government was completely broken down some weeks ago. It would not be reasonable to attribute the catastrophe to woman suffrage. Perish the thought! The only thing to be said about woman suffrage in Colorado is that it hasn't accelerated the millenium.

The Rudeness of Percy

Some persons, not otherwise ill-natured, are apt to season their conversation with disagreeable remarks, unpleasant comments, uncomfortable insinuations. They are skilled in the fine art of uttering unpalatable truths. Possessed of a certain refinement of perception they can say the more pungent and penetrating things, hit a man in his most vulnerable points and send him off depressed, without uttering a word that can be fairly taken hold of. These experts are properly to be differentiated from dull men

whose crude simplicity of candor is often startling. The dull man who says disagreeable things is clumsy and slips at every turn into mere insolence. Take for example our young city attorney who explained to newspaper reporters the other day why he refused to supply his Eminence, Mayor Rolph, with evidence collected for the condemnation suit against the Spring Valley Water Company. "Mayor Rolph urged me to reveal this information," said Master Percy, "but I declined to do so. I could not accede to the request without running the risk of acquainting the other side with the evidence upon which I relied in the trial of the condemnation suit." Here is a sinister implication tantamount to a prodigious insult. Is Mayor Rolph so leaky a vessel, so like the Twin Peaks' reservoir, that it is the part of unwisdom to pour into him the wine of secrecy that Master Percy has corked in his immaculate bosom? Would our city attorney insinuate that our darling Mayor has his mug to the corporation ear?

The Gun and the Camera

The excoriation that William T. Hornaday of the New York Zoological Society received at the hands of Senator Reed of Missouri has drawn attention once more to the fact that the naturalist with a gun is not yet an extinct species. He still lags superfluous to revolt us with tales of his cruelties, and yet many years have passed since the fact received both popular and commercial recognition that there may be more interest in the photograph of a living animal than in the carcase of a dead one. To Mr. Thompson Seton the world is indebted for revealing the new method to which Mr. Hornaday is indifferent; and to Mr. Seton and Mr. Kearton, the student of birds, some historian of manners will in the future trace the supersession of the gun by the camera as the instrument of the modern naturalist. But the supercession will probably not be complete until the average intelligence is penetrated with the new sentiment toward animals, which is a by-product of evolution. The hunter is a person who does not yet realize that the sentient life stretches in an unbroken chain. To be sure all hunters are not incapable of sympathetic emotion. Conan Doyle tells us of a personal experience—the cry of a wounded hare—which had driven him to abandon his gun. The literature of sport is full of confessions of pity and regret, and there is Du Chailli's memorable description of his shooting of a gorilla which made him feel like a murderer. The mighty hunter was once regarded as a man of courage, but we know that he no longer faces the perils that are braved by the man with the camera. There is really more exciting adventure in hunting with a camera than in hunting with a gun. The man with the camera must cautiously and with infinite precautions stalk the creatures he would study, mindful always that a camera is a short-range instrument and not a weapon. His reward is a picture showing the animal as he actually lives and moves, at rest or alert, eating or sleeping, fighting or courting, a living record, where the hunter has only an empty skin and a lively recollection of his own daring and incredible heroism.

Villa's Ardent Sympathizer

"By far the best correspondence that has come out of Mexico," says Collier's Weekly, "has been written by John Reed," who, the same journal tells us, "is extremely sympathetic with Villa." It is easy to account for Reed's sympathy in this instance. Reed is one of the leaders of the advanced agitators of America. He is one of the editors of "The Masses," a paper that ardently supports the I. W. W., and he is an advocate of violence as a means of setting things right. Naturally he should be in sympathy with Villa. Villa is a man after his own heart. He likes Villa's logic. Villa, he says, executes Federal volunteers whenever he captures them, because they are peons and no peon would volunteer against the cause of liberty unless he were bad. Also Villa kills Federal officers because, as he explains, they are educated men and ought to know better. Reed also tells us that Villa loves Fierro, the Butcher, like a son. Fierro is the man who killed Benton. Fierro, according to Reed, used to shoot down a hundred prisoners with his own revolver, only stopping long enough to reload. These few facts shed a flood of light on the revolution in Mexico. They are an excellent aid to the forming of a conception of the kind of civilization the United States was advancing when the embargo was raised on arms and ammunition shipped to the rebel army.

He's Warring Against Superstition

John Reed is the first correspondent to account for Villa's antipathy to Spaniards. Villa has treated Spaniards with great brutality. He has confiscated their property and driven many of them out of the country. Reed gives us the reason. He quotes Villa thus: "They (the Spaniards) thrust on us the greatest superstition the world has ever known—the Catholic Church. They ought to be killed for that alone." This is a sentiment that undoubtedly meets with the warm approval of John Reed, the apostle of the gospel of violence. The Catholic Church is a powerful institution that stands for law, order, right living and stable government, and consequently it is hated by all fanatical agitators and sordid revolutionists. How many powerful rascals through the ages have justified the wholesale confiscation of property by virtuous indignation at the Catholic Church! Not a few historians have been deceived by precisely the same pretensions that are put forth by the Mexican bandit to the delight of the American I. W. W. Maybe Historian Wilson himself believes that in giving aid to Villa he has been working toward the redemption of Mexico from "the greatest superstition the world has ever known." Wiser men than the President have found themselves in sympathy with the natural objects of the sympathy of just such men as Reed as a result of their susceptibility to a delusion born of bigotry. We have seen enough of President Wilson and his associates to know that matters of great moment are regarded from a narrow viewpoint in Washington. Prevalent and predominant in Washington at present is the type of mind that has not been educated to any overweening estimate of the claims of the Catholic Church. This type of mind is representative of those certain jarring sects that cherish an hereditary aversion to everything that emanates from Rome, and that might easily be thrown into a panic by a scare labeled "The Scarlet Woman." So President Wilson may have been influenced by the Villa junta in Washington. John Reed says he was told by Villa that it was the Spaniards who framed the plot that put Huerta in the palace; also that it was the Spaniards who stole the lands from the poor—the same wicked Spaniards who imposed the great superstition on the country. Now President Wilson admits that he is actuated by the desire to redistribute the lands of Mexico. Hence it may not be unreasonable to surmise that when he refused to recognize Huerta he was actuated by the dread of that terrible ecclesiasticism which some narrow-gauged Christians regard as the Anti-Christ of Scripture.

The Courts

By Alice Meynell

The poets' imageries are noble ways,
Approaches to a plot, an open shrine.
Their splendors, colors, avenues, arrays,
Their courts that run with wine;

Beautiful similes, "fair and fragrant things,"
Enriched, enamoring; raptures, metaphors
Enhancing life, are paths for pilgrim kings
Made free of golden doors.

And yet the open heavenward plot, with dew
—Ultimate poetry, enclosed, enskyed
(Albeit such ceremonies lead thereto)
Stands on the yonder side.

Plain, behind oracles, it is; and past
All symbols simple; perfect, heavenly-wild,
The song some loaded poets reach at last—
The Kings that found a Child.

Varied Types

CLXXXII—FRED J. BUTLER

By Edward F. O'Day

The career of Fred Butler seems to prove that there is no use fighting against destiny. Every time Fred Butler tried conclusions with destiny he came off second best. In vain did Fred Butler order his life to suit his own predilections; destiny always rearranged it. In the end Fred Butler came to believe that destiny was wiser than he was. So he accepted destiny and made the best of it.

As a young man Butler had no notion of becoming an actor. At the age of nineteen he was attending Hastings College of Law, and in all his daydreams he mapped out a long, honorable and prosperous career at the bar. But that wasn't destiny's idea at all. Destiny had taken the preliminary step by allowing Fred Butler to achieve considerable distinction as an amateur player in conjunction with David Warfield and other San Franciscans who at that time took a non-professional interest in theatricals. So, when family reverses made it necessary for Fred to quit the law school and find work, destiny headed him straight toward the stage.

Fred tried to circumvent destiny by getting work in a real estate office. There was a good salary in it, and Fred liked the work. But it was no go. Destiny took the human shape of George Wessels, and Fred lost the first round of his battle to have his own way.

Do you recall George Wessels? When W. H. Thompson played "Michael Strogoff" in San Francisco, George Wessels had the role of Ivan Ogaroff and took the town by storm. Well, George Wessels organized a stock company in Oakland, and asked Fred Butler to join with Thompson, Fred Belasco, E. N. Thayer, Dan Kelly and others. Fred Butler didn't want to join. He was nineteen (this was in January, 1887), was getting a good salary in the real estate office and had no desire to become an actor. But destiny in the human shape of George Wessels was so insistent that Fred Butler succumbed. He went to the Oakland Theatre at the munificent salary of fifteen dollars a week and the promise of a forty-weeks' engagement. His first professional appearance was as Raoul in "A Celebrated Case."

"And I was then, and for some time thereafter, a mighty bad actor," confesses Fred Butler.

Having had its will of Fred Butler, destiny treated him shabbily. The Oakland stock company lasted only three or four weeks. Still, it did its appointed part in shaping Fred Butler's career. When he found himself out of a job he didn't go back to the real estate office. He went to the theatres, exactly what destiny intended him to do. Fred became a super at the Alcazar, a super at three dollars and a half a week.

"It was an awful comedown for my pride," says Fred Butler. "I still wanted to be a lawyer, and here I was, walking on and off the Alcazar stage in mob scenes!"

The year and a half following Fred Butler spent between the Alcazar, the California and the Wigwam which happened to house a dramatic company at the time. Then he went on the road with Joe Grismer and Phoebe Davies. After that there was more road work, this time with Lewis Morrison. Florence Roberts was an extra woman in the company, playing bits. Charlotte Tittell was the leading woman. Rosabelle Morrison, Lewis' daughter, dead now like her father, was also in the company, and so was Bob Vernon who sells champagne and manages prizefighters nowadays. This company played "Faust" and "Under the Gaslight" on alternate nights.

Bushnell photo.
FRED J. BUTLER

"I was getting on a bit; but I was still a bad actor," confesses Fred Butler.

He was not offering as much resistance to destiny as at first. He resolved to go to New York and learn this acting business thoroughly. He couldn't afford a sleeper, so he went East in a day coach, the trip taking seven days and nights. After many futile efforts to get stage work he finally landed in Frohman's office on a morning when that great man happened to be looking for a tall actor to do a tiny bit in "Held by the Enemy." Destiny saw to it that no actor as tall as Fred should appear in Frohman's anteroom that morning, so Fred got the job, winning it handily by several inches. And now his training for the stage began in real earnest. Maurice Barrymore was the leading man and Carrie Turner the leading woman. Gillette was in the cast, Minnie Dupree was the ingenue, and Tully Marshall, another San Francisco boy, was doing a bit. It was good company to learn in, and Fred Butler began for the first time to put the law definitely behind him.

"Held by the Enemy" enjoyed a great vogue, and it wasn't very long before Fred Butler was playing the important part of the Spy. He stayed with the company for two seasons, playing San Francisco in 1890.

"It was a proud day for me, you may be sure," says Fred Butler, "when I reappeared before a San Francisco audience as a full-fledged actor."

Fred had good engagements from that time on. In 1892 he came to this city again in Frederick Warde's company. Warde's leading woman was Adele Belgarde. That was a circumstance of destiny's arrangement with which Fred Butler found no fault whatever. In that same year Adele Belgarde became Mrs. Fred Butler.

"We've been married for twenty-two years," says Fred, "and we've only been separated for six weeks during all that time. We have had to make sacrifices at times in order to keep together, but they weren't real sacrifices when you consider how happy we've been."

In 1894 Fred Butler returned to San Francisco to give destiny another battle. David Butler, now a very capable member of the Alcazar Stock, was about to make his first appearance on this terrestrial stage, and Fred thought that it was time for him to quit the theatre and seek the certainties of business life. A very wealthy man of this city, interested in banks and realty, offered him the position of confidential secretary. He accepted and came West. The sequel shows that there is no defeating destiny. When Fred Butler arrived in San Francisco his prospective employer was dead.

Destiny had really floored Fred Butler this time. It was the hardest period of his life. He went on the road for a few disastrous weeks with Jeffreys Lewis, and came back penniless to find that there was a baby in the Butler household.

"I was in terrible straits," says Butler, and we'll let the statement stand without elaboration. Some things are too poignant for an interview.

An engagement of three or four months at the old Grove Street Theatre was a godsend. Thence Fred went to Morosco's, staying there four years. After that he was offered a good place in a Cincinnati stock company and took it, remaining three years. Here again destiny took a hand in shaping Fred Butler's career. When Fred wanted to be a lawyer, destiny compelled him to become an actor. When Fred wanted to quit the stage for business, destiny forced him to stay. And now that Fred was resigned to an acting career, was in fact enthusiastic about it, destiny decided that he should become a stage director. Fred didn't want to become a stage director, but that made no difference. Destiny was inexorable.

While at Morosco's Fred had directed a production of "Held by the Enemy," but only because he was so familiar with the Frohman production. That was his first experience of what was to be his life work. Frank Keenan was

(Continued on Page 17.)

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Perspective Impressions

Fischler, the jewel thief, was trying to realize the prosperity he read about in the papers.

Railroad Commissioner Eshleman is fast forgetting how to keep his mouth shut.

Tell the advanced woman that fashions possess economic importance and she conceives a new idea of the dignity of her sex.

Harbor Commissioner Joe Dwyer says our harbor facilities are the most uptodate in the country. This is a delusion shared with Joe by absolutely nobody.

The Examiner points with elation to the hop crop which will bring $3,000,000 to the State this year. But the Examiner says nothing about the proposition to put the hop-growers out of business on which we are to vote this fall.

Will somebody please dramatize Rabelais, and write a prologue for Dr. Aked?

A question so pertinent that nobody ever thought of asking it: Why a tunnel in Stockton street?

So R. G. Hanford and Will Tevis are going to build a railroad to San Jose. Is young Mr. Blumenthal going to finance it?

There are rich Democrats running for jobs in California, but then devotion to party is not strong enough to impel them to create a few visible signs of prosperity.

Why not give us a chance to vote on a proposition to use the money voted for Hetch-Hetchy for the purchase of Spring Valley? Let's be sensible once in a while.

Honest, now! Do you read the news from Niagara Falls?

Judging from the reception the militants got in the Catholic churches of London the way to tame the viragos is to force them to go to mass.

Mount Lassen is doing its best, but uptodate hasn't spouted half as much as any of the candidates for public office.

Bryan's friends say he is comparatively a poor man. Have they been comparing him with Rockefeller, Carnegie, Roosevelt and a few of the other chosen of Mammon?

The Supervisors failed to abolish boxing, but they should not lose heart. Let them now try to abolish golf, tennis, baseball, yachting and polo.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XV—THORNWELL MULLALLY

An effective biography is one that brings the subject vividly before the mind's eye like the picture of the man himself. One may accomplish this with an anecdote, and fail with the story of a man's life in two volumes. A word or a jest, as Plutarch says, may often show character better than a battle with its ten thousand slain. What we want of biography, short or long, is not what a man did but what he was, not all about him, but something of him. We have read a lot about Burke, how he acted, what he said, but to Thackeray we must go for the human touch. We find it in the little story of the Magdalen whom the great Irishman met in the street and took to the home of his wife and children where he kept her till he found the means of restoring her to honesty and labor. Not from the whole of Boswell's most excellent biography do we get so graphic a picture as from the story of the visit of Beauclerk at midnight. Dr. Johnson thus: "What, boys, are you for a frolic! I'm with you." And out of bed he bustles, and away he goes to the tavern. A trivial scene, but in it Dr. Johnson lives.

Now the difficulty of writing about a living man, one that you meet every day in your own parish, is that you don't dare tell all that you'd like to tell. If it's not easier to write him down than to write him up, at least what you say in praise of the living is less credible than what you say in disparagement. A writer cannot be too cautious in presenting the good points of a man whom he has no intention of betraying. But let us come without more ado to the little touch that gives the familiar insight. In this instance it's a story not about the man himself but about his father. Thornwell Mullally's father was an Irishman, an Irish patriot, and if he remained in Ireland he would have been hanged for taking part with Smith O'Brien in the Irish rebellion of the fifties. Though only eighteen years old he was one of Smith O'Brien's lieutenants, and when O'Brien was arrested Mullally found it expedient to become an exile. But he could not tear himself away from Ireland till he said good-bye to his chief. With a price on his head he walked boldly into Clonmell jail, where nobody suspected him of being a rebel leader, and there he took an affectionate farewell of the brave patriot. Evidently there was a bit of the daredevil in Mullally senior. He was a man of courage with a touch of the romantic in his nature. But the point to be made is this —that he made valuable family history. As there is nothing that strengthens a nation like the reading of the nation's history, especially if the history abounds in noble and inspiring deeds, so many a son derives strength, inspiration and enthusiasm from the memory of his father's glorious feats. Consequently it is well for a man to have a worthy model for a father. He may feel that it is becoming in him to prove himself his father's son. Now perhaps that romantic episode of Clonmell jail inspired to some extent the career of our Thornwell Mullally. Anyway the daring of the senior Mullally was hardly more notable than that of the son who took charge of the first car that the United Railroads sent out during the bloody strike of 1907, and who never flinched in the performance of his hazardous duties during all the sanguinary strife of those tumultuous days. Thornwell Mullally cuts no unromantic figure in the recent history of San Francisco. Consider the vicissitudes of his brief career in our midst. He is today in the very forefront of the activities that have for their object the success of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. He has already rendered brilliant service as one of the leaders in the management of preliminary events, and his performances have won for him universal commendation. Everything indeed passes away under the healing hand of time!

When Mullally came to San Francisco as "Assistant to the president of the United Railroads," he was regarded as an affable, courteous young man, possessed of certain graceful qualities that might render him eligible to social honors. Nothing more. He was reported to be "Calhoun's nephew," and the supposition was that he was merely expected to be ornamental. As a matter of fact he bore no relationship to Calhoun save that of his official position. At the time of his appointment to the railroad position he was practicing law in New York. He had graduated a few years before from Yale University and his relations with Calhoun in New York were at first those of attorney and client. His first opportunity to show his mettle in San Francisco came within a year after his arrival. It came with the thing that tried men's souls—the earthquake. The United Railroads system was wrecked. Panic terror was everywhere. In the midst of it Mullally was on duty. First putting the books of the corporation out of danger, he offered the two thousand uniformed men of the company to the mayor for police duty, and within twenty-four hours he chartered a schooner at Sacramento, loaded it with provisions, brought it to this city and opened a free relief station at Turk and Fillmore streets. Pretty quick work for the young man who was thought to be merely ornamenting a job. During the succeeding few years emergencies kept the young man from Yale on the jump. The Irish Rebellion was a picnic compared with the volleying thunders of gloomy events that kept Mullally on edge during that long period when San Francisco was under the management of an irresistible lord paramount. He was kept about as busy as the younger Cyrus in the Anabasis. But save for normal expression of his personal qualities of kindliness and amiability he was throughout hardly less impassive than the marble in the quarry. Those were tough days for the United Railroads, and what really should cause wonder today is not that the corporation is far from sound financially, but that it exists at all. Earthquake, strikes, criminal prosecutions—it has survived them all. And Mullally who, at times, had to do some lively hustling to keep the wheels turning, has survived too; not only that he has weathered the storms of execration with all their fierce velocity, and only the other night he was being acclaimed by thousands at the Ball of All Nations which some enthusiastic folks seemed to regard as his personal triumph. Such are the caprices in human affairs!

Thornwell Mullally has certainly been transfigured in the public mind, and the transfiguration is in itself a personal triumph, or rather the triumph of personal qualities. Whatever may be a man's feelings as to the United Railroads, he may have nothing but respect and admiration for Mullally. Even the leaders of organized labor will tell you that. He fought them, but he made a fair, stand-up fight and he asked for no quarter. He did his duty as he saw it, and that appears to be a matter of habit with him. But he has more than a sense of duty. He has enthusiasm and imagination, two things that count in World's Fair matters, and that should make it desirable that men of the Mullally type should devote some of their talents and of their energy to enterprises that make for the benefit of the community.

The People's Forum

Derelictions of "Mission Jim"

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I noted with approval that Mayor Rolph went to that fire at Polk and California last week, and helped Chief Murphy direct operations. That's the stuff! I like to see our Mayor attend to his official duties. But I'm sorry to say that "Mission Jim's" activity is sporadic when it ought to be continuous. For instance:

Burglars robbed a safe in the Spreckels Market. Why wasn't Rolph on the job with his dark lantern?

The Seals lost a game the other day. Where was Jim with his pitching arm?

A hotel auditor has been arrested for embezzlement. Why didn't the Mayor expert those books?

A man was run over and killed by a motorcycle. Why didn't Rolph warn him to get out of the way?

A man committed suicide in Golden Gate Park. It wouldn't have happened if Jim had been patrolling the park.

A number of divorces were granted this week. Why didn't the Mayor reconcile the couples?

These are only a few cases out of many. By the way, I'm going to add a breakfast room to my home next week. Do you think I could get the Mayor to dedicate it for me? As my next door neighbors have just bought a Ford, he could kill two birds with one stone by dropping in and christening it for them.

Respectfully,

—Taxpayer.

The Broderick Estate

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: With reference to J. D.'s query concerning the Broderick estate, it may be of passing interest to note that although Broderick himself had repeatedly affirmed that there was no one living in whose veins there flowed a drop of the same blood, some time about 1870 a suit was instituted by people in Australia or New Zealand who claimed to be the children of his brothers and sisters. Whether the case ever was taken into a court I could not say, but some steps were taken to defend titles. I remember this chiefly from my father's comments. He knew Broderick both in New York and in San Francisco, and my recollection is that he said there had been no other child in the family but a brother who died at about the age of fourteen. I have a vague impression that the antipodean relatives made a general levy on outside lands, and any inconsiderable trifle that might possibly be gathered in. Our home was a part of the old Treat race track which, I believe, was an original grant, but a trifle like that would not stand in the way of bold claimants. I have no recollection of anything but the first notice of a suit. Possibly the demand was too barefaced for even a California lawyer to prosecute.

Sincerely,

—S. C.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Temperature of Vesuvius

The temperature inside Mount Vesuvius which is unascertainable by ordinary thermometrical methods, has recently been measured in novel fashion by the Munich geologist Storz, who descended the crater of the volcano for the purpose. He dropped a thin wire cable with an iron weight at the end into the crater. Affixed to the wire were metal cylinders made of lead, zinc and antimony, which melt respectively at temperatures of 626, 788 and 1,166 degrees Fahrenheit. Having been let down into the mouth of the volcano, the lead melted at a depth of 33 feet, the zinc at 49 feet and the antimony at 175 feet 6 inches. A yellow smoke vent inside the crater had a temperature of only 294 degrees in 1911, 627 degrees in 1912 and 722 degrees in 1913. From this fact it is concluded that a fresh outburst of Vesuvius may be imminent.

Sorry He Spoke

All the foolish mayors are not presiding over municipalities in these United States. Canada has a very foolish mayor in the person of Mayor Martin of Montreal. When Mayor Martin took office he announced in a very grand manner that there should be no unemployed man in Montreal during his term of office. That announcement contained about as much sense as the grandiloquent pronunciamento of Jack Cade preserved by Shakespeare. Mayor Martin has since become very sorry for his statement. Unemployed men flocked to Montreal from all parts, and of course the mayor found it impossible to fulfill his promise. That gave the pestiferous leaders of the I. W. W. their chance, and they have been making life miserable for Mayor Martin. Quite recently there was a big demonstration in the streets. Mayor Martin will consider his words more carefully in the future.

Was Albania Afraid?

The great question in Europe is, Has the King of Albania shown cowardice? When the King was a plain German prince he had a reputation, unearned perhaps, for gallant service. But he's been tested since he ascented the ricketty throne of Albania, and his reputation is severely strained. There are rebels in Albania, and when Essad Pasha was deported for making trouble, they advanced on Durazzo, the capital. As soon as the new King heard of their coming he bolted the palace with his family and took refuge on an Italian warship. He has explained that he wasn't afraid for himself, but for his wife and children. The explanation is unsatisfactory. The German press has openly accused him of showing "a yellow streak." It is generaly agreed that the warlike Albanians cannot be ruled by a man who develops the distressing symptom known as "cold feet."

Calgary Oil Boom

Drillers struck oil recently in a field thirty miles from Calgary, and immediately a great oil boom was on. Stock in the company owning the wells jumped from $3 to $175. In one day the entire stock issue of a number of low-priced companies was subscribed. In three hours $8,000 worth of nearby property was sold. A hundred brokers' offices were opened. The leasehold of property adjoining the field where oil was struck was sold for $50,000. The newspapers of Calgary have been trying to prevent wild speculation, but with small success. It is doubtful whether the discoveries justify the excitement.

Exclusion in Canada

The Dominion Government evidently has no intention of relaxing the rules regarding the entry of Orientals into British Columbia. A new order in council has been passed making still more rigid the present restrictions. The present order in council prohibiting the entry of all artisans and laborers for six months, has been extended to include two new ports in British Columbia—Newport, near Vancouver, and Alberta, on Vancouver Island.

A Theocritus Manuscript

The latest find to interest classical scholars is the discovery of a manuscript of the great idyllist Theocritus at Antinoe in Upper Egypt. It is a papyrus book of large, well preserved pages containing upwards of five hundred lines. There are corrections of the original text by a second hand which also inserted marginal annotations. The medieval manuscripts of Theocritus are not earlier than the thirteenth century, but the date of this find is placed in the latter part of the fifth or in the sixth century. The "new witness" is expected to prove of exceptional value when it is pieced together and copied.

Safe Flying

The aeroplane experts of the British Army have perfected an airship which can be operated without balancing controls or elevator. A rudder for steering is used, but otherwise the aeroplane takes care of itself and anybody can operate it as easily as one steers a boat. No personal skill is necessary. This is the long sought stable flier, and solves the problem of automatic stability, so flights without controls or balancing movements are now possible.

Socialists in Argentine

In the recent elections in the Argentine Republic the Socialists swept the capital, Buenos Ayres, a city of a million and a quarter people. It is significant that among the Socialists of prominence are a number of naturalized Argentinos. The newly elected deputies, Zaccagnini and Dickmann, are among this number. It is said that Buenos Ayres is not a Socialist city and that the Argentine is not fond of Socialism, but the success of Socialism in the election was due to a reaction against the political corruption of the older parties.

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Jericho

By Geoffrey Cookson

The table was laid in the courtyard of the inn, and as we sat waiting for the meal, the legs of our bentwood chairs embedded themselves softly in the dry and friable soil. The leaves of the young poplar glittered in the starlight, and now and again a star of white jasmine slid to the ground, or dropped incongruously on the unclean carcase of the innkeeper's dog dozing in sensual abandonment to the luxury of a bed of warm dirt. From beyond the wall of the inn came the strokes of a mattock in a neighboring vegetable garden; the cheery talk of husbandmen loading asses for the market at Jerusalem. A long way off across the waste and melancholy plain the light of St. Gerasimos' Monastery burned steadily like a faint and inextinguishable spark in a shadowy drift of evil and desolation.

The Scottish minister searched the region of the kitchen with small, blue, restless eyes. The sound of a bell came through the night like the magical tinkle of leaves, like the faintly shuddering note of a buoy rung by gentle and resistless waves in the solitary wilderness of the sea. It floated up to the stars, and the novice at the bell-rope knew that angels heard it: it called the monks from their cells into the presence of God. But the minister was hungry, and a large red hand fidgeted impatiently with a tarnished dinner fork.

We were perfectly friendly, but perhaps at bottom the nexus between us was little more than a wretched economy of piastres in halving the expenses of the journey to Jericho. It was the last fatal stage in the process begun for me in the Temple Enclosure, and brought to a crisis when an obliging hotelkeeper led me among a crowd of pith-hatted and irrelevant compatriots along the Via Dolorosa. "Pilatus Christum tradidit Judaeis ut crucifigeretur." My God! and we were talking of tinted spectacles, and the difficulty of turning a four-wheeled carriage under the Ecce Homo Arch.

The aim of travel is to see what one never hoped to see in the world within and the world without; to become in the process unrecognizable to oneself; and its first condition is disguise. Even "Punch's" Jew money-lender knows this, and clothes himself in tartan and Glengarry for his Highland pilgrimage: but a dreadfully jaundiced suit of glossy khaki is an insufficient disguise for a Scottish minister: is not, in fact, a disguise at all. It announced him (and myself by implication)—almost audibly—as tourists. I saw him on his annual holiday among wraps and light fiction, comfortable in the corner seat of railway carriages; chatty on deck or in the cabin of steamers; capable in tourist offices and hotels; and generally inseparable from the little square box of black leather that ticked off his fleeting impressions of the surface of things. He was telling me now of myrtles in a mist-swept valley, the cream of cows, the eggs of fecund hens. The bottle of Vichy water stood almost empty at his elbow, and as he poured out the remainder and raised the glass to his lips, suddenly a lean figure leapt out of the gloom, and cried with resonant utterance and minatory gesture, "Repent!" And the dog uncurled from under the jasmine bower and sprang barking furiously at the wild ragged man; and a slippered Roman, tired with boar-hunting in the jungles of the Jordan, set down his cup with a curse, and ordered the innkeeper to drive the confounded fellow away.

"They do an enormous lot of harm," he explained to his companion, "these infernal fanatics. Now, that scoundrel will go about disturbing the whole countryside. Queer beggars, these Jews! They'll lie and cheat and cringe as much as you please: but religion sends them clean crazy, and then they're the very devil to handle. Superstitious! They'll believe anything: any damned thing on earth. Now if that fellow were to stand naked in Jordan tomorrow and profess to make a man pure, don't you know, by pouring a little muddy water on his head, the natives would simply flock to him. And, mind you, it doesn't matter what happens to anything else when they've got religion on the brain. Their crops may rot in the fields for all they care; and their cattle shift for themselves. Out they go to some cursed stony desert, and take their womenfolk and children, yes, and their sick too, by Jove! with them. Dislocates business and trade and all that kind of thing. Why, I give you my word, I couldn't get a single shirt washed last August, because they'd got one of these preachments on. And the trouble doesn't end there; wish it did. Of course, there's distress if they don't get in their crops; and goodness knows what treason they gabble when they're well out of reach. Why, the respectable Jews themselves don't approve of it: you don't know what disturbances it may lead to, and when they start cutting each other's throats! . . . . I always say our mission here is to civilize. . . . . Got rid of him, innkeeper? Thanks. And the sooner you bring that dinner the better."

"'What went we out for to see?' There's your text," I said, "minister, when you get back to your flock."

It was an injudicious, a slightly malign utterance. What he had seen I knew perfectly well. There are still adventures—spiritual and other—for the adventurous; but for the average child of civilization which is ingeniously preoccupied with eliminating the elements of hardship, danger, shock, surprise, with forcing on barbarian nature the terms of a perpetual truce, there remains chiefly a monotonous, perhaps tragic uneventfulness. No lion had fled to meet us from the swelling of Jordan; on its banks—those banks the zestful chant acclaims under the immense roofs of cathedrals, between the white-washed walls of narrow meeting-houses—we had put up among the poplars and willows that spring from the brown, alluvial soil—a covey of partridges. They flew whirring away towards the flaked mud flats, the hairy hummocks, the ruins of collapsed mountains, of dissolving brick-heaps, which strew the plain. We had seen the fitting poetic environment of marble caves give place to the mere geological results of physical forces, the sorry and discreditable assemblage of barren facts, deposited there by the ages, as a builder tilts rubbish over a building-site. And of the austere Forerunner there survived but the echo of a message; of a single peremptory foreword, still repeated far away in the rear of human progress; thrown aside like a rude flint arrowhead by the master-smiths of modern thought, as if one should commend to a director of naval ordnance the irresistible virtue of a pebble from the brook. Survived feebly in incredulous hearts; worn to an edgeless smoothness in the traffic of sleek and organized systems and societies; uttered vainly by preachers who claimed as the ally of faith that reason which is always its implacable foe.

We had seen the halting-shed of the Russian pilgrims empty and abandoned as if they would never come back; as if they, too, were weary of their devotion to an impalpable idealism, and were dedicating their fervor henceforth to the cause of political and economic freedom, to the practical issues of the day. And the only figure that came to us across the mysterious river was a sallow and degenerate Greek, a sort of disheartened apache with no civilization to prey on, in a grey wide-awake, with a discolored handkerchief knotted round his limp trousers. He knew no language but Arabic; he fetched a carbine and a bandolier stuffed with cartridges, and laid them in the bottom of the boat before he consented to row us upstream.

"Arab!" he said, pointing to the weapon with a timid grin. But no living thing peered at us over the edge of the eastern bank; and beyond it lay the mountains of Abarim, the silence of death; death in loneliness of thirst.

The current flowed deep and strong, and it was not without some secret apprehension of dropping into eternity that we climbed naked over the stern of the boat and committed ourselves cautiously to the symbolical stream. Neither the minister nor I exhibited any eagerness to explore in that sense the further side of Jordan. And the brown wall of water rolled its weight against us with a blind unfeeling pressure, indifferent to our perishable bodies clinging to the end of a rope, as to our immortal souls; rolled in swirling eddies under the low steep bluffs of crumbling soil, washing the reed-beds and the roots of trees; rolled the waters of regeneration at the rate of six and one-half million gallons a day, down to the Sea of Lot, which turns them into salt.

The minister was not offended by my remark, though he did not reply to it. His thoughts appeared to have reverted to Jerusalem. He said:

"'How fair the fragrant lilies blow
By cool Siloam's stream.'

I wonder what the old hymn-writer would say could he see the 'stream' as it really is."

And he smiled a capacious, amused, indulgent smile, an incredulous, wholly Protestant smile, like a derisive flaw in the substance of his faith. And I thought of the Franciscan father who had stood by me at the Wailing Place of the Jews. He, too, had smiled, but with a difference, with a smile that seemed to say, "See! the justice of God! He puts these disobedient children in the corner once a week in the hope that they may in time become good."

The Syrian innkeeper had drawn his chair to a little distance from our table, and sat smoking and chatting pleasantly. Complained of oppressive taxes; of the Turks, good for wars and women; would that the British were rulers in Palestine, a wish perhaps variable with the nationality of his guests. And we ate and drank and made merry as in the days of Noe; and the minister finished all the Vichy water and shared my bottle of wine; the ruddy, indulgent Palestine wine that asks no questions and laves soothingly

(Continued on Page 17.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CL—THE VISION OF PORTOLA

By George Sterling

(The following by our first living poet is an extract from a forest interlude entitled "The Vision of Portola" written for the Family Club of this city and played by members of the club in their Family Farm in the Portola Valley three years ago. Sterling laid his scene in the grove where the play was enacted. Twilight is merging into night when Don Gaspar de Portola and his men appear from the shadow of the grove. The troop is halted, but Portola and one of his lieutenants ride forward, for the explorer, before twilight fell, "half thought he northward glimpsed great waters." The troopers sup and discuss their doubtful quest, the Bay of Monterey. They call for a song and while it is being given Portola returns. He tells the padre that he has climbed the hills. "Far to the north and south, I gazed, but o'er the plains was poured a fog in mystery on mystery. This land appals me. It is far and lone and sad." The troopers disperse and Portola wraps his cloak about him and lies down by the fire for the night. A spirit appears. He bids the don gaze to the south, to the north, to the east and to the west. The future greatness of California and of San Francisco are revealed.)

I see a city rising on far hills.
It spreads, and masts and towers crowd the sky.
Queen of this sea and all the virgin west,
She sits her throne in beauty, holding forth
Her scepter unto many lands and men.
They come; they meet; they serve her. In her courts
Are many laughters. Now she casts abroad
A largesse to the nations of her gold,
And feeds them with her grain, and with her grapes
Maketh them merry. Was there ever yet
A queen so gracious? Still her realms expand
And still arise the houses and the groves,
And now—nay! pity! pity!
Christ! the solid ground
Is shaken, and she falters on her throne!
Her walls are down! her temples pass in fire!
A pall of smoke conceals her from my sight!
God! she is dead! she will not smile again,
Who was so fair, so gracious.

Oh, still she lives, and fairer than before!
Her children still surround her, and her tow'rs
Gleam in the morning! Over sea and land
They come in homage, for a mystic flame
Is on her turrets, and her deathless lips,
Wiser for sorrows past, call unto men
With promise of new freedoms. Still the years
Bless and replenish, and make wide her fame.
Her sister cities over all the world
Envy yet love her. Still the winds of good
Cleanse her and fill her and make clean her heart
With vaster knowledge of man's need of man.
Now Justice, and not Charity, hath sway.
Each in each other sees his brother's face.
The weak grow strong, the strong lose not their strength,
And all men, now one purpose, face the years—
One purpose for all wisdom, joy and good.
Behold, mankind shall be one Family.

The Spectator

Smiting Hiram in the Ribs

"That's a great boost that Older gave Heney in the Bulletin."

The speaker was Harbor Commissioner Dwyer. That superior person, the man that winds the ferry clock, looked at the commissioner in amazement.

"Say, Joe," he observed with a snort, "you'll get lost on the water front some day."

"What's the matter now?" Dwyer asked.

"A boost for Heney!" The clock-winder was growling to himself. "Looks to me like a pretty smash at the Governor."

"I can't see it that way," said Dwyer.

"Of course you can't. You're color blind. On the level, Joe, you're pretty dull. That's why you left the law to become a bilge water commissioner. But listen. Older says that Heney started 'the inspiring series of events which led to the election of Hiram Johnson.' Those are exactly his words. Again: 'Machine government in California got its death blow from Heney's hands.' And again: 'In 1910 Johnson recognized the superior claims of Heney, and would not run for Governor until he received the assurance from Heney's own lips that Heney didn't want the job." The clock-winder paused.

"Well, what about it?" Dwyer asked.

The clock-winder resumed: "In other words, Heney made Johnson possible. Heney is the real redeemer. That's virtually what Older says. Heney was crucified, and Johnson ascended into office. And then what did Johnson do? Johnson put Judas Rowell into the fight to keep the master out of the kingdom that belongs to him."

A Befogged Commissioner

"I don't understand you at all," said Commissioner Dwyer.

"Of course you don't," said the clock-winder. "You don't understand anything but your salary warrant. But I understand, and the Governor understands, and he's mad as a hornet. And I don't blame him."

"I always thought Older and the Governor were good friends," said Dwyer.

"To be sure you did." (By this time the clock-winder was full of disgust.) "I suppose you believe all you read in the Bulletin, too. Say, Joe, the Governor loves Older about as much as Rudolph loved you when you put in your claim for a fee in the graft prosecution. He loves Older about as much as Bill Kent loves Rowell. Joe, you've got a lot to learn before the end of this campaign."

And the clock-winder took up his key and walked.

Plain Talk to the Greeters

The Greeters of America paid a visit to the Italian-Swiss Colony in Sonoma county last Sunday. The Greeters is an organization of the managers and assistant managers of the hotels of the United States. They visited San Francisco en masse, following their annual convention in Los Angeles, and the trip to Asti was part of the entertainment provided for them in this part of the State. They went to the beautiful Colony by special train and lunched at the Sbarboro villa. There were speeches during luncheon, and one of them was made by M. J. Fontana. Now M. J. Fontana is a big man in our community. He has large interests here, chief among them being the Italian-Swiss Colony, the California Wine Association, the California Fruit Canners' Association and the Italian-American Bank. I mention these interests so that my readers may be in no doubt about the standing of M. J. Fontana, for he is not the sort of man who seeks the public prints or takes any other steps to impress people with his importance. He is a modest and genial old gentleman, is M. J. Fontana, a man not given to speechmaking at banquets. However, he made a little speech at the Asti luncheon. He talked very plainly, very bluntly in fact, when he arose to greet the Greeters. It would be too bad if his remarks remained unrecorded. The daily papers did not record what he said, so it is my pleasure to supply the omission.

Fontana on Bryan and Wilson

M. J. Fontana had fire in his eye when he talked. It was the fire of indignation kindled by the attempt of the Prohibitionists to make California dry. He told the Greeters that the Italian-Swiss Colony where wine is made, has one of the best attended churches in Sonoma county. He told them that intemperance was unknown in the Colony. He told them that it was the abode of peace, contentment and happiness. And then he had something to say about personal liberty and about the men who spend their lives in the pernicious attempt to infringe upon personal liberty.

"The three States which have done the most mischief insofar as personal liberty is concerned," said M. J. Fontana, "are Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska."

"Don't include Nebraska in that category," interrupted a Greeter from Nebraska.

"I only include Nebraska on account of William J. Bryan," replied Fontana.

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"Please acquit us of any responsibility for Bryan," returned the Greeter from Nebraska; "for in Nebraska where Bryan is best known, he is least liked, and hasn't been elected to any office, hasn't elected any candidate to any office for years."

"I do not care what your politics may be," continued Fontana, "but I wish to say that conditions are becoming worse and worse on account of the narrow-minded, bigoted, intolerant Bryan and his little dog Wilson."

And M. J. Fontana sat down amid great applause.

Sbarboro Spoke Too

Another speaker at this luncheon was Andrea Sbarboro, a man no more given to speechmaking than his associate M. J. Fontana. He too spoke for personal liberty and for temperance as against Prohibition. He pointed out to these hotel men that hotel dining rooms are often run at a loss and suggested that the loss might be diminished if they took steps to popularize the drinking of light wines. He pointed out that there was a good profit in the sale of all wines, even wines of modest price. For the benefit of the California Greeters he pointed out that when you go into a country hotel in this State the waiter or waitress always asks you whether you will drink tea or coffee, neither of which is produced in this State, but never whether you will drink a glass of wine. He referred to the great todo hotel proprietors made over the serving of a bottle of wine, making of it an event of peculiar importance instead of treating it as a matter of course, as it is in all other wine-growing countries of the world. It was all good talk that Fontana and Sbarboro gave the Greeters at Asti. It was good temperance talk and good business talk. We ought to have more such talk in California, so that Californians may be in no danger of growing to regard their wines as something to be ashamed of. That is the way the Prohibitionists would like to have us regard them.

Bennett's Curtain Speech

Every night last week, with one exception, Richard Bennett made a curtain speech after the second act of "Damaged Goods." There was no curtain speech on Wednesday night. The audience was just as enthusiastic that night as on Tuesday night or Thursday night or any other night, but Bennett took his curtain calls without speaking. Why was this? Well, a story is being told in connection with Bennett's failure to make a speech on Wednesday night, and I shall give it for what it is worth. In his speech on Tuesday night Bennett referred in disapproving terms to a certain criticism of "Damaged Goods" in the daily press. He went further than that. He made a remark, a personal remark about the writer of the criticism. It was an insinuation such as no actor has the right to make. Bennett did not mention the paper he referred to, and he did not mention the name of the critic. But some people who were in the audience Tuesday night were of the opinion that he referred to Waldemar Young, the dramatic critic of the Chronicle. Among those who entertained this opinion was John P. Young, the managing editor of the Chronicle. Of course Young heard about the veiled insinuation, and naturally he was wroth about it. Somehow or other a rumor penetrated behind the scenes of the Columbia that Waldemar Young was coming to the performance Wednesday night to punch Bennett's head. The rumor had it that this reprisal was to be staged when Bennett stepped before the curtain for his usual curtain speech at the end of the second act. I suppose it was nothing but a rumor, and that Young would have sought satisfaction by less spectacular means. However, the rumor got about and the stage hands grew quite excited over it. They were all on hand to see what would happen during the curtain speech. They suffered a disappointment. When Bennett took his curtain calls at the end of the second act, he said to the stage hand in charge of the curtain:

"No speech tonight, Guy."

That was all. But on Thursday night, in his curtain speech, Bennett took occasion to remark that his reference had been misunderstood and that any sort of insinuation about the dramatic critic of the Chronicle had been far from his thoughts. This closed the incident to the satisfaction of everybody except the stage-hands who are proof against the thrills of all plays, even plays like "Damaged Goods" and would have like a little interpolated excitement.

Too Much Jones

There is a great row on among the doctors. All because of the employers' liability law. The State Medical Society has fixed a schedule of fees to be charged in cases covered by indemnity insurance, and many prominent physicians in the County Medical Society have protested. The schedule in their opinion is ridiculously low, and in the opinion of some of them it was made in the interest of the insurance companies and not with regard to the welfare of injured persons. Some of the protestants use pretty strong language when discussing the matter, and they have made Dr. Philip Mills Jones the storm-centre. Dr. Jones is secretary of the State society and editor of the society's medical journal. These two jobs he has held many years, and he has grown to be a political power in the profession. But as a result of the efforts of the dominant clique in the State Medical Society to impose a rate-schedule on the doctors of the County Medical Society, opposition to Jones is now being organized, and his jobs are in jeopardy.

Our Sidestepping Candidates

Conservatism appears to be the keynote of the primary campaign. There are many live issues before the people, but the prevailing sentiment among candidates is that discussion of them is inexpedient. Even that most impulsive of men the Hon. Hiram Johnson, famous for his moral courage, always resolved to utter himself though the heavens fall, appears to deem it advisable to exclude all the world from his confidence on the prohibition question. He is strong for prunes and prisms, he is for general uplift, he is against corruption, enthusiastic for purity, bubbling over with sympathy with the masses; but as between grape juice and fermented beverages he is neutral. Yet prohibition is at once a moral and an economic question. The prohibition amendment is the most important proposition before the people of a State that Governor Johnson loves with a consuming passion, and our bold and fearless Executive will not vouchsafe us a word of counsel on the subject. His discretion is in strong contrast with the frankness of William C. Ralston, candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor. Ralston talks right out before everybody. Apparently he wants us all to know just where he stands. He is as forthright as a candidate as he was as a Senator. Ralston appears to be strong for the old-fashioned principles of personal liberty. He is

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against prohibition. He is not for imprisoning the will of his neighbor, or for making a stepmother out of the State. At a time when sidestepping is the favorite exercise of candidates Ralston is a refreshing reminder of other days when fanaticism was an isolated disease and the Puritan mind was excluded from polite society.

Shortridge and the Press

One of the interesting features of the primary campaign is the number of papers which have come out enthusiastically in favor of the senatorial candidacy of Samuel M. Shortridge. Quite a number of papers which have not yet announced their stand on the gubernatorial contest, are losing no opportunity of impressing Shortridge's qualifications on their readers. It is true that the newspapers of the big cities of California have been for the most part non-committal in the matter, although some of them are known to be champions of Shortridge for United States Senator. But the list of influential papers up and down the State which are making his fight their fight is a very imposing one. Here are some of the papers of Republican politics which are advocating Shortridge's candidacy: Yreka Journal, Shasta Free Press, Oroville Mercury, Willows Enterprise, Woodland Mail, Byron Times, Calaveras Prospect, Sonoma Index-Tribune, Redwood City Times-Gazette, San Jose Mercury, Santa Clara News, Los Gatos Mail, Hollister Free Lance, Santa Cruz News, Kern County Echo, San Bernardino Sun, Pasadena News, Santa Ana Blade, San Diego Union, San Diego Tribune and San Diego Examiner, this last a Labor Union paper. There are also papers in Delano, Oxnard, San Luis, Long Beach, Indio and El Centro whose names escape me. Among papers which have not definitely declared for Shortridge but which are friendly to him are: Hanford Sentinel, Merced Star, Monterey Cypress, Downieville Messenger and others. The two French papers published in this city and most of the other papers published in foreign languages are strong for Shortridge. It is significant that a number of Democratic papers throughout the State have declared for him in preference to James D. Phelan.

The City's Way

It is worth anybody's while to take a walk along Van Ness avenue these days for the study that may there be made of the inefficiency of municipal government. The boulevard that was once the pride of the city, and that was held sacred from the sordid touch of street railroad corporations is now torn up from end to end. The municipality is building a railroad in Van Ness avenue, and most of the crossings are impassable. Nobody has thought of providing facilities for traffic. Complaint after complaint has been lodged at the City Hall, but without effect. The city is doing the work, and if you are merely a citizen and don't like the way it's being done—well, you may go to the devil.

The Record Striker

"The man who holds the American record for the longest time on strike lives in San Francisco," said President Tracy of the Typographical Union the other day. "He is none other than Al Murphy, better known as 'Blinker' Murphy, the political writer of the Examiner. Forty-one years ago Al Murphy was a compositor on the Bulletin. There was some trouble, and the compositors went out on strike. When he went out Al Murphy vowed that he would never go back. When the strike was settled, and the other compositors returned to their cases in the Bulletin office, Al kept his vow. He never went back. He is still out on that strike after forty-one years. What's more, he's an honorary member of the Typographical Union."

The Downfall of Nathan

It would appear that what I suggested respecting the motive of the appointment of Ernest Nathan as Italian Commissioner to the World's Fair was not far from the truth. The press despatches tell us that Nathan has been beaten at the polls. What I suggested was that he was sent here to get rid of him during the political campaign in the hope of compassing his defeat. Evidently there has been a widespread revulsion of feeling in Rome against the imported Syndic whom the Romans have facetiously dubbed "Mister" Nathan. This was to be expected. Nathan never had a strong following in Rome. When he was elected chief of the Roman municipality in September 1907 the Catholics of the city did not vote. They took no part in politics. The total vote cast was only 44,819 of which considerably over a third was against Nathan and the Socialist councillors. Nathan has disgusted Catholics by his systematic and coarse assaults on the Vatican. His intimate friend is the editor of the Asino who is known as the leading pornographer in Europe. The Asino has the distinction of being the foulest paper published in the world. Its sale is prohibited in this country. Now the Asino is the fiercest of all anti-clerical papers, and Nathan is said to inspire much of its filth.

A Modern Vandal

Shortly after his election to office Nathan announced that the exterior of the churches of Rome belonged to the municipality, and that they might therefore be let out for advertising purposes. In a few days the exteriors of some of the finest churches were bedaubed with showy and glaring theatrical posters, representing nude or semi-nude ladies drinking champagne. It was this sort of vandalism that caused the name of Nathan to be execrated throughout Italy, and that brought upon the vulgar Syndic the censures of the leading newspapers of Europe.

Amenities of an Interview

Miss Sophie Treadwell of the Bulletin went over to San Rafael the other day to interview House Peters, the leading man of Bert Payne's moving picture company. Miss Treadwell knew nothing about Peters, his fame as a movie star not having preceded him to this region. Peters spoke with a very broad accent, and to elicit something of his personal history, Miss Treadwell asked:

"You are an Englishman, Mr. Peters?"

"Oh, no," returned Peters, with the quite apparent purpose of being sarcastic, "I am a German."

Miss Treadwell regarded him for a moment.

"Please do not misunderstand me," she said finally. "You know, there are quite a number of Americans who speak English as well as you do."

Escargots a la Hanlon

When Attorney Charles F. Hanlon's stenographer entered his private office a few mornings ago she took one look about her, shrieked and fainted. She was just recovering consciousness when Chief Clerk Cousins made his appearance. Cousins looked around the room, but did not shriek or faint, as he is undemonstrative by nature. But he became very pale, and followed the stenographer out of the room in something like a panic of fear. In the outer office the two held a consultation.

"What can they be?" quavered the stenographer.

"I have no idea," said Cousins, "but I suppose we had better find out."

So the two summoned all their courage and returned to the inner office. It is a sumptuous office. There are desks, sofas and chairs of mahogany. Book cases of mahogany filled with de luxe editions line the walls. Above them are oil paintings and autographed photographs, mostly of celebrated stars of the stage. But the blank spaces of the walls were covered with little black crawling things. There were little black crawling things on the desks, on the sofas

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and on the chairs. In fact the little black crawling things were everything; there were hundreds of them in possession of Charlie Hanlon's inner office. The stenographer, very pale, looked at Cousins, also very pale. Then they looked at the little black things, shuddered and hurried out of the room again. In the outer office they waited for Hanlon. When he arrived their appearance told him that something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" he said.

In silence Cousins and the stenographer led the lawyer into his sanctum.

"Oh," said Hanlon easily, "these blamed snails have escaped from their box. We've got to put 'em back."

It seems that a Los Angeles friend had sent Hanlon a box of escargots, or French edible snails, and he had left them in his office overnight, intending to give his friends at the Press Club an epicurean treat the following day. They had escaped from the box and had taken possession of the room. It was an hour before they had all been impounded.

"Do you mean to say that people eat them?" asked Cousins.

"Certainly," answered Hanlon; "they are delicious."

"Ugh!" said Cousins, and the stenographer showed signs of fainting again.

Al Coney Scores

The opening of the new wing of the Hotel St. Francis will be quite an event. D. C. Jackling and several other millionaires who are furnishing big suites in the new wing will have housewarmings. There will be several important banquets in the new banquet hall. There is sure to be a wonderful parade of feminine loveliness in the extended "Peacock Alley." And let us not forget the enlarged bar. The St. Francis bar is a great gathering place for the men who drink a cocktail or so before dinner, and they'll all be on hand to celebrate the opening of the enlarged wine room. The honor of ordering the first drink over the new bar has been secured by Al Coney, the capable impresario of "Golden State," California's great champagne. Al was shown through the new wing a few days ago in company with R. E. Nixon, a well known hotelman from Seattle. Assistant Manager Frank Drury who acted as cicerone, was telling about the number of banquets which will signalize the opening of the new wing when the idea occurred to Al. He asked for the privilege of buying the first drink, and it was given him. Needless to say, Al Coney's order will be:

"Pat, a quart of Golden State."

Helping Gus

There is one thing to be said for Gus Hartman: he adds gaiety to every campaign he engages in. Gus is again a Republican candidate for the State Senate, and he is reviewing old political experiences as he circulates among his friends. Gus tells of a German who came to him the last time he was running for the Senate and declared that he could deliver the entire German vote of his neighborhood. Gus was too wise in politics to be unduly impressed by this claim, but he was also too wise to slight the German. Candidates for office never overlook a chance, no matter how slender, of obtaining votes. So Gus listened to the German, and when the German said that all he wanted in exchange for his assistance was the promise that his boy should become a page in the Legislature, Gus bought him a drink or two and told him that he could make no promise but would bear the wish in mind when he reached Sacramento. Every few days thereafter the German called on Gus to report progress. His reports indicated that Gus was to receive a flattering German vote. They were so pleasing that Gus invariably bought the German several drinks and mapped out a rosy future for the German's boy, beginning with a nice position as page of the Senate. Finally election day came. Bright and early the German got Gus on the telephone. He was greatly excited.

"Here I been working for you right along, and what do you think? They ain't got your name on the ticket! There is rotten work somewhere."

In great alarm Gus asked the German to come to the hotel at once, and he arrived breathless shortly afterwards. Gus asked him for details.

"I go into the election booth and ask for a ballot—" began the German.

"What election booth?" asked Hartman.

"At Sixteenth and Valencia," answered the German.

"That's enough," said Gus in disgust. "You've been working for me in the Mission, and I'm running in a district north of Market street!"

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A Genuine Surprise

So Worthington Ames has married again! Well, this is indeed a surprise. There was no advance notice of the romance. If anybody suspected that a second marriage was in Worthington's thoughts, he or she kept counsel exceedingly well. So that brief item tucked away in an inconspicuous part of the Wednesday Chronicle caused wide-eyed astonishment in society. I wonder if Norma Preston Ames knew anything about the affair, or whether she learned of it for the first time, as the rest of us did, when she opened her paper at breakfast? It was a very quiet wedding which crowned Worthington's quiet wooing. He must have been desirous of avoiding anything that resembled a splurge. Hence, no doubt, the choice of Sacramento as the scene of the ceremony. If he had married here the papers would have put the story on the first page. As it was, the Examiner missed it, and the Chronicle relegated it to the thirteenth page.

More So Than Hobart's

Walter Hobart mildly surprised society when he married for a second time. That marriage was expected, for Walter had been assiduous in his attentions to Flora Dean Magee and everything pointed toward matrimony. But Worthington Ames has surprised society much more than Walter Hobart did. His friendship for the former Mrs. Selby Oppenheimer was known, but he took nobody into the secret of his intention. The second Mrs. Ames is a very vivacious woman with lots of nice friends, but she has never belonged to the very exclusive set in which Worthington Ames was so prominent a figure before Norma Preston Ames obtained her divorce two years ago. Since that time Worthington has not been seen much in the social whirl. It was thought that he would have liked a reconciliation. But behold, he was pressing a second matrimonial suit instead!

He's Rather Secretive

Worthington Ames has always had a way of keeping his affairs to himself. I recall that before his engagement to Norma Preston was announced, nobody seemed to know whether Worthington would marry Norma or her sister Edith. The Ames family and the Preston family were very close friends, and Worthington was in the company of both girls a great deal. Some thought that his heart was in Norma's keeping; others that Edith was the object of his affection. Worthington paid no attention to society's speculation on the subject, and did nothing to resolve the doubt until the engagement was formally announced. If I mistake not, Edith Preston's engagement to Willard Drown was announced at the same time. This secretiveness on the part of Worthington Ames came into play at the time of the divorce. Nobody seemed to know just what Norma's reason for suing was. It was a very quiet divorce, and public curiosity on the subject was never satisfied. And now we find Worthington getting married very quietly. Decidedly, Ames likes to keep his personal affairs to himself.

A Quiet Honeymoon

After being married by a Justice of the Peace in the Hotel Sacramento, Ames and his bride went to the Ames ranch in the Sacramento valley for their honeymoon. So the honeymoon is as quiet as the marriage. Here again one thinks of the second marriage of Walter Hobart. Walter and Flora enjoyed their honeymoon on Flora's ranch at Beowawe, Nevada, which is even more secluded than the Ames ranch in California. Worthington and Walter have not many things in common, but they agree in their liking for a quiet embarkation on the sea of matrimony. Worthington's first marriage was a very elaborate affair, with all the usual social frills. So was Walter's first marriage to the great belle Hannah Williams. Apparently neither Worthington nor Walter cared to repeat the ordeal.

To Be Socially Active?

Will Worthington Ames and his wife be active participants in the diversions of society? I don't think so. I imagine that Worthington Ames is tired of the social whirl and that he will let the smart set worry along without him. Still, one must always keep in mind that wives, not husbands, regulate these things. Mrs. Ames the second may be ambitious to attain that place in society which was occupied by Mrs. Ames the first. No doubt she will find that Norma Preston Ames' friends resent Worthington's second marriage. That is usually the case. It is the case with the friends of Hannah Williams Hobart. These friends do not look kindly on the second Mrs. Walter Hobart, the very illogical reason being simply that she married Walter!

As to Walter

Speaking of Walter Hobart's marriage, I read in a New York weekly that he and his bride are "getting into trim for the campaign which they will be up against," a campaign, that is to say, for a secure position in the Burlingame set. The writer says further "Mary Eyre is going to lead the opposition, and she knows how to make herself deucedly unpleasant, as Walter has discovered often before this." Mary Eyre is Hannah Williams Hobart's closest friend. The two went abroad together immediately after the divorce. I do not know whether Mary Eyre is going to lead any sort of opposition to Walter and Flora Hobart, or whether she intends to make herself "deucedly unpleasant" in any way. But I should say offhand that she might just as well spare herself the exertion. I do not think that Walter and Flora are going to be lured into the social maelstrom. Neither has ever showed much love for the ordinary diversions of society. Mrs. Hobart loves the country and her books. Walter loves his polo ponies and his big motor car. I shall be greatly surprised if Walter developes into a diner-out and dancer. That is not his style. On one point I can agree with the writer I have quoted: if there is any such campaign as the writer speaks of, it will be an exceedingly interesting one.

A Learned Fiance

Agnes Tillman has the distinction of being engaged to one of the most learned young men in San Francisco. Baron J. C. van Pantheleon van Eck to whom she is affianced, has more learning than all of our eligible young natives put together. He is a Doctor of Roman Law of the University of Utretcht. How many of our own rich young men know anything about Roman law? Why, a lot of them couldn't tell you where Utrecht is! Some of our girls might be afraid of falling in love with a Doctor of Roman Law. One thinks of a Doctor of Roman Law as a grave old gentleman with thick spectacles perpetually delving in enormous Latin books. That description, it is needless to remark, does not fit Baron van Eck. He is a charming young fellow, with no pedantry about him. He has that impressive degree because Hollanders go in for that sort of thing. If the truth must be told, Baron van Eck takes business much more seriously than he takes Roman law. He is here as the representative of Standard Oil's great rival, the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company which controls the Shell Transportation Company.

He Was Misunderstood

Over in San Rafael there is a handsome American lady with a husband of Spanish extraction. The other morning when she saw the encomium in the daily papers upon American husbands, she said triumphantly to her spouse:

"Now! Even the newspapers are talking about what I've been saying for years—that there is nothing upon the earth beneath nor the heavens above like an American husband."

This being an old story to Mr. Husband he made no reply; but when he arrived from San Francisco on the five o'clock train that evening he sought his pretty wife in her rose garden where she was entirely surrounded by the choicest varieties of the rose family, herself a lovely American Beauty in full bloom. With a stately Spanish bow he presented her with a fragrant bunch of Killarney roses from a San Francisco florist's shop. His wife turned white and asked sadly:

"What have you been doing now, that you bring me roses to placate me?"

"My dear one," he answered, "I was trying to be like an American husband, but 'never again.'"

Silencing the Foys

Little Theodore, aged five, takes an extraordinary interest in the Foy children. His mother, taking advantage of his admiration, holds them up to him as models. In her frantic en-

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deavors to make him learn some French she exclaimed for his benefit:

"Oh, why isn't my little boy like the Foy children? Not only do they speak English and French, but Italian. Their mother is Italian and they love to talk to her in her language."

"They do, do they? Well, there's one language they don't know and that is—Roman! The next time I see those kids at the Orpheum I'll know some Roman and when I talk it at them they won't know what I'm saying. Ich ge bibble!"

Mrs. Darling Home

Mrs. Clara Hastings Darling is once more occupying her home at 3945 Clay street after an absence of six months which was most agreeably spent in foreign travel. Mrs. Darling left San Francisco with her sister Miss Ella Hastings last fall and divided her time abroad between England, the Riviera, Egypt and Northern Africa. In England where she has a host of friends, Mrs. Darling was the motif of many smart entertainments. Mrs. Darling's many friends here are delighted to have her in their midst once more, and are showing their pleasure by arranging many affairs in her honor.

Fred Thompson, Playwright

Fred Thompson is breaking into dramaturgy, and with such success that one of these days he may be asked to write the grove play for the Bohemian Club. For a long time Fred has been recognized as one of the club's best Thespians, but it was only last Friday night that he made his first appearance in the ambitious role of a dramatist. The occasion was a dinner to Ben Upham who was bidding farewell to bachelorhood. This affair was given to Upham by the "Young Turks," a coterie of Bohemians which includes Ben Upham, Fred Thompson and his brother Joe, Mark Daniels, Spencer Grant, Roy Ryone, "Billy" Smith, Mackenzie Gordon and other choice spirits. The piece de resistance was a comedy called "In the Daze of the Reformation," the first act dealing with Ben Upham as a bachelor and the second with Ben as a prospective Benedick. This was Fred Thompson's work, and it has been pronounced one of the best things of the sort ever written for the Bohemian Club. Fred has received many congratulations. The next thing we know, Fred will be essaying a story. In that even his sister Kathleen Thompson Norris had better look to her laurels.

At Paso Robles

Paso Robles continues to be a very popular resort of discriminating people. Among recent arrivals may be noted: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Marks, Miss Henrietta Marks, Dr. A. L. Sobey, Mrs. A. L. Sobey, A. P. Crist, W. F. Crist, Mrs. L. G. Cunard, A. Cartan and two sons, Mrs. A. C. Schoening, Mrs. A. C. Hupfield, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hartranft, Wm. Rowe, Dr. Thos. E. Shumate and family, Al F. Bohle, E. L. Hoag, F. A. Dwyer, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Wahlgren, Wm. M. Abbott and wife, W. S. Abbott, T. C. Abbott, B. B. Banta, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. White, L. Newhouse and wife, Miss E. Thiel, Wm. T. White, Mrs. White, A. L. Cunningham, Oakland; C. M. Price, Mrs. Lightner, Prof. David B. Barrows, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas S. Watson, Miss Margaret Watson, Redwood City; Miss Alice P. Tapley, Mrs. Geo. P. Sanger, Miss Effie Ellis, Mrs. Frederick H. Tappan, Boston, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Henry, Dr. A. C. Rosenberger, Charles Grunsky, Stockton; Kenneth Melrose, San Mateo; S. Thornton and family, Miss E. O. Sullivan, Piedmont; R. Blomer, San Jose; Mrs. H. Morgan Hill and maid, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Loeb, Lost Hills; Mrs. J. G. Thaw, Mrs. M. E. Briggs, Highwood, Montana; G. C. Bryan, Isleton, Cal.; Geo. M. Ermentraub, Reading, Pa.; A. H. Smith Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. D. Fricot, Mrs. and Miss Rooney, Angels Camp; Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. McCullough, Los Gatos.

Mrs. Julius Paul Smith has given up her apartment at the Fairmont and will pass the rest of the summer at her country home, Olivina Vineyard, Livermore.

Tait's for the Particular

Among those who are particular as to where they shall dine, the Tait-Zinkand Cafe always receives first choice. It is safe to say that this cafe is the most popular dining place in town. Nowhere else is there such a high standard in cuisine maintained, nowhere such faultless service, such pleasing decorations and novel and high-class entertainment. There's a peculiar charm about Tait's that is typical of the care-free life of San Francisco. At this cafe one always experiences the utmost in enjoyment. And no matter how often one dines within the confines of this Bohemian retreat, there is always something novel to be seen.

A Bohemian Resort

I dropped into Negro's for dinner the other night, and found the cosy Merchant street restaurant as popular as ever. There is no place in town that serves a better Italian dinner, or for that matter, a better dinner a la carte. J. H. O'Brien and J. L. Negro, the genial proprietors, were very much in evidence, taking assiduous care of their guests in that quiet, capable way they have. As usual there were a number of prominent people dining there, both upstairs and down. There is real San Franciscan "atmosphere" about Negro's, and it has been discovered by the tourists who like a touch of the right kind of Bohemianism, the kind which does not mean bad food and sour wine. Decidedly, Negro's has individuality.

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Gossip of the Theatre

"Omar the Tentmaker"

Richard Walton Tully must be congratulated once more on his skill as a producer of impressive stage spectacles. Tully has the knack of color. He knows how to fill the eye with gorgeous rainbow effects of costume and light. He first showed his skill this way in "Juanita of San Juan." He showed it again in "The Bird of Paradise" which proved to be a riot of hues. And now he shows it once more in "Omar the Tentmaker." This production has the richness of a Maxfield Parrish painting. Opulent color combinations of scenery, costumes and lights make "Omar the Tentmaker" very beautiful. But while Tully is a master of spectacle, he is not a master of the dramatic art. "Omar the Tentmaker" is splendid to look at, but it is not splendid to hear. It is an awkwardly constructed play, and it is loaded down with plot. If you are content to watch it as a fine oriental spectacle, if you like to hear the Fitzgerald quatrains spoken, and do not inquire too closely what it is all about, you will like "Omar the Tentmaker." But if you demand real drama in addition to a beautiful rose garden, if you think that a play needs more than an optical illusion to make it worth while, you will be disappointed in "Omar the Tentmaker." You will find that Tully has failed to make Omar a character of strong appeal; that he has failed to give him a compelling story; that he has, in fact, attempted something which is beyond his power to accomplish. The poet, the mother, the daughter, the vizier, the crusader, the assassins and all the rest of the characters get no grip upon our interest. To be frank, by the time the play was over I was quite weary of them all. I found them dull. I took away confused memories of wine jars and poison, of love and revenge, of youth and old age and of the endless quotation of verses that have lost a great deal of their appeal through being repeated so often. So much of it all was out of place, that Arabian steed for instance. But Tully started out to make a series of gorgeous pictures, and doubtless all the rest was incidental to his purpose. As far as the pictures were concerned, he succeeded.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Second Week of "Omar"

At the Cort Sunday evening Guy Bates Post begins his second and final week in Richard Walton Tully's magnificent spectacle "Omar the Tentmaker," in which he has captivated a series of capacity audiences during the past week. There is an enormous advance sale for the second week of the engagement, and prospective purchasers of tickets should not delay their visit to the box office. The final performance is scheduled for Sunday evening, June 28, and there will be a popular priced matinee next Wednesday.

A Testimonial to Newman

Monday night's performance of "Omar the Tentmaker" at the Cort will take the form of a testimonial to Charles Newman, the popular treasurer of that playhouse. John Cort has arranged with the management of the company that the theatre's share of the receipts for that performance shall go to Mr. Newman. The gift is intended as a reward for long and faithful services on the Cort circuit. Newman served in several of Mr. Cort's northern theatres for something like six years and he has been identified with the local Ellis street playhouse ever since it opened in September, 1911. Newman is president of the San Francisco Theatrical Treasurers' Club and is very popular with theatrical men and with the amusement-loving public. The sale for Tully's Persian spectacle is very large and from all appearances Newman will be the recipient of quite a handsome sum after the count-up next Monday night.

All Star Players at Columbia

San Francisco is to have an opportunity to enjoy a season at the Columbia played by a galaxy of stars including no less popular names than Charles Richman, Rose Coghlan, Charles Cherry, Charlotte Tittell, Gladys Hanson, Frank Kingdon, Carroll McComas and others. It will be a season during which a series of plays from the pens of the world's most brilliant writers will be played by the "starriest" company in America. The first performance will be given on Monday night, June 22, and the play is to be Oscar Wilde's delightful comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," with a brilliancy of lines and a series of adroitly written situations which make it one of the best of this writer's works. Wilde at the present time is a widely read writer and there seems to be great interest today in his works, occasioned no doubt by the revival in London of "The Importance of Being Earnest" and of "Lady Windemere's Fan" in New York City. The production at the Columbia will be adequate in every sense and promises to start the All-Star-Players' season in splendid fashion. "Pop" matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays, prices ranging from 25 cents to $1.

DAINTY MARIE

Who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

A Fairy Play for Young and Old

Next week the Alcazar will offer one of the distinct novelties of the present dramatic season when it will present, for the first time outside of New York City, a magnificent production of Winthrop Ames' Little Theatre success, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," a fairy play founded on the familiar story of the same name by Jessie Braham White. This charming dramatic offering which appeals to every child in this country from the age of seven to seventy-seven, will afford the most enchanting entertainment, and it will be done at the Alcazar in a big spectacular way. All the familiar characters such as the little Princess Snow White, the handsome Prince Florimond, the jealous Queen Brangomar, the haughty Court Chamberlain, Sir Dandiprat Bombas, the ugly old Witch Hex and her cat Fiddle, the seven little Dwarfs and the dozens of fairies and ladies in waiting to the little Princess, will be seen on the stage, and the play will be mounted in a series of beautiful stage pictures, wonderful costumes, gorgeous scenery and magnificent light effects. Dainty little Bessie Barriscale will have one of the greatest opportunities of her career in the role of the little Princess Snow White, and she will have the support of Thurston Hall, Louise Brownell, Edmond S. Lowe, Howard C. Hickman, A. Burt Wesner, S. A. Burton and many more of the Alcazar favorites. Besides there will be a lot of beautiful little children in the fairy roles and they will all dance and sing and make merry. Special music for the production, written by Edmond Rickett, will be a feature. It is going to be a trip to fairyland all next week at the pretty theatre in O'Farrell street.

A Gaiety Success

"A Knight for a Day" has served the purpose of proving what can be done with an "ensemble cast" wherein there is no star but a galaxy of players. The Gaiety is bright with the luster of their performance and the rewritten musical comedy is proving a most acceptable vehicle for the combined talents of Daphne Pollard, a rogue of a player; Alf Goulding, one of the cleverest of comedians; La Valera, a Spanish dancer and graceful actress; Irene Audrey, a prima donna who can really sing and whose voice, as a noted critic said, "resembles that of Alice Nielsen;" Melvin Stokes who is no stranger to local popularity; Frederic Santley who sings as well as he acts and whose comedy efforts in the piece lend much to its success; Joe Kane who as a German comedian is really and easily funny, and a number of other players who have earned the approval of critical audiences in O'Farrell street. The music of the new piece is melodious, beautifully scored and lingers in the memory. There are several dancing interruptions that go with speed and finish, and the cabaret scene in the second act serves to present the principals of the company in the most advantageous kind of light. Here are seen Gypsy and Ed Haywood in a Pyrenees dance; La Valera and Stokes in a clever ensemble number, "Little Girl in Blue;" Irene Audrey is heard in a beautiful vocal number; Frederic Santley offers a novelty comedy number and, among other superfine offerings, is that of Daphne Pollard who has been throughout a

splendid funmaker and who tops off her offerings with a specialty "Lambreth Walk." In all the essentials of entertainment "A Knight for a Day" is qualified to amuse and the Gaiety is gay with its fun this week.

Dainty Marie at Orpheum

Dainty Marie who is announced as "not what she seems to be," will be the headline attraction next week at the Orpheum. There may be different opinions as to the perfect woman. There is, however, no question that Dainty Marie's figure approaches closely to perfection. Dainty Marie is as exquisitely formed as one of Rodin's statues. In fact, incased in a suit of white tights, she resembles one of his pieces of marble. Dainty Marie doesn't, however, rely upon nature's gift for her success. She is as clever as she is attractive, and as versatile. She sings and dances, and on a flying trapeze is the personification of grace. Laddie Cliff, England's boy comedian who is as popular in this city as in his native land, will introduce new songs and eccentric dances. He is today one of the greatest favorites in vaudeville. An act that abounds in thrill and excitement will be presented by Jackson and McLaren, the champion woodchoppers of Australia. The method of lumbering in the Antipodes is first shown and then the two strapping men engage in a tree-felling contest that creates great enthusiasm. These mighty hewers also give a marvelous exhibition of axe hurling, throwing their blades across the stage and sinking them on a given mark. McMahon, Diamond and Clemence will introduce in a conceit called "The Scare Crow," an original assortment of songs, dances and conversation. Next week will conclude the engagements of Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, Homer Miles and Company and Willette Whitaker. It will also be the last of Tameo Kajiyama, the ambidexterous Japanese writing marvel.

Valuable Gifts at Tavern

Last Wednesday saw the successful inauguration of a new feature at Techau Tavern. The occasion was an informal dance and as an added attraction the management presented three ladies with elegant and costly gifts selected from the stock of S. & G. Gump Co. of 268 Post street. The management announces that on every Wednesday evening until further notice gifts of this superior character, purchased from the same establishment, will be presented, three gifts on each occasion. These articles are now on exhibition in a showcase on the main floor of the cafe, where they are attracting much attention.

A Slight Correction

Bret Harte was so frequently complimented as the author of "Little Breeches" that he was almost as sorry as was Colonel John Hay, the real author of the verses, who preferred his fame to rest on more ambitious works. A gushing lady who prided herself upon her literary taste said to him once:

"My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares with your 'Little Breeches.'"

"I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breeches on the wrong man."

GUY BATES POST
The noted star of "Omar, the Tentmaker" at the Cort.

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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SECOND and LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT
Last Performance Sunday Night, June 28th
GUY BATES POST
In the Sumptuous Persian Love-Play
"OMAR, THE TENTMAKER"
By RICHARD WALTON TULLY
Author of "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Bird of Paradise"
Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to $2.00
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Next—Com. Monday Night, June 29th—NAT. C. GOODWIN in "Never Say Die."

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Second Big Week of THE MUSICAL WINNER
"A KNIGHT FOR A DAY"
Revised and Brought up to the moment. New Music, New Dances, New Comedy, New Faces
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Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00
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Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
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In a Magnificent Production of the Beautiful Fairy Tale Play with Music
"SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS"
As Produced at Winthrop Ames' Little Theatre, New York
A Positive Theatrical Novelty!
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Beginning MONDAY NIGHT, JUNE 22nd
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
ALL STAR PLAYERS
Including Charles Richman, Rose Coghlan, Charles Cherry, Gladys Hanson, Charlotte Tittel, Carroll McComas and Others in Oscar Wilde's Comedy
"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"
Prices—Evenings, 25c to $1.50. "Pop" Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 25c to $1.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

stage director of the Cincinnati stock company. He left while Butler was there, and Butler was designated as his temporary successor. He did the work, as he has done work all his life, to the best of his ability, but his heart was not in it. His heart was in acting. The various stage directors who came to succeed Frank Keenan proved unsatisfactory for one reason or another. Butler in the meantime had proved eminently satisfactory. What could he do? He bowed once more to destiny and accepted the inevitable.

After three years in Cincinnati Butler returned to this city to become director of the Grand Opera House where Meyerfeld and Ackerman were running a stock company with visiting stars to lead it. Fred stayed there for two years, and then, just eleven years ago this month, he became stage director of the Alcazar, a position he has held with growing distinction ever since.

"I am reconciled to directing now," he says. "I take great pleasure in it, a pleasure which must be something like that which an author finds in creative work."

The fame of Fred Butler's work at the Alcazar has gone abroad. Many times he might have left the Alcazar to go East. The offers have been flattering. But Fred Butler loves the Alcazar. He loves San Francisco. So does his wife. They are happy and contented here. Even when the best offer of all came from David Belasco a year ago, Fred Butler was not tempted.

Destiny knew what was best for him after all. He acknowledges that. There is not another position like his in all America. There are plenty of other stock house, but there is no other in America where plays are staged week after week as they are staged at the Alcazar; no other where every week brings new scenery, new furniture, new costumes and new lighting effects to productions that usually last one week only and very rarely more than two. Yes, it must be admitted that destiny did the handsome thing by Fred Butler. We are not good Alcazarans (which is as much as to say, good San Franciscans), unless we share Fred Butler's gratitude toward destiny.

Food for reflection is never very fattening.

The only fruit some people seem to like is the apple of discord.

It's a pretty good fault for a woman's elbow to be sharper than her tongue.

Love is a disease against which mighty few of us take sufficient precautions.

Time is money, but just the same we have to spend the one to get the other.

Stella—Were you two souls with but a single thought?

Bella—That was just the trouble; he wanted to stay single.

Noah regarded the downpour.

"I think the family tub is much healthier than the shower," he cried emphatically.

Therewith he embarked on the Ark.

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Jericho

(Continued from Page 8.)

the throat of the just and the unjust, the drunkard and the total abstainer. But a certain poor Rechabite, in these burning days of Ramadan, had driven us for seven hours under a cloudless sky down rocky steeps and over shadowless plains, and had refused so much as to cool his tongue with a drop of water from the unbelievers' bottle. But the minister was a reasonable man.

In the late summer the wasps were dying in the corridor of the inn, and to stumble there bare-footed in the dusky light before dawn was to experience a pang as sharp as the sting of repentance. The last day of summer and almost of our pilgrimage. Among the broken debris of the western slopes a herdsman and his goats were ranging the lonely and arid valleys; creeping painfully like small black insects in the immense desolation. Dusty, like men whose lives are spent in burning lime, some Arabs from beyond Jordan were going up to Jerusalem; and the sun above the mountains of Moab threw the shadow of a long camel-train on the chalky and splintered shale walling in the precipitous road. And the moving transparent shadows, travelling and changing shape with the rugged and uneven surface, glided like a procession of ghosts in regions of the dead; pressed upwards, crawling slowly, continuously, in silent and melancholy procession, with a suggestion of incurable fatigue; with the unreal aspect of things that have survived their epoch; of grotesque and exhausted symbols long ago discarded by truth. And the sun burst out like an immense red-hot projectile dropped into the ashes of a terrific bombardment; poured senselessly its life-giving energy on an already adust chaos, dead beyond hope of revival, as if in reality it had nothing to give, neither life nor death nor light nor joy, but simply went on burning because it had caught fire. And in the motionless solitude there was no meaning in succession in time; as if all that ever had happened there were still happening, and what was happening then had happened long ago; the black goats moving out of sight behind rising ground; the hoarse bird-talk of the dry-throated Arabs; the scared camels starting aside; the mocking shadow-play. And like the soul of an indestructible spirituality, a Shadow ascended out of the impure ruins of the sepulchral plain, out of the jaws of physical death; a foot unseen pressed the white dust of the road, and a face was set to go up to Jerusalem; but the salient human features were no longer discernible; lost in the illusive halo of apotheosis like a countenance seen darkly against a background of overpowering light.

DAPHNE POLLARD
Appearing at the Gaiety in "A Knight for a Day."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Wall Street was optimistic enough about the crop report, the Shreveport rate case and the improvement in foreign markets, to create a boom in stocks, but there were no buyers and sellers would make no concessions. The tone of the market was strong, but that meant only that investors and banking interests that have accumulated stocks from time to time to steady the market, think well of the outlook and will not sell at current prices. If the practical assurance of the biggest wheat crop on record and bright prospects for bumper crops of everything else, except possibly cotton, do not form a basis for trading in securities, the commission houses do not know what will bring the public in again. The railroads won a great victory in the Shreveport rate case which makes them independent of State Legislatures and State Railroad Commissions, as far as rates on all traffic that can be classed as interstate is concerned. This covers nearly everything because the railroads will hereafter get the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix all rates as far as possible and thus rid themselves of interference by the State authorities. Railroad men were much pleased because the whole rate business has been simplified by limiting the authority of the States to what is strictly intra-state traffic; and as to that the State cannot hereafter force an interstate railroad to accept lower rates for intrastate business than the Interstate Commerce Commission permits it to charge for interstate traffic. If railroads are not in a better position, now that a heavy crop movement is in sight and the conflict of jurisdiction regarding rate making is settled, it will be hard to do anything for them. Traders pretend to be waiting for the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the Eastern District rate case. It will probably be a sort of compromise. Few believe that the railroads will get all they asked, but they made out such a strong case for higher rates on some classes of traffic that they will probably get substantial increases. It is unlikely that anthracite rates will be higher than they now are and they may be cut. This belief is holding Lehigh Valley back because it depends on anthracite traffic for a large part of its income. In spite of this long continued dullness prices are creeping up. The trend is that way and many small investors who have been waiting for better bargains know it to their cost.

Wheat—Continued to drag still lower last week. There was a fair amount of buying of July at different times, but not of sufficient volume to start a permanent reaction. There was no change in the news which is very favorable to a very large crop and early movement of new wheat. There was less said about sales for export, although there is quite a little being done each day. July future still continues at a substantial premium over the deferred futures. As long as this condition prevails, we are not likely to have a demoralized market at any time, but we can see nothing to cause much of an upturn, and on all fair advances believe that wheat should be sold.

Corn—Showed considerable firmness, considering the weakness in wheat. The trade, however, is not very heavy and the heavy purchases by a leading elevator company which was supposed to be the heaviest short, kept the market from displaying much weakness. The impression is quite general that there is a very large short interest, and that the constant covering of this element will keep the market from declining. Receipts, however, show signs of picking up and we should not be surprised to see a fair amount of corn for delivery on July contracts.

Cotton—The market the past week was a seesaw affair with prices advancing and declining with the weather news from day to day. The western belt has had a period of dry weather which was construed favorably as it allowed badly needed work in cleaning the fields of grass and weeds. The temperatures, however, were a little above normal for this season of the year and a good many in the trade held that hot dry weather was more to be feared now than wet weather, inasmuch as the plant was left very tender after the recent rains and dry hot weather would bake the ground too hard to work. The weather over the eastern belt was more favorable, although some sections reported that drouth had not been broken, the plant was at a standstill and in some sections the seed did not germinate. Showers in most parts have put the plant in better shape as the ground had been worked free from grass and weeds. The spinners were reported as good buyers early in the week on the first dip, but later spot interests were heavy sellers of the old crop months, which turned the July option downward and with the weakness in this option holders of the new crop options became discouraged and threw their long cotton overboard. While there has been a slight improvement in the crop reports of late, based on the very poor showing last week, the situation is still a strong one and we believe cotton should be bought on any further reaction.

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Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET.

Pursuant to a resolution duly offered and adopted by the Board of Directors of Shreve, Treat & Eacret, at a special meeting of said Board called for that purpose, held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1914, and entered in the minute book of said corporation as a part of the proceedings at said meeting, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called, and will be held at the office of said corporation at No. 136 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of July, 1914, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation to the sum of one million (1,000,000) dollars.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., May 6, 1914.

SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET, a Corporation,
By WALTER P. TREAT, President.
and GODFREY EACRET, Secretary.

HOUGHTON & HOUGHTON,
1305 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
Attorneys for said Corporation. 5-9-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,785.

WILLIAM G. HARRY, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and All Other Persons, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and all other persons, Defendants. This action is brought to quiet title in the plaintiff to Lots 33 and 34 of San Miguel Homestead Association as designated on the Map or Plat of said San Miguel Homestead Association filed and Recorded in Liber E and F of Maps at page 14, on November 16, 1896, in the County Recorder' office of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said lots being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and having a frontage of 88 feet on the west side of Tara Street, between Unadilla Avenue and Mount Vernon Avenue, by a depth of 103.6 feet.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. M. BRUNER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Building,
Oakland, Cal. 5-2-10

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,428; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of NICHOLAS LENNON, Deceased.

IT APPEARING to this Court by the Petition this day presented and filed by Johanna Lennon, the administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of said deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate belonging to said Estate in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration and a certain legacy of One Thousand ($1000) Dollars which last Will and Testament of said deceased provides is to be paid to Johanna Lennon;

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED:—That all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the Court room of said Court, on the fifth floor of the Temporary City Hall, 1231 Market, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an Order should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell so much of said real property as shall be necessary, and IT IS FURTHER ORDERED:—That a copy of this Order be published four successive weeks next preceding said day in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said County.

Dated: May 16, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

HERBERT CHOYNSKI and JAMES RALEIGH KELLY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GOLDIE ZIMET, formerly GOLDIE HELLER, sometimes known and called GOLDIE HELLER and GOLDA HELLER, Deceased—No. 17,060; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Charles E. A. Creighton, Room 419, City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased.

LOUIS ZIMET,
Administrator of the Estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, etc., Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 13, 1914.

CHARLES E. A. CREIGHTON, Attorney for Administrator,
419 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal. 6-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE McCORKELL, Deceased—No. 17,061; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Catherine McCorkell, deceased, to the creditorts of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles E. A. Creighton, Room 419, City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Catherine McCorkell, deceased.

CATHERINE IRWIN, now CATHERINE McCANN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Catherine McCorkell, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 13, 1914.

CHARLES E. A. CREIGHTON, Atty. for Administratrix,
419 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

Crumbs of comfort may be all right, but it takes a lot of them to make a square meal.

Many a man's will is broken long before he has made one.

Some men are thrown in the shade and others stand in their own light.

Foresight is a gift that comes to a man when he gets so old he has nothing to look forward to.

An ounce of prevention is a good antidote for remorse.

The world is full of kickers; and that's what most of us are kicking about.

The grass widow is sometimes a daisy.

Some people believe all they see, and imagine the rest.

It takes a middling good man to make both ends meet.

Hearts rank higher than diamonds, except in the game of love.

PROBATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 16,345, N. S. Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MOSER SALOMON, Deceased.

Max Salomon and Jacob Salomon, executors of the last will and testament of Moser Salomon, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 14, A. D. 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed May 14, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney for Executors,
615 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,641; Department No. 10.

DOROTHY ALDEN GERBER, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: RUDOLPH H. GERBER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of March, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF and D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-18-10

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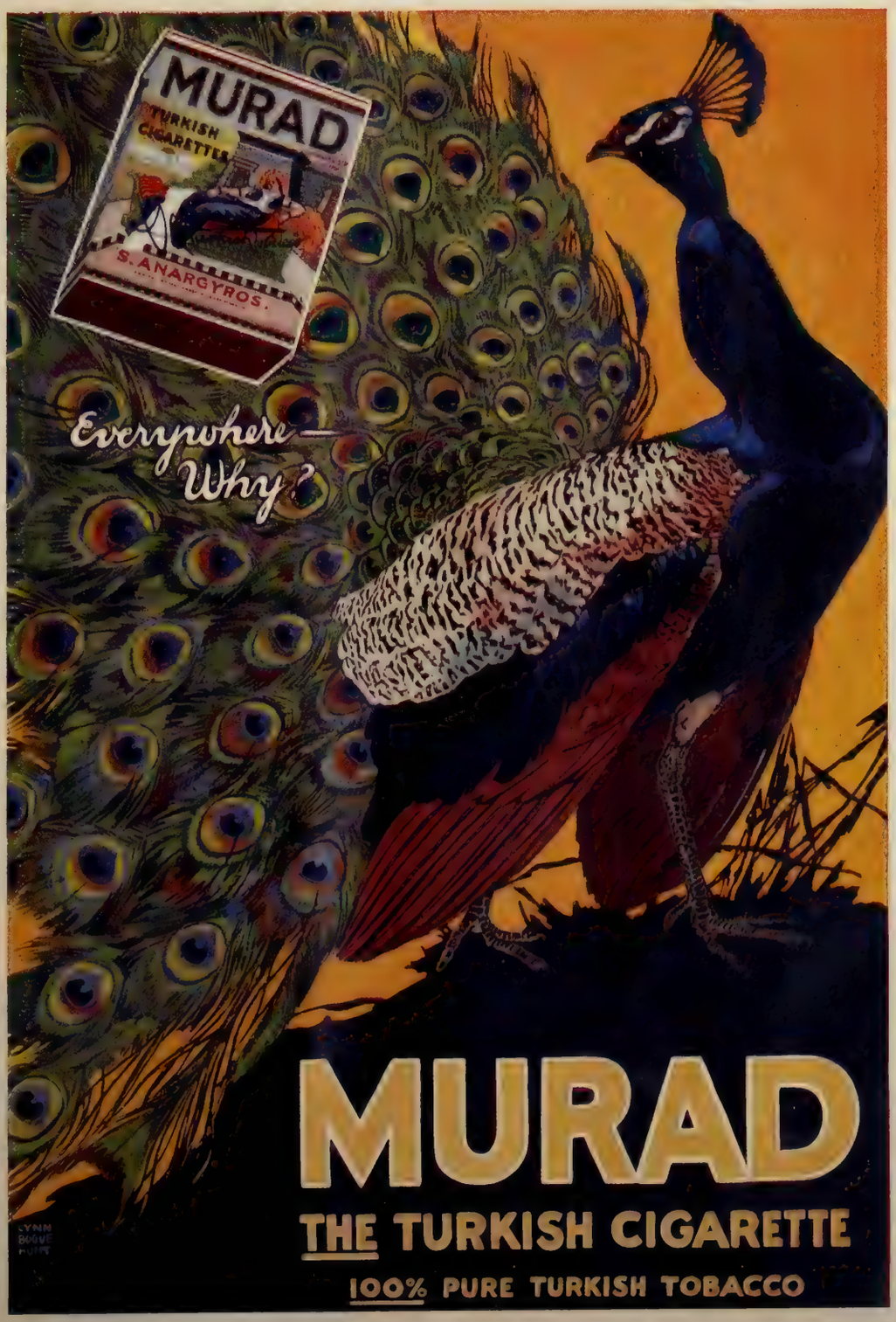
TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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The Loose-Thinking Scholar

In his address at the dedication of the American University President Wilson said, "Scholarship has never, so far as I can at this moment recall, been associated with any religion, excepting the religion of Jesus Christ." Called upon by Herman Bernstein of Hollis, New York, to explain why he had been so unfair to Judaism, the gentleman from Princeton and Bryn Mawr, who is nothing if not a scholar, made reply: "I am sorry there should have been any unfair implication in what I said. You may be sure there was nothing of the kind in my mind." Merely a case, we suppose, of talking for talk's sake. Of the man who loves to hear himself talk, Shakespeare observes, he "will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month." No man more strikingly illustrates the truth of this observation than Mr. Wilson, unless it be that other eminent pedant, David Starr Jordan whose incessant babbling incapacitates him from reflection. Both are fine specimens of the kind of scholarship that is now dazzling the public. It is scholarship distinguished for its fluency, which is little more than the knack of rapid talking and slow thinking.

Segregation Versus Scatteration

The chiefs of police of the United States and Canada have affirmed in convention assembled that segregation is the only way in which vice can be controlled. What do these policemen know about vice? Have they ever sat at the feet of the good Dr. Aked and caught the drippings of his wisdom on the porches of a far-flung ear? Dr. Aked has made vice his province of study. He who has never heard Dr. Aked expound the vice that digs her own voluptuous tomb can have but little knowledge of the subject. Dr. Aked is one of the few men that can differentiate the intractable vices from the virtues run wild. There is an ancient Arabian proverb,—that the willing contemplation of vice is vice, but in the case of Dr. Aked the willing, nay the passionate contemplation of vice, is the quintessence of virtue, the remains, indeed, of that divine light by which men are made beneficent and beneficial to one another. If Dr. Aked were to stand at the very summit of vice he would occupy there the impregnable citadel of virtue. Now Dr. Aked, eloquent authority on damaged goods, professional enemy of the vices and impartial as between the vices that scourge us and the vices frosted and ornamented and served up as delicacies —Dr. Aked, we say, the prophet of scatteration is irrevocably opposed to the views of the chiefs of police regarding prostitution. No cloistered vice for him, but the fugitive kind that is exercised and breathed under the electric light. Dr. Aked's idea probably is that the segregated Magdalen is inaccessible to the consolations of religion, and that if she be permitted to wander abroad she may find her way to church.

The Exalted Ones

Unique in this day and generation is the railroad commission of California. All other political bodies are amenable to public opinion. The masses are privileged under the new dispensation to intimidate the highest court in the land. By the recall, which is another name for the voice of God, the masses may compel acquiescence of their views everywhere but on those serene heights inaccessible to public clamor where sit and ruminate the divine sages of the railroad commission. This we learn from the Bulletin, a journal which has special facilities for accurately reflecting the ideas and sentiments of the Administration at Sacramento. According to the Bulletin the Southern Pacific Company recently issued a leaflet setting forth its reasons for asking higher commutation rates between this city and Alameda county points. "The company's reasoning is undoubtedly honest," says the Administration organ, "but the Southern Pacific is misconstruing the status of the railroad commission if it means this leaflet as an appeal from a possible decision, or as a means of bringing pressure on the commission." To make the matter perfectly clear the frank editor adds: "Public opinion should not decide the rate question simply because the public has purposely delegated that decision to a board of qualified experts." Public opinion you see is not intended to be supreme after all. When the righteous and the omniscient are deliberating let no dog bark. And as to the public it must keep its mouth shut. The government that has been brought back to the people has strings on it. The newspapers may invoke it to serve their own ends, but a public service corporation is transgressing the proprieties when it goes so far as to address the public on a question that is occupying the colossal minds of the Johnsonian job-chasers sitting way up aloft.

Their Great Indignation

From all that has been said about the gentlemen whom Governor Johnson canonized by the simple process of attaching them to the public crib, it would seem to behoove so humble a person as the editor of a weekly journal to stand in awe of them and assume that they can do no wrong. The led captains of journalism have long been gushing over these impeccable politicians. And to be just it must be admitted that the commissioners have thus far won no small measure of public esteem. But, whether from congenital scepticism or a too long experience of men in public office, we are inclined to defer awhile longer the burning of incense on our marrow-bones at the sacred shrine. And this inclination is not weakened either by the preposterous attitude which the official organ has described or by the spectacle of commissioners engaged in playing pothouse politics in the midst of a campaign. We mean of course their inveighing against the Pullman company for its encouragement of the tipping system. A sordid, greedy company is the Pullman. It has no friends. The swatting of it is popular. But how puerile to pretend to believe that the low wages paid to porters are the cause of injustice to the public! What service does the public demand of Pullman porters? The average man feels that a porter can render him no better service than to let him alone. Too much service on Pullman cars is the only thing to be complained of. And there is no discrimination, for the porter never knows how much he is to get till the end of the trip. The porter is paid to do nothing but make and unmake beds, and it is seldom that anybody is actually in need of any other service. But suppose he received higher wages; would nobody tip him? Would he be above a tip? And as to the complaint that the tipping system is degrading to American labor, isn't it a fact that American labor insists on being degraded in just this fashion? Has Mr. Eshleman never been implicated in the terrible crime of degrading American labor? Does he always withhold the tip lest the dignity of American labor be lowered? But why pursue this line of inquiry! We have no desire to embarrass the high-minded gentlemen of the one commission that is the pride of the Administration. We hope that some day they may rise above the temptation to play cheap politics, and endeavor to be conscious that they deserve the encomiums that adoring friends have heaped upon them.

Looking Out for Posterity

With regard to some things the best of men feel hardly any scrupulosity. There, for instance, is posterity. Where is the statesman who, out of consideration for the

welfare of the generation to come in 2014, would refrain from establishing a bad precedent from which he might derive great benefit? He is unborn. Even the fond parent who is assiduously laying up treasure for his darling son,—would he deny himself a luxury for the sake of his unborn potential great-grandchildren? If there is implanted in human nature an instinct to propagate it is certainly not accompanied by a profound affection or biting anxiety for future generations. The question has been asked, Who cares for posterity? The answer is, None but the egotist who hopes to get a verdict of immortality. The chief function of posterity is to decide whether Henry James is a classic. Charles Lamb's attitude toward posterity was the correct one. He damned it as well as his own time, and said he wrote only for antiquity. According to Franklin we ourselves are a kind of posterity, which indeed we are, and if we be mindful of the fact we shall realize the absurdity of worrying about the generation of a century hence. The principal complaint of today is that we have a superstitious dread of shaking off the dead hands of the Founders. They built for us, and we are tearing down. Poor old George Washington, worrying about us, wrote a farewell address of warning and our wise men read it and moralize on dead asses. These few observations were inspired at that fount of inspiration, the editorial page of The Bulletin. Raising his voice against reaction the solemnest of editors tells us idealism demands that in the interest of posterity the progressive movement be not halted. He says we were all drunk in the pre-Roosevelt era, drunk on prosperity, drunk on the heady wine of our great national resources which we poured out with reckless prodigality, forgetting that while there was plenty more "it belonged, not to us, but to the generations who are to follow us." So we must not be careless about posterity. We must go hungry if needs be, lest God in his thoughtlessness make no provision for our great-grandchildren. And this is the explanation of the progressive movement! If posterity doesn't find that the progressive movement was the folly of a generation unconsciously saturated with the opera bouffe spirit, then posterity will indeed be sadly lacking in resources.

An Episode

In the city of Brooklyn the other day an upholsterer who had been out of work for months, and whose savings had gradually melted away, took refuge in death. The sight of his wife and children slowly starving so preyed upon his mind that he threw himself from the roof of the tenement where he lived. This is a harrowing story of a heart-rending experience; and as we know that such dire suffering is not uncommon in some of the large cities of the country, we are not wholly out of sympathy with the moral indignation that is produced by the news of starvation in the midst of plenty. And if we are not inclined to echo the sentiments of promoters of discontent with visionary schemes for the redistribution of wealth, neither are we disposed to censure them for railing against a harebrained plutocracy whose shining lights when not buying old masters and rare books at preposterously exorbitant sums are purchasing a reputation for philanthropy with enormous donations to reform propagandas and educational institutions. We can conceive of nothing that could be more productive of discontent than the so-called philanthropic activities of two such congealed souls as Rockefeller and Carnegie. Fancy either of these old skinflints being touched by the harrowing story of starvation and suicide in Brooklyn! Yet there are newspapers, college presidents and parsons who would have us believe that these two brimstone-scented millionaires are concerned about the welfare of mankind. Their love of humanity is a story blazoned every little while from the housetops, but we have yet to hear of the love of either of them for one poor man. They have millions to give for colleges, libraries and propagandas, and doubtless they are the generous backers of organized charities, but has anybody ever heard of either one of them doing a simple, kind and loving deed? We have heard much of the crushing of competitors by Standard Oil, but we have yet to hear of one man that received a start in life from John D. Rockefeller. Now the philanthropy of Rockefeller and Carnegie is not peculiar. They are but salient types of the voracious and avaricious American millionaire whose large far-flung benefactions are celebrated by press and pulpit. It is what is intimately known of them in the communities in which they live that makes men angry at the whole tribe.

The Principle of Judicial Supremacy

Few of the idols of American history have survived the fanatical iconoclasm of the cult of the New Freedom. To justify that cult it has been necessary to impugn the motives or challenge the intelligence of nearly all the Founders who formerly were held up as examples for the youth of America to imitate. Only the obscurest of them have escaped banishment to outer darkness. But perhaps it is not a vain hope that some day the exiled ghosts may come back. Indeed, even now there are signs that give assurance of that happy consummation. Now that the hysteria of the New Freedom is subsiding, men who are interested in the truth are getting a hearing. One of them is Charles Grove Haines who has written a book entitled "The American Decline of Judicial Supremacy." This book is a vindication of Chief Justice Marshall, the wickedest of the Founders, according to the beloved disciples of the revered Colonel. Mr. Haines has taken the trouble to make most arduous research in quest of facts supporting the position long maintained in these columns on the question of judicial supremacy. Time and again it has been asserted that Chief Justice Marshall was the head and front of "a great conspiracy" by which the Supreme Court attained its position of guardian of the written Constitution. It has been charged by the leading Progressives that the Supreme Court never had any authority to nullify an act of Congress until it was usurped by Chief Justice Marshall. Mr. Haines produces an abundance of evidence showing that the principles upon which the doctrine of judicial supremacy in this nation rests gained clear recognition in the colonies long before the Federal Constitution was adopted. There are many colonial precedents for the doctrine enunciated by Marshall, and there are State decisions rendered after the Federal Constitution went into effect and before the great opinion of Justice Marshall in Marbury vs. Madison. "Prior to that decision," says Mr. Haines, "in practically every case where there was resistance to judicial decrees invalidating legislative acts, the court's opinion and judgment were ultimately accepted and vindicated." Further: "Impeachment proceedings and legislative censure only tended to strengthen judicial power." In the colonies before the recognition of the principle of judicial supremacy the people were sensible of the importance of safeguarding a written constitution against the unwise exercise of the legislative power, and they established a council of censors to do what the courts have since been doing. The plan "failed signally in Pennsylvania, accomplished very little in Vermont, and was not a successful check on the Legislature in New York." Its failure was so conspicuous that it strengthened the cause of those who favored judicial guardianship of Constitutions. Will the Colonel or any of his satellites take notice of the Haines book? Watch them fall over one another in their mad rush into print and on to the bema to withdraw the aspersions cast on the memory of a great patriot.

Epitaph on an Infant

By Herbert Trench

Many aeons did I wait
For admission to the Gate
Of the Living. But to see
Much was not vouchsafed to me
In my little term and span.
I, that hoped to be a man,
Like a snowflake incarnated,
Seem for three days' light created . . .

Two Eyes saw I, and the Sun,
And gold spires of Babylon;
But, while voices I forget
Called from cloud and minaret
Men to wake, I stood once more
With the dreams outside the Door.

Varied Types

CLXXXIII—WILLIAM H. NICHOLL

By Edward F. O'Day

A smiling man with rosy cheeks, snow-white hair and mustache, and kindly blue eyes—that is William H. Nicholl, guide, philosopher, friend, father confessor and angel guardian to all the seven hundred adult probationers of this city and county.

The magistrates of the police courts and the judges of the criminal departments of the Superior Court take "Bill" Nicholl's word where they would demand an affidavit from other men. Miserable wives and worried husbands seek his advice and follow it; unfortunates who have broken the law and are given another chance because they have shown weakness rather than badness, lean on him for support. He is a power in the community, a power for good. It is his work to see that those who have wandered return to the straight and narrow path and keep there; but he is not intolerant, he is not bigoted, he is not smug, he is not holier than his neighbor and he doesn't cant. He has no panacea to cure the evil in human nature; he doesn't pretend to know infallibly what is best for his erring fellow man; he doesn't lay claim to any sort of perfection himself. But he does a day's work every twenty-four hours, and the chances are that somebody or other is a little better off every day in the year for "Bill" Nicholl's help. And that is saying more than you can say for a lot of our professional uplifters, our reforming doctrinaires and our busybody pulpiteers.

When I went out to the headquarters of the Juvenile Court in Sutter street to have a chat with Nicholl, he was talking over the telephone. A comely young woman stood beside him. When he hung up the receiver he said to her:

"Your husband is coming to see me in the morning. I have a job for him, so he won't have any excuse for not helping the children. If he doesn't give you any money I'll have him locked up."

The young woman thanked him and went out.

"Married five years, and has four children," explained "Bill" Nicholl for my benefit. "Her husband is not a bad sort, but he neglects her once in a while and spends all his wages. He was arrested a couple of weeks ago for vagrancy, and I had him released on probation. Now he's off again, and I had some trouble finding him. If he doesn't behave I'll send him to the County Jail, but I think he'll behave now."

That represents one phase of Nicholl's activities. To illustrate another:

A teamster came to him the other day in great distress.

"Mr. Nicholl," he said, "my wife is a good woman, but she likes liquor. I went home to supper last night, and found that she had been drinking too much. I looked in the grocery book and found entries every day for butter. The grocer sells her liquor and charges it as butter. Can't I stop that grocer from selling my wife liquor?"

"Bill" Nicholl wrote a letter to that grocer stating that if he sold Mrs. Soandso any more liquor without her husband's permission his liquor license would be in jeopardy. A few days later while Nicholl was walking along the street, the teamster hailed him from a truck.

"Everything's fine at home now," he said. "No more butter!"

But "Bill" Nicholl's main business is with adult probationers. There are eleven probation officers serving under Chief Probation Officer J. C. Astredo. All except Nicholl are concerned with juvenile probationers. Nicholl has charge of the adults, and at the present time there are 680 in his care. These 680 men and women have pleaded guilty to or have been convicted of all sorts of felonies and misdemeanors. Instead of being sent to the penitentiary or the county jail they were placed on probation after Nicholl had made a careful study of their history and their offense and had given his opinion, as a responsible officer of the court, that they were worthy of another chance. When an adult offender is

George Blum photo.

WILLIAM H. NICHOLL.

granted probation he is placed in Nicholl's charge for a period extending all the way from six months to ten years. He must report regularly to Nicholl in person or by letter, every week at first and every month later on when Nicholl finds that he is behaving well. On Monday alone 149 probationers reported in person to Nicholl between 4 and 9 p. m. Sometimes Nicholl asks the court to release a man or woman from probation. The other day a man who had been reporting regularly for five years, asked to be released. His offense was "technical rape." He was established in business in a small town and was engaged to be married. He had told his story to the girl he was engaged to, and made the request for release at her instance. Nicholl went to the court and secured it.

Nicholl is one of the most active job-finders in the city. Whenever probation is granted to a man or woman who has no work, Nicholl goes out and finds work for the probationer. When work is secured through an employment agency he pays the fee. Very often the probationer has no money. In that case Nicholl lends him money out of his own pocket. He took an envelope out of his desk and showed it to me.

"These are I O Us for money I have lent," he said.

"You'll never get it back," I remarked.

"Won't I though," he replied with a smile, as he produced a much fatter envelope. "These are I O Us which have been paid."

A great many probationers are foolish young men who have passed bad checks, defrauded hotel keepers and so on. One condition of their probation is that they must repay the money they have stolen. Last year Nicholl collected $20,000 of such money. In Philadelphia last year the adult probationers collected $1500 of such money, and thought they were doing wonderfully well!

"The probation system gives a man a chance to rehabilitate himself," says Nicholl. "It enables him to retain his self-respect. And it allows him to earn money for those who are dependent on him. The system is justified by the results. Adult probation is five years old in San Francisco, and in that time eighty-seven per cent of the probationers have made good. Of the remaining thirteen per cent who violated their probation by getting into trouble again, seven per cent had already been in prison or jail; two per cent were boys who had been in institutions of correction; and four per cent were first offenders."

"What gets most of these people into trouble?"

"There is a variety of causes. Incompatibility in marriage makes many people go wrong, many more than you'd imagine. Excessive drinking sometimes grows out of this. I am a firm believer in the strict regulation of the sale of liquor. I am a teetotaller myself, but I do not advocate prohibition for other people. There is nothing to be said against the judicious use of liquor, and it would be particularly wrong to prohibit its use in a cosmopolitan city like this where so many people have been accustomed to it from childhood and know how to use it moderately.

"As a matter of fact, I think there is no doubt that drunkenness is on the decrease. You don't see drunken men on the streets of San Francisco as you did twenty years ago. The improvement has been particularly noticeable since the fire of 1906. The saloons are not as crowded now as they were before the fire. I think men are learning to handle liquor more sensibly than they used to."

Another thing Nicholl told me was that ninety-seven and one-half per cent of the adults with whom he has official relations are cigarette smokers. It is characteristic of Nicholl that he did not follow up this statement, as most uplifters would, with some sort of plan for the prohibition of cigarette smoking. He doesn't demand the prohibition of cigarettes any more than he demands the prohibition of liquor. He doesn't claim that there is a direct connection between cigarette smoking and crime. In order to give him every opportunity to inveigh against cigarettes if he wanted to, I let him know that I never smoked them. Sometimes, you know, a man withholds his true sentiments out of delicacy for your feelings. But although Nicholl might have denounced cigarettes without hurting my feelings, he didn't denounce them. Being a level-headed man he saw no reason to denounce them. He has not learned the easy trick of wholesale denunciation. Instead of denouncing cigarettes when I left the road for denunciation clear by stating that I never smoked them, Nicholl handed me a cigar!

Perspective Impressions

The practice of paying bills is what keeps some people from acquiring a bank account.

Why not extend Chautauqua to Mexico and send Bryan down to discourse of peace, piffle, prohibition and pragmatics?

So Attorney Woodrow Wilson practiced law with indifferent success. Many people are of the opinion that he practices presidenting in the same way.

The papers are celebrating the victory won by the California wine growers in their fight against fake wines. Yet they don't go after the Prohibitionists who would render it a barren victory.

Some time ago President Wilson complained that the newspapers were intruding unwarrantably on his family preserve. But his daughter keeps right on breaking into print.

Why a Progressive party primary campaign for Governor in California when nobody but the boss is running?

When you see a woman of doubtful age with a faraway look in her eyes you may be wrong if you surmise that she is thinking of the days of her youth. Also you may be right.

Governor Johnson says that Gavin McNab perjured himself to frighten a judge. That's going pretty far for a client, but this particular case seemed to call for the application of a principle once sanctified by Hiram Johnson—the end justifies the means.

It was to be expected that Mayor Rolph would endorse the Bulletin's Buying-Day. Now let us take up a collection for the merchants—just to show the world how prosperous we are. Is this sort of thing first aid to psychological prosperity or merely an expression of parochial panic-stricken asininity?

"All knowledge," says President Wilson, "is useful to man." Which reminds us of the proverb, "One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it."

The very latest thing in the churches is "Health Sunday," with sermons on cancer, tuberculosis, etc. Why not have a "Decalogue Sunday," and make churchgoers acquainted with the Ten Commandments?

Elopement Jingle:

Count that day strange whose low descending sun
Sees by the courts no hasty match undone.

If life seems monotonous just now, don't despair. Remember that quite a number of your fellow citizens are meditating freak election bets.

Hint to candidates: When meeting a friend on the street, shake him by the hand and say: "What do you hear?"

Who's Who Hereabouts

XVI—WILLIAM SPROULE

When we speak of "a man of destiny" we mean that the man has had a somewhat miraculous career, and we are generally wrong. Flukes of fortune are usually of the bloomer variety. Of course man proposes and God disposes, and we are all the instruments of heaven, but there is human design as well as destiny, and many a brilliant career has had its plans and specifications drawn right here on this sublunary sphere. The propitious flukes of fortune that raise men to dizzy heights above their fellows occur hardly anywhere but in politics. An example of such a fluke occurred in the days of free silver agitation when men hailed the rise of a statesman. Nobody took the trouble to look inside of him to see what made him go, and he kept going till the other day when he revealed himself as only a headliner in provincial vaudeville on a circuit supported by yokels. Men meet with dazzling success in politics because public opinion of them is formed in the dim twilight of the human mind, but it is a success that few carry off without eventually baring their innermost infirmities to the public gaze. Yet even in politics, if we study the careers of the so-called men of destiny we shall often find that fortuitous circumstances counted less than some human quality, such as tact or unscrupulosity. Even in the case of the politician aided by the lowering of the standards of public life, the chances are it will be found that considerable skill was shown in the unscrupulous manipulation of ideals to forward a solitary ambition. He may have, as in the case of Disraeli, and again in the case of Roosevelt, deceived first his party, then his country and finally himself, but it required talent, tact, perseverance and self-reliance to take even those steps. Genius for deception has made more than one statesman a man of destiny, but God has never so forgotten Himself as to render the highest achievement possible to sterile mediocrity.

According to my conception the man of destiny is one who, acting as the director-general of his own fate, shapes his course and arrives without stopping on the way. The average political leader is not an embodiment of this idea. The ability of the average political leader is expressed in terms of the stupidity of the led. The genuine man of destiny is the one whom we applaud in whole-hearted fashion for his pluck and his powers of mind and in whose success we may rejoice as though it were our own personal triumph. Of such a one I was reminded the other day when the Supreme Court of the United States decided that seven hundred million dollar suit in favor of the Southern Pacific Company. William Sproule, the president of that company, will serve to illustrate my idea of the man of destiny. Here is a man who has reached the top by his own efforts, a master of his own destiny. There were no flukes in his career. Today at the head of one of the greatest transportation systems in the country, he rose from one of the humblest of positions. An Irishman by birth, he came to this country with nothing but brains and pluck, and he entered the employ of the railroad as a stenographer. In that capacity he worked in the office of the freight-traffic manager, and there he learned all that was to be learned of the freight-traffic business. He rose to be chief of the department in which he had worked as a stenographer, and with such signal ability did he manage its affairs that he acquired a national reputation as a master of the intricate details of the business. The Guggenheims heard of him, and lured him from the Southern Pacific, making him the executive of their traffic department. In this position he gained further distinction, and when a vacancy occurred in the presidency of the Wells Fargo Company he was invited to fill it. He was at the head of the big express company at the time of his appointment to his present position. As chief of the Southern Pacific he has proved himself the worthy successor of E. H. Harriman.

As a railroad president Sproule has no other motive than that of efficiency. He demands the strictest discipline in every department, and he is intolerant of red-tape and shirking. On duty he is "strictly business," and there is something of severity in his manner, but after hours he is one of the most affable and sociable of men. Years ago he was president of the Bohemian Club, and tradition has it that the club never had a better one. His administration was a success not merely because it was conducted on business principles but because he had a keen sense of the spirit of Bohemia and a knack of stimulating it. A man with a cultivated mind is Sproule, as much at home in the society of painters and poets as in the company of captains of industry. He has the knack of epigram, can make a speech forceful and pithy, and give it the Attic flavor. As a detached observer of the comedies of life his comments thereon are at times spiced with satire, and in the old days he wouldn't hesitate to serve up a mock Bohemian grilled, scored and devilled and sprinkled with cayenne pepper. His epigrammatic advice to Donald Y. Campbell on a certain memorable occasion is still quoted, and his reply when asked to join the Family Club left such a sting that only the other day it provoked criticism. Sproule is not the man to suppress an epigram at the suggestion of precaution. He has the courage of his humor which beams on his plastic countenance. His, by the way, is not the face for a painter to flatter. It is the sort that would lose character if the caresses of the pencil were too tender. It must be painted with broad strokes. Such is William Sproule the man of self-manufacture, who knows something about railroads.

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Three London Cameos

By Wilfred Ewart

I—The Comedy of London

The court is stuffy, but the people are stuffier. It is all close and crowded and complicated. The magistrate is a stuffy old gentleman with an official voice; the usher is a stuffy old gentleman with an official voice; so is the clerk; so are the solicitors and the barristers.

There are, of course, degrees or qualities of stuffiness about them. His Worship, in addition to whiskers, wears a respectable black tie with a pearl pin in it; the usher looks dismal in a kind of shroud; the clerk is—just a clerk; the legal lights are as dim and obscure as possible—and scrupulously untidy. Except for the smart young policemen sitting in rows along a bench, there is an air of frowsiness about the place. Just as if the windows had never been opened, and all the people in court had never been out of court, but had passed their lives there—which, as looks go, they might very well have done.

"Victor Erasmus Charles Stuart Fish, No. 8 charge," calls out the gaoler, and an infant of lively mien but diminutive stature (with an unmistakable squint) steps into the dock. His large head barely shows above the rail, his small body assumes a jocular pose of devil-may-care bravado.

It seems that this young person has "pinched" the amount of one pound seven-and-sixpence, entrusted to him by a too-confiding employer. It seems that he divided the "swag" among picture palaces, tripe-and-onions and a revolver. It seems that he is quite unrepentant, rather impertinent, and won't go to a training ship. The little missionary with the amiable terrier-face and high color is worried. The clerk, the gaoler and the usher look severe. Victor Erasmus remains simply defiant.

The magistrate glares at him through gold-rimmed pince-nez. "You are a wicked and foolish boy," he says; "but this time I will take your father's recognizances for your good behavior for six months." "Pip—pip!" ejaculates Victor as he cocks his cap on the side of his head. "Cheer—oh, Vic!" comes a breezy answer from the back of the court. And out he goes.

Bacchus is in great force. The fellow is responsible for a long string of victims, whose offences vary in degree but not in kind. There are elderly, decent-looking men, and young, offensive-looking men; there are somewhat dilapidated ladies wearing tweed caps, and somewhat fashionable ladies wearing feathered hats; there is a noisy sort of person, and a depressed, watery sort of person. There are all sorts of persons—dozens of them.

And there are interruptions. Somebody has a wife at the back of the court. She is immense; she wears an apron and a cap, and carries a fish-basket. Out of the crowd, "behind the barrier," comes the voice of Billingsgate:

"Let me speak for my 'usband, if you please, sir. 'E 'ad a glass of ale wiv 'is brother-in-law at the corner-'uss; then when 'e come outside 'e met a bloke what owed him fourpence, and 'e says to 'im, 'e says, 'Bert, what done wiv that money you owes me—?' "

"Silence!" thunders the usher; "if you want to come and give evidence, step up here."

There are numerous incidents of that sort. And there is a plaintive lady in a poke bonnet who objects to her neighbor's parrot. . . . . .

Also there is a beastly affair about a vegetable barrow. "Was I obstructing the road then?" shouts the dirty fellow in the neckerchief.

"Yus—you was," replies the witness bluntly; "you got yer barrer in the light, and none of us couldn't get past."

"You're a liar!" remarks the accused.

"I'll chuck me boot at yer 'ead if yer says that again"—and so it goes on. The Cockney's cross-examination has all the essentials of a free fight.

It is a fine official comedy on the whole. There are people, of course, in the long stream that passes by who look miserable, and plead and cry; but most of the culprits are either business-like or disposed to have a joke. There is even a frock-coated thief, who delicately picks his nails while the magistrate sends him to hard labor for six months.

II—The Tragedy of London

Within a great white building, a spacious marble hall full of people. Massive pillars and domes of glass, and two broad staircases leading up to it; glass doors and white paint and oak-panelling everywhere like a king's palace. Nothing in particular to show what kind of a place it is—nothing indeed so gloomy as its name.

London's hum within and without. Police officers guarding doors, lawyers in wig-and-gown bustling through the crowd, men of official shape elbowing lesser men out of and into corners. Groups of people standing about the hall talking in low voices. Black the pervading tone. Suspense the prevailing note.

Seen through a glass darkly—thick glass double doors guarded by a policeman—the sitting court looks like some scene in a drama. A beam of pale winter sunshine, descending through the dome of the roof, sets the dust dancing, and lights up the square symmetrical room with its wainscotted, white-painted walls. It touches the faces of the clerks sitting at their table, and pleasantly kindles those of the jumbled officials in the well of the court. Standing out by itself in the middle, a great roomy dock, beneath a gallery, from which peer down curious faces, chiefly of women, enthralled by the story of "real life" unfolded before them. Opposite sit the jury—twelve stolid Englishmen.

Words come dimly through the plated door as the lips of the speakers move. Keen faces line the legal benches. The judge, in scarlet robes, sits beneath the sword of justice. On either side of him a florid city alderman. The clerk of arraigns lolls back in his green leather chair—a chubby man in wig-and-gown. 'Tis he who, when the jury return into court after considering their verdict, puts the eternal question: "Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

The other little clerks run to and fro like busy wasps, some of them fat and pompous, others small, spruce youths in tight, smart suits, wearing flowers in their buttonholes. The sharp young lawyers—who haven't briefs, but like to think they have—drop in and out, and as the case draws to its close, group themselves around the dock. There is many a joke, wink and nod among them—indeed, everybody is on the best possible terms with everybody else, from the police sergeant at the door to the usher beside the witness box. The witness box! In it stands a woman white and small and thin, in shiny black, clutching a little handkerchief. Such red streaming eyes, such a beaten look . . . . .

Sitting beside the dock, another poor thing holding the witness' baby. Her frayed cape and hat trimmed with woebegone flowers, form a contrast to the quietly sumptuous robes and the quietly sumptuous room. She, too, is weeping, while the baby laughs and crows.

And in the great square dock? A starved-looking bit of a man, collarless and unshaven, huddled up on a chair, his chalky face strained forward to catch every word that passes. Who is he? What is he charged with? Somebody whispers murder.

That ragged wretch, now moistening his lips, now taking a sip at the water beside him, now leaning forward to whisper in the ear of the seedy little solicitor beneath; that pallid slip, with his watery eyes and weak face and weaker body, just like a thousand other wastrels of London streets—could he be a murderer?

The glass grows darker, the picture fades. There are four courts, and in each one a scene like that. Chips and odds and ends and rags and wrack of human life—just everywhere. Despair, hope, hate, pain under that glass roof, and no word of pity. Sly humor in the lawyers' faces, a tired philosopher upon the judgment seat. The winter sunlight shines on them all.

III—The Archives of London

Muffled footfalls in the world of books. Silent people tripping lightly to and fro across a deadened floor. Silent men and women poring, poring over heavily-bound volumes in the subdued autumnal light. Shuffling of feet, whispering of pages, now and then a harsher sound as of something falling or grating—but no ward spoken. No suggestion of a world without. The books are people—the people are books. We live in the land of the past and of the future. The present lies somewhere dim and forgotten beyond the gently swaying swing door.

They gaze down upon us from their countless shelves. The half-light, which scarcely finds its way through the great glass dome above, discloses them in their multitude of shapes and sizes and colors. They gaze down upon us in our arm-chairs at our flat reading desks, each with its number, blotting pad and quill—quietly, a little contemptuously, a little cynically. "What of your efforts?" they seem to say. "Look at our age, our strength, our knowledge—and look at the dead!" Above them, around the walls of the nation's library are engraved in golden letters the names of the nation's immortals. Shakespeare, Carlyle, Bacon, Tennyson, Scott are written there, and a score of others too.

Yet in spite of its studious silence, the great

(Continued on Page 16.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CLI—TWILIGHT ON MARKET STREET

By Courtenay Cowper

(The name of Courtenay Cowper is a new one in the list of San Francisco singers. "Twilight on Market Street" is taken from the June issue of "Everywoman," a woman's magazine published in this city.)

When darkness draws its mystery o'er the town
And purple beauty veils the barren hills,
As tired men, day-conquered, homeward turn
A vesper rises and a slogan shrills;
A prayer, a challenge; through the crowded streets
The notes above the clang and riot ring—
The burden of the glowing city's roar—
An even song returning workmen sing.

The dying day flames down the muddy street;
The sullen pools have caught the light and smiled;
The bravery of the night flares up again
And thrills me, as it thrilled a little child
Who heard across the plains of long ago,
When peace pervaded evening airs like musk,
From out his distant lair, the hunted wolf
Bay forth his fear and daring through the dusk.

There is the hidden magic of the night,
Ye multitudes of wandering weaving feet,
Whereby the quickened blood throbs in my veins
As to some martial rhythm that you beat;
Whereby our souls seem merged and lost in one,
The Street's Soul, bruised, defiant, cowering, stark—
Beseeching all that bends to hearken prayer,
And taunting all that threatens through the dark.

The Spectator

The Ruef Parole

Even before the Board of Prison Commissioners met and refused Ruef's application for parole by the unusual method of adopting a blanket resolution prepared in executive session, so-called "wise" people expected some such denouement. They began to expect it the day before the Prison Board met, when the appointment of Judge McLaughlin to take the place of General Ford on the Prison Board was announced at Sacramento. Governor Johnson had stated to a number of people that he did not intend to name Tirey Ford's successor before the election. Did he change his mind because he began to fear that he would not be able to name any State officials after the next election? No. Governor Johnson is beginning to worry, but he is still pretty confident of succeeding himself. He named Judge McLaughlin, if I may believe the story I hear—and I do believe it—because he was afraid that if he didn't, Abe Ruef would be released from San Quentin. Judge McLaughlin was named on the spur of the moment. He was named because he could be counted on to take Johnsonian program. He was named to prevent the matter of Ruef's parole from going to the Supreme Court on a writ of mandamus.

Defeating the Program

For some time before Ruef's application for parole was denied it was pretty generally known what the program of Ruef's champions would be. That program was based on the assumption, apparently warranted, that Governor Johnson would not name Tirey Ford's successor for several months. Ruef's friends expected that when his application for parole was heard, it would be denied by a vote of three to two, Commissioners Sonntag, Ford and Neumiller voting for parole and Commissioners Duffy and Porter voting against it. The Prison Commissioners have a rule that four votes must be cast in favor of parole, so three favorable votes would not have been sufficient. After that vote had been taken and Ruef had been denied parole, Ruef's friends intended to carry the matter to the Supreme Court on a writ of mandamus, making the point that three is a legal majority of five and that therefore three votes were enough for parole, the rule of the Prison Board notwithstanding. I have heard good lawyers say that Ruef's friends had the law on their side, and that in all probability the Supreme Court would have directed the Prison Board to parole Ruef on the votes of Commissioners Sonntag, Ford and Neumiller. The story goes that Governor Johnson knew of this plan, but did not believe that Ruef could get three votes out of five. The Governor did not think that Neumiller would vote for Ruef. At the last minute, however—the day before the meeting of the Prison Board, to be exact—Aleck McCabe, the Governor's secretary, picked up information which convinced him that Neumiller would vote with Sonntag and Ford. He communicated his information to the Governor, and Johnson who hates Ruef with a bitter hatred and is bent on keeping him in San Quentin, hastily appointed Judge McLaughlin in Ford's place. That defeated the program, and as the case was now hopeless, Neumiller voted with the majority, leaving Sonntag as the solitary champion of Ruef's parole.

"Tears" McLaughlin

There has been some surprise expressed over the appointment of a Democrat to the Prison Board instead of a Progressive. Well, Judge McLaughlin is a Johnsonian Democrat. It was a desperate case, and the Governor needed somebody who would take program. He could depend on McLaughlin to take program without bucking; so he appointed him. Judge McLaughlin has been known for years as "Tears" McLaughlin on account of his propensity for weeping over his own eloquence which is of the lachrymose order. For years Judge McLaughlin has been prominent in the Native Sons, and has never been known to make any sort of speech, whether at a Grand Parlor or at an ordinary business meeting of his own parlor in Plumas county, without weeping. Frequently the more susceptible and younger members weep with him. "Tears" McLaughlin cannot keep "our deceased brethren" out of his speeches; hinc illae lachrymae. It has been said of him that if he arose to discuss a proposal to revarnish the chairs in the lodge room he would not sit down without weeping over "our deceased brethren;" also that after a meeting at which "Tears" McLaughlin spoke, the charwoman had to mop the floor instead of sweeping.

The Undelivered Speech

While sympathizing with Abe Ruef for failing to obtain his liberty, I cannot help sympathizing with him on another account. Poor Ruef is suffering from suppressed speech, a complaint the pangs of which only a disappointed orator can appreciate. Ruef prepared a very eloquent address, and the Prison Board refused to hear it. It was some satisfaction, but not a great deal, for Ruef to know that the newspapers were only too willing to print it. Let Ruef console himself with the thought that what happened to him has happened to many distinguished men. We don't have to go outside San Francisco to list orations which were never delivered. In the bad old days before the direct primary—days which many people are beginning to regard with wistful affection—many a convention orator was prevented from unburdening himself, usually by an unfeeling gallery which resented the slant of his eyebrows or the cut of his waistcoat or some other personal detail of equal importance.

Distinguished Examples

But Ruef may name himself in much more distinguished company. Let him remember (for he is a student of the classics) that the eloquent

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speeches preserved in the pages of Xenophon, Thucydides, Livy, Sallust and Tacitus were never delivered. He will easily recall too that Cicero's orations against Verres were not delivered, and were only published after Verres had gone into exile. I think that one of Cicero's Philippics was never delivered, but Ruef will check me in this if I am wrong. Coming down to more modern times, Milton's great Areopagitica, or Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing was written for delivery before Parliament, but Milton never delivered it. It seems to me that Byron wrote one or two speeches for delivery in the House of Lords, but contented himself with publishing them. So Ruef should not repine.

Gavin and Hiram

The skin of the Governor is stuck as full of barbed epigrams as the body of St. Sebastian was of arrows. It is a temerarious man who enters the lists with Gavin McNab, and the expected has happened to Sir Hiram. He has been unhorsed and rolled in the dust at every encounter. The sharp-tipped spear of tourney is not his weapon, as all California has discovered. Sir Gavin is a skilful knight quick to find the joints in his adversary's armor. He has been pricking the Governor so persistently that Johnson had no time to bring his favorite bludgeon into effective play. I understand that Johnson has been beside himself with rage ever since the controversy started, and that his choler grew greater with every exchange of compliments. There too McNab has the advantage. He makes his points with perfect coolness; he is a master of sang froid. The controversy has raised a new issue in the campaign: Shall a governor tamper with the judiciary to further the ends of his relatives and friends? Johnson did not realize that he was raising this issue when he took issue with McNab, and doubtless when he saw what was coming he would have liked to quit; but it was too late. The canny Gavin was swift to see the importance of the issue, and he has placed it in such a light that it is bound to play an important part in the campaign.

The Career of Peairs

There was no good reason why Governor Johnson should have gone outside Kern county in seeking a successor to the late Judge Bennett. The bar of Kern county is a bar of unusual distinction, with plenty of material for the judiciary. Yet Governor Johnson went to Los Angeles county, plucked a briefless lawyer from obscurity and lifted him to the bench at Bakersfield. After being admitted to the bar Howard A. Peairs fell short of the accomplishment of Attorney Woodrow Wilson. He did not practice with that "indifferent success" to which the President has confessed. He did not practice at all. He became an apothecary. He was making pestle music and selling scented soap and postage stamps when the rise of Progressivism gave him an opportunity to break into politics. He became the progressivest of Progressives, and was elected to the Legislature from Los Angeles county. After serving the Johnsonian needs there, he was rewarded by elevation to the bench in Kern county. Those who have read his decision in the Sunset Oil case marvel at the sudden improvement in his literary and legal style. This sudden improvement partakes almost of the miraculous. But Judge Peairs is a remarkable man. When Gavin McNab made charges against him by affidavit such as have never been made against any other judge in California, Judge Peairs with remarkable restraint forbore citing him for contempt of court. He waited until after rendering his decision in the case before denying the charges, another remarkable procedure.

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They Scorn the Union Label

Mayor Rolph has two kinds of cigars in his office at the City Hall. There is a box of twenty-five cent Havanas, and a box of cigars made by union cigar-makers and bearing the union label. Mayor Rolph has a nice taste in cigars, and always smokes the twenty-five centers. This box is always brought out for callers. But when the Mayor receives Union Labor leaders in conference, he defers to their wishes by bringing out the union label box as well as the box of more expensive cigars. The Mayor does not want to be in the position of compelling Union Labor callers to smoke cigars made by non-union men. According to a man who is a frequent caller at the Mayor's office, the delicacy of Mayor Rolph is uncalled for. This man tells me that he has attended many meetings in the office at which Union Labor men were present. He says that he has yet to see a representative of Union Labor dip into the box of union label cigars. All of them help themselves to the Mayor's two-bit smokes. The union label is all right of course, but what's the union label when there is a chance to smoke free twenty-five cent cigars!

Mrs. Atherton Recants

"Twenty thousand militants are not worth one Velasquez," Gertrude Atherton told an interviewer in New York a few days ago. Knowing that Mrs. Atherton had warmly espoused the cause of militancy, the interviewer gasped with surprise. "Those women ought to be permanently shut up, simply as maniacs," she continued, and the interviewer gasped again. And well he might. For Mrs. Atherton has today a very different viewpoint on militancy from that she entertained three years ago. In an interview Mrs. Atherton gave to Town Talk in July, 1911, the distinguished Californian novelist said of the English militants: "Their campaign is as concentrated, persistent, intense and fanatical (using the term as it has been applied throughout history to the initiators of all great reforms), as the most epoch-making of the religious upheavals which sent their martyrs to the stake. These women will shoot and kill, if necessary. They burn with a sort of holy fire and if they were hanged they would go to their death like martyrs." Speaking particularly of Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Atherton said: "If she were made prime minister she would fill the position as well as any man." That was just three years ago. Mrs. Atherton's opinion has undergone a great change, and with characteristic courage she has recanted.

"Malignant Insanity"

"I believed in the militant movement as it began," said Mrs. Atherton in New York the other day. She said that the women had been sensible at first, but finally went to inexcusable extremes. "Now they are maniacs," she said. "They suffer from what might be called malignant insanity. They should be shut up, not under that silly cat-and-mouse bill, but permanently, and they should not be allowed to 'get into the papers.' They should be treated just like other maniacs." Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence is Mrs. Atherton's great friend among the British suffragettes, although she knows them all quite well, including the prominent "wild women." Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence withdrew from the militant movement when it reached criminal extremes. Mrs. Atherton, it is interesting to note, is in New York to publish another novel. It is a story of Montana mining life called "Perch of the Devil." As is her wont, Mrs. Atherton studied her subject at first hand, spending a long time in Montana with headquarters at Helena.

Listen to the Rev. Tanner

Although I keep rather a watchful eye on the pulpit-pounders, the Rev. C. S. Tanner of the Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church has hitherto escaped my notice. But now the reverend namesake of the forty-day faster comes within my ken, and behold! I find him worth while. The Rev. C. S. Tanner had his Sunday sermon reported in the Monday Chronicle. I am quite a reader of sermons. Years of browsing in an old-fashioned library brought me acquainted with all sorts of specimens of pulpit oratory. I know something of the homilies of John Chrysostom and Gregory Nazianzen. I have dipped into Jeremy Taylor and Stillingfleet, Tillotson and Blair. I have skimmed through the sermons of

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Mr. Yorick, finding them dull as ditchwater in comparison with "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey," but not so bad, sermonically considered. I have had a try at Fenelon and Bossuet and Lacordaire. I have spent some hours over Henry Ward Beecher without yawning. I think, therefore, that I may qualify as a sort of expert sermon-taster; that I may presume to approach the local sermonizers in a critical spirit. So let me say here that I get more fun out of the Monday reports of the Sunday sermons than I derive from the comic sections, the joke columns and the editorials of Arthur Brisbane. Dr. George Burlingame, Dr. Caleb Dutton, Dr. C. N. Lathrop, Dr. Dille and Dr. Aked are my favorite humorists. They get a laugh out of me with ease. Methinks I shall add Dr. C. S. Tanner of the Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church to the list.

Dr. Tanner Knocks

The Rev. C. S. Tanner is out of tune. He is not in harmony with the prosperity chorus which our foremost editors have been singing at the top of their lungs. He is not boosting, but knocking. If he doesn't look out, the Chamber of Commerce and the California Development Board will get after him. Dr. Tanner complained in his Sunday sermon that his church was having a hard time, a psychological hard time no doubt. Men, he pointed out, do not live by bread alone. I agree, but bread is not to be despised. Though a clergyman must eat, he cannot be expected to eat his words. While Dr. Tanner is dispensing the bread of religion, he is not getting enough of the bread of the world in return. So he appealed to the city to "come through" more generously. And this is part of his appeal (I quote the Chronicle's report): "The city (San Francisco) is unique in its paucity of men of wealth, brain and brawn as compared to other large cities of the United States." It is for gems like this that I rummage among the Monday reports of the Sunday sermons. I am grateful to Dr. Tanner. I shall watch for all reports of his sermons hereafter. He is a welcome addition to my list of reverend rib-ticklers. Long may he cherish his grouch! May it be a far-off day when he is called to a city boasting its proper number of men with wealth, brain and brawn!

Burns and Heney

Detective William J. Burns is receiving pretty tough treatment these days. The discrediting of him is a continuous performance. What was said of him in these columns years ago is now receiving corroboration wherever he is employed, and now that he has been repudiated by the International Association of Chiefs of Police the probability is that hereafter nobody will have much use for him except as a keyhole hawkshaw. But even in that capacity his services will be of little worth, for his testimony will not go far. It is doubtful whether even his old partner Francis J. Heney would care to be associated with him again. As Mr. Heney is now a candidate for the Progressive Party nomination for the Senate, he is posing once more as a man of flawless virtue, and naturally he wouldn't like to have people reminded of the fact that he and the unspeakable Burns were formerly co-workers engaged in putting up the kinds of jobs which have brought infamy on the name of the unscrupulous detective. However, the fact is pretty well known in California, and the indications are that Heney will suffer the enormous humiliation of defeat at the hands of Chester Assjack Rowell, the time-serving trimmer of the San Joaquin.

British Against Knowland

The British vote in California is larger than most people realize. In Southern California especially there are a great many voters of British birth, more particularly Canadians. It will be recalled that 18,000 gathered to celebrate Empire Day at Long Beach the day that awful accident caused by the collapse of the pavilion floor took place last year. I am told that this large British vote will be cast for Samuel M. Shortridge for United States Senator. The British voters are hostile to Congressman Knowland on account of the statement he made about the British Ambassador's connubiation with the President in reference to the Canal Tolls bill. They resent that statement of Knowland, and are preparing to show their resentment by voting for Shortridge.

Valeska and George

So Valeska Suratt and George Baldwin have had a quarrel and parted company! It's too bad, they got along so nicely together. George (who is a San Francisco boy, by the way) was with Valeska for a long time, and she frequently referred to him as "a dear." She admired George for his esthetic tastes and his tender sensibility in the matter of dress. On their previous visit here Valeska told a story about George. Among her other glittering raiment Valeska had a magnificent cloak of purple velvet lined with gold. George admired it greatly. Valeska said that one day George came to her and asked leave to borrow this gorgeous cloak. She asked him what he wanted it for. George blushed and replied:

"I should like to take it to my hotel tonight and sleep in it. I just know I should have lovely dreams!"

Valeska turned him down.

A Hero of Peaceful Routine

The man who goes about doing good, what a hero is he in the routine of daily life! How nobly inspiring his memory! We love to honor the heroes of the battlefield, we build monuments to them though their brilliant deeds be sufficient to perpetuate their memory, and we allow ourselves to forget the heroes of mankind, the men whose deeds of charity, compassion and lovingkindness make us think more nobly of our nature. A man of this type was the Rev. Father W. B. O'Connor, and it is therefore a pleasure to record that his statue in bronze was unveiled the other day in the city of Stockton. "Distress in any form could call him through the night at any hour, and he always came with a cheerful heart. He knew no fatigue. He knew little repose. He spent himself on others. He never thought of recognition. He disdained honors." The man of whom these things can truthfully be said assuredly deserves a monument, and the city that has an heroic effigy of him is never in need of inspiration. These were some of the things said of Father O'Connor on the occasion of the unveiling of his statue. They were said by John J. Barrett, the attorney, who was the orator of the occasion, and who delivered a beautiful address with so resonant a ring of sincerity that it seemed to spring spontaneously from the heart, melting to tears the vast throng that hung on his words.

A Hero of the Plague

Mr. Barrett related of Father O'Connor that a munificent purse was presented to him for his personal use on his jubilee, and that he applied it to the parish debt. "They built him a new home," said Mr. Barrett, "to replace the forbidding house that he persisted in living in long after its fitness was gone, and they later found that the only bare room was the one in which he slept—uncarpeted, a broken chair, a crucifix and a squalid lounge." Further: "In the terrible times of the small-pox scourge that swept this community thirty years ago, marking victim after victim with its awful stain, hurrying most men in horror into hiding, and leaving many a human being a veritable outcast, shunned of his brothers, this heroic priest went wherever they would have him, spent day and night without sleep or rest in the loathsome places where the stricken were confined, and all men proclaimed him the ministering angel, the hero of that awful plague."

An Eloquent Tribute

Continuing Mr. Barrett said: "The Catholic priesthood is a daring thing. It claims for itself an authority, a mission and a function in spiritual things delegated from on high. It professes a corresponding renunciation of earthly ambition and an equivalent consecration to a life in keeping with its exalted office. It is therefore right that the world should demand of it a strict accounting. It is just that men should scrutinize its conduct with critical eyes. It is proper that at every hour and at every cross-road the credentials of its priestly character should be ready for any challenge and that the highest standards of human conduct should be the touchstone of its claims. We need not stop to argue here that

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the Catholic priesthood has easily met this high demand through all the years. For, at all events, here was a priest who gave the lie to every calumny against his church. Here was a priest who was all that a priest should be in every way. Here was a priest in whose priestly character the severest critic of his church was never able to find a flaw. He officiated here for forty years, and no man reproached him with a single act, a single sentiment or a single word inconsistent with the dignity of his priestly office. He was active and busy and was a man of affairs, and you met him in every relation of private life. You met him at the bed of the sick, in the hovels of the poor, at the tables of the rich. You met him in business; you met him on the street; you met him in his home. You heard him in the pulpit and on the platform and you read him in the press, and you never heard in him a single discordant note. And there has been strife in this community too,—civil strife, social strife, political strife and even strife religious. He bore himself as no coward in any phase of it, but took a brave man's stand, and he commanded every man's respect. He never said an unkind word of any man's creed. He never wounded the feelings of any man in any cause. He had no bitterness in his heart for any man on any score. He knew no man's politics and no man knew his. Material affairs never dulled his deep contemplative and religious nature. He was a man of plenty of piety and strong devotion. He did not merely find time for these between other occupations. He rather impregnated all of his activities with his religious spirit, and made of his busy life one sustained and pious prayer."

Robbing "The Grand"

The strangest thing about the robbery of Frank Corr's "Grand Buffet" was that robbers should find the bartender all alone at nine in the evening. Corr's place in New Montgomery is as popular a rendezvous of sociability as any in town, and it is generally pretty well filled. The Baseball League headquarters are above it, so it is a favorite meeting place of ball players and fans. Politicians drop in there for a drink and the "low-down." Lawyers from the skyscrapers in the vicinity know the lure of its sideboard. Of course it is busiest by day, but even after nightfall it is by no means empty. So it seems a very strange thing that robbers should find it deserted. The chances are they had waited a long time before finding it so.

The Difference

"There is this difference between Governor Johnson and his particular friend Matt Sullivan," remarks Gavin McNab. "Matt thinks that the man who dares to differ with the Governor should be damned everlastingly. But the Governor thinks that when a man differs with him, he should be damned eternally and his children also unto the third and fourth generation."

Frank Shanley's Mistake

"Hangtown Night" at the St. Francis was the climax of the entertainment given the Greeters of America in this city. It was a great affair, and no local Greeter enjoyed it more than Frank Shanley, the popular proprietor of the Continental Hotel. Frank took a particular interest in "Calamity Jane," a beautiful blonde who played a prominent part in "Red Nosed Mike's Fandango." He begged an introduction, and when it was accorded him, he very gallantly kissed "Calamity Jane's" white-gloved hand. And then "Calamity Jane" raised her blonde wig, and Frank was dumfounded when he recognized one of his own bellboys!

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A Viticultural Symposium

The State Board of Viticultural Commissioners is to hold a grape growers' convention at Scottish Rite Hall, on Tuesday evening, June 30th, which promises to be very interesting from an educational standpoint. Mr. C. E. Bundschu, State Viticultural Commissioner of the Third District, which includes San Francisco, San Mateo, Alameda, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, San Benito and Monterey counties, will preside. The program, which covers every phase of the raisin, table grape and wine industry, includes the following addresses: "History of Grape Industry," by Mrs. Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith of Los Angeles; "Economic Effect of Proposed Initiative Amendment on the Wine, Table and Raisin Grape Industries of California," by Viticultural Commissioner Frank T. Swett of Martinez; "The Raisin Grapes of California," by James Madison of Fresno; "Grape Growing and Home Industry," by A. C. Rulofson of San Francisco; "Table Grape Situation in California," by E. M. Sheehan, secretary of the Viticultural Commission; and "How the California Grape Industry Will be exploited at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition," by State Commissioner H. F. Stoll of San Francisco. The latter address will be supplemented by moving pictures, showing viticultural scenes in practically every section of the State. "While this meeting is intended primarily for the growers of the Third District, into which the State has been divided," says Commissioner Bundschu, "we trust that the general public will attend in large numbers, as we are sure they will find much to interest them in the work which we are doing to foster this great industry. No admission is charged and everyone is welcome."

Two Cities in Realty Deal

A. J. Rich, after a ten days' stay in Portland, returns with the important announcement that an arrangement has been made with Fred A. Jacobs Company, the largest realty operators in the Northwest, whereby these two firms will interchange their business. A. J. Rich & Co. go into the Portland field as operators in downtown city real estate, and the Fred A. Jacobs Company will probably come into the San Francisco suburban field. The first result of this deal will be a public auction of Portland city improved and unimproved properties, to be held by A. J. Rich & Co. in conjunction with the Jacobs Company within the next 60 or 90 days.

Supper Dance at Tavern

Another successful supper dance was held at Techau Tavern last Wednesday evening and two elegant prizes were given to each winning couple. There were bells, whistles and souvenirs for everyone present. Because the occasion included dancing the management decided to make it unusually attractive and presented five of the beautiful art objects as gifts instead of three, which is the established custom on every Wednesday evening. These objets d'art are from the well known dealers, S. & G. Gump & Co. and include some of the choicest articles in their collection. The awarding of dancing prizes on Wednesday evening was in charge of Judge Shortall who was most felicitous in his presentation remarks.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Quiet at the Club

"The Burlingame Country Club has been extremely quiet for some time."—Social item.

No crystal goblet spills the bubbling wine;
No smoky highball wets the icy glass.
And why? Because
No roystering Hobart makes the drinking sign,
Or trolls a catch that tells the toast to pass.

No heavy footstep thunders down the hall;
There is no turmoil on the midnight air.
And why? Because
There is no Walter with insistent bawl
Urging his steed to mount the narrow stair.

The club is quiet. Blingum hears no noise;
No merry clamor mars its drowsy June.
And why? Because
Its erstwhile cutup, far away, enjoys
The simple pleasures of a honeymoon.

A Delayed Honeymoon

How does a beautiful young bride feel when her bridegroom disappears after the wedding breakfast and doesn't return for two days? I do not pretend to enter profoundly into the feelings of brides, but I should say offhand that in the circumstances just named a bride would feel that she had made a terrible mistake and that there could be little happiness in married life which began so inauspiciously. I am speaking of a case that happened a few days ago. It is one of the strangest wedding stories I have heard in a long time. I tell it not merely as an illustration of down-to-the-minute laxity, but also as a warning to young men. There are a lot of young men who know no real liberty until they get married; who have never "had their fling," as the saying goes. Happy for them if temptation does not come in their way after marriage! I know of no more pitiable spectacle than a young man who is only released from his mother's apron strings when the time comes for him to approach the nuptial altar, and who thereupon begins to sample the dissipations from which he has previously been safeguarded. Many marriages which ought to prove happy suffer shipwreck on this account. The marriage I speak of has not suffered shipwreck, and will not; but it might very easily have come to an end before it started, paradoxical as that may sound. Happily, the honeymoon was only delayed two days, and though they were days of terrible misgiving for the bride, they were followed by explanations, forgiveness and joy.

The Wedding Breakfast and After

The wedding I refer to was quite a smart affair. It was a big church wedding which joined a young couple belonging to two prominent families. There was a crush at the church, and a big gathering at the wedding breakfast. There was the usual merriment which, on the part of some of the guests, developed into hilarity as toast after toast was drunk in an excellent champagne. The groom was not used to champagne, and nobody put him on his guard against its effects. It was considered a great joke when he began to show those results of injudicious drinking which are not altogether uncommon at wedding breakfasts, although they are not usually shown by the groom. His eyes sparkled, he talked with animation, he made no secret of his great happiness. And his young men friends plied him with more and more champagne. They thought it would be quite a lark to get the bridegroom drunk. And they succeeded. They thought it would be a great joke too to smuggle him away from his bride. They succeeded in this too. The young couple were going on an extended wedding tour. But when the going-away time came, there was no groom for the bride to go away with He had disappeared, and so had some of his wine-bibbing friends.

Missing Two Days

There were wise heads at that wedding breakfast, and they handled the situation so skilfully that few of the wedding guests realized its seriousness. They gave plausible reasons for the temporary absence of the groom, and few suspected that these reasons were invented. But when the wedding celebration was over, quiet but determined efforts were made to locate the missing bridegroom and his roystering friends. The poor bride broke down and refused to be comforted. The day passed miserably and night fell. Still no trace of the groom. It was indeed a tragic wedding day. The search continued all night without success. It was resumed the following day without success. The poor bride was on the verge of distraction. All sorts of terrible possibilities haunted her, and it was only by heroic measures that she was saved from total collapse. At the end of the second day the bridegroom put in an appearance. He was a woe-begone and repentant bridegroom. He threw himself on the mercy of his bride. The wine of the wedding breakfast had been too much for him. He did not know what he was doing when he left the scene of wedding festivities at the urging of his friends. All he remembered thereafter was more wine and still more wine; then a blank until he awakened in one of the first-class hotels downtown, exceedingly ill and exceedingly remorseful. It was such an honest story that it was accepted and he was forgiven. After two days' delay the honeymoon began in tempered happiness. But the groom agrees with his bride that there are certain young men who must be crossed out forever from the list of his friends.

Misspelling Names

The society editors had occasion the other day to make note of the social doings of the wife of the president of the Pacific Mail. One society editor called her Mrs. Remi P. Schwerine. Another called her Mrs. R. P. Schwering. Why give Mrs. Schwerin a final letter which doesn't belong to her? I'm quite satisfied that Mrs. Schwerin is contented with her name as it stands. And why Remi? R. P. Schwerin's first name is not Remi but Rennie, the Social Register to the contrary notwithstanding. He was named after a famous sea captain who was a friend of his father, and that captain's name was Captain Rennie, not Captain Remi. Remi is a good name. It is short for Remigius, and Remigius was the name of a saint who lived, I think, in the time of Clovis, king of the Franks. But I think R. P. Schwerin would prefer his own name of Rennie. In fact, I have heard him say that he prefers it.

Other Instances

The society editors are prone to misspelling names. It is a common weakness of theirs. When Ferdinand Thieriot was married to Miss De Young, all of the society editors called him Ferdinand Theriot, depriving him of a vowel his family has owned for generations. It wasn't a nice thing to do. Then there is W. P. Hammon. Whenever the society editors want to be familiar, they call him "Bill" Hammon. But Hammon's name is not William; it is Wendell. And the way the society editors juggle the Ls in Thornwell Mullally's last name would be heartbreaking if this were a heartbreaking matter, which happily it isn't. Garret McEnerney is an-

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other sufferer. The society editors are fond of calling him Garrett McEnerny, which is close enough for identifying purposes but isn't his name as he spells it. The very latest eccentricity of this sort is De la Veaga for De Laveaga. Really, the society editors show a great deal of ingenuity in getting names wrong.

The Peace Ball in London

A correspondent sends me an inside view of the much boomed Anglo-American Peace fancy dress ball in London, of which we have so far had only press accounts. It was all very grand, he says. On the reception committee alone were seven duchesses, eight marchionesses, thirty-two countesses and fifteen viscountesses, to say nothing of the royalty in the box, the lesser nobility on the floor and our own Newport folk. The tiers of decorated stalls, the vast red-coated orchestra, and the polished floor where only fancy dress was permitted, rather left one's senses in a whirl at first. But when the glamor began to die, and the spectator recovered his scattered wits, it was easy to see the weak points of the affair. For one thing, the dancing, which was begun with a considerable amount of holiday spirit, stopped at midnight, and when resumed later it seemed to lack spontaneity. It stopped for a pageant conceived on truly mid-Victorian ideals— a pageant of empire, of Brittanica with her fair daughters including the naughty daughter whom she has now magnanimously forgiven. Groups in costume represented the march of empire from Raleigh's time onward and ended with Columbia who was to step up on the dais in the center of the hall and clasp hands solemnly with Brittannia. It was a noble conception. But it belonged to the period of the late Queen and not to these turbulent days. Ireland did not appear at all, owing to the Home Rule fight, and a suffragette ran up on the dais and had to be packed off by five men just as Columbia and Brittania were about to embrace. Besides, every one knows that Canada has all of England's surplus cash tied up in unproductive investments; British Columbia refuses to allow British subjects, the Hindus, to land; South African Boers have only recently kicked out the British-born labor leaders, India is all tinder and gunpowder, and even Wales is going to deprive a horde of Anglican vicars of fat livings. Such are the woes of Brittania. Furthermore, with the canal tolls and San Francisco Fair bitterness in mind, are Brittannia and Columbia as fond of each other as the pageant would make it appear? I wonder.

San Franciscans There

Personally, I gazed on the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Strafford, the Countess of Craven and the rest of the good Americans doing the States and Territories without experiencing any sudden rise of patriotism, continues my correspondent. But when I saw the bunch of Dakota Indians, headed by a chief dubbed (I know not why) Iron-Tail, I felt that I, too, was an American and could never be anything else. There was an air of distinction about the bucks in skins and feathers, an indefinable something or other suggestive of an open and free life, that stirred one's western blood. Physically, they were the finest specimens of man in the hall. That is not saying that the British nobility hadn't some magnificent representatives on view who loomed head and shoulders above the spindling London Johnnies. No doubt there were many San Franciscans there, but the crowd was too vast to find them. The two Misses Crocker had the high social honor of being in the section of the pageant led by Mrs. John Astor, the Duchess of Marlborough and the others. However I did run into two former San Francisco girls in Mrs. Newton Knox and Mrs. Marley Hay, who as Persian dancers made as beautiful and graceful figures as any in the hall. Costumes, by the way, ranged over all countries and all ages, even to the futurist, and some of the ladies appeared in gauze-like effects that would have rattled the cherries on Queen Mary's bonnet. But whenever I feel blue and in need of something to laugh at, I shall think of the London "cowboys."

The Averys Home

The friends of Mrs. W. H. Avery are rejoicing in the fact that she has just returned home from Paso Robles where she has been sojourning for the past three months and has completely recovered her health. Mrs. Avery suffered a collapse after the winter's social activities and went to Paso Robles to recuperate. While there she took to golf and horseback riding and has now become accomplished in both sports. The Averys are occupying their apartments at the Fairmont as usual.

Off to Europe

Mr. James C. Nealon and his daughter Miss Margaret Nealon left for the East and Europe last Tuesday. On the occasion of their departure there was a great gathering of their friends at the ferry most of whom journeyed across the bay to wish them bon voyage at the train where Miss Nealon was kept busy receiving gifts of orchids and roses. Mr. Nealon has planned a trip for himself and daughter through the British Isles and on the Continent. They will spend some time with Mr. Nealon's relatives in Ireland and with friends in Paris after which they will probably go to Rome. They will sail on the Carmania next week.

For the Woodside Church

The little Congregational Church at Woodside in San Mateo county is in need of financial assistance, and the Family Club which has its Farm hard by and always tries to be a good neighbor, is going to help it with a benefit entertainment this Saturday night. Two years ago the Family gave an entertainment in aid of the Catholic Church at Portola. It was a splendid success, and brought quite a tidy sum. The same clever entertainers who helped then are enlisted in the cause of charity again. A very attractive program of new numbers has been prepared, and the following will be some of the participants: Larry Harris, Charles Bulotti, Frank Maroney, Waldemar Young, William J. Jacobs, L. A. Larsen, Roy Folger, Frank Hooper, Henry Foote and the club's famous orchestra. The entertainment will be given in the Alhambra Theatre, Redwood City, this Saturday night at half after eight. Those attending from San Francisco will be able to return on the 11.06 train which reaches this city about 11.50. It is needless to say that there will be a very smart audience, as the peninsular set is taking a keen interest in the affair.

Charles A. Warren accompanied by his younger brother Harry A. Warren, left this city last Thursday on a trip to Europe. They expect to visit all the large cities and place of interest. They will be away five or six months.

She—What did you think of the chorus in our new show?

He—Oh, great! I knew the piece would be a success before the curtain had gone up two feet!

Rankin—I thought you said Rosemary was a strawberry blonde.

Phyle—She used to be; but since purple hair came into fashion, she is a huckleberry brunette.

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A Plate of Muffins

By Edward F. O'Day

The funniest part of "The Importance of Being Earnest" is the close of the second act where the two love-lorn youths John Worthing and Algernon Moncrieff quarrel over a plate of muffins. It is a scene which never fails to provoke hearty laughter. It is indeed one of the funniest scenes in modern comedy. And by modern comedy I do not mean ultra-modern comedy. You may go back to such writers of modern comedy as Goldsmith and Sheridan without finding any funny scene with which this scene of the tea and muffin fight may not be advantageously compared. It is pure comedy, and as such may be commended to the study of those who do not understand the difference between comedy and farce. When the curtain had descended on this scene I became quite serious, as one is apt to become after laughing one's fill, and I thought: Have we any American dramatist capable of writing a comic scene like that? What would David Belasco do with that plate of muffins? We know only too well. In David's hands the muffins would become the heavy muffins of a young bride's experimental cookery. The young groom would either eat them and suffer excruciating torment in his "little Mary" or he would drop them surreptitiously on the floor, splitting a hardwood plank. David's muffins would be the muffins of low farce. Augustus Thomas? Gus would write a drama of dietetics around the muffins, with a middle-aged hero more talkative than Dr. Wiley. By the middle of the third act the muffins would become either psychological symbols or moral instruments. Paul Armstrong? It is easy to guess what Paul would do with them. I can see the villain loading the muffins with arsenic and placing them where they would tempt the eugenist hero, to the end that the hero might die and so leave the pure gell exposed to the designs of said villain. The poisoned muffins of melodrama! Eugene Walter? Can't you picture a plate of stale muffins providenially appearing to save the sorely tempted young wife from the dread alternatives of starvation or the easiest way? And George Broadhurst? Having married a multi-millionaire, his heroine would scorn the muffins she had lunched on in her humble days of stenography, only to weep over the recollection of them when too much broiled lobster and champagne brought out her husband's shocking instincts. Charles Klein? Charles would give us an upright district attorney lunching hastily on muffins in the midst of his tremendous fight to have the trust magnate indicted by the Grand Jury, and of course the trust magnate's daughter who has been turned out of her father's Fifth Avenue mansion for loving the district attorney would appear in a ball gown to share the simple collation. And George Cohan? To George muffins would be distinctly British. While the monocled silly-ass Englishman devoured them, George's Broadway slangsmith would "kid" him unmercifully, and the Englishman would be lucky if he didn't have to swallow an American flag. And Edward Peple? Peple would give us a cute and precocious little boy, and he'd ask us to cry because the poor little fellow wanted jam with his muffins and couldn't get it, his parents were so poor. Richard Walton Tully? Dick would take us to an oriental muffin bazaar in Samarkand. As for Catherine Chisholm Cushing and other dear old lady playwrights of both sexes, there is really no telling just what they would do with muffins. The point is that we haven't a playwright in the United States who would think of doing with them what Oscar Wilde did; more than that, there isn't a playwright who could do what Wilde did. Wilde leaves two men alone on the stage with a plate of muffins, and in the easiest, most natural way in the world they give us a scene of side-splitting comedy. Shall we ever have an American Wilde? When he emerges, let him entrust his plays to the men and women who are playing "The Importance of Being Earnest" at the Columbia. He couldn't possibly put them in better hands. For this is a remarkable company, and there is no exaggeration in its name, "The All-Star Players." Its members satisfy the most exacting claims of their profession. Most of them have headed great companies for years; yet there is no display of that "upstage" hauteur to which pampered stars are sometimes prone. These fine players know that there are no unimportant parts in fine plays; they enact their roles, large or small, with equal brilliance. We are indeed fortunate in having such a company in summer stock at the reasonable prices the Columbia has fixed for this engagement.

Gossip of the Theatre

At the Orpheum

There is not much of pretension at the Orpheum this week. No stars are there to blind us with their glory; no elaborate stage settings to make us gasp with astonishment; no topheavy headliner to start us calculating how the prodigal management can afford the price. Nevertheless it is not ineffectual vaudeville. If there is nothing sensational neither is there anything that bores. One person there is who stands out in bold relief, or, perhaps, I should say voluptuous outline. It is the lady billed as "Dainty Marie." A quite relievo figure she cuts in this week's bill, and without any of the adventitious aids that are supplied by the modiste's art, which is a circumstance of no small moment in the economics of vaudeville. Undraped is Marie, clad as though poured into her tights, and yet with a view to free play for her supple muscles as she swings up aloft in attitudes that might thrill a painter of the nude. A graceful woman is Marie, with a touch of diablerie that makes her more acceptable than the average gymnast. Marie is the leading representative of her sex at the Orpheum this week. It is chiefly masculinity that shines—the ax-swingers from Australia, the ambidextrous and swivel-brained Jap and Laddie Cliff, the English comedian. There is something refreshing in the performance of this young Englishman. Perhaps it is that he has none of that self-conscious swagger and overdone Broadwayish manner of the typical American comedian whose smartness is of a pattern that has been on the circuit for more than a decade. The young man with the straw hat and the artificial sophisticated air, who has a mate in skirts for a feeder with whom he exchanges the kind of repartee that Harry B. Smith used to grind out like coffee—oh, how weary I am of him! Like an oasis in the Sahara of him comes Laddie Cliff with the witticisms and comicalities of a new school, and how easy it is to laugh with him as well as at him!

—Theodore Bonnet.

"The Ghost Breaker" at Alcazar

"The Ghost Breaker," a four-act play by Paul Dickey and Charles Goddard, will be the offering at the Alcazar next week with Bessie Barriscale and Thurston Hall in the leading roles, supported by a picked cast. This will be the first production of this clever play outside New York, Chicago and Boston where it has enjoyed long and successful runs. It will also be the first production in stock.

Burlesque Thriller at Orpheum

Everett Shinn's "Wronged from the Start" will be the headline offering at the Orpheum next week. It is a successor to his immense hit "More Sinned Against Than Usual." Henry Lewis will introduce "A Vaudeville Cocktail," a new monologue with song, dance, travesty and dialect mimicry. Romeo, the chimpanzee, accomplishes everything a man can do except talk. His training is the result of Prof. Albert Drowiskey's patience and skill. Doris Wilson assisted by Dot and Alma Wilson and Jack Teague will appear in a singing surprise "Through the Looking Glass." All three girls are exceptionally handsome and clever. The Gardiner Trio, two girls and a youth, will offer one of the finest novelty dancing acts in vaudeville. Their program includes "The Love Waltz," "Turkey Trot," "Flirtation Polka," "Tango Solo" and "The Cowboy Texas Tommy." Lancton and Lucier assisted by Eddie Allen will present an amusing act entitled "Heaps of Hilarity." Next week will be the last of Dainty Marie and Laddie Cliff.

"His Excellency the Governor" at Columbia

Charles Richman, Rose Coghlan, Charles Cherry, Gladys Hanson, Carroll McComas and the other All Star Players at the Columbia will give the final performance of "The Importance of Being Earnest" Sunday night. The closing performance of each week during the present season will be given at "pop" prices ranging from 25 cents to $1. The second week will be devoted to Robert Marshall's farcical romance "His Excellency the Governor" and it will be cast to the full strength of the company. It is a strong, brilliant and interesting comedy dealing with British colonial life and when presented here some seasons ago proved a most delightful attraction. In the hands of the All Star Players it should take on an added interest. Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays. The next play is Eugene Walter's "Fine Feathers."

Nat Goodwin in "Never Say Die"

The announcement that Nat Goodwin will make his appearance at the Cort in a farcical comedy by Wm. H. Post entitled "Never Say Die" is bound to cause more than passing comment. The engagement opens Monday night. Good-

[illegible]

Three London Cameos

(Continued from Page 15)

[illegible] of a distant clock awake him ever and again. He [illegible]

begins to take notice of those who are near him and bores him and opposite him. Arthur leaves start out of his dream, and gentlemen leave and leave of dead forgotten people sent in protest. Some of them hang upon the walls of shut-up [illegible] Some of them are [illegible] Thomas—whimsical, these are, half-humorous, and a little sad. Mary, married and lost and hard, belong to [illegible] shared with the twittering sparrows and the lean, black cat, where a few hard-earned shillings stand between a man's breakfast and his grave.

[illegible] give an owl-like look. He wears a brown velveteen jacket, and from under a skull cap of the same material his silvery hair falls long and [illegible] To what end? For what purpose? No one knows. The library is peopled with such queer folk. There are young men with aged faces and bent shoulders, wearing carpet slippers, and men in middle life, who look as though they had never seen the light. There are women, too—hard-[illegible] the most part [illegible] books. The unwashed and the untamed are here—those oddities with long hair and long beards [illegible] chists or saints. The living dead are here—those whose souls have shrunk to dust, who see not, neither do they hear, but pass their lives in a land of far-off things.

Dreams and fancies, dreams and fancies multiply in the moving silence of the place. The [illegible] people the newspaper shelves. Politicians, murderers, [illegible] there. The rustling pages of the hundred [illegible] holiday time sway together beside a [illegible] The gloom and the shadows are [illegible] and infinite land which knowledge [illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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Only 868 Eminent Women

The startling announcement is made by Mrs. Cora Sutton Castle in her book entitled "A Statistical Study of Eminent Women" that, following precisely the objective method devised by Prof. J. McKeen Cattell in his "Statistical Study of Eminent Men," she finds that in the last twenty-six centuries only 868 persons of her sex have done things that warrant rating them eminent folk.

This conclusion is based on the showing woman makes in six biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias. Acording to Mrs. Castle's count, 1,755 women are mentioned in Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary, 1,384 in the Americana, 2,670 in La Rousse, 985 in Brockhaus' Konversations-Lexicon, 1,100 in Meyer's Konversations-Lexicon, and 713 in the Encyclopedia Brittanica; she has rated as eminent every woman whose name appears in as many as three of the six works—and the number of these eminent ones, as already stated, is just 868.

"It is a sad commentary on the sex," remarks Mrs. Castle, "that from the dawn of history down to the present day less than 1,000 women have accomplished anything that history has recorded as worth while." To what causes Mrs. Castle attributes this poor showing does not distinctly appear, but in concluding her observations concerning her statistical tables she says:

"Have we any reason to believe that when women have gained all the rights and privileges for which they now clamor any significant results will follow? Is there a biological limitation which says to the female, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no further?' While we may never be able to answer these questions definitely, a just and thorough consideration of all the points of approach will, we trust, enable us to answer with some degree of certainty the question which we propounded at the beginning of our study, and which has haunted us throughout the research, namely—has innate inferiority been the reason for the small number of eminent women or has civilization never yet allowed them an opportunity to develop their innate powers and possibilities?"

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Exposition Line—1915—First in Safety

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—No change took place in the general trend of the stock market. Some specialties were active, but the leading stocks were dull and heavy. Bonds were not as steady as usual, but short-term notes were active and strong. Wall Street heard that the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision in the rate case is in type and will be handed out as soon as the commissioners have revised the proofs. Traders feel sure that it will come out this week, probably on Saturday after the close of the Stock Exchange. In Washington it is said that the decision will cover rates in minute detail and that no uniform advance will be made. Whatever it may be, it will settle the last thing for which traders profess to be waiting before taking a position on the market and it is not likely to make the position of the railroads of the Eastern District any worse. When it does come out it will not have as much effect as it would have had three months ago because at this time of the year it is of less importance than the condition of the crops. Business generally is showing some improvement, especially in the steel trade, and as steel is considered the barometer, the trade are more hopeful. Copper shares have held their own and in some stocks a fair advance has been scored. The price of metal remains firm at the 14 cent level, which is a fair price for it considering the depression in all lines of business. With any favorable news next week, the market is in a position to respond quickly.

Wheat—The week has witnessed a continuous decline in prices, precipitated by the Government's confirmation of the great winter wheat crop, which is practically made. Harvesting has become quite general and the weather up to the present has been ideal. New wheat has been offered freely and early shipments are expected. This has resulted in large hedging sales, which have gradually worn prices down. There have been large sales of both old and new wheat for export, and the old wheat remains at a stiff premium, but sales of the new have been ineffectual in preventing a decline in prices on account of the large supply and the belief that the beginning of the movement will give prices the greatest shock. The foreign situation is a strong one, with a considerable reduction in supplies, although Russia has reported some amelioration in crop conditions. Several countries are expected, however, to find it necessary to import supplies. The weather in the Northwest is said to be all that could be desired for the spring wheat, and domestically there is little to restrain values from a further decline. There is little buying power in the market aside from that which emanates from shorts, and as a consequence the market finds it difficult to absorb the offerings of the new crop. There is, however, at the [illegible] and it is very likely that the market is sufficiently congested to cause a temporary rise in values. Otherwise it looks as though prices would decline until a level is reached at which commercial requirements will maintain them.

Corn—Displayed a great deal of strength during the week. The last day or so has witnessed a moderate reaction in prices as the result of a weakened technical position, the advances having eliminated the vulnerable short interest. The strength in cash values has been well maintained and the Eastern demand at times showed a considerable improvement, but liberal offerings by Argentina and better weather conditions in that country have caused this demand to become quiet again. Some alarm was felt during the early part of the week, owing to the absence of moisture, but recent rains have relieved these fears. Receipts have shown some shrinkage but are still in fair quantity, and probably at the moment are more than sufficient to take care of the demand. Prices have had a sustained rise, attributed to some extent to bullish activity, and a fair reaction should be the logical outcome of the immediate situation.

Cotton—The trend of the cotton market the past week was downward and at the close of the week prices were at the lowest since the advance to the 13 level. The decline was brought about first through the action of the old crop months, the July and August options, and was helped along later by improved weather reports from nearly all sections of the belt. The heavy selling in the nearby options was by the leading spot interests who, in turn, report a poor demand for cotton, especially the kind that is in store in New York. While this cotton is not wanted by the spinner owing to the quality, it can nevertheless be delivered on future contracts in New York. The stock of cotton in New York is only about 90,000 bales but if the spot men don't want it, it becomes burdensome when it is delivered to the outside speculator. It was only natural to expect a change in the weather after so long a period of dry weather in the Eastern belt. Local showers were quite general and some places reported quite general rains and sent reports of an improved outlook. In the Western belt a period of dry weather set in—just what was needed. This was too much for the market to withstand and the result was a liquidating market. We believe with the most perfect weather from now on only a moderate crop can be raised, and with any change to unfavorable weather, a higher market will result.

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December 31, 1913

Assets	$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund	166,570.12
Number of Depositors	64,639

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET.

Pursuant to a resolution duly offered and adopted by the Board of Directors of Shreve, Treat & Eacret, at a special meeting of said Board called for that purpose, held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1914, and entered in the minute book of said corporation as a part of the proceedings at said meeting, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called, and will be held at the office of said corporation at No. 136 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of July, 1914, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation to the sum of one million (1,000,000) dollars.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., May 6, 1914.

SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET, a Corporation,
By WALTER P. TREAT, President.
and GODFREY EACRET, Secretary.
HOUGHTON & HOUGHTON,
1305 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
Attorneys for said Corporation. 5-9-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,785.

WILLIAM G. HARRY, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and All Other Persons, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETTELLI and all other persons, Defendants. This action is brought to quiet title in the plaintiff to Lots 33 and 34 of San Miguel Homestead Association as designated on the Map or Plat of said San Miguel Homestead Association filed and Recorded in Liber E and F of Maps at page 14, on November 16, 1896, in the County Recorder' office of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said lots being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and having a frontage of 88 feet on the west side of Tara Street, between Unadilla Avenue and Mount Vernon Avenue, by a depth of 103.6 feet.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. M. BRUNER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Building,
Oakland, Cal. 5-2-10

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of MRS. MARY E. CONRAD, Deceased.—No. 16,822 (N. S.), Dept. No. 9, Probate.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SPECIFIC PERFORMANCE OF CONTRACT TO CONVEY.

IDA V. BOGART, having filed her verified petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that Viola F. Brand is entitled to the specific performance of a contract, made with her by said decedent, in her lifetime, to convey certain real estate, upon the payment of certain moneys which said contract is set forth in the petition of said Ida V. Bogart, and praying for an order requiring the administratrix of the above-entitled estate to execute to said Viola F. Brand a conveyance of the following described real property, to-wit

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, according to the amended official map of Regents Park, filed with the Recorder of said County and being Lots numbered 5 and 6 in Block "M" as delineated upon said map.

IT IS ORDERED that Monday, the 20th day of July, 1914, and the court-room of said court in the temporary City Hall, 1231 Market Street, Department No. 9 thereof, Room 529, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be, and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition; and that notice thereof be served by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in this State, for at least four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated: June 19, 1914.

J. V. COFFEY,
JUDGE of the SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

(Endorsed): Filed June 19. 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BULL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-27-4

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALEXANDER WHELDEN-WHELDEN, sometimes known as Alexander W. Whelden, Deceased.—No. 16,327; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

NOTICE IS HERBY GIVEN, that pursuant to an order of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly made and given on the 10th day of June, 1914, and filed therein on the 12th day of June, 1914, in the Matter of the Estate of said Alexander Whelden-Whelden, sometimes known as Alexander W. Whelden, deceased, the undersigned, Executors of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, will, on or after Wednesday, the 15th day of July, sell, at private sale, to the highest and best bidders, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, either in one parcel or in subdivisions, and subject to the confirmation of said Court, all the right, title, interest or estate of said deceased in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Geary Street with the westerly line of Baker Street; thence running northerly along said westerly line of Baker Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles westerly and parallel with Geary Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Baker Street thirty (30) feet to the northerly line of Geary Street; thence at right angles easterly along said northerly line of Geary Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches, to the northwest corner of Geary Street and Baker Street and the point of commencement; BEING a portion of Western Addition Block number Five Hundred and Eighty-five (585).

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of Ninth Avenue distant thereon two hundred and fifty (250) feet southerly from the southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue); running thence southerly along the westerly line of Ninth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, to the point of commencement; BEING a portoin of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred Seventy-five (275).

ALSO, contract of purchase of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in Sacramento County, State of California, particularly described as follows,:

FARM number One Hundred Ninety-two (192), containing ten (10) acres, more or less, of CENTRAL CALIFORNIA TRACTION COLONY NO. 2, as designated on plat thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of said County.

OFFERS OR BIDS will be received at the law office of HUGO K. ASHER, ESQ., Room 1004, French Bank Building, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE: Offers or bids must be in writing and accompanied by ten per cent. (10%) of the amount bid, the balance of the amount to be paid upon confirmation of sale by said Court. Offers or bids may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the acceptance of the highest offer or bid after said date of sale as hereinabove mentioned.

DATED: San Francisco, California, this 2nd day of June, A. D. 1914.

JOSEPH C. MEYERSTEIN,
ANDREW PETER MacKILLOP,
Executors of last Will and Testament of Alexander Whelden-Whelden, sometimes known as Alexander W. Whelden, Deceased.

HUGO K. ASHER,
Attorney for said Executors,
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco. 6-27-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 16,345; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MOSES SALOMON, Deceased.

Max Salomon and Jacob Salomon, as the executors of the last will and testament of Moses Salomon, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 28th day of July, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the new City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, June 23, A. D. 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed June 23, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney for Executors,
615 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GOLDIE ZIMET, formerly GOLDIE HELLER, sometimes known and called GOLDIE HELLER and GOLDA HELLER, Deceased—No. 17,060; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Charles E. A. Creighton, Room 419, City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased.

LOUIS ZIMET,
Administrator of the Estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, etc., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 13, 1914.

CHARLES E. A. CREIGHTON, Attorney for Administrator, 419 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE McCORKELL, Deceased—No. 17,061; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Catherine McCorkell, deceased, to the creditorts of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles E. A. Creighton, Room 419, City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Catherine McCorkell, deceased.

CATHERINE IRWIN, now CATHERINE McCANN, Adminisfratrix of the Estate of Catherine McCorkell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 13, 1914.

CHARLES E. A. CREIGHTON, Atty. for Administratrix, 419 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal. 6-13-5

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